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- A CENTURY OF NATURE STORIES

Cavalcade  
of  
HISTORY

By  
CLAUD GOLDING

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JANUARY



JANUARY 1ST

*A Memory of Thomas Hobson*

A QUAIN old man was Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge University carrier.

Milton descended from the sublime and wrote two epitaphs about him—both in a humorous vein.

His name has been immortalized in the expression "Hobson's Choice."

Hobson is believed to have been the first person to let out horses on hire.

He had in his livery stables about thirty horses which he hired to undergraduates. Riding boots, bridles and whips were provided.

But the man who wanted to hire a horse had to take the first at hand. He was not allowed to walk along the boxes and choose the best-looking nag.

Hobson refused to let a horse out of his stable out of its turn.

If the first horse was criticized Hobson would reply curtly : "This or none."

And the phrase "Hobson's choice"—take it or leave it—stuck.

Thomas Hobson was born about 1544. His father was a carrier, and in his will he bequeathed "the team ware, with which he now goeth, that is to say, the cart and eight horses," harness, etc.

On the death of his father Thomas continued the business and widened its range.

Even after the introduction of the post office system of carrying letters the post business from Cambridge to London was let out under licence by the University authorities and Hobson was the licensee.

For many years Hobson made the journey from Cambridge to London each month.

His headquarters in the City were at the Bull Hotel, Bishopsgate. A careful man, Hobson became rich.

There is, in the Church of St. Benedict, Cambridge, a



Bible which Hobson, who lived in the parish, presented to the Church in 1626.

Hobson bought several manors, and in 1628 he gave the University and town of Cambridge the site of the Spinning House or Hobson's Workhouse.

In 1630 the Plague came to London. Orders were issued preventing people entering and leaving the City. Hobson had to stop his post business. Then he sickened and died.

Milton in an epitaph suggests that Hobson would not have died had he been able to keep on dodging death by going backward and forward from Cambridge to London. Here is the epitaph :

Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hastened on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with all be quickened.  
 Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,  
 He died for weariness that his cart went light.  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome :  
 Obedient to the moon, he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas ;  
 Yet, strange to think, his *wain* was his *increase*.  
 His letters are delivered all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription——

A number of memorials of this famous old carrier still remain. There was formerly a picture of him in Anglesey Abbey. Another portrait was mentioned in the will of Mrs. Katherine Pepys in 1700.

His saddle and bridle were preserved in the Town Hall at Cambridge.

In his day and afterwards he gave the name to several public houses. One was called Old Hobson, and another Hobson's House.

There is a gloomy portrait of old Hobson in the Guildhall at Cambridge, and a street which bears his name.

At the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, was preserved for many years another portrait of Hobson mounted upon a nag.

An engraving by John Payne, who died about 1648,

depicts Hobson in a cloak, holding a bag of money. Beneath it are the lines :

Laugh not to see so plaine a man in print,  
 The shadow's homely, yet there's nothing in't.  
 Witness the Bagg he wears (though seeming poore),  
 The fertile mother of a thousand more :  
 He was a thriving man, though lawful gain,  
 And wealthy grew by warrantable faime.  
 Men laugh at them that spend, not them that gather,  
 Like thriving sonnes of such a thrifty father.

In addition to the money which Hobson bequeathed to the Cambridge corporation, he left money to the poor of various villages around Cambridge, including Chesterton, Cottenham, Buntingford and Waterbeach.

He was buried in the chancel of Benedict's church, but no stone was erected to his memory.

## JANUARY 2ND

### *The Story of Ovid*

AN idol of London society, compelled to end his days in some barbaric spot, in a severe climate, would find it a most unpleasant existence.

This example is analogous to the experience of Ovid, the great Roman poet, who, having been used to every luxury, and the worship of beautiful women, was suddenly banished by the Emperor Augustus to the barbaric town of Tomi, near the mouth of the Danube.

Here the inhabitants were little more than savages. There were no comforts, no society; everything was primitive.

True, Ovid was treated with respect, for he had come from Rome, which, in the eyes of the natives, was the height of culture and intelligence.

But this was no compensation for the loss of the adulation of Rome, and Ovid's letters from Tomi are full of complaints of the depressing scenery and his monotonous life.

It has always been a mystery why Augustus took the drastic step of exiling Ovid. He himself believed it was because of the licentiousness of his "Art of Love," but this

had been published nearly ten years before and was no more immoral than many other writings of the time.

The true reason for his banishment has to be sought elsewhere, despite the fact that "The Art of Love" was given by the Emperor as one of the causes of the decree against him.

It is suspected that Ovid was connected with an intrigue in which Julia, the granddaughter of the Emperor, figured conspicuously.

Julia, one of the favourites of Augustus, had become involved in a scandal with a certain nobleman named Silanus. The Emperor, being very sensitive as to the good characters of his relatives, forthwith banished Julia to the island of Trimerus, off the coast of Apulia, while Silanus discreetly exiled himself.

As to Ovid, it would appear that he was aware of what was going on and, in addition, may have assisted the lovers in their assignations.

"The Art of Love," too, had been having a cumulative effect upon the gay young people of Rome, and Augustus regarded Ovid as the corrupter of the morals of the Eternal City.

One can understand the impatience of the Emperor Augustus, for ten years before, at the time when "The Art of Love" was published, Julia's mother—also a Julia—had carried on an intrigue with Tulus Antonius, son of Mark Antony.

Julia was disinherited and banished. Her many lovers, including Antonius, were punished. For this had occurred in defiance of the Emperor's expressed intention to clean up the morals of Rome.

On this occasion Ovid escaped the wrath of Augustus. But the poet could see that trouble was brewing and that public opinion was shocked, or pretended to be shocked.

He proceeded, therefore, to write an apology, called "The Remedies of Love." Roman society read it, but preferred his earlier work, much to the annoyance of Augustus, who awaited an opportunity for punishing Ovid, an opportunity which did not occur for ten years.

Ovid, whose full name was Publius Ovidius Naso, was born at Sulmo, about 90 miles from Rome, on March 20th,

43 B.C. He studied law at Athens and afterwards settled in Rome.

But having a small private fortune, Ovid was not inclined towards arduous work. He consulted his own tastes and moved in the best Roman circles, living after the manner of the fine gentlemen of the city.

He had early begun to write poetry, and was intimate with poets and literary men.

He could have had a distinguished public career, leading eventually to a position in the senate, but, although he filled various minor posts, he had no ambition and was fonder of poetry and pleasure.

When little more than a boy he married his first wife, who, he declared, was not good enough for him. He soon left her and took a second wife, who was as unfortunate as the other. At the third adventure into matrimony, Ovid was more successful and the union was fairly happy.

Meanwhile he had had a liaison with his mistress Corinna, which he describes in the "Amores."

Little is definitely known of the life of Ovid up to the time of his banishment. He wrote vividly of his misfortunes and described the last night in Rome. He told of his hardships during the winter voyage through the Adriatic Sea, up the Gulf of Corinth, and his ultimate arrival at his destination in the following spring.

For eight years he lived in exile, often menaced by the barbarians who raided the neighbourhood.

He attempted to obtain a remission of his punishment by writing poetical epistles to friends in Rome, describing his agony and hoping that they would use their influence with Augustus, and his successor Tiberius. Ovid believed that Augustus before his death had softened towards him. If that were the case, however, Tiberius could not be moved in his favour.

He was left to his own devices, his only consolation being his art. He suffered much at Tomi through the severe weather, the separation from his family and friends and his dreary exile.

He survived Augustus four years, but was never able to return to Rome, and he died at Tomi. The date of his death is believed to be January 2nd, A.D. 18.

JANUARY 3RD

*Josiah Wedgwood*

It is less than 200 years since English people ate off plates of coarse brown pottery and common articles of white earthenware. Only the rich were able to buy the costly porcelain from China.

The British pottery was rough, and was hawked about the country by the workmen themselves, or by itinerant pedlars.

The man who worked a revolution in the pottery industry was Josiah Wedgwood, the son of a man who earned a scanty living at the potter's wheel.

Josiah was born on July 12th, 1730. at Burslem, Staffordshire. His father died when he was eleven, and at that early age he had to support himself by working as a labourer at his brother's wheel.

But for a long period he was laid aside by an attack of small-pox that settled in his left leg and necessitated the amputation of the limb.

Josiah returned no more to his brother's business. During his illness he had contemplated something better than the production of coarse pottery. But his ideas were revolutionary and before he could experiment it was necessary for him to have his own business.

He entered into partnership with a workman who, like himself, had no money. They began business at Stoke, but when Wedgwood proceeded to disclose his ideas of a new type of pottery, his partner, Harrison, demurred.

Harrison did not believe in innovations; he thought they would be disastrous for the business. When Wedgwood persisted in his scheme the partnership was dissolved.

His second partner, a man named Whieldon, was of a like temperament, and this connection was also dissolved.

At length Wedgwood returned to Burslem, and began on his own account in a small thatched cottage. He supported himself out of his business, and was also able to experiment.

Among other discoveries, Wedgwood found that earth which contained silica, which was black, became white when calcined. He thereupon began to mix silica with the red

pottery powder, and obtained a white material which could be covered with glaze.

The result was a beautiful earthenware that was superior to Delft.

Up to that time Wedgwood had produced ornamental articles such as earthenware knife-handles and other fancy goods. He continued to make these until he was satisfied that he could manufacture fine earthenware for the table.

Soon his products were known all over the world, and he acquired enough capital to open a second manufactory, in which he made white stoneware.

In a third factory he produced a delicate cream-coloured ware, some articles of which he presented to Queen Charlotte. Having seen them, she was not satisfied until he had executed a complete service, and then she promptly appointed him as her potter.

The new ware was called Queen's ware, and became so fashionable that Wedgwood had difficulty in executing the orders which now came to him.

He had established a new branch of industry. Thousands of hands were employed and well paid; whereas a few years before pottery was a hazardous occupation which brought a bare living to the workers.

As business increased Wedgwood established a branch in London and took into partnership a Mr. Bentley. A warehouse was opened, where the goods were exhibited and sold. Bentley, who had a large circle of friends in London, supervised this end of the concern.

Meanwhile efforts were made to beautify the design of the new ware.

Wedgwood discovered the boy John Flaxman, who was then helping his father to make plaster casts in his shop in New Street, Covent Garden.

"Well, my lad," said Wedgwood, one day soon after he had become acquainted with Flaxman senior, "I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I'm a manufacturer of pots. I want you to design some models for me—nothing fantastic, but simple, tasteful and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. They are for pots of all kinds—teapots, jugs, tea-cups and saucers. Especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. What you design is meant for the eyes of Royalty. Think of that."

Young Flaxman set himself to produce the designs. The first lot were approved, and the connection thus formed between manufacturer and artist proved mutually profitable.

Josiah Wedgwood was a frequent visitor to Buckingham Palace, as also was his partner, Bentley. They went to show George III and his Queen the "newest things" in the way of artistic pottery.

"Last Monday," wrote Bentley, in a letter to a friend at Liverpool, "Mr. Wedgwood and I had a long audience of their Majesties at the Queen's Palace, to present some bas-reliefs which the Queen had ordered, and to show some new improvements, with which they were well pleased.

"They expressed in the most obliging and condescending manner their attention to our manufacture, and entered very freely into conversation on the further improvements of it, and on many other subjects.

"The King is well acquainted with business, and with the characters of the principal manufacturers, merchants and artists, and seems to have the success of all our manufactures much at heart, and to understand the importance of them.

"The Queen has more sensibility, true politeness, engaging affability, and sweetness of temper than any great lady I have ever had the honour of speaking to."

Wedgwood always engaged the most skilful artisans and artists and superintended himself the operations of the workshops and the kilns.

To ascertain and regulate the heat of his furnaces he invented a pyrometer, by which the higher degrees of temperature could be measured.

It consisted of small cylinders of pure white clay, with an apparatus which indicated the diminution of length which occurred in the cylinders through the action of the fire.

Besides a great variety of works of art, he produced cameos, antique gems, busts and medallions.

The headquarters of Wedgwood's business in London was in Soho Square, in a house formerly the residence of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Wedgwood made it his showroom and called it Portland House. It was here he exhibited a magnificent service which he made for the Empress of Russia, and Queen Charlotte was one of those who came to inspect it.

Wedgwood improved the country in which he had his

works. He made a turnpike road ten miles long through the Potteries, and assisted Brindley in the construction of the Trent and Mersey Canal. He contributed a large sum to this project which was calculated to facilitate the conveyance of his goods, as well as raw material. The canal was completed in 1770.

In 1771 Wedgwood built a mansion and works near Newcastle-under-Lyme. Around he constructed a village for his workers which he called Etruria.

He died there on January 3rd, 1795.

#### JANUARY 4TH

#### *Archbishop James Usher*

ON the 75th anniversary of his birthday Archbishop James Usher wrote the following in his diary :

“Now aged seventy-five ; my years are full.  
RESIGNATION.”

The word “Resignation” was in capital letters.

It would have been appropriate if this had been placed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, for he was one of the few who remained level-headed through the stormy days of the Civil War.

A dogmatic ecclesiastic who did not conform to the prevailing mode in religion had a difficult time. He was lucky if he escaped with a whole skin.

Usher was Calvinistic in principles, and thus opposed to the doctrines of Rome. When he wrote his treatise denying that that Church was as old as it claimed to be he was marked down as a controversialist to be watched.

But the Archbishop cared little what other people thought of him. He upset all parties in turn, because he had a conscience, but he was not sufficiently rabid in his attacks to incur death or imprisonment.

Having registered a formal complaint in the appropriate way, Archbishop Usher was content to allow matters to take their course. “Resignation,” therefore, was his principle throughout life.

Born in Dublin on January 4th, 1581, James Usher



received his first tuition from two blind aunts. Then for five years he was taught by two Scotsmen who lived in Dublin for political purposes.

He was one of the first three scholars to matriculate at Trinity College, Dublin, an establishment partly promoted by his father and uncle.

When his father died, Usher—then sixteen—unselfishly handed over his patrimony to his numerous younger brothers and sisters, reserving but a small portion for himself to enable him to buy books.

Usher took a good-humoured part in the Catholic controversy at an early age.

In 1601 he was ordained by his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, and was appointed afternoon lecturer at Christ Church. He soon attained popularity as a preacher, and thus was early marked out for preferment.

In 1603 he became Chancellor of St. Patrick's, and in 1607 took the degree of B.D. Soon afterwards he was elected Professor of Divinity, and in 1613 he became a Doctor of Divinity.

King James made him Bishop of Meath in 1619, and four years later he became a Privy Councillor and Archbishop of Armagh.

He carried out the duties of his see until 1640, when he came to London, never again to return to Ireland.

The trouble between King and Parliament was brewing, and when the war broke out Usher went to Oxford, then the headquarters of King Charles.

When the King decided to throw the Earl of Strafford to the Parliamentary wolves Usher did his best to prevent his execution. He visited the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in his cell in the Tower, and was present with him when Strafford met his death on Tower Hill.

Attacks were now made on Usher himself. His property and revenues in Ireland were confiscated, and he had to sell his plate to support himself and his family. The only thing saved to him was his library.

Later he was given the see of Carlisle, but there were no emoluments attached to the office.

In 1643 Usher was nominated a member of the Westminster Assembly, but he refused to take any part in Parliamentary proceedings. When he was ordered by Parliament

to take his seat, he again refused, and the affronted members decreed the confiscation of his library then deposited at Chelsea.

The intervention of a number of friends saved the library from destruction, but many of his valuable papers were lost.

When the fortunes of the Civil War went against King Charles, Usher retired to Cardiff Castle and devoted himself to writing. After the Battle of Naseby he met King Charles at Raglan Castle. This was the last time he had an audience of his royal master.

He was offered a home by Lady Stradling, and while on the way to the Castle of St. Donatt's, he was attacked by a band of robbers and deprived of his books and manuscripts.

Many of them were afterwards returned by the neighbouring gentry who dispersed the lawbreakers, but others were completely lost. The loss of some manuscripts on which he had laboured twenty years almost broke his heart. As he explained to his daughter, "it touched me in a tender place."

Afterwards he was taken into the house of Lady Peterborough in Whitehall, London. On his arrival in London in 1646 he was ordered to appear before the "committee of examination" at Westminster. But he was not afterwards molested.

It was from Lady Peterborough's house that Archbishop Usher saw the execution of Charles I.

"On the day that the King was put to death," records a biographer, "he got upon the leads, at the desire of some of his friends, to see his beloved sovereign for the last time.

"When he came upon the leads the King was in his speech. He stood motionless for some time, and sighed, and then, lifting up his tears to heaven, seemed to pray very earnestly."

In 1650 Archbishop Usher produced the first part of his "Annales" of the Old Testament, and the second part came out four years afterwards.

It was at this period that Cromwell appears to have shown an interest in him. The Protector made promises of political preferment that he readily forgot.

When Usher died on March 21st, 1656, Cromwell ordered a Westminster Abbey funeral for him, but, with his usual

parsimony, stipulated that the dead archbishop's relatives should bear the cost.

Usher's works are numerous and of great learning. Among them are his sermon before Parliament.

He was a Royalist by conviction, but he would not support the High Church proposals of Archbishop Laud. Usher held that a layman in the Church was as good as a Bishop, and was entitled to be heard.

JANUARY 5TH

### *Edward the Confessor*

IF it were not for Westminster Abbey, it is doubtful whether Edward the Confessor would have an important corner in history. He was not a strong king. He was too much under the influence of Normandy; indeed, it may be said with truth that Edward paved the way for the Norman Conquest.

Nevertheless, as the last true West Saxon monarch, he has a warm place in the hearts of Englishmen.

Edward was called the Confessor because of his interest in religious affairs. He was the son of Ethelred II and Emma, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy. He lived at the Norman Court until called to England just before the death of Hardicanute in 1042. He was then nearly forty.

Although Edward was recognized as King on the death of Hardicanute, it was not until a year after that he was crowned at Winchester. Soon afterwards he committed an act of vandalism when, with the three great earls of the Kingdom, he raided the Queen Mother, Emma, seized all her possessions, and compelled her to live in retirement.

Edward began to rule with the three earls Godwine, Leofric and Siward, exercising practically all the power necessary for the government of the Confessor's domains.

It is fairly certain that Edward made a compact with William of Normandy making the Norman the next heir. At all events, that claim was made by the Conqueror as a reason for his invasion, and it was never disputed.

For a time he maintained a big fleet by imposing taxes, but after a while he reduced it and actually put it all out of commission, abolishing the taxes after he had declared that he had seen the devil dancing on the money bags. Alliances

with the peoples across the Channel kept the Danes away. These precautions were no doubt suggested to Edward by the three earls. Godwine, Earl of the West Saxons, was the most powerful of the three. Edward married Godwine's daughter in 1045, and the earl's influence became greater than ever.

But in 1050 there came a dispute between Edward and Godwine. The Archbishop of Canterbury died, and the monks declared that they had the right to elect a successor. Edward, in defiance, named Robert, Bishop of London, for the office, and Robert went to the Pope for his blessing. As the monks had chosen a kinsman of Godwine, this step by the king was not at all to his taste, and he sought means of retaliation.

Eustace of Boulogne, the king's brother-in-law, came to pay Edward a visit. On his return from Canterbury to Dover he and his men, clothed in armour, demanded quarters in Dover. A townsman resented the right of a foreigner to demand admission to his house, whereupon the intruder struck him a blow, which was returned to such good purpose that Eustace's man was killed.

In turn the townsman was killed by Eustace and his men, and a general fight occurred, about twenty on each side being killed. Ultimately the strangers were driven out of the town.

Eustace returned to the king in a state of anger and demanded that Dover should be punished, and the king, without listening to the other side, ordered Godwine to carry out the necessary chastisement.

Godwine refused to carry out the king's order until the case had been thoroughly investigated. This angered the king. But the incident might have blown over without prejudice to the friendship of Godwine and the king, but for the fact that the archbishop, Count Eustace and the Norman court contrived to stir up the king, declaring that the conduct of the earl was treasonable. Godwine was called upon to answer for his conduct before a court at Gloucester. In addition he was accused of causing the death of Alfred, the king's younger brother, fifteen years before.

The Godwine party raised an army and mustered on the Cotswolds near Gloucester.

Many flocked to the standard of the king while Godwine

gradually lost support, and the case in London was little more than an assembly of royalists. Godwine refused to appear unless safe conduct to and from the court were guaranteed. This was refused. Almost immediately, Godwine was ordered to leave the country within five days.

Godwine and his sons, Swegen, Tostig and Gurth, went to Flanders, while the other two sons, Harold and Leofwine, rode to Bristol pursued by the king's men, but they were able to seek safety in Ireland.

Then Edward took a course entirely foreign to his usual nature. His own wife, Godwine's daughter, he relegated to a nunnery.

Godwine, and his sons Tostig and Gurth, brought over a fleet from Flanders and ravaged the Isle of Wight, while Harold and Leofwine brought nine ships from Ireland and landed at Porlock.

Public opinion was now veering round to the Godwine side, and when the two parties of raiders joined forces the ships at Hastings also went over to Godwine, while East Surrey, Sussex and Kent declared against the king.

Soon the opposition to Godwine broke down and Robert the Archbishop and Ulf the Bishop of Dorchester fled abroad. Godwine justified himself in the eyes of the people and cleared himself of the charges that had been brought against him.

Godwine, however, died suddenly in 1053, and his son Harold succeeded to the earldom of Wessex.

## JANUARY 6TH

### *King of the Bean*

LIKE many other old festivals, the secular observances of Twelfth-Day have been discontinued.

But under the name of Epiphany it still remains in the calendar of the Church to commemorate the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles and to the Wise Men of the East.

There seems to have been no separate feast on the Epiphany earlier than the ninth century. Before that time the Nativity festival lasted for twelve days, the first day and the last of the period being the peak days of rejoicing.

In medieval times the celebration of the worship of the

Magi, or Wise Men, was accompanied by a drama called the Feast of the Star. It is described in Fosbroke's Antiquities thus :

"Three priests, clothed as kings, with their servants carrying offerings, met from different directions before the altar. The middle one, who came from the East, pointed with his staff to a star.

"A dialogue then ensued ; and, after kissing each other, they began to sing, 'Let us go and inquire,' after which the precentor began a responsory, 'Let the Magi come.'

"A procession then commenced, and as soon as it began to enter the nave, a crown with a star resembling a cross was lighted up, and pointed out to the Magi with 'Behold the Star in the East.'

"This being concluded, two priests standing at each side of the altar, answered meekly, 'We are those whom you seek,' and, drawing a curtain, showed them a child, whom, falling down, they worshipped.

"Then the servants made the offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh, which were divided among the priests. The Magi meanwhile continued praying till they dropped asleep ; then a boy clothed in an alb, like an angel, addressed them with 'All things which the prophets said are fulfilled.' The festival concluded with chanting services."

The various secular celebrations of Twelfth-Day were observed until the Civil War when the Commonwealth, regarding them, in common with the Christmas festivities, as inventions of the devil, discouraged their continuance.

It was true that the festivities were based on pagan ritual. The Romans, for instance, had a function which they called "Election of King of Beans." The king of the party was chosen by drawing lots with beans.

In later times in England this developed into a ceremony called the Twelfth-Cake. A cake in which was a bean was divided by lots between the members of the party, and the one who secured the bean was king for the occasion and called King of the Bean.

In some parts of England there appears to have been a queen as well as a king. A ceremony in 1774 is described by a contemporary : "After tea, a cake is produced, with two bowls containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. The host fills up the tickets, and the whole company except

the king and queen are to be ministers of state, maids of honour or ladies of the bedchamber."

According to custom each member of the party retained his assumed character until midnight.

The king was sometimes lifted to the ceiling with a joyful shout, and then drew crosses on the rafters to keep out evil spirits.

In the days of the Stuarts masques were performed before the Court on Twelfth Day. In 1563 Mary Queen of Scots celebrated the French version of King of the Bean, with a queen instead of a king, a woman being more appropriate in view of the monarch's sex.

The lot on this occasion was drawn by the Queen's attendant, Mary Fleming, who was arrayed in her mistress's robes and jewels. "The Queen of the Bean was that day in a gown of cloth of silver," wrote an English observer. "Her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so beset with stones, that more in our whole jewel-house were not to be found. The cheer was great. I never found myself so happy, nor so well treated, until that it came to the point that the old Queen (Mary) herself, to show her mighty power, contrary unto the assurance given me by the younger Queen (Mary Fleming), drew me into the dance, which part of the play I could with good will have spared unto your lordship (the Earl of Leicester) as much fitter for the purpose."

The English nobility had other diversions on Twelfth Night. Castles were made of pasteboard and blown up in military style. Claret flowed from a stag made of paste, the wine representing blood.

The castle was bombarded from a pasteboard ship, while the party pelted each other with egg-shells filled with rose-water. There were also large pies from which live frogs jumped out when the top was lifted.

After the Restoration Twelfth-Night was celebrated by gaming. Evelyn, the diarist, records a function that took place at Court in 1662. He relates that Charles II began by throwing the dice in the Privy Chamber, and lost £100. The women also played heavily.

They were still in the midst of gambling for huge sums when Evelyn left. By then the Duke of Ormond had won £1,000.

Here is a quaint description of a Twelfth-Night ceremony

on board one of Charles II's ships, written by a chaplain :  
"Wee had a great kake made, in which was put a beane for the king, a pease for the queen, a cloave for the knave, etc. The kake was cut into several pieces in the great cabin, and all put into a napkin, out of which every one took his piece as out of a lottery ; then each piece is broaken to see what was in it, which caused much laughter, and more to see us tumble one over the other in the cabin, by reason of the ruff weather."

JANUARY 7TH

### *The Fall of Calais*

DURING the four years that Queen Mary had been on the English throne, there were frequent warnings to the Council that the French were preparing to seize Calais.

All these had been ignored, until in the autumn of 1557 the menace had become so apparent that the government was urged to strengthen the defences of the port.

Towards the close of 1557 the fortress was without adequate supplies, and was deplorably undermanned. An attempt was made to rectify the omission, but as the Queen was afraid to spend money, it was a lamentable effort.

On December 1st, Lord Grey, the Governor of Guisnes, reported to the Queen that he had reconnoitred a district near Calais and had found a church called Bushing strongly fortified by the enemy.

Three weeks passed, and there was no further sign that the French contemplated a serious attack on Calais.

But on the 22nd, Lord Grey received alarming news. The rivers and dykes were frozen and the ground was hard enough for movements of troops. A force of some strength, it was reported, had reached Abbeville.

There was a hurried despatch to England in which Grey declared that Calais had no food. Meanwhile a Council of War was held and it was decided to make no attempt to stop the French until reinforcements arrived.

If the Queen had taken Grey's message seriously, there would have been ample time to strengthen the garrison, but no notice was taken of the request.

A joint letter written by Grey and Lord Wentworth, the



commander of the troops in Calais, however, stirred the government into activity. The Earl of Rutland was ordered to raise troops, and the Queen sent a message of encouragement and promises—but nothing tangible.

On December 29th, Wentworth wrote again and reported that the French were expected immediately, but on the 31st the Queen replied that she had been assured from France that no such attack was contemplated, and she had therefore countermanded the reinforcements.

This letter crossed another from Grey, who reported that there were about forty vessels in the harbour at Ambletue, and that 24,000 men were encamped near Boulogne. He declared that he would defend Calais to the last, but implored the Queen to send help.

Later in the afternoon of the same day there were brushes between English and French near Guisnes, and next morning Lord Wentworth discovered that Calais was surrounded on the land side.

The land defences of Calais had been built with skill, and were connected by a line of small forts, with Hammes a mile and a half away, and with Guisnes a similar distance farther on.

On the sea side there was a line of low sandhills which rose in front of the harbour to the Rysbank, on which was a castle. This commanded Calais and whoever occupied this fort commanded the town.

A bulwark called the Sandgate covered the approaches to the sandhills, and farther inland there was another large work called Newnham Bridge.

Sluices at high water could let in the sea over the marshes, and thus protect the town, but owing to the neglect of the banks the sea water found its way in, and filled the reservoirs and wells in Calais itself.

Such was the situation when, on the morning of January 2nd, the French advanced on Newnham Bridge. Parties of English were driven through the gates, and the enemy were soon beneath the walls where cannon could not touch them.

The English made holes through the gates and fired their muskets at the French. In this way the enemy were held at bay for a time.

Between Hammes and Guisnes the sluices were opened and the French found themselves up to their waists in water. They had no option but to retire.

Lord Wentworth was in high spirits at the repulse of the first attack. He believed that he could hold on until the arrival of reinforcements.

But the enemy themselves were being reinforced, and were increased to 30,000.

Wentworth wrote another report to the Queen emphasizing the need for help. He had barely finished the message when he was told that the French were over the Rysbank and were placing ladders against the walls of the fort.

In the evening they brought heavy guns and the town was bombarded incessantly for two days and nights.

There could now be no doubt as to the fate of Calais. With 500 men Wentworth could not repel an army and he had no stores.

He smuggled a message through the French ranks which ultimately reached London and caused consternation at Court. Fresh orders were given to obtain troops and the Duke of Rutland galloped to Dover where the soldiers were to meet.

He jumped into the first boat that he found and was halfway across the Channel when he received news of the fall of the Rysbank. There was nothing to do but to return to Dover, and this he did.

On the following days parties of men came in from Kent and Sussex, but the particulars given in the proclamation had been so vague that they all came without arms. Nothing could be obtained in Dover, Deal, or Sandwich.

On January 7th it was found that all the Queen's ships were unseaworthy. An Order in Council was issued to commandeer all merchant ships that could be found. Eventually, however, Rutland sailed with a few small boats.

When he saw the formidable array of enemy ships he hurriedly went back to England.

On the previous day the Duke of Guise had stormed the castle. A party of Spaniards attempted to force their way into the town to help the English, but were repulsed.

On January 7th, Wentworth demanded a parley, and after a short talk capitulated to the French terms.

JANUARY 8TH

*Joaquin Baldomero Espartero*

THE history of Spain from the time of her liberation from the power of Napoleon has been conspicuous for the instability of succeeding governments.

One who might have changed the subsequent affairs of Spain for the better, if he had been a more ambitious man, was Joaquin Baldomero Espartero, who held the office of regent.

Espartero was the child of a carter of the town of Granatula, in the province of Ciudad Real; he enlisted at the age of fifteen in a battalion of students to fight against the armies of Napoleon.

After a short period of service, he entered a military school near Cadiz, through the benevolence of a rich family for whom his brother was chaplain.

In 1814, at the age of 21, he left this establishment with the rank of sub-lieutenant and volunteered for the expedition under General Murillo against the revolutionary Bolivar in South America.

He fought in seventeen successful battles and was wounded three times. His promotion was rapid, and by 1822 he had become a brigadier.

Two years later he was sent on a special mission to Spain, and was not, therefore, present at the capitulation of Ayacucho, which resulted in the independence of the Spanish colonies in America.

When Espartero returned to America the campaign was over, and he was thrown into prison by Bolivar. After a detention that lasted nearly a year in the foulest dungeons, he escaped and boarded a French vessel, arriving in Spain in 1825 with his health badly impaired.

It was while he was in quarters with his regiment at Logrono that he fell in love with the daughter of a rich landowner, Donna Jacinta Sicilia de Santa Cruz, to whom he was married in 1827.

He was stationed for a short period on the Island of Majorca, but on the outbreak of the civil war in the Basque provinces, following the death of Ferdinand VII, he applied for permission to lead his regiment against the pretender Don Carlos.

The Spanish throne was then occupied by the youthful Isabella II, the daughter of Ferdinand.

Espartero became Commander-in-chief of the army of the north, and in 1836 he co-operated with Sir de Lacy Evans in the relief of Bilbao. A year later he defeated the army of Don Carlos, which was then advancing on Madrid, and drove it back over the Ebro.

He was one of the signatories to the convention which ended the Carlist War, the Pretender retiring to France.

Though Espartero disliked politics he had some time before this been drawn into a controversy. While in command of the army at Madrid in 1837 he had been elected a member of the "Constituent Cortes," a form of government by the nobles and chief men of the State.

A disaffection in the army which Espartero had supported resulted in the fall of the Ministry. But when he was asked to take an important office he refused.

In 1839 he was ordered to crush the remnants of the Carlist insurrection. At the same time there arose a revolt against Queen Christina, who was acting as regent.

Espartero succeeded in subduing the Carlists, and when he returned Queen Christina asked him to form a Ministry with autocratic powers.

But the opposition to Christina was so strong that she found it necessary to retire and go to France. The Cortes met and appointed Espartero regent until the young Queen, Isabella, should reach her majority on November 10th, 1844.

During his regency he was faced with many problems. Three times he had to put down insurrections in Barcelona, as well as another led by a revolutionary named O'Donnell, and a movement by Christina's party.

Espartero actually favoured Christina's claims, but was bound to act constitutionally.

His fall was brought about by an attempt to establish a trading convention with England. Barcelona was ready to revolt at the slightest pretext, and the revolutionaries made the commercial treaty an excuse.

There was civil war; Espartero was declared a traitor. He was deserted by his troops, and Madrid was occupied by his opponents. He escaped by sailing to England, where he was received with great respect.

Three or four years later, the decrees depriving him of his

honours were revoked, and he returned to Spain and took his place in the senate.

In 1854, politics in Spain took on a new aspect. Queen Christina returned, and there was a scheme afoot for the union of Spain with Portugal, under a prince of the house of Braganza.

Those suspected of favouring this scheme were arrested, among them O'Donnell.

Several insurrections now occurred one after the other, and eventually Espartero was asked to form a Ministry. There was a reconciliation between him and O'Donnell, who became Minister of War.

A new constitution was set up, but it was not long before Espartero and O'Donnell renewed their quarrels. Finally, Queen Christina was once more compelled to leave Spain, and the Espartero Cabinet fell.

O'Donnell was now entrusted with the formation of a Ministry, but the Cortes refused a vote of confidence.

Madrid now rose in insurrection, and in battles between the Cortes and the populace on the one side and the military on the other, there were some thousands killed and wounded.

The whole country was placed under siege law, and Espartero was forced to retire into private life.

O'Donnell immediately dissolved the Cortes, and it was some years before they secured a hold on the government again.

A revolution in 1868 again placed the Cortes in power and Espartero was asked to take a leading part in the government. He refused to allow his name to be brought forward.

Queen Isabella had attempted to rule despotically with a Cortes that was merely a pretence, and the feeling had been growing gradually that a return to parliamentary government would be better for the country.

In 1868 Isabella's government collapsed because it was completely rotten. She had even lost the popularity of the mob which she had hitherto retained because of her democratic manner.

In September, 1868, the naval squadron at Cadiz mutinied, and this was the signal for a general insurrection. A part of the army stood by the Queen, but met with defeat, and Isabella went into exile.

But someone had to be found in place of the Queen. There

were many who were in favour of offering the crown to Espartero and had he been so minded he could have become king, aged though he was.

But Espartero would have nothing to do with the crown. Had he done so a more settled government might have been established.

JANUARY 9TH

### *The Safety Lamp*

OVER one hundred and twenty years ago to-day the Davy safety-lamp was first used in a coal-mine.

On January 8th, 1816, the Rev. John Hodgson, Rector of Jarrow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, received from Sir Humphry Davy two lamps. Davy wrote that he believed his invention would solve the problem of illumination in mines, but he had never really put the lamps to a test.

Hodgson's satisfaction at the receipt of the lamps was unrestrained. Although he had been asked by Davy to take one of the lamps down a mine and give it a practical test, he had such confidence in the great scientist that he had little fear of the result. Hodgson knew, however, that there was a grave risk of explosion if the lamp failed to act.

Up to this time miners, when working in foul air, used a steel mill—a disc of steel that was kept revolving in contact with a piece of flint. This device was safe enough, but it gave little light.

Davy's scheme was to enclose the flame in a lantern made of wire gauze.

On January 9th Hodgson descended into the pit carrying with him a Davy lamp. What effect the introduction of a light into the mine would have had on the miners can be easily imagined. It appears, however, that the parson kept his experiment to himself.

In Hebburn pit he walked about in an atmosphere of fire-damp with the utmost courage. As he moved from one point to another the lamp became full of blazing gas, but there was no explosion.

Then the most dramatic incident of the whole episode occurred. Hodgson wandered about swinging the lamp, holding it high and low, until he drew near a miner who

worked laboriously by the indifferent light of a steel mill.

As the light from Hodgson's lamp approached the miner looked up.

He saw what was apparently a candle whose flame burned without protection. The shock was almost too much for him. "Put out the light," he roared.

But when no attention was paid to his cries and the glow came nearer and nearer he began to use language that was not fit for the ears of a parson.

He took Hodgson to be a comrade with incendiary inclinations.

The miner changed his tune. He gave up swearing and tried wheedling instead. Surely, he thought, the man with the light was mad!

Hodgson made no reply. He moved nearer to the miner and halted within a few paces. Then the workman could see who it was, for Hodgson was well known and respected among the pitmen.

There was a smile of triumph on the face of the parson, who, however, was somewhat conscience-stricken at having given the man a fright. He admitted afterwards that he ought to have prepared the miner for the shock.

The Rev. John Hodgson was one of the pioneers who influenced Sir Humphry Davy to produce his lamp.

Up to the early years of the nineteenth century calamities in the mines through fire-damp had been frequent, but no one concerned with the pits, or the profits they brought, considered it worth while to try to remedy the matter.

It was left to a few humanitarians to induce scientists to bestir themselves.

In August, 1815, Sir Humphry Davy was travelling through Northumberland. His reputation as a scientist was known all over England and, indeed, the Continent.

A certain Dr. Gray, rector of Bishopwearmouth, implored him to stay in Newcastle and examine the possibility of relieving the danger from explosions in the mines.

Mr. Hodgson and a colliery engineer named Buddle, put Davy in possession of the facts. It was the first time his attention had been drawn to circumstances under which the colliers worked.

He came back to London in a thoughtful mood. After a series of experiments he found that a flame would not

pass through minute tubes. It thereupon occurred to him that a sheet of wire-gauze was equivalent to a series of tubes placed in rows. He soon evolved a plan for encircling a flame with a cylinder of gauze.

It was a scientific fact that inflammable air could get through the gauze and become ignited, but it could not come outside the gauze and thus cause an explosion in the mine.

Davy wrote to Hodgson for a sample of fire-damp. He had already come to certain conclusions as the result of reasoning, but had not put his theory to a practical test.

When the fire-damp arrived, and he had experimented with it, he was satisfied that he had not made a mistake.

At the end of October, 1815, Davy again wrote to Hodgson and told him the result of his experiments, and that he intended to make a lamp.

This letter was read at a public meeting at Newcastle and caused a sensation. The Royal Society were no less impressed when he gave them the result of his researches.

That first Davy lamp was placed in the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, London.

Buddle, the colliery engineer, advised Davy to take out a patent for his invention. Buddle was a practical man. He could see the enormous value of the lamp. But Davy refused to make money out of saving the lives of miners.

Whilst Davy was working out his scheme of a miners' safety lamp, another man was working on similar lines. He was George Stephenson, then an unknown engineer at Killingworth Colliery, near Newcastle.

His experiments were purely mechanical and had nothing to do with the fact that a flame would not pass through gauze. In August, 1815, he evolved a safety lamp which was tested two months later.

With his son, Robert, then only a boy, and Nicholas Wood, a superintendent at Killingworth, Stephenson went down the mine. Stephenson was as courageous as Hodgson, whose experiment took place three months afterwards.

An improved type of Stephenson's lamp was successful and lamps constructed on that principle were used in the Killingworth Colliery. This lamp was similar to that of Davy.

Thus, both Sir Humphry Davy and George Stephenson must be given the credit for inventing the safety lamp.



JANUARY 10TH

*Sir Rowland Hill*

IN December, 1836, the Chancellor of the Exchequer received a pamphlet from a certain Rowland Hill, a schoolmaster.

The pamphlet was entitled "Post Office Reform," and it made some remarkable suggestions for reforming the postal service.

Although the Chancellor granted Hill an interview, there seemed no likelihood of his ideas being adopted. He therefore published the document, which was immediately praised by the Press.

Hill argued that cheaper postage could be introduced without diminishing the revenue.

Here are some of the facts on which he based his declaration.

The Post Office had found it necessary to increase rates of postage rather than reduce them. They were based on distance, the fee up to fifteen miles being 4d., and for four-hundred miles it was 1s. 1d.

They were thus on the lines of the present telephone fees.

Hill found that the cost of carrying a letter was divided into three parts—first, the receiving of the letter and preparing it for despatch; second, the cost of transit from one post office to another; and, third, the delivering of the letter and receiving the postage.

In regard to the first part of the cost, Hill pointed out that considerable expense was incurred because of the variation in the rates of postage. These variations related both to distance and contents of the packages.

For instance, a letter from London to Edinburgh cost 1s. 1d. if it contained only one sheet of paper. If there were two sheets 2s. 3d. was charged; and a third sheet would send up the fee to 3s. 4½d.

Any additional enclosure, however small, was regarded as an additional sheet.

It was, therefore, a complicated transaction to decide, by examination of the letters, the fee to be paid. Many clerks were employed in the work.

Regarding the actual carriage of the letter from London

to Edinburgh, Hill found that it cost no more than a ninth part of a farthing!

As to the delivery of the packet, unnecessary expense was involved because the postage had to be paid by the recipient, it being argued by officialdom that the addressee was the one who benefited.

Hill saw that important economies could be effected by eliminating the labour at each end of the journey, and he proposed that instead of charging according to the number of sheets of paper, the fee should be based on weight. He also advocated that the postage should be the same whatever the distance, for it was obvious that the difference in the cost of carriage was infinitesimal.

To reduce the cost of delivery Hill suggested that some form of prepayment should be introduced. It had been found that people in poor circumstances were often unable to pay the cost of postage, and the letters had sometimes to be kept for weeks before they were able to raise the money.

Thus Hill's two most important principles were a low uniform rate and payment before despatch.

Hill obtained all his facts without going into the General Post Office, for all facilities were refused. His information was obtained from Blue Books.

It was the newspapers that forced the Government to examine Hill's proposals. It so happened that a Commission to inquire into the Post Office was then sitting and Hill was asked to appear before the Commission as a witness.

He was asked how he would arrange for prepayment on letters. He replied:

"Let stamped covers and sheets of paper be supplied to the public and to be sold at such a price as to include the postage."

He admitted, however, that persons unable to write could not redirect the letter at the post office, and suggested the alternative of "a bit of paper, just large enough to bear the stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which the bringer might, by applying a little moisture, attach to the back of the letter, so as to avoid the necessity for redirecting it."

Thus was the first postage stamp mooted.

Before Rowland Hill died twenty-four thousand millions of his device were printed in this country, and it was copied by every country of the world.

But Hill's ideas did not have an easy passage. Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster-General, pointed out in Parliament that the number of letters carried would have to be increased six times to bring the same revenue.

"With respect to Mr. Hill," he finished, "of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard or read of, it is the most extraordinary."

Hill was not dismayed. He had powerful allies in the Press, and a vigorous campaign was begun.

He replied to his critics through the medium of the newspapers, and became the leader of a strong movement for postal reform.

In November, 1837, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to go thoroughly into Hill's proposals.

Meanwhile, in an attempt to subdue the public clamour, the Post Office introduced some innovations.

The agitation went on until at last the Government were compelled to act. In the Budget, carried through the Commons in July, 1839, there was a provision for Penny Postage.

Hill was appointed to a position in the Treasury, his job being to advise on the introduction of the change.

Two months later Hill was allowed to explore the General Post Office, where every impediment was placed in his way. But he was not a man to be side-tracked and he learned much from the visit.

Penny Postage came into force on January 10th, 1840, but the stamps and the now famous Mulready envelopes were not available until May 1st.

JANUARY 11TH

*Daniel Dancer, the Miser*

DANIEL DANCER was one of the most remarkable misers who ever lived.

Though he had much affection for his sister, who lived with him in his dreary mansion at Harrow Weald, Middlesex, he ignored all suggestions that she should have medical treatment during her illness.

His inevitable reply to well-meaning inquirers was :

"Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavouring

to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period."

He would rather deal with the devil than with doctors. "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers," he declared. "In endeavouring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, they never fail to make ten."

He detested lawyers, and he despised undertakers because they wasted too many nails in their coffins.

The only food which the old lady was given was cold dumpling and a stew made from beef bones.

This, in fact, was their usual diet. The menu never varied week in and week out.

Miss Dancer connived at this parsimony. Sunday was the day for cooking when the beef bones and fourteen dumplings were put in a pot. This stew lasted the week.

Once old Daniel Dancer was walking across the weald in search of stray pieces of wool from the sheep, horse-shoes, old iron and pieces of paper, when he found a dead sheep.

He carried it home on his back. It was skinned and cut up and Miss Dancer made a number of pies which lasted them for weeks.

Daniel determined to forego his miserly scruples to give his sister an elaborate funeral.

He could not disgrace the family, so he told the undertaker. But if the undertaker thought he was going to make a good thing out of the funeral he was mistaken.

To get his sister's coffin Dancer induced the undertaker to take a quantity of wood from his estate in exchange.

Daniel's only mark of respect for his sister was a pair of black stockings which he substituted for the haybands with which he usually covered his legs.

At the graveside Daniel's horse slipped a girth and Daniel fell into the grave—to the amusement of the young gentlemen of Harrow School.

Dancer, who was born in 1716, came of a respectable family of yeomen of the county of Hertford. His grandfather had been a maltster, and had acquired considerable property which eventually came down to his grandson Daniel.

Daniel belonged to the third generation of misers of the

same family. Grandfather and father were noted for their meanness.

Dancer rarely washed his hands and face ; soap was too expensive. When the sun shone he would go to a neighbouring pond, wash himself with sand and lie on his back to dry.

At one period of his life he indulged in the luxury of two shirts, but finding that he could dispense with one, he never changed. Half-a-crown was his top price for such a garment, which he invariably bought at an old clothes shop.

On one occasion he was compelled to pay 2s. 9d. and, tendering 3s., waited for the change.

The woman declared that he had agreed to pay 3s.

To be swindled out of 3d. was more than Daniel could stand. He took the woman to court.

He nearly had a stroke when he lost his case and had to pay 5s. costs. At that time his income was £3,000 a year.

He cobbled his own shoes—very badly—until he looked as if he were walking in wooden boxes.

He was partial to snuff, but always begged it. In about a month he had a snuff-box full. This he would change at the chandler's for a tallow candle. This lasted until the box was full again.

Sometimes thieves broke into his house. Once they hanged him by the neck until he had disclosed the whereabouts of one of his hoards.

To outwit the burglars he lived in a loft. He used a ladder to get there and would draw it up after him.

As an additional precaution he dug a hole in the path to his door and covered it with loose straw to entrap marauders.

Once some thieves were caught and Dancer had to appear before the magistrates to give evidence.

Lady Tempest, who seems to have taken an interest in the old miser, offered him a new shirt in which to go to court, but he refused, declaring that he was already wearing a new one he had bought three weeks previously.

Lady Tempest often tried to persuade Dancer to change his habits.

She gave him a bed and induced him to throw away the sack he had slept in for years.

When his niece gave birth to a daughter he gave her a

guinea on condition that she named the child Nancy after his mother.

Some time before his death Dancer made a will leaving his property to Lady Tempest. He sent for her to acquaint her of the fact, but feeling better, hid the will in his shirt and gave her an excuse for calling her.

Next morning, however, he was worse, and he handed over the will. He died on September 4th, 1794, and was buried in the churchyard of Harrow.

Despite Daniel's miserly ways, he was very popular among the poorer people of the neighbourhood. He always made it his business to prevent any infringements on Harrow Weald Common. Whenever it took place Dancer put himself at the head of the villagers and a collective protest was generally made with success.

When a search was made of his old house after his death a large amount of money was found inside. Guineas and half-guineas were found in bowls and banknotes stuffed under the covers of chairs. A sum of £2,500 was found in the cow-house, £500 in gold was discovered nailed down in the manger. In the chimney was about £200, and in an old teapot £600 worth of banknotes.

There were several hundredweight of waste paper and two or three tons of old iron—nails and horse-shoes, mainly.

JANUARY 12TH

*The Curse of the House of Seaforth*

LADY SEAFORTH wished to impress her guests at Brahar Castle with the doughty deeds of her husband in France.

"Call Coinneach Odhar!" she ordered.

Odhar was a peasant on the estate, and a reputed seer.

"Tell me and my guests what your master is doing at this moment," she said.

"I see him perfectly happy," replied the seer. "I see——"

"Yes—go on!"

Odhar was reluctant to say more. Under pressure, however, he continued.

"I see him kneeling before a fair lady. His arm is round her waist, and he is kissing her hand!"

Lady Seaforth's rage was uncontrollable.

"You have defamed a mighty chief in the midst of his vassals," she cried.

Odhar died a violent death ; at whose instance, it is not certain. Some say that Lady Seaforth had him executed ; others declare that he suffered the penalty of witchcraft and was burned head downwards in a barrel of tar.

The place of execution was the beach at Chanonry Point, near Fort Rose. Lady Seaforth was present to taunt the unfortunate man, who retaliated with the following curse on the house of Seaforth :

"The long-descended line of Seaforths will end in extinction. I see Caber Feidh, the last of his house both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live bowed with care, and will die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or Kintail.

"Lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coifed lassie from the East, and she will kill her sister."

Odhar then explained how the last Seaforth would know that the curse was about to take effect. He described that holder of the title, his allies and neighbours, and their physical peculiarities and disabilities.

"And when he looks round and sees them he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to a stranger and that his race shall come to an end."

The curse was eventually fulfilled, though Lady Seaforth herself escaped misfortune or violence.

The prophecies began to unfold themselves in the year 1754, seventy years after her death, when Francis Mackenzie Humberston, a representative of the junior line of the family, was born.

A prophet is entitled to a certain amount of licence. Even the best prophecies leave much to the imagination, and Odhar appears to have put the worst construction on the curse.

At the age of 12 Humberston became deaf and dumb following an attack of scarlet fever, but he was deprived of speech for only a short time.

This was an anti-climax to the first part of the prophecy, but the sequel was uncanny.

The curse had become common knowledge in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott wrote to his friend Morritt about it, and declared: "I do not fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that when there shall be a deaf and dumb Caber Feidh the house was to fall."

When Humberston became deaf and dumb no one thought this had anything to do with the curse of the Seaforths, for it could not then be foreseen that he would inherit the Seaforth title.

The title, which was taken from the name of a loch in the isle of Lewis-with-Harris, had been forfeited in 1716, when the fifth Earl of Seaforth was attained for Jacobitism.

In default of direct heirs the title became extinct, and the estates were taken over by the junior line of the family.

In 1783, however, Humberston succeeded to the estates and the Mackenzie chieftainship on the death of his brother. Four years later the Seaforth title was revived and conferred on him!

Humberston was a tall, powerful man. He it was who raised the 78th Regiment of Foot, the Ross-shire Buffs, which became known as the Seaforth Highlanders.

The experiences of this Mackenzie were tragic.

He had a distinguished career. He represented Ross-shire in Parliament, and was later Lord Lieutenant of Ross-shire. From 1800 to 1806 he was Governor of Barbados, and fought against the slave trade. He succeeded in making the murder of a slave a capital offence.

He returned to his native land in 1806, and then Odhar's curse began to unfold itself.

Through his extraordinary generosity and the mismanagement of his estates, he got into financial difficulties. His Lochalsh tenants offered to pay his debts if he would go and live among them.

Humberston had four sons, all of whom died before their father. One did not survive infancy; the others died in manhood. The last and fourth son, William Patrick Humberston, was a member of Parliament.

The old man died heart-broken on January 11th, 1815, and the title again became extinct.

The "white-coifed lassie from the East" was his daughter,



who was the widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood. On the death of her father she inherited the remnants of the property.

One day while she was sitting with her sister in a pony carriage, the animals bolted. The vehicle overturned, and Miss Caroline Mackenzie was killed. Thus was the curse of Odhar finally accomplished.

Lady Hood married again, and the Seaforth property was eventually dispersed.

## JANUARY 13TH

### *The Saint, The Queen, The Salmon and the Ring*

ST. KENTIGERN is one of the most important saints in the history of Scotland. He is credited with some miraculous achievements.

One legend concerns the Queen who improperly fell in love with a handsome soldier.

As a token of her love she put on his finger a valuable ring which her husband had given her.

The King heard of this, and while the soldier lay asleep beside the River Clyde, he removed the ring and threw it into the river.

On his return home the King demanded the ring from his wife.

Making some excuse she sent an urgent message to the soldier. To her dismay, he replied that he had lost the gem.

The Queen rushed off to the holy man, Kentigern. Of course, the saint knew all about these things beforehand, and, being an accommodating father confessor, went down to the riverside, caught a salmon and took the missing ring from its mouth.

Then, speaking a few words of advice, and obtaining a promise from the Queen not to do anything so foolish in the future, he handed over the ring.

Gleefully the Queen went back to the palace and handed over the ring to the King.

He apologized to the Queen, and threatened revenge on those who had accused her of philandering.

But the Queen, having a forgiving nature, prevailed upon her husband not to carry the matter any farther.

In the city arms of Glasgow is included the salmon which came to the rescue.

Stories of lost rings seem to figure largely in Scottish tradition.

There is the story of the ring which was lost by the widow of Viscount Dundee after her second marriage to the Hon. William Livingstone, subsequently Viscount Kilsyth.

The marriage token was lost in the garden and despite a careful search could not be found.

Soon afterwards the bride and her only child were killed by the fall of a house in Holland.

A hundred years later the ring was found in the garden and is believed to be preserved to this day.

Another story concerns the ring lost by a Mr. Murray of Pentland, Caithness, as he was walking one day along a shingly beach. This, too, was found a century afterwards in good condition and handed over to the then heir to the estates.

A third story contains features as remarkable as that told of Kentigern.

A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. Unable to suppress his curiosity, he opened the box. The ring slipped out on to a muddy bank.

The boy searched, but was unable to find it. He, therefore, ran away to sea, and afterwards settled in an English colony, where he made a fortune.

Many years later he returned home and bought the estate on which he had been servant.

One day he was walking over a plank bridge with a friend. He told the story of the lost ring. "I could swear," he said, "upon the exact spot on which the ring fell. It was just there," he added, plunging in his walking-stick.

When he withdrew the stick the ring was on the end.

Little is known of Scottish history during the fifth and sixth centuries, but Kentigern stands out as one of the most important people of that period.

He is believed to have lived in the sixth century and died in the year 601. He belonged to a family of Cumbrian Britons. He founded a religious establishment on the site of the present city of Glasgow.

There he was accustomed to summon the people to worship by ringing a bell, which he had hung on a tree in

the forest. The bell and the tree, with the salmon, are all included in the city arms of Glasgow.

This religious establishment is said to have been the origin of the See of Glasgow, and was possibly the beginnings of the city itself.

Kentigern was an amiable person, whose name was changed to Mungo (meaning beloved).

Life was not altogether a bed of roses for the saint, for the king of the Strathclyde Britons was of a quarrelsome disposition. Once Kentigern had to leave the district in a hurry. He fled to Wales, where he established the See of St. Asaph.

Returning to Glasgow he appears to have lived a pious life. It is said that regularly each day he recited the whole of the Psalms.

St. Kentigern died at an advanced age and was buried on the spot where the Glasgow Cathedral now stands.

#### JANUARY 14TH

##### *Edmund Halley, Astronomer*

IN 1811 a shoemaker's wife in Whitechapel gave birth to quadruplets. A comet was blamed for this, as well as for a large number of twins.

It was also a good vintage year, and there was an unusually good harvest; both due, of course, to the comet.

A comet made its appearance in the year of the Great Plague, and three years later, 1668, there was an epidemic among cats. Comets were seen in both years.

In 1746, Lima and Callao were destroyed by an earthquake. A comet was blamed.

When the Christians were badly beaten by the Turks, in 1456, it was a comet year.

One can understand the superstitious beliefs of the people of the Middle Ages, but after the days of Edmund Halley, the soap-boiler's son, who put comets on the astronomical map, there was little need for nervous speculation.

Halley proved that comets came round periodically, and thus showed that there was nothing sinister about them.

The first investigations into comets were conducted by Flamsteed, the Astronomer Royal, in 1680. Sir Isaac Newton

followed, and was able to chart its progress through the heavens.

Halley had a theory that comets reappeared at fixed times. For instance, the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682, had about a 76-year interval between them.

That being so, said Halley, it would appear again late in 1758 or early in 1759. He boldly stated his belief, and appealed to posterity to give the credit to an Englishman, if it should happen to be the case.

But it was in France where most interest was shown in Halley's predictions. As the time approached for the appearance of the comet, several French mathematicians began to calculate the disturbance of the planets which should accompany its return.

They agreed that the comet should be nearest the earth about April, 1759. It was actually seen on Christmas Day, 1758, and it passed its perihelion on March 13th, 1759.

It was a great triumph for Halley, and all Europe agreed that it should be called Halley's Comet.

As time went on, astronomers wondered whether this was a coincidence. They began to ask themselves whether the comet would reappear after a further period of seventy-six years, about 1835.

Frenchmen got busy as early as 1812, when one, Damoiseau, calculated that the comet ought to be at perihelion on November 4th, 1835. Seventeen years later another French astronomer argued that November 14th was a more probable date. Two Germans gave the date as November 11th and 26th respectively.

When 1835 arrived all the astronomers in Europe had worked themselves up to a pitch of excitement. Telescopes were early adjusted to the corner of the heavens at which the comet was due to make its appearance.

On August 5th a Roman observatory detected the comet. A month later it was visible to the naked eye, and on November 15th it passed its perihelion.

This settled the matter. The comets of 1378, 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759 and 1835 were undoubtedly one and the same.

Halley's Comet appeared again in 1910, and its returns have now been traced back to a period long before the Christian Era, its period varying between seventy-four and seventy-nine years.

Edmund Halley was born at Haggerston, London, on October 26th, 1656. It was while he was at St. Paul's School that he discovered new facts about the magnetism of the earth. At Queen's College, Oxford, he continued his study of astronomy, and before the age of 20 sent a memoir on the orbits of planets to the Royal Society.

Charles II sent him to St. Helena to catalogue the southern stars, and he succeeded in charting 350. During the next few years he toured Europe, and on his return in 1681 married the daughter of Tooke, auditor of the Exchequer.

In 1683 he published his theory of the variation of the needle.

For a time Halley's studies were interrupted by the bankruptcy of his soap-boiler father, but he was able to renew them later.

In 1684 he became friendly with Sir Isaac Newton and the two scientists worked together on researches which eventually led to the publication of Newton's "Principia" and his law of gravitation.

In 1686, Halley published papers on the trade winds and monsoons between the tropics. Five years later he was a candidate for a professorship of astronomy at Oxford, but he was suspected of being an atheist, and he lost the appointment.

In 1696 Newton obtained for Halley the post of deputy-controller of the Mint at Chester, one of the five provincial Mints in England. Halley was dependent on his income from this office. Thus it was a great blow when, as the result of charges made against him—whether true or false is not known—he was almost compelled to resign.

He had contemplated doing so, and had nearly accepted an offer by Newton of 10s. a week to teach engineering two hours a day to officers of the Army, when matters settled down satisfactorily at Chester, and he remained.

In 1698 the provincial mints were discontinued, and Halley was appointed by King William to command the ship *Paramour Pink* with the object of determining the variation of the needle in different parts of the world.

He sailed in November, 1695, but had to return in the following July because of a mutiny on the ship.

His planetary tables, printed in the years 1717 and 1719, were not published until after his death.

In 1729 he was elected a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and two years later published his proposal for finding the longitude at sea within a degree.

At the age of 81, Halley was struck with palsy in his right hand, but still continued to attend the meetings of the Royal Society.

His strength, however, gradually failed him, and it was while he was drinking a glass of wine that he died in his chair on January 14th, 1742, at the age of 86.

He was buried in the churchyard of Lee, near Lewisham, London.

Halley comes very little behind Newton in astronomical discovery.

He was unusually versatile. He can be described as a naturalist, a scholar, a philosopher, a traveller, and an engineer.

JANUARY 15TH

### *Emma Hamilton*

*"If there be one human being, rich or poor, male or female, in or near this great metropolis of the world, who has not had the good fortune of seeing this enchanting Elysian palace, where wit and mirth, love and beauty—all that can delight the soul, and all that can ravish the senses, will hold their court, this, and every evening this week in chaste and joyous assemblage, let them now come forth, or for ever afterwards let them blame themselves, and bewail their irremediable misfortune."*

It was in this strain that the famous quack, Dr. Graham, advertised his Temple of Health in Pall Mall, London.

Members of London Society in the late eighteenth century were easily bamboozled. They came in their hundreds and paid 5s. each to hear Graham lecture on how to live for a hundred years "with health, honour and happiness."

He pretended to demonstrate with electricity and magnetism. Another of his aids to beauty was the mud bath.

To prove that he practised what he preached, Graham and his assistant, whom he described as Vestina, Goddess of Health, could be seen at each performance immersed to the chin in the mud-bath.

The "Goddess" was a pretty girl of about 16, whose name was Emma Lyon.

She afterwards became the famous Lady Hamilton, the lover of Lord Nelson.

How Emma Lyon became the assistant of a mountebank like Graham is not known exactly; but, having lost her situation in London, and having no friends nearer than Wales, she was glad to accept anything.

The future Lady Hamilton was born in April, 1764, at Preston in Lancashire. Her father, Henry Lyon, a labourer, died when she was quite young, and her mother, a native of Hawarden, Flintshire, returned to her home, taking her daughter.

All the mother's relatives were colliers, and there is a tradition that Emma used to help her mother to carry coals about in baskets with a donkey.

At the age of 16 Emma came to London and obtained a situation at the house of a physician in Blackfriars. Afterwards she entered the service of a tradesman in St. James's Market.

It was during one of her periods of unemployment that Emma became the "Goddess of Health."

One day Emma received a letter from Flintshire telling her that one of her relatives had been seized by a press-gang. There was pathetic appeal in the letter. Could she go to the Admiralty and secure his release?

It was a courageous thing to do. She applied to Captain, afterwards Admiral, Payne, and, it appears, had her petition answered. Moreover, she became Captain Payne's mistress.

From Payne she went to the Sussex baronet, Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, who taught her riding.

Her next lover was the Hon. Charles Greville, who spent a good deal of money on her education. He introduced her to Romney, the painter, who immediately fell in love with her and insisted on painting her portrait. She figures in twenty-three of his pictures.

By now her social and artistic education was almost complete, and she easily captivated Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton.

Her new protector took her to Naples where Sir William was the English minister. When they returned to London, in 1791, Emma was the idol of society, who were not prejudiced by her position.

Sir William married her in September, 1791.

Queen Charlotte would not have her at Court. But

Emma did not worry. She had reached the pinnacle of her ambition, for the time being.

When the couple returned to Naples, it is said that Emma Hamilton took with her a letter of introduction from Marie Antoinette to the Queen of Naples.

She soon acquired a powerful influence over the queen, and used it, some say, for the promotion of British interests. Her greatest achievement in this direction was in June, 1798. England was at war, but Naples was at peace, with France.

There was a stipulation that not more than two English ships should be allowed at any one time to enter a Neapolitan port.

Nelson, then in pursuit of the French fleet, was without water and provisions.

He sent Sir Thomas Troubridge to Sir William Hamilton to obtain permission to enter Naples or some other port, pointing out that he would otherwise have to give up the pursuit of the French and return to Gibraltar.

Sir William pleaded unsuccessfully with the King, but Lady Hamilton craftily obtained an order from the Queen. With this permission Nelson entered Syracuse, obtained his supplies, and then fought the Battle of the Nile.

Soon afterwards Nelson and Lady Hamilton co-operated again in effecting the escape of the Royal Family of Naples to Palermo.

A friendship sprang up between the two, an attachment that has always been the subject of controversy. But Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton admit of no doubt as to the nature of the association.

Nelson wrote three letters a day to Lady Hamilton, full of abuse of the Royal lady-killer.

The problem of the child Horatia, which Lady Hamilton always maintained was Nelson's, has never been solved. It is argued that she could not have had a child at the time, unless Sir William Hamilton had known of the birth.

Nelson always claimed parentage, and Horatia was cared for by Lady Hamilton. There were doubtless other women in the Admiral's life besides his wife and Emma, and the child may have belonged to one of them.

Just before going into the battle in which he was killed Nelson, in a codicil to his will, wrote: "I leave Emma Lady Hamilton a legacy to my king and country."



But neither king nor country were concerned with the affairs of Lady Hamilton. Her husband died before Nelson, and her debts, which had been considerable, were a greater load on her shoulders without an income.

In 1813 she was put in prison for debt. On her release, through the interposition of a London alderman, she escaped to Calais, taking with her Nelson's Horatia.

After eighteen months of poverty she died on January 15th, 1815.

#### JANUARY 16TH

##### *Richard Savage, Poet*

AN entry in the register of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, London, dated January 16th, 1697, records that at six o'clock that morning, a certain "Madame Smith" gave birth to a male child.

When the child was baptized on the following Monday morning, the Rev. Mr. Burbridge, assistant curate of St. Andrew's, had his suspicions as to the regularity of the whole affair, but appears to have made no protest.

This baby, it was said, belonged to Anna, Countess of Macclesfield, and his father was Lord Rivers, who gave him his own Christian name, Richard. There is also a fantastic allegation that the Countess wore a mask at the time of the birth to disguise herself.

Richard Savage, the poet, always maintained that he was this unfortunate child born to the Countess of Macclesfield in the dingy room in Fox Court, Holborn.

It is known that the Countess had two children by Richard Savage, fourth Earl Rivers, and that the second Earl of Macclesfield obtained a divorce from her.

It was the second child that was born in Fox Court. Six months later it was placed in the care of Anne Portlock in Covent Garden. Nothing more is known of the child for certain.

The story which Richard Savage told was that since the time of his birth he had been treated with cruelty. He had been brought up as the child of someone else, and had received a scanty education at St. Albans Grammar School at the expense of the mother of the Countess.

He alleged that his mother attempted to kidnap him and send him to a plantation in America. Having failed in this, she apprenticed him to a shoemaker in Holborn.

It was not until the death of his foster-mother, Savage added, that he found papers in the house which proved that Lady Macclesfield was his mother and Lord Rivers his father.

After her divorce Lady Macclesfield married a Colonel Brett. One of the complaints of Savage was that Lady Macclesfield, or Mrs. Brett, as she then was, had persuaded Lord Rivers not to leave the boy a sum of £6,000 which he had contemplated bequeathing to him.

Savage appears to have been a likeable young fellow. He became friendly with Dr. Johnson, who believed the story of his birth and wrote his biography. Savage's existence was one of alternate luxury and starvation.

Boswell, more level-headed than Johnson, always doubted Savage's story.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, a writer who claimed to have investigated the birth of an illegitimate child to Lady Macclesfield, was satisfied that a boy had been born, that he was baptized as Richard Smith, and had died in childhood.

Savage, he declared, was an impostor who traded on information that had come into his hands.

When Savage was about 20 he published a poem entitled "The Convocation, or a Battle of Pamphlets, a Poem," an attack on Bishop Hoadley, the religious controversialist.

He then tried writing for the stage. His second play, acted in 1718, called "Love in a Veil," was successful and was printed. Savage now unblushingly declared himself as "the son of the late Earl Rivers."

A year later appeared the "Poetical Register, or Lives of the Poets," in which Savage's story was told, probably written by himself.

Meanwhile his play had secured for him the patronage of men of letters, including Steele, with whom he soon quarrelled. Steele had wished to marry him off to an illegitimate daughter of his own, and to settle on her a thousand pounds. The money was quite an attraction to Savage, but Steele, who was lavish with his promises, was not reliable in their execution.

Savage chose to lampoon Steele, and the inevitable break occurred.

For a time Savage was dependent upon the bounty of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress. She allowed him an annuity of £50 during her life, probably because of his eulogies in verse. The following is a sample :

Each look, each attitude, new grace displays,  
Your voice and motion life and music raise.

Savage also received money from Robert Wilks, the actor, a generous man, who could not bear to see suffering.

In 1723 Savage tried the stage. He was given a part in the play "Sir Thomas Overbury," which he himself had written. He was not a success.

When he wrote this piece he had no home. He had to beg pen and ink and paper. The play attracted attention because everyone knew its author as a dissolute, thriftless young man.

Four years later Savage appeared at the Old Bailey on a charge of murder. He killed a man in a brawl in a tavern, and was convicted and condemned to death.

His situation evoked the pity of many of those who had been his friends. They used their influence with Queen Caroline, and Savage was released. During his imprisonment he wrote a short account of his life, which produced a sensation.

Next year he attacked his reputed mother, Mrs. Brett, in another publication. Soon afterwards her nephew, Lord Tyrconnel, took Savage into his house and allowed him a pension of £200 a year.

This is the only fact in the biography of Savage which lends colour to his own story of his birth. On the other hand, Lord Tyrconnel may have made him the allowance to stop his attacks on Mrs. Brett.

For a time Savage seems to have been comparatively happy. The best of his poems, "The Wanderer," was produced in 1729 and dedicated to his patron. Pope praised it, and Sir Walter Scott described it as "beautiful."

But a man of his temperament could not help quarrelling. He fell out with Lord Tyrconnel, and was once more on the streets.

He was now to be found in a cellar or consorting with thieves and vagabonds. This was the situation of a man

whom Johnson described as having "exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senators, and whose delicacy might have polished courts."

Savage's fortunes were at a very low ebb when Queen Caroline bestowed a pension on him of £50 a year. Thereafter the poet described himself as the Queen's "volunteer laureate."

On the Queen's death in 1737, this pension ceased, and once again Savage was destitute.

His friends, including Pope, agreed to provide him with an allowance of £50 a year if he would leave London and live in Wales.

He left London in July, 1739, but did not reach Swansea till 1742. There he remained a year, quarrelling with everyone.

Having written a tragedy, he decided to return to London, but got no farther than Bristol. For some reason or other he resolved to remain in this city for a time.

Meanwhile, his finances got worse; he was thrown into prison for debt, and he died there on August 1st, 1743.

## JANUARY 17TH

### *Benjamin Franklin*

LANDING one day at Falmouth after a stormy voyage, Benjamin Franklin went to a church to offer thanks for his preservation.

"I ought to build a chapel for some saint," said Benjamin to his son. "But I am not a Catholic. Moreover, I have no money. But if I were a Catholic and I had money, I shouldn't build a chapel; I should build a lighthouse."

Franklin is generally described as the "great American statesman and natural philosopher."

It was through him that the British Government decided to conquer Canada, and sent out Wolfe's expedition.

England was at war with France. A vulnerable point in the armour of France was Canada. Franklin saw what an immense advantage the conquest of that country would give to England.

Pitt called him into conference, and Wolfe's expedition was planned.

When the trouble broke out with the American colonists, Franklin advocated compromise, at the same time trying to enlist English people to see the American point of view.

Franklin was born at Boston (Mass.), on January 17th, 1706. His family came from Northamptonshire, his father having emigrated to New England to escape persecution for his dissenting views.

Franklin, senior, tried to induce his son to become a parson. Young Benjamin had other ideas, and after assisting his father in his soap-boiling business, he was apprenticed to his brother, a printer.

His brother and he did not agree, and one day Benjamin scuttled off to Philadelphia, 400 miles away.

He was then 17, and had not a penny.

He decided to start printing on his own. An accidental introduction to Sir William Keith, Governor of Philadelphia, gave an impetus to his ambition and a promise of financial help.

He arranged to come to England to buy machinery, Keith promising to foot the bill. It was not until he arrived in the English Channel that he found that the letters of credit which should have been in the ship's mailbag were not there.

Though it was obvious that Keith had gone back on his promises, Franklin decided to continue his journey.

In a small printer's business in the City of London, Franklin obtained a job as a compositor, lodging first in Little Britain, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn Fields, paying 1s. 6d. a week for his room.

In 1726, Franklin found himself again in Pennsylvania as a clerk to a friend named Denham. When Denham died he had to return to his old craft.

After a short period he began a printer's business, at the same time writing a variety of articles.

Seizing every opportunity for increasing his business, Franklin soon made his presence felt in Philadelphia.

There was an opposition printer in the town who was not too careful with his work. He printed an address of the assembly to the governor in a careless way.

Franklin republished it, and sent a copy neatly printed to each member. He got the job as official printer next year.

In 1730 he married a Miss Read.

In 1732 he printed the first "Poor Richard's Almanac" with success. Four years later he was made clerk of the assembly, and next year postmaster.

During the war between Great Britain and France he raised a large body of militia.

By 1750 he had acquired a considerable fortune and was elected to represent Philadelphia in the assembly.

Franklin dabbled in science. He conceived the idea of drawing down lightning from the clouds by means of a rod.

But there was nothing high enough in Philadelphia for the purpose. He, therefore, used a kite.

As a result of these researches, D'Alibard, a Frenchman, produced the lightning conductor.

During the events which led up to the War of Independence, Franklin continued to advocate compromise. He had several interviews with Lord Chatham, who proposed conciliation to the House of Lords.

When all attempts to settle the dispute were found to be of no avail, Franklin went all out for independence. After a Treaty was signed in 1784, Franklin was chosen, in his 79th year, as president of his State.

He died April 17th, 1790.

All the money which Franklin received for his various official duties he made a practice of giving away.

He was universally respected even by people of different opinions. When he died, Mirabeau in the French Assembly proposed that the members should wear mourning for three days.

## JANUARY 18TH

### *The Cottage Countess*

ONE hot July evening in the year 1791, a traveller trudged into the village of Bolas Common in Shropshire, and began to look around for a night's lodging.

That day he had walked many miles. His feet ached; the knapsack on his back hung heavily, and he was covered with dust.

To add to his troubles it began to rain, and thunder rattled overhead.

He knocked at the door of a little farmhouse and pleaded for a night's rest. Farmer Hoggins was dubious; the appearance of the man was no recommendation. He replied that he had no accommodation.

But the traveller was not to be put off so easily. He continued his plea, and Hoggins was soon convinced by the stranger's speech that he was not a beggar.

"Come in!" he invited. "I could not turn a dog away to-night—and I can see you are a gentleman."

The visitor gave his name as John Jones, but his real name was Henry Cecil, and he was heir to the earldom of Exeter.

How this scion of a noble house preferred to wander about the lanes of Shropshire without any visible means of subsistence is a romantic story.

Cecil, now 37 years of age, had, fifteen years before, married a woman of noble birth. The union had been unhappy, and he had obtained a divorce.

At the same time he was in debt, and having no hope of help from his uncle, the then holder of the title, he decided to go on a vagabondage.

Incidentally, he intended to marry "a plain, homely, and truly virtuous maiden," irrespective of her birth.

Now, Farmer Hoggins chanced to have a pretty daughter Sarah, and when Cecil saw her he determined to remain at the farmhouse as long as possible.

Fortunately for him both the farmer and his wife were impressed by the manners of their lodger and they offered no objection when "Mr. Jones" asked if he might remain for a time.

He told them that he was a painter and that he wished to sketch the district.

Weeks passed and "John Jones" was still a visitor beneath the Hoggins's roof.

Meanwhile Sarah was becoming attached to him. He would help her to carry home her pails of milk, to churn the butter and would tell her news of the world outside the little village.

But the mysterious "Mr. Jones" was the subject of speculation by the villagers. They did not believe the story of the painting.

They suspected that he was a highwayman who sallied

forth at night from the Hoggins farmstead and carried out his depredations on the King's highway.

Then, when the painter bought a plot of land and began to build a house near the village, tongues wagged more furiously.

When the house was completed Cecil boldly approached Farmer Hoggins, told him that he loved his daughter and wished to marry her.

The astounded farmer consulted his wife. She would not hear of it; no happiness could come from such a marriage, she declared.

Hoggins was more practical. Generally his wife had the last word in an argument; but on this occasion he insisted that, as his girl loved the man, he would not stand in her way.

Thus, the wedding was solemnized at the little church at Bolas, and Sarah became the mistress of the newly built house.

The couple lived happily together for two years. Then on December 27th, 1793, Cecil succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, and it became necessary for him to leave the village.

The new Countess of Exeter, despite her lowly birth, kept up the dignity of her station. Yet, according to Tennyson, she often pined for the old days, when her husband played at landscape painting.

The poet records that the change of environment caused the bloom to leave her cheeks. The flower began to fade and die.

Faint she grew and even fainter,  
As she murmured, "Oh, that he  
Were once more that landscape painter,  
Which did win my heart from me!"  
She drooped and drooped before him,  
Fading slowly from his side;  
Three fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died.

Sarah's death was not quite so poetical as this. She did not pine away, but died soon after the birth of a child on January 18th, 1797.

After her death, her husband was created a Marquess, and he married a third wife, the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton. He died in 1804.



The "Cottage Countess," as she was known, had two sons and one daughter. The elder son, Brownlow, succeeded to the marquessate, to which his father had been elevated. The younger, Lord Thomas Cecil, married a daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond.

The daughter, Sophia, married in 1818 the Right Honourable Henry Manvers Pierrepont.

Henry Cecil, first Marquess of Exeter, was a descendant of the famous Lord Burghley, the English statesman, and favourite Minister and friend of Queen Elizabeth.

Lord Burghley was wealthy, having a place of residence in the Strand, a family seat at Burghley, and a country house called Theobalds, near Waltham Cross.

At his London house he is reputed to have had eighty servants. He entertained Queen Elizabeth twelve times, sometimes for several weeks together. Each visit must have cost about £2,000. His two sons were raised to the earldoms of Exeter and Salisbury on the same day.

## JANUARY 19TH

### *William Congreve*

WHEN William Congreve, the eighteenth-century dramatist, died, he left £10,000 to Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough—which set tongues wagging.

He was known to have been friendly with her during his life, and this bequest appeared to confirm an association between the two.

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, alludes to it by saying :

"When the younger Duchess (of Marlborough) exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph of her own composing and bad spelling to Congreve in Westminster Abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said: 'I know not what pleasure she might have had in his company, but I am sure it was no honour.'"

The association, if such it was, was all the more extraordinary because Congreve had been affected for several years with blindness and gout.

His death at his house in Surrey Street, Strand, was the result of an accident while on a journey to Bath to take the

waters. The coach overturned, and the already badly-crippled Congreve did not live long afterwards.

With the £10,000 the Duchess bought a diamond necklace which cost £7,000. Commenting on this Dr. Young remarked :

“How much better it would have been to have given the money to Mrs. Bracegirdle, with whom Congreve was very friendly for years ; yet still better would it have been to have left the money to his poor relations in want of it.”

Mrs. Bracegirdle seems to have been a somewhat notorious person in London during the latter part of the seventeenth century. She was a “beautiful actress,” whose smiles were keenly sought after by men about town, both young and old.

The following dramatic story in which she figured is told of a Captain Richard Hill, who had “conceived a tendre or passion” for her.

He is said to have offered marriage, and to have been refused. At last he became desperate, and decided to carry her off by force.

He borrowed a suit of “night linen” from Mrs. Radd, the landlady with whom he lived in Buckingham Court, Strand, and induced his friend Lord Mohun to lend his aid.

He had been in the habit of waiting upon the actress at Drury Lane Theatre, but on the day appointed he took care to keep out of her way.

He ordered a coach to be waiting outside the Horseshoe Tavern in Drury Lane, and hired six soldiers to kidnap her as she returned from a dinner engagement with a Mr. Page in Princes Street.

As the actress came down Drury Lane on the way to her lodging at the house of a Mrs. Dorothy Brown, in Princes Street, at ten o'clock, accompanied by her mother and brother and with Mr. Page as escort, one of the soldiers seized her in his arms and tried to force her into the coach.

Page attempted to stop the soldier, whereupon Hill attacked Page with his sword and cut his hand. Then the lady began to scream and a crowd soon formed, highly entertained by the episode.

Discreetly, Hill instructed the soldier to desist, and Lord Mohun, who was in the coach, got down, and he and Hill

insisted upon seeing the lady home, but Page insisted upon accompanying them and remained with the actress until her alarm had subsided.

Mohun and Hill remained in the street, Hill with drawn sword and vowing vengeance upon Page and declaring that he would abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle.

The two conspirators then sent for a bottle of canary wine from the Horseshoe Tavern and broached it in the street. Meanwhile Mrs. Bracegirdle, for better protection, sent her servant to the house of Mr. Mountfort, in Norfolk Street, but he was not at home.

While Mohun and Hill were waiting at the corner of Norfolk Street, Mountfort appeared on the scene. The servant of Captain Hill declares that he was carrying his sword over his arm.

If this is the fact he must have been warned, and the proceedings before the coroner confirmed this.

In Norfolk Street he had heard of the attempt to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle, and was aware that Lord Mohun and Hill were in the street. He was advised to keep away by Mrs. Bracegirdle's landlady, but ignored the warning, and, coming up to Lord Mohun, who embraced him "tenderly," said that he was sorry to find him in such bad company.

The sequel was described by Thomas Leak in his evidence before the coroner. He said :

"And then the Captain came forward and said he would justify himself, and went toward the middle of the street, and Mr. Mountfort followed and drew."

Ann Jones, a servant, stated that Hill came behind Mountfort and gave him a box on the ear and bade him draw. Then, it is said, there was a duel, in which Mountfort fell with a desperate wound on the right side.

Mountfort died the next day, declaring, according to Page, that Hill ran him through before he could draw his sword.

Lord Mohun, on the other hand, declared that it was a straight fight, and that he saw a piece of Mountfort's sword on the ground. When Mountfort fell, Hill ran away, and Lord Mohun surrendered himself to the watch with his sword still in his scabbard.

Hill always declared that but for Mountfort his advances to Mrs. Bracegirdle would not have been rejected, but as

Mountfort had a good-looking wife, also a celebrated actress, this is hard to believe.

Congreve's friendship for Mrs. Bracegirdle began through her acting in his plays. Harrison Ainsworth, in his historical romance, "St. James's," describes a supper party attended by Congreve, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and others, including women, most of them poets, painters, and well-known wits of the period.

A certain Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle quarrelled as to who should sing first. The matter was settled by pistols, each woman attempting to snuff out a candle by a shot at twelve paces.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was escorted home by Congreve, Mrs. Oldfield by Maynwaring, and Mrs. Centlivre by Prior, "who persisted in calling her 'Chloe' all the way," while Steele and Wycherley, walking along by Mrs. Manley's chair and being somewhat intoxicated, assaulted the watch, and "for their pains were arrested by the 'Charlies,'" and lodged in the St. James's Round House.

Congreve has been described as "the greatest English master of pure comedy." He was born at Bardsley, near Leeds, and was baptized on February 10th, 1670.

The son of a soldier, he was educated in Ireland, was an undergraduate at Dublin, where he was a friend of Swift. He was entered as a student of law at the Middle Temple, and soon afterwards wrote the novel "Cleophil," about which Dr. Johnson wrote that he would "rather praise it than read it."

In 1693 he produced his first comedy, "The Old Bachelor," with the assistance of Dryden. Next year appeared another comedy, "The Double Dealer," but it was not until 1697 that his tragedy, "The Mourning Bride," began his good fortune.

In the following year he was engaged in a wordy duel with Jeremy Collier, the nonjuror, on the "immorality and profaneness of the English stage," a part of his reply being "The Way of the World," a masterpiece of English comedy.

For the remainder of his life of 28 years Congreve produced little beyond a volume of verses.

JANUARY 20TH

*John Ruskin*

It was surprising that the development of John Ruskin was not retarded at an early age.

Young John had no toys, and was often whipped. He did not always deserve this punishment, but the rod was regarded as necessary to repress any inclination to naughtiness, for there was a former John Ruskin—two generations back—who had run away with the sixteen-year-old daughter of a Scottish covenanting minister.

John Ruskin was born in Hunter Street, London, on February 8th, 1819. Margaret Ruskin, his mother, belonged to the old Puritan strain, was Calvinist in religion, and was proud and austere.

When the lad was four, the family moved to Herne Hill, then only a village. His father, John James Ruskin, often made long journeys in connection with his business as a wine merchant.

Every year he took his wife, child and nurse on a tour in England, visiting castles, cathedrals, colleges and other buildings of historical interest.

At the age of six young John Ruskin was taken to Paris and Brussels, including a visit to the battlefields of Waterloo.

At fourteen he was taken to Germany and through the Black Forest to Switzerland.

The greater part of his youth was spent in travelling. Thus, being a precocious child, he assimilated a phenomenal amount of knowledge.

He began to write at an early age, both in prose and verse. His mother taught him to read the Bible, going through every chapter each year. Ruskin himself declares that this study of the Scriptures laid the foundation of his command of the English language.

His father read to him Shakespeare, Scott, Byron and other poets. He could write a letter at the age of four, and at seven began a work in four volumes which was entitled "Printed and composed by a little boy, and also drawn."

Two years later he began "Eudrosia, a poem of the Universe," and thereafter wrote verse regularly.

At the age of 11 he learned Latin and Greek, had lessons

in painting and drawing, and had acquired the French language.

At the age of 17 John fell in love. The maid who stole his boyish heart was Adele, the daughter of the elder Ruskin's French partner, Domecq. She was beautiful, and when the parents saw the feelings of young John, they contemplated a marriage.

John wrote her love lyrics, but received ridicule in exchange, for he had not the gaiety of the debonair young men of France.

This early romance is believed to have affected his health and resulted in the serious illness which sent him wandering all over Europe.

Having decided that John should be a bishop one day, his father sent him to Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. The young man's education was interrupted by his illness, and he passed two years abroad without incident or achievement.

When he went to Oxford, his mother deserted her husband and home to take up her residence near the city in order to keep her eye on the lad.

Fortunately, young Ruskin was popular with the other men of the college, or they would not have approved of Mrs. Ruskin's action.

Ruskin won the Newdigate Prize with his poem "Salsette and Elephanta," which he recited in the Sheldonian Theatre when he was 20. This was the only success of his university career. He was 24 when he became a graduate, five years after his entry. Two years of this period, however, were lost through illness.

After leaving Oxford Ruskin set to work at home on the first volume of "Modern Painters." It was published in May, 1843, and was attributed to "a Graduate of Oxford." It caused a sensation, and was attacked by the critics.

Soon afterwards the family went to the Alps, so that John might pursue his studies of landscapes.

The second volume of "Modern Painters" appeared in 1846, and in 1849 he published "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" with his own etchings.

On April 10th, 1848, Ruskin was married, at Perth, to Euphemia Chalmers Gray. It is said that this union was hurriedly arranged by the parents of both parties.

It brought no happiness to either. They lived in London, entered Society, travelled extensively and were received at Buckingham Palace.

But Ruskin detested Society as much as his beautiful wife loved the life. He was not the type for her.

Few particulars of their life have been made known, but in 1854 she left him, and obtained a nullification of their marriage under Scots law. Later she became the wife of John Everett Millais, the painter.

After the dissolution of the marriage Ruskin returned to his parents and lived with them until their death, totally unconcerned either with the marriage or the annulment.

Ruskin's father died in 1864, leaving him a large fortune and property at Denmark Hill. John continued to live there with his mother, who was then 83, infirm and almost blind.

It is impossible to give a list of his works; they are so numerous.

In 1869 he was elected Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, and held the position for ten years.

In 1871 he gave £5,000 for the endowment of a master of drawing and the foundation of a museum of art at Oxford, to which he also gave pictures and drawings.

In 1883 he was re-elected professor, but resigned the following year. Afterwards he founded a museum at Sheffield to which he sent part of his own valuable library and art treasures.

In the early years of his professorship, he suffered from illness, and had another disappointment in love. In his later years he went to live at Brantwood, on Coniston Lake. In retirement he began his last work, "Praeterita," an autobiography.

After 1885 Ruskin's mentality was such that he was able only to write letters. Two years later it was discovered that he had given away the entire fortune he had received from his father. This, it is said, amounted to £200,000. He was now dependent upon the sale of his works which produced an average income of £4,000 a year.

By this time, however, his health was failing, and he died on January 20th, 1900. He was buried in Coniston churchyard, at his own wish.

JANUARY 21ST

*Captain Allen Gardiner*

*My soul, wait thou only upon God ; for my expectation is from Him.*

*He only is my rock and my salvation : He is my defence ; I shall not be moved.*

WHEN, on January 21st, 1852, the ship's crew of H.M.S. *Dido* came upon these words from the 62nd Psalm, painted on the rock on the bleak coast of Tierra del Fuego, they knew it could be the work of only one man—Captain Allen Gardiner.

The search party's quest was ended. Somewhere thereabouts they would find the remains of Gardiner and his unfortunate companions. So it proved.

Above the words of the psalm there was a crudely painted hand which pointed towards a cavern in the rock side. When the searchers entered they found the body of a man. It was Maidment, the missionary who had accompanied Gardiner on his expedition to convert the natives of Patagonia.

Then a launch was found, badly battered by the boulders, the shattered remains of another boat, with gear and stores, various articles of clothing, then the stiff form of Gardiner himself. A row of graves with rough wooden crosses completed the tableau and told their own tale.

There was a pathetic final scene. To use the words of Captain Moorshead of the *Dido* :

“Their remains were collected together and buried close to the spot, and the funeral service read by Lieutenant Underwood. A short inscription was placed on the rock near his own text ; the colours of the boats and ships were struck half-mast ; and three volleys of musketry were the only tribute of respect I could pay to this lofty-minded man and his devoted companions.”

Gardiner was both a hardy seaman and a pious Christian. Towards the end of his career he was a missionary rather than a sea-dog. On his various voyages he had made efforts to convert the heathen tribes living in the uncivilized parts of the world.

In the year 1849 his enthusiasm caused him to evolve a scheme for sending out a missionary ship to Tierra Del Fuego with the object of converting the Patagonians.



He approached the Moravians and then the Scottish National Church, but both refused to help. At last a woman living at Cheltenham gave him £700. To this he added £300 of his own money.

This capital was inadequate to fit out a ship, but Gardiner was not to be deterred.

He bought four open boats, two of them being launches of considerable size which he named *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*. The others were dinghies, to be used as luggage boats.

He then set out to find six companions willing to share his enterprise. Eventually he found a surgeon, a missionary, and four strong Cornish boatmen.

In September, 1850, the party, with their boats, sailed on the *Ocean Queen* from Liverpool. Three months later they were landed on the coast of Patagonia, having about six months' provisions.

From the day that the *Ocean Queen* left them on that inhospitable shore, no one saw these brave missionaries again alive.

The seven men in their open boats, entirely without a plan of campaign, went on their foolhardy enterprise of converting people whose language they did not understand and who were definitely hostile.

They went from island to island, sometimes robbed by the natives, and often encountering severe gales. In one storm they lost their dinghies and their contents. Another tempest carried off their anchors and spare timber. Then they found they had left their gunpowder behind in the *Ocean Queen*, and they were unable to shoot birds or animals for food.

Never was an expedition more foolishly conceived. By January, 1851, their missionary zeal was forgotten. Their one object now was to save their own lives.

On February 1st the *Pioneer* was sunk in a storm, and with only the *Speedwell* to keep them afloat their situation was parlous.

Day after day they watched the open sea for the appearance of a ship likely to bring them supplies or to take them home.

The men fell ill with scurvy, and the *Speedwell* was turned into a hospital. The other men lived in a cavern.

March went by and then April, and with the beginning of May came the Antarctic winter. The stores were dwindling, and the men were put on short rations.

At the end of June one seaman died of scurvy. An entry in Gardiner's diary, which was found by the *Dido* party, had the following entry about this date :

"Six mice. The mention of this last item in our list of provisions may startle some of our friends, should it ever reach their ears ; but, circumstanced as we are, we partake of them with a relish, and have already eaten several of them ; they are very tender, and taste like a rabbit."

The rest of their provisions included one penguin, a dead fox, and a half-devoured fish that had been thrown up on shore.

By the middle of August the party were partaking of stewed garden seeds and mussel-broth.

Gardiner himself lived on mussels for a fortnight. But no one could stand this diet for any length of time, and Gardiner had resolved to lie down and die when some of the men discovered a weed that provided them with a somewhat unpalatable food.

On August 23rd, Erwin, one of the boatmen, died, and three days later another named Bryant followed him. The remaining boatman, Pearce, went mad through the loss of his companions.

Weak though he was, Maidment, the missionary, dug shallow graves for the two men, and made rough crutches to enable Captain Gardiner to get about a little.

Gardiner had hoped that they might all die together, but the party had become separated. He and Maidment, who had been living in the cavern, tried to reach the others, but had to give up the attempt.

Maidment died on September 2nd, and Gardiner was left alone. He was too helpless to search for food, and during the following days he spent his time writing a message which he hoped might one day fall into the hands of his countrymen.

No one was near when Captain Gardiner died. There is reason to believe that the end came on September 6th, but there is no certainty of this. Nor is it known whether the remaining two men of the party, Williams, the surgeon, and Pearce the boatman, died before or after their captain.

It had been arranged when Gardiner set out on the voyage that a ship should call and leave provisions for the party from time to time. Through some blunder at home, the supplies did not reach them until it was too late.

JANUARY 22ND

*Sir Robert Cotton*

IN the British Museum there is a copy of the Magna Carta which is said to have been bought for fourpence !

The story is that Sir Robert Cotton, the sixteenth-century antiquarian, purchased it from a tailor who was about to cut it up for use in connection with his business.

This document is believed to be one of four originals of the famous charter. Two are in the British Museum, and the others are at Lincoln and Salisbury Cathedrals.

The anecdote of the tailor, however, is overshadowed by the fact that one of the parchments was given to Sir Robert Cotton by Sir Edward Dering, Lieutenant-governor of Dover Castle, and is referred to in a letter dated May 10th, 1630, preserved in the Museum Library.

It was Sir Robert Cotton's manuscripts which formed the basis of the national collection which eventually became the British Museum.

Cotton, who was born at Denton, Huntingdonshire, on January 22nd, 1570, was regarded as one of the most learned men of his day. He was often consulted on public affairs by the King and his Ministers.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Cotton was one of those who spent much of his time in tracing national documents, dispersed into private hands as a result of the depredations of the agents of Henry VIII.

He was knighted by James I and was employed by the King to vindicate the memory of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was also commissioned to inquire into the question whether it was legal to put Papists to death or whether they should be imprisoned.

But like many other good servants of the Stuarts, he was liable at any time to fall under Royal displeasure. His friendship for Carr, Earl of Somerset, caused him to be suspected of having knowledge of the circumstances of the death of Sir Thomas Overbury.

He was arrested and for five months was detained in the custody of an alderman of the City of London, who temporarily confiscated his library.

In the days of Charles I he sat in Parliament and was always a zealous supporter of the Royalist cause.

But when a tract entitled "How a Prince May Make Himeself an Absolute Tyrant" was found in his library he was again in trouble. Cotton, it seems certain, had no knowledge of the pamphlet! He was, however, unable to defend himself and the library was again taken away from him.

Cotton himself was lodged in the Tower of London.

These persecutions led to his death at Cotton House, Westminster, on May 6th, 1631.

His library, much increased by his son and grandson, was sold to the Crown with Cotton House, near Westminster Hall. In 1712, when this house fell into decay, the library was removed to Essex House, Strand, thence in 1730 to Ashburnham House, Westminster.

Here a fire occurred which destroyed over 200 of the manuscripts. The remainder of the library was lodged in a dormitory of Westminster School, and was later transferred to the British Museum.

The Cottonian library originally contained 938 volumes of charters, Royal letters, foreign State correspondence, and ancient registers.

It was kept in twelve cases, on which were the heads of the twelve Caesars. The collection also contained Saxon and English coins and Roman and English antiquities.

The Cottonian collection may be said to have been the basis of the unique British Museum exhibits, for Cotton's library was a national asset before the collections of Sir Hans Sloane and George III were acquired for the nation.

There is no mystery how the treasures of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Hans Sloane were obtained. They were paid for by public funds. But there is an interesting sidelight on the acquisition of the library of George III which is characteristic of George IV.

In January, 1823, George IV wrote the following letter from the Pavilion, Brighton :

*Dear Lord Liverpool,*

*The King, my late revered and excellent father, having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive library, consisting of about 120,000 volumes, I have resolved to present this collection to the British nation.*

*Whilst I have the satisfaction by this means of advancing the literature of my country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a parent whose life was adorned with every public and private virtue.*

*I desire to add that I have great pleasure, my Lord, in making this communication through you. Believe me, with great regard,*

*Your sincere friend,*

G. R.

This letter was read in Parliament, and the cheering could have been heard in Parliament Square.

The library was handed over to the trustees of the British Museum, and this new acquisition to the nation's treasures involved the building of a new repository—the British Museum as it is to-day.

With the opening of the present British Museum buildings the Government allocated money annually for the purchase of exhibits.

When the Egyptian antiquities were acquired from Belzoni, the Italian showman, who had exhibited his prowess as a strong man all over the country before becoming an archaeologist, a new department of the Museum became necessary. About the same time a grant was made of £35,000 for the purchase of the Elgin marbles.

The next acquisition was the collection of Charles Townley, which included treasures of bronze and gems.

The Museum became so popular as a national institution that its treasures were increased year by year through bequests and purchases.

JANUARY 23RD

### *James Stuart*

THERE was little room in Scotland for an honest man in the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth of England.

James Stuart, Earl of Moray, half brother of the Scottish Queen, found out this to his cost.

First one queen and then the other induced him to betray his trust as Regent of Scotland, and it was in the midst of intrigues that he was assassinated and his country was reduced to a state of anarchy.

James Stuart was the natural son of James V of Scotland by Margaret, daughter of John, Lord Erskine. At the age of 17 he went with his sister, Mary, to France to complete his education.

Intended for the Church, he was made Prior of St. Andrew's. But he had no intention of following the clerical profession.

The chief reason for this was because he was attracted by the preaching of John Knox, and as a result he was converted to the new faith.

He was commissioned by the Scottish Parliament to be present at the marriage of the youthful Mary with the Dauphin of France in 1558.

After the death of her husband Mary showed that she intended to have her own way. She refused to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, which secured the independence of Scotland from France.

She offered her half-brother a cardinal's cap and some rich benefices in France, which he refused.

Nevertheless, Mary did not esteem him the less, for she promised to make him Regent during her absence from Scotland. When she returned to her native country she made him her Prime Minister.

It was Lord James Stuart, as he was called, who, during the acrimonious disputes between the Queen and John Knox, succeeded in preventing a definite clash between the two imperious representatives of different faiths.

At the same time he suppressed the plots of the Romish party, and restored amity for a time with England.

The administration of public affairs was carried on impartially and discreetly, but with firmness.

In January, 1562, the Queen created Stuart to the earldom of Mar, on the occasion of his marriage, and a few months later he became Earl of Moray.

The affairs of Scotland might have been tranquil and prosperous but for the foolish marriage between the Queen and Darnley, which she carried out in spite of Moray's objections. Moray then refused to appear at Court. He declared that Darnley and his father, the Earl of Lennox, were conspiring to murder him.

Moray tried to stop the marriage by intercepting the Queen and Darnley on their way from Perth to Edinburgh,

but, having prior notice of this intention, they managed to escape the Earl's party.

It was after the marriage that Moray appears to have been caught in the toils of Queen Elizabeth. The English Queen made lavish promises and Moray and his friends rose in revolt. The insurgents, however, were chased from place to place, and when it was seen that the great body of people of Scotland were against them they crossed the border and took refuge in England.

Elizabeth publicly disowned them, declared that she had no knowledge of their plot, and ordered them to leave her presence. At the same time, however, she furnished them with a sum of money.

The humbled Moray now saw the absurdity of his action and was anxious to return to the allegiance of the Scottish Queen. He even cultivated the favour of David Riccio, her secretary-adviser, sending him a valuable diamond ring as a gift.

Mary was advised to pardon the plotters, but she chose to follow the dictates of the French and the Popish party and resolved to have them branded as traitors at the next meeting of Parliament.

To prevent this a further conspiracy was hatched by the Earl of Morton, Darnley, and others to murder Riccio and expel the Queen's advisers.

To what extent Moray was concerned in this plot is not certain. It is said that he knew of it, though he did not take an active part. He returned from England the day after the murder and was elected to the leadership of the councils of the conspirators.

The Queen now took the strange course of pardoning Moray on his promise to have nothing more to do with the conspirators. For a time Moray and Mary were on good terms, though he took little part in the management of her affairs.

Then came the murder of Darnley, whom Moray detested ; but there is no reason to believe that the Earl was concerned in the crime. He was not at the Court when that deed was perpetrated.

Unable to prevent Mary's marriage to Bothwell, Moray left the country and went to France. When war was renewed, which resulted in the flight of Bothwell and imprisonment

of the Queen, Moray was made Regent of Scotland.

Most of the nobility, hostile or otherwise, submitted to his authority, and both England and France were compelled to recognize him as leader of Scotland.

He sent in pursuit of Bothwell, and brought to justice several of those who had been concerned in the murder of Darnley. But he showed weakness in allowing the more powerful conspirators to escape.

When Mary escaped from imprisonment, Moray took prompt measures to crush the rebellion on her behalf. In eleven days the struggle was over and Mary had escaped into England.

Moray was now undisputed ruler of Scotland, and all would have gone well if he had not become entangled in further intrigues of Queen Elizabeth.

When Elizabeth brought charges against the Scottish Queen Moray unwisely supported them, and thus furthered the designs of England rather than of Scotland. He took vigorous measures to suppress the remaining supporters of Mary, but it had the reverse effect. The plot for the restoration of the Queen grew until Moray's position became untenable.

To strengthen his hand he asked Elizabeth to deliver up Mary for safe keeping, and offered to surrender the Earl of Northumberland, who was then taking refuge from Elizabeth in Scotland.

But Moray was now a discredited man. On January 23rd, 1569-70, he was murdered by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who had always hated him.

JANUARY 24TH

*Prince von Bismarck*

THE elevation of Otto Edwin Leopold von Bismarck to the post of Chancellor of the newly-constituted German Empire was a natural sequel to the efforts which he himself had made towards its accomplishment.

When William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, there was no one more entitled to the Seals. Four days before France surrendered to the Prussian forces Bismarck was virtual leader of his country, William being the figurehead.



His rise from a subordinate office in the Law Courts at Potsdam provides a story as fascinating as that of any great man.

His youth was wild and irregular. He was an indefatigable duellist, and carried a great scar from one encounter.

In the summer of 1842, when Bismarck was on duty as a cavalry officer, he rescued his groom from a lake. For this he obtained a medal "for rescuing from danger." He prized this medal more than any other of the many he afterwards received.

In July, 1847, he married Johanna von Puttkammer, and in the same year embarked on a political life. Within two years he was one of the chief leaders of the Conservative Party, in the Prussian Diet. He was often the centre of stormy scenes. Once when he was howled down, he calmly leant against the tribune, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and read it until the tumult had died down.

When the French Revolution broke out in 1848 Bismarck foresaw the possibility of the unrest crossing the Rhine. He organized a great Conservative and National Party with the motto "With God for King and Country."

He attacked any democratic movement which aimed at a republic, and had an uncanny intuition in discovering any such propaganda.

For some years he held various Government appointments necessitating his travelling in various parts of Europe.

Visiting the 1855 Exhibition at Paris, he met Louis Napoleon, the French Emperor. It was a friendly clash between men of different temperaments. The Prussian was straightforward and honest, while the other was dark-visaged and crafty.

It was while Ambassador at St. Petersburg that Bismarck discovered the ambitious activities of Austria. Up to this time he had regarded alliance with Austria as essential. But he now saw that Austria was aiming at the debasement of Prussia.

He changed his policy, and ever afterwards advocated the downfall of Austria.

Bismarck gradually became more powerful in Prussian politics, and at last was made Minister in Paris, where he worked for amity between the two countries.

In 1862 he was appointed Minister President and Foreign

Minister. It was an unpopular appointment, and he incurred the opposition of the Lower House.

He forced through a measure for the reorganization of the army.

When the German princes met at Frankfurt to decide matters of policy Bismarck refused to allow the King of Prussia to attend.

Matters were now moving to a clash between Prussia and Austria.

Having obtained the support of France and Italy, Bismarck, in 1866 made his great assault on Austria.

It was the beginning of Germany's greatness, for it settled once and for all the dominance of Prussia in German affairs. It resulted in a confederation of North Germany.

But Bismarck was careful enough not to demand too much from Austria in the way of territorial aggrandisement for fear of upsetting France.

He now became sole Minister without, however, having any particular title.

Although Bismarck had done his best to conciliate France over the defeat of Austria, it was soon evident that France was far from satisfied at the newly-acquired strength of Prussia.

War was inevitable, but Prussia bided her time.

After several years' wrangling between the two countries, matters came to a head through the opposition of France to the candidature of a Hohenzollern prince to the Spanish throne.

When war broke out, Bismarck accompanied the army and conducted negotiations with France and completed the arrangements for the entry of the southern states in the German confederation.

He was rewarded on January 24th, 1871, by being recognized as Chancellor of Germany, and received the title of Prince.

The fall of this great man was one of the most dramatic episodes in European history.

In 1888, the Emperor, William II, grandson of the first German Emperor, ascended the throne.

Though determined to continue the policy of his grandfather and Bismarck, he was equally determined not to allow his Chancellor to override his own opinions.

Bismarck had always held that he should be the intermediary between the other Ministers and the Emperor.

For two years there were numerous disputes on this subject. At last the "young master" decided to get rid of the old campaigner.

The prophecy made by Bismarck years earlier that "the young master will one day be his own Chancellor" was about to be fulfilled.

The Kaiser demanded the rescinding of the Cabinet Order of 1852 which forbade Ministers to have direct communication with the Emperor.

Bismarck gave no sign that he intended to comply with the demand.

Then General von Hahnke, head of the Military Cabinet, called on Bismarck for a draft of the cancellation of the Order. Bismarck refused to supply it, and declared that he was about to resign.

Next morning Hahnke returned and again demanded the draft on behalf of William. Bismarck immediately drew up his resignation and informed the Cabinet.

The departure of Bismarck to his home in the Saxon forests was made a State occasion.

Troops presented arms, and the whole Diplomatic Corps was present. The streets of the capital were filled with crowds.

Before his departure the old man had had a final audience with the "young master."

He said that he felt that he was being dismissed with ignominy. The Kaiser made no reply to this, and while Prince Bismarck drove to the station to take train to his country home, William took a drive in the Tiergarten, contemptuous of his late Chancellor's feelings.

A reconciliation took place between them in 1893, and the 80th birthday of Bismarck in 1895 was regarded as a national event.

Bismarck, who was born on April 1st, 1815, died on July 31st, 1898.

JANUARY 25TH

*Queen Margaret of Scotland*

ON the morning of St. Paul's Day, 1503, a ceremony took place at Henry VII's palace of Richmond which had a vital effect on the destinies of England and Scotland.

It was the marriage by proxy of the young Margaret Tudor to the King of Scotland.

It was a dull day, but it was not the weather that depressed the spirits of the beautiful "Rose of England." The prospect of becoming the wife of James IV, a man who was reputed to be an ogre, was a gloomy one for this 13-year-old child.

Margaret was one of the prettiest princesses ever sent out of England to become the consort of a foreign king. She was tall; she had bright blue eyes that contained a perpetual smile. She had golden hair that, when plaited, reached almost to her feet.

She had smooth arms and beautiful hands, and her cheeks had the bloom of roses, symbolic of the white of York and the red of Lancaster.

Henry VII, anxious to end the strife between England and Scotland, had conceived the idea of marrying his eldest daughter to the Scottish King. There were many of his Ministers who did not approve.

They spoke to Margaret in secret and told her of the barbarians across the border; stories of James's numerous love affairs, the rumour that Lady Margaret Drummond, one of his "flames," had been mysteriously poisoned.

There were tales, too, of a secret marriage and a little girl who was called "Lady Margaret, the King's daughter."

It was certain that he had ordered special masses for the repose of the soul of his mistress or "wife," who now lay in her tomb with her two sisters, also victims of poison.

As the ceremony proceeded with Patrick, Earl of Bothwell, as the proxy of the Scottish King, Margaret shuddered at the thought of what was in store for her.

Dr. Routhall, King Henry's secretary, read the Commission from King James:

"I, Patrick Earl of Bothwell, Procurator of the High and Mighty Prince, James, by the Grace of God King of Scotland, my Sovereign Lord, having sufficient power to contract

matrimony *per verba de presenti* with thee, Margaret, daughter to the Right Excellent and High and Mighty Prince, and Lord of Ireland, do here contract matrimony with thee, Margaret, and do take thee unto and for his wife and spouse. All others he forsaketh in and during his and their lives natural."

It was soon over, and it remained only to be confirmed in a formal marriage at Holyrood.

Henry VII had achieved his desire. He was convinced that it would lead to the union of the two countries.

It did ; but not in the way he had anticipated. For there was still to be much blood shed between the two nations before that was accomplished.

There was one present at the marriage who was disgusted with the whole affair. He was Henry, Prince of Wales, the brother of Margaret. Another who looked sadly on the ceremony was her mother, Elizabeth of York.

Henry swore an enmity against the Scottish King, but Elizabeth bore her sorrow in silence.

It was arranged that Margaret should set off almost immediately for Scotland, her new home. She tried to put off the journey as long as possible, and in this she was supported by her brother Henry.

Everything had been arranged when Queen Elizabeth died, and the journey was postponed. But there was no more than a few months' respite.

One lovely morning the cavalcade left the Palace of Richmond, Margaret riding a white palfrey. Sir Thomas More fantastically records a cry from the grave of Elizabeth : "Farewell, my daughter, Lady Margaret."

It took months for the party to reach Scotland. They halted at many towns on the way to receive the homage of the people. They stayed at castles, sometimes for a week. Henry VII was kept posted as to the progress of his daughter, and wrote her many letters in an attempt to cheer her, for the epistles which came from Margaret were full of discontent.

The marriage took place with much pomp nearly eighteen months after the ceremony at Richmond. Margaret Tudor's beauty went right to the hearts of the Scottish people, and the crowd went mad with joy.

All might have been well ; the people of both countries were becoming more amiable. Henry VII had, in 1497,

concluded a truce for seven years. There was still a year for it to run at the time of the marriage, but it was soon seen that there was to be no enduring peace.

At home Henry, Prince of Wales, still harboured a grudge against the man who had taken away his favourite sister. Various little petty injuries contributed to more bad feeling between the countries.

In 1509 Henry VII died, and the Prince reigned as Henry VIII. When the new King joined the coalition against France, which was friendly to Scotland, the Royal houses drifted farther apart.

James himself was indiscreet. Goaded by sympathy for his ally, France, he declared war on England.

Margaret, with tears of anguish in her eyes, implored him to stay his hand. She foretold disaster to Scotland.

But the Scottish King was mad with the idea of revenge. Despite the advice of his Ministers, he crossed the Tweed on August 22nd, 1513.

It ended in the Battle of Flodden and the complete defeat of Scotland.

The body of James was found in the thickest of the slain, terribly disfigured by wounds. It was embalmed and ultimately placed in the monastery at Sheen.

In the following April Margaret gave birth to a second son, and soon afterwards married the Earl of Angus. According to the terms of her husband's will, the regency of Scotland ceased on her re-marriage.

In 1516 she gave birth to a daughter, afterwards the mother of Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Her subsequent life is a story of one love intrigue after another. She was divorced from the Earl of Angus, and married a third time, to Henry Stuart, afterwards Earl of Methven. In turn, she tired of him, and was trying to obtain a divorce from him when she died, in 1542, at the age of 52.

JANUARY 26TH

*General Gordon*

*Now mark this—if the expeditionary force (and I shall ask for no more than 200 men) does not come in ten days, the town may fall; and I have done my best for the honour of my country. Good-bye.*

THAT was the last message, dated December 14th, 1884, which the Khartoum relieving force read in the diary of General Gordon.

The ten days passed—another ten; and still the little garrison, though sadly depleted, held out against tremendous odds.

Five weeks passed before it had been so reduced as made it impossible to withstand the siege any longer.

For five months Khartoum had been behind a veil. Mahdi spears threatened it on every side. The telegraph was gone. At home they dallied while the best route for the relief of Khartoum was discussed.

Weeks of argument. And then the distracted British Cabinet decided to send Lord Wolseley along the Nile route.

Reaching Cairo on September 9th, 1884, he pushed on towards Halfa and Korti. At the latter place there was thrust into his hands a note in the handwriting of Gordon: "Come quickly."

The messenger told a doleful story. Khartoum was starving; not a moment must be lost.

The Mahdists were awaiting the capitulation.

Wolseley immediately sent a force under Sir Herbert Stewart to the beleaguered garrison. Several fights with the enemy occurred and Stewart was mortally wounded.

The rescuing force pressed on under Sir Charles Wilson.

They reached the Nile on January 20th, and finding four steamers which Gordon had sent down, started up river on the 24th. On the 28th they passed the sixth Cataract.

As they neared Khartoum, stories of its fall on January 26th, were brought to them. Gordon was dead!

Officers on the decks of the boats swept the country through their field-glasses. There was Khartoum in the distance, but no sign of the flag on the roof of the palace above the walls.

The building lay in ruins. Two days before the citadel had fallen, and Gordon had perished.

Attempts have been made to reconstruct the story of the privations of the garrison between the date of the last entry in Gordon's diary and the arrival of the relieving force.

They could have held out but for lack of food. It seems clear that it was not until the emaciated defenders were too weak to man the posts that the enemy broke in, and the remnant perished.

To understand the train of events which led to Gordon being besieged in Khartoum it is necessary to go back to the autumn of 1881.

It was a belief among Mohammedans that 1882 would produce a new prophet in Islam. When, therefore, Mohammed Achmet proclaimed himself the Mahdi "by the grace of God and his Prophet," the Soudanese flocked to his banner.

Expeditions were sent against him, but he dealt with them all. Then an army under Colonel Hicks, a retired Indian officer, marched with intention of crushing him.

The Mahdi lured Hicks into an ambushade between Khartoum and El Obeid. Not a dozen of the 11,000 men escaped into Egypt.

This success gave the Mahdi almost complete control of the Soudan. The prospect of sending a huge army to eradicate the menace did not meet with favour in high quarters, particularly as the country had been a nuisance to Egypt.

Moreover, the Mahdi had 30,000 men, all familiar with the country.

At last it was decided to evacuate the Egyptian garrisons scattered about the Soudan. The only man whom the British Government could entrust with the task was Gordon.

On January 18th, 1884, Gordon called at the War Office in response to an urgent message.

"Will you go and evacuate the Soudan?" asked Lord Wolseley.

"Yes," replied Gordon.

The General then went into a room in which there were four Ministers.

"Did Wolseley tell you your orders?" he was asked.

"Yes. You will not guarantee future government, and you wish me to go up and evacuate now?"



At eight o'clock the same night Gordon took train at Charing Cross Station.

With him was one staff officer, Colonel Stewart of the 11th Hussars.

The people of Khartoum received Gordon with joy. For a time he confined himself to remitting taxes, dealing out justice and other matters as he had done previously when Governor of the country.

"He is such a lovable character," a newspaper correspondent wrote of Gordon. "He is so humble, too. . . . When he goes out of doors there are always crowds of Arab men and women at the gate to kiss his feet. . . . It is wonderful that one man could have such an influence on 200,000 people. . . . It is only his great piety that carries him through."

All the time Gordon was considering the problem of evacuating the Soudan. The only man who could beat the Mahdi at his own game was the ex-slave trader Zebehr. Though he and Gordon were enemies, the General believed that it was in Zebehr's interest to assist in the work.

Gordon requested to be allowed to use Zebehr. The British Cabinet refused. Instead, they suggested that Gordon should leave Senaar, the farthest garrison, to its fate.

"I would sooner die," was Gordon's reply.

On April 16th he sent a telegram through to Cairo, declaring that he would hold on as long as possible and make an attempt to put down the rebellion. He added:

"If I cannot, I shall return to the Equator, and leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala and Dongola, with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties, if you would retain peace in Egypt."

As events proved he was right.

Months passed and no further message came to Gordon at Khartoum.

And so the great hero died.

In Trafalgar Square there is a monument to the man "who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

JANUARY 27TH

*Henry Greathead*

IN the year 1765 a Frenchman invented a boat which, although it filled with water and turned over with its mast in the water, would not sink. So far as is known this was never used for any practical purpose.

Twenty years later a London coachbuilder, named Lionel Lukin, began to experiment with a boat termed a Norway yawl. He attached a thick rib of cork round the gunwale, added a heavy iron keel below the boat, and placed air cases at each end, under the seats and below the flooring.

It floated even when waterlogged, but it did not solve the problem of the complete safety of the occupants.

In 1721 Baron Crewe, Bishop of Durham, left a bequest for charitable purposes. In Lukin's time the trust fund was in the control of Archdeacon Sharp.

Hearing of Lukin's boat the Archdeacon instructed the coachbuilder to fit up a boat for use on the coast of Durham. This may be described as the first lifeboat. Unfortunately, though difficult to overturn and impossible to sink, it could not be righted easily once it had capsized.

A certain William Wouldhave, a house painter in South Shields, became interested in Lukin's boat, and resolved to improve the idea.

One day Wouldhave was out for a walk when he saw a woman drawing water from a well.

Said he: "Let me help you."

While helping her to lift the bucket he saw, floating in the water, an old wooden plate. He noticed that it was floating a certain way up, and though disturbed by the bucket, it always returned to the same position.

This inspired the solution of the problem of an unsinkable vessel which would always float the same side up.

He built a model boat with air containers at each end. This met with success; he had invented a self-righting boat.

On March 15th, 1789, a particularly deplorable calamity occurred off shore at South Shields. A ship called the *Adventure* was wrecked, and the seamen were drowned in view of thousands of spectators.

The catastrophe was observed by the members of a club

from their windows. They formed a committee, issued an advertisement, and offered a reward of two guineas for the best suggestion for building a lifeboat.

Wouldhave submitted his model. The committee liked it and gave him half the reward—one guinea.

Wouldhave was naturally disgusted with the committee's "generosity." He refused the guinea, but left his model.

Other models were sent in, and the committee constructed in clay a boat which appeared to embody all the best points.

There now appeared on the scene Henry Greathead, a boatbuilder of South Shields. He was instructed to build a boat to the committee's design.

The completed boat included some of Wouldhave's principles, but it omitted the self-righting idea.

This first specially-built lifeboat was used for forty-one years until it was dashed to pieces on the rocks in 1830.

There was no bow or stern to this vessel, both ends being exactly alike. There was thus no rudder, but steering was effected by an oar at each end. Along each side was a wide belt of cork, but there were no air cases, and when water got into the boat it had to be baled out.

The lifeboat had a crew of ten rowers, who sat abreast, while two others operated the oars at each end.

Greathead, who was born on January 27th, 1757, cannot be described as the inventor of the first lifeboat. On the other hand, many of his ideas were incorporated in the *Original*, as it was called.

It cost about £150 to build, and in its time it saved hundreds of lives without losing a member of its crew.

Before the end of 1803 Greathead had built thirty-one boats, eighteen for England, five for Scotland, and the remainder for foreign countries. In this work Greathead received valuable help from Lloyd's.

Four years later the coachbuilder Lukin reappeared on the scene as the result of a request by the Suffolk Humane Society to superintend the building of a sailing lifeboat. It was launched at Lowestoft at the end of 1807, and became a model for the Norfolk and Suffolk type of lifeboat still used on that coast.

It was forty feet long, ten feet wide, and three feet six inches deep. It cost £200, and in forty-three years saved three hundred lives.

The Society of Arts became interested in lifeboats in 1802, and a number of prizes were given for improvements.

But no great progress took place, and it was not until 1823 that the public were aroused to take an interest in this form of life-saving at sea.

An appeal was made to the nation by Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Hilary, who lived in the Isle of Man. It was he who was responsible for the establishment of a national lifeboat service. He himself had helped to save over three hundred lives in wrecks on the stormy coasts of the island.

He planned a service, the main features of which are in existence to-day.

This led to the formation of the National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck. The King was patron and many of his Ministers took an active part.

This society, now known as the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, was founded on March 4th, 1824. It began with a capital of only £9,286.

In the first year twelve new boats were built, and housed at different stations. By that time thirty-nine others had been constructed by private individuals and independent associations.

During the first twenty-five years of its history the country suffered from financial stress which affected the funds of the Institution. In 1849-50 its income had fallen to £354. Many of its lifeboats were useless, and public interest in life-saving at sea had entirely evaporated.

But in 1849 another terrible tragedy occurred at the mouth of the Tyne, and the lifeboat *Providence* capsized, losing twenty of her crew of twenty-four.

Another philanthropist, the Duke of Newcastle, offered a prize for the best form of lifeboat. Nearly three hundred plans were sent in to the Institution. The winner was a boatbuilder named Beeching.

Yet the examiners did not adopt any of the models. Instead they instructed Peake, master shipwright at Woolwich dockyard, to build a boat embodying the best principles of the best designs.

The result was a boat which was adopted by the Lifeboat Institution and by many other countries. It was about thirty feet long, seven feet wide and four feet deep; nearly alike at both ends, and ingeniously filled with air chambers,

passages and valves. It had speed against a heavy sea, facility for landing, and a capacity for discharging sea-water which came over the side. There was a captain, or coxswain, to each boat.

JANUARY 28TH

*Sir Thomas Bodley*

THOMAS BODLEY came back to England after a distinguished diplomatic career abroad, in the expectation that Queen Elizabeth would reward him with an important office.

It could be nothing less than the post of Secretary of State. So thought Bodley and many others.

It was almost settled. Lord Burghley, the Queen's favourite Minister, had made the necessary recommendation to Elizabeth, and Bodley was preparing to take up his duties when the Earl of Essex also approached the Queen on his behalf.

There was little love lost between Burghley and Essex. It is possible that Bodley had asked Essex to use his good offices with the Queen. Whether this was so or not is not certain, but as soon as Essex interposed Burghley withdrew his favour.

It resulted in the retirement of Bodley from public life with, however, the determination that he would serve his country in some other way.

Before describing how this resolution led to the creation of the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford it is necessary to give a brief sketch of Bodley's career.

He was born in 1545 at Exeter, where his father John Boadley—or Boadleigh—at that time lived.

Soon after the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary, John Boadley found it necessary to disappear temporarily because of his Protestant principles. He accordingly went to Geneva, and it was there that his son, Thomas, was educated. Besides acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, he attended the lectures of the famous reformers, Calvin and others.

The family returned to England on the death of Queen Mary, and Thomas was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1563 he was elected a fellow of Merton College, and in 1569 was junior proctor.

At the age of 38 he went on a mission to the King of Denmark, the Duke of Brunswick and other German princes. He carried out those assignments with marked ability and for some time afterwards was engaged in a number of secret duties in connection with Protestantism in France.

Later he was in charge of English interests at the Hague, a post he left finally in 1597.

He was 52 when he came to England, and well-fitted for high office. But, as already explained, he fell a victim to political jealousies.

Having married a rich widow in 1585, Bodley was by no means poor, and he could have retired comfortably.

He was obsessed, however, with the desire to restore the public library of the University of Oxford. He immediately set about the task.

There was a university library at Oxford as early as 1320, when a Dean of York was responsible for the building of an annexe to St. Mary's Church.

This library consisted of books that were chained to desks to be read by visitors, while others were locked away in chests and lent out only when it appeared safe to do so.

This room was finished and furnished in 1409, a contribution being made by King Henry IV.

His son, the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, gave the library a superb collection of manuscripts, one only of which—out of six hundred—was saved after the collection was destroyed or dispersed during the reign of Edward VI. This was a folio MS. of Valerius Maximus, beautifully decorated.

The room had remained empty until the time of Bodley. The University had, in fact, sold the seats on which the readers had sat; all of which depredations had taken place at the instance of the no-popery fanatics.

While at Magdalen, Bodley had deplored the sacrilege, and had resolved to make amends.

He began his work by generously giving his own collection, worth £10,000.

The example proved infectious. Manuscripts and books came in to such an extent that the old building was soon too small to hold them.

Bodley proposed the extension of the library and an enlarged building. His enthusiasm brought the necessary

funds, and the University was able to erect a new library with a courtyard and rooms for the school.

Bodley did not live to see the whole completed, for he died on January 28th, 1612.

The Bodleian Library was first opened to the public on November 8th, 1602. Bodley, who had just been knighted, was declared the founder, and in 1605, Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset and Chancellor of the University, placed his bust in the library.

In 1681 an annual speech in praise of Sir Thomas Bodley was inaugurated, to be delivered on the visiting day of the library, November 8th.

Isaac Casaubon, the classical commentator, a contemporary of Bodley, writes following his visit to Oxford in 1606 :

None of the colleges attracted me so much as the Bodleian Library, a work rather for a king than a private man. It is certain that Bodley, living or dead, must have expended 200,000 livres on that building. The ground plot is the figure of a letter T. The part which represents the perpendicular stem was formerly built by some prince, and is very handsome ; the rest was added by Bodley with no less magnificence. . . .

As long as I remained at Oxford I passed whole days at the library ; for books cannot be taken out, but the library is open to all scholars for seven or eight hours every day. You might always see, therefore, many of these greedily enjoying the banquet prepared for them, which gave me no small pleasure.

Another visitor, a German, was fascinated with the way the relics were arranged. He wrote :

Every shire has here its own department, and I was astonished at the minute accuracy with which the petty history and geography of every village, hamlet and parish in England was here detailed. In some cases the history of every family of importance was given.

Among the benefactors to follow the example of Sir Thomas Bodley were Oliver Cromwell, Milton, Laud, Selden, Fairfax, and others.

The great Parliamentary General, Fairfax, immediately on the surrender of Oxford in the Civil War, placed a strong guard round the library to prevent his men using the same destructive zeal as did the minions of Edward VI.

JANUARY 29TH

*St. Francis de Sales*

As Martin Luther set alight the flame of Reformation in Europe, so Francis de Sales nearly put it out.

It is said that during his episcopate of Geneva he converted about seventy-two thousand so-called heretics, mainly Calvinists who had hitherto been fanatical in their zeal for the reformed religion.

Francis's title was Prince-Bishop of Geneva, but he was never allowed to minister at his own cathedral, nor was he received as their bishop by the citizens of Geneva.

Yet he is credited with being one of the greatest bishops who ever lived. Even the Calvinists who remained true to the memory of their own leader said of Francis: "If all bishops were like this one, we should soon all be Catholics; if we honoured any man as a saint, I know none more worthy than this man since the days of the Apostles."

It has often been a matter of wonder that Protestantism should have lost so much ground in Europe, bearing in mind the amount of blood that was shed to establish it.

A study of the life of Francis de Sales explains the reaction. The incredible fatigues and hardships which Francis underwent in the course of his missions are not traditional; they are fact.

Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," writes :

With what devotion and tears he daily recommended the work of God; with what invincible courage he braved the greatest dangers; with what meekness and patience he bore all manner of affronts and calumnies.

Francis had an unusual beauty of character. By gentleness and courtesy he converted his own diocese to Roman Catholicism.

"He delivered the Word of God with a mixture of majesty and modesty; had a sweet voice and an animated manner; but what chiefly affected the hearts of his hearers was the humility and unction with which he spoke from the abundance of his own heart."

The poor of Geneva saw in Francis a different type of



person from the intolerant leaders of Calvinism who put their religion before humanitarianism. He went about among them, treating them with meekness and kindness which had more effect than preaching.

Francis de Sales was born at Sales, the château of his family, near Annecy in Savoy, on August 27th, 1567. He first studied law, but in 1593 he became a priest of the Roman Catholic Church.

In his immediate district Protestantism had scored its greatest triumphs, and Francis was ambitious to begin a movement back to the Roman Catholic Church.

When his father, M. de Boisy, Count de Sales, marked out for him a legal career, Francis objected. He believed that his vocation was the priesthood. Nevertheless, he went through his law studies at Paris and Padua, at the same time living a life approaching asceticism, and spending his spare time in prayer.

After much entreaty, his father consented to his ordination, and he was received into the Church by the aged Bishop of Geneva.

Francis began immediately on his self-imposed task of converting Protestants. He even had the ambition to convert the great patriarch of Protestantism, Theodore Beza himself. He was received several times by Beza, but, as was to be expected, it was a bigger proposition than Francis, in his blind zeal, could foresee, and the conferences led to nothing.

A year after his ordination Francis and his brother Louis were sent on a mission to the district on the southern side of the Lake of Geneva, known as the Chablais.

This district had fallen to the Calvinists in 1536, and its seventy-two parishes contained about thirty thousand people with no more than a hundred Catholics among them.

Francis remained there for four years. At the end of that time there were barely a hundred Calvinists; the rest had been converted.

In 1602 he was consecrated Bishop of Geneva, a title and an office which gave him no immediate control over the diocese.

In the same year he went to Paris and preached at the Court of Henry IV, where he was well received.

At Dijon, in 1604, he made the acquaintance of Madame de Chantal, a religious fanatic, with whom he afterwards

co-operated in the foundation of the religious Order of Visitation.

This Order was confined to "strong souls with weak bodies," who were deterred from entering other Orders because of physical weakness.

Henry IV offered Francis the highest dignities to remain in France, but he refused.

Francis de Sales might have become a rich man. His income as a bishop was about £150 a year; his lodging was a small room with a bed and two chairs, a desk and a few books.

Francis died at the comparatively early age of 56. He had gone to meet the Duke of Savoy at Avignon, and returning he fell ill at Lyons, where he died on November 22nd, 1622.

His association with Mme. de Chantal has sometimes received the wrong construction. His enemies during his life were ready to libel him, but four years after his death five thousand witnesses testified before a commission to a spotless life. He was credited with miracles, and in 1661 he was beatified and four years later canonized. His day is celebrated on January 29th.

JANUARY 30TH

### *Napoleon the Third*

EUGÉNIE DE MONTIJO gained an empire, but failed to establish a dynasty.

All that remains is gathered in a church near Aldershot—just three tombs.

In one of them she lies. In the others lie her husband, Napoleon III, Emperor of France, and her son, the Prince Imperial.

Eugénie's great adventure began when Louis Napoleon, Prince-President (soon to be made Emperor), was allured by her beauty and charm.

She was the daughter of the Duke of Cypriano, a grandee of Spain, and of Maria Manuela de Kirkpatrick, Countess de Montijo, who was of Scottish-American extraction.

Napoleon saw her at a reception in 1852, and called upon her at the apartments in the Place Vendôme, where she lived with her mother and sister.

Something more than a warm friendship developed.

Napoleon had no thought of marrying her, and he continued negotiating for a royal alliance with a foreign princess.

Then scandal came to Eugénie's aid. The Emperor had ordered a suite of rooms to be made ready in the Élysée Palace for Mme. de Montijo and her daughters.

Tongues began to wag. She protested to the Emperor. He replied, "Wait, I shall avenge you."

Shortly afterwards he announced his determination to marry her.

On January 30th, 1853, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and splendour. Paris was gay with banners.

Eugénie held magnificent court. She gathered around her ladies-in-waiting with pretty faces and graceful figures to set off her own matchless beauty.

This was the happiest period of her life. Everyone admired her. She was greeted in the streets by frantically cheering crowds.

Having the gift of dressing charmingly, the beautiful Empress made Paris the fashionable centre of the world.

She took a pride in founding philanthropic institutions and personally organized crèches, asylums, convalescent homes, refuges and relief funds.

If Eugénie had confined her activities to encouraging useful movements, the tragic fate which overcame her might have been averted.

Her ambition, however, was to control the destinies of the Second Empire. She began to intrigue. Napoleon, upon whom she had imposed her will and influence, did his best to prevent her from interfering in French politics, but she was not to be repressed.

On one occasion when he and the Cabinet were considering a grave question, he posted sentries at the doors, with orders to allow no one to pass.

The Empress came in a rage and demanded admittance. The sentry fell upon his knees with his bayonet laid across the doorway. "Majesty, no one may pass, by order of the Emperor."

"We shall see," cried Eugénie. Leaping over the sentry's bayonet, she burst into the Council Chamber, made straight for the Emperor who was presiding, knocked off his hat and then withdrew.

Never was Parisian life more dazzling; never had the foreigners who flocked to Paris seen a more splendid vision of luxury and apparent prosperity than during the few years that preceded the great catastrophe of 1870.

That was largely the fruit of Eugénie's political intrigues. "I am compelled to recognize that the Empress was, if not the only, at least the principal, author of the war of 1870," said General du Barrail.

"This is my war," said Eugénie herself, the truth being that she had always looked to a successful war to establish the dynasty for her son.

The great crash came at the battle of Sedan when Napoleon, whom she had refused to allow to retire, was utterly defeated and taken prisoner by the Prussians.

He escaped to England and took a house at Chislehurst, Kent.

In Chislehurst Eugénie began intriguing against the French Republic. Napoleon III, who had joined her in England, intended to make another attempt to win back the Imperial throne.

All arrangements were made. Then Napoleon fell ill, and died following an operation.

Eugénie continued to intrigue on behalf of her son, the Prince Imperial, a lieutenant of artillery in the English army.

The Prince had other views. When the Zulu War broke out he insisted on going with the English Army.

She bade him farewell at Southampton. A few months later he was stabbed to death by Zulu spears.

His body was brought back to England.

Thereafter the Empress Eugénie was often to be seen at the Catholic church in Chislehurst, praying at the tombs of her husband and her son.

Later she built a church on an estate at Farnborough, Hants. The tombs were transferred, and Benedictine monks said continual Masses for the repose of the souls of the dead.

Eugénie was born at Granada on May 5th, 1826, during an earthquake. She died in her ninety-fifth year on July 11th, 1920, and was buried at Farnborough beside her son and husband.

JANUARY 31ST

*Ben Jonson*

BEN JONSON in the chair of the Apollo Club at the Devil Tavern was an amusing sight. The old poet and dramatist with "the mountain belly and the rocky face," as he described himself, was a match for all comers. Let any unauthorized person put his nose into the room, and Jonson would bark at him for his temerity, and with an imperious gesture order him out.

The Devil Tavern stood at No. 2 Fleet Street, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century was notorious for the revelry which went on there. The members of the Apollo Club were among its habitués. It was there that they had their periodical club feasts.

One night at the "Devil" a certain country gentleman—not a member of the Apollo Club—began to boast of his extensive estate. Ben Jonson, who could be irritatingly arrogant at times became impatient, and at last roared :

"What signify to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit!"

"Have you so, good Mr. Wise-acre?" retorted the young man.

"Why, now, Ben," said one of the chairman's friends, "you seem to be quite stung."

"I'faith, I was never so priced by a hobnail before," Jonson growled.

There is another story told of the "Devil" which concerns Randolph, a poet and dramatist, who became a clergyman. One night before returning to Cambridge he resolved to pay a visit to the tavern, whatever the consequences. He had no money and he had not been invited, but drawn by the voices of the famous men in the bar he peeped in at the door under cover of the waiters.

But Jonson saw him immediately, and noticed the pale face and threadbare dress he called out: "John Bo-peep, come in," and Randolph needed no second bidding.

Immediately the company became satirical in verse. They drew attention to the mean dress of the intruder, and Randolph was told that if he could not at once make a verse he must call for a quart of sack.

Randolph replied without any hesitation :

I, John Bo-peep, and you four sheep,  
With each one his good fleece ;  
If that you are willing to give me your shilling,  
'Tis fifteen pence apiece.

"By the Lord!" roared Jonson, "I believe this is my son, Randolph!" The young man owned to the fact, spent the evening at the "Devil" and finished up tipsy with sack.

The date of Ben Jonson's birth is not certain.

One authority gives it as January 31st, 1574. He was born a month after the death of his father, and his mother married again. His stepfather, a master bricklayer, gave him an education at Westminster School and St. John's College, Cambridge, according to one authority.

Jonson himself declares, however, that he did not get to the university and was actually put to a trade immediately on leaving school.

Becoming tired of his father's bricklaying, he joined the Army and fought in the Low Countries, an episode in his career which Ben made much of in later years.

He married about the year 1592. He described his wife as a shrew but honest, and preferred to live away from her for a long period. Later he became an actor with a party of travelling players, played in London and produced one of the most famous English comedies "Every Man in His Humour."

Shakespeare was one of the actors in the play.

About the year 1598 Jonson found himself in trouble. Fighting a duel in Hogsden Fields, he killed an actor named Gabriel Spenser, was thrust into prison and was in danger of being hanged.

In prison he was visited by a Roman Catholic priest and became converted to the religion. He pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him, but after lying in prison a short time was released on his goods and chattels being forfeited. His reputation was in no way affected by this circumstance, and he was soon back in the theatre world, producing another play and performing "Everyman" before Queen Elizabeth.

Other plays followed in quick succession, until he and the other authors of a play called "Eastward Ho" were arrested for certain passages which were stated to have been

insulting to the Scots. They were, however, released and gave a great banquet to celebrate the occasion.

There had been a rumour that the prisoners were to have their ears and noses cut. While the feast was going on Jonson's mother "drank to him and showed him a paper which she had intended (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drink, which was full of lusty strong poison; and that she was no churl, she told him, she minded first to have drunk of it herself."

In 1605 Jonson and his friend Chapman were again placed in prison on account of a play, but were again set free on the intervention of the Earl of Salisbury.

Although the evidence is not strong, there seems little doubt that Jonson had some connection with the Gunpowder Plot. Soon after the discovery of the plot he was called in and asked as a loyal Catholic to use his good offices to induce the priests to do something in connection with the confessions of the conspirators.

Ben was wrathful when the priests refused to have anything to do with the affair.

As a dramatist Jonson was at his best during the earlier half of the reign of James I, and by the year 1616 had produced nearly all the plays for which he is famous. They include: "Cataline," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicoene, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Bartholomew Fair," "The Devil is an Ass," and many others.

Towards the close of the reign of James I Ben was by no means in a prosperous condition. He had become weakened by illness, and suffered a loss in the burning of his library. In 1626 he had a stroke, and another in 1628. His plight having been brought to the notice of Charles I, he was given the appointment of City Chronicler with a salary of a hundred nobles a year.

In 1628 he was arrested by mistake on the charge of having written certain verses in approval of the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham. On his release he returned to his home in Westminster, where he had another fire. A year or two later his salary as City Chronicler was restored.

He died in August 1637.

FEBRUARY





FEBRUARY 1ST

### *Cock Lane Ghost*

COCK LANE, a turning between Newgate Street and West Smithfield, was visited by a "ghost" which sent London crazy with excitement.

Taverns in the neighbourhood did a roaring trade; hackney coachmen made small fortunes and those who organized the hoax reaped a harvest from subscriptions and fees for admission.

One Sunday in January 1760 a man named Parsons, officiating clerk at St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, noticed a man and a woman standing in the aisle, waiting to be conducted to a seat.

After the service the man—his name was Kempe, and he had just come from Norfolk to London—asked Parsons if he knew of lodgings in the district.

Parsons suggested his own house in Cock Lane and this was accepted.

It then transpired that Kempe was a widower, and that the woman with whom he was living was his dead wife's sister, the couple being barred by law from getting married.

Soon after they had taken up their residence at Parsons' house, Kempe went away on business. For company the landlord's young daughter was taken to sleep with the woman who was known in the house as "Miss Fanny," but to outsiders as "Mrs. Kempe."

One morning "Miss Fanny" complained that a series of knocking noises were disturbing her sleep. At first the noise was thought to come from a shoemaker's, but when it happened again on a Sunday night the shoemaker theory was dropped.

Several people were invited to investigate the noises. There was no solution of the mystery.

"Mrs. Kempe" was about to give birth to a child, and Kempe decided that more convenient lodgings were necessary. When the couple left the house in Cock Lane the knocking ceased.

They went to live in Bartlett Street, Clerkenwell, and here "Miss Fanny" died from small-pox. She was buried in St. John's Church, Clerkenwell.

In January 1762 knocking and scratching noises began again at the house of the Parsons in Cock Lane. The family were terror-stricken.

The noise was always heard under the bed in which lay two children, the eldest of whom had slept with "Mrs. Kempe." When they were removed to another room the knocking followed them.

The elder child declared that she had seen the apparition of a woman. A publican who brought a pot of beer to the house maintained that he had been terrified by the same ghost. Parsons said that he, too, had seen the woman.

The story soon got abroad, and in a short time there were suggestions that there had been foul play in connection with the death of "Mrs. Kempe."

It was believed that "Mrs. Kempe," in manifesting herself, was trying to blame Kempe for her death.

It was said that the woman had been poisoned, and a pamphlet was written and sent to her relatives advising them to take action.

The "ghost" became a first-class sensation in London. Clergymen were invited to come and question it.

As a result of investigation by clergymen and others, the ghost, by means of knocking, stated that she, "Mrs. Kempe," had been poisoned by Kempe.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 20th, a large party assembled at a house in Hosier Lane to which the girl Parsons had been carried.

The bedclothes were examined, and the child was put to bed.

Questions were asked which the supposed spirit answered by giving one knock for the affirmative and two knocks for the negative.

As a result of the interrogation it was confirmed that Kempe had poisoned his mistress.

One of the men present on this occasion asked that the girl should be removed to his own home, so that closer investigations might be carried out.

Parsons refused to allow this. In the meantime the knocking continued.

At last the child was taken to a house in Crown and Cushion Court, near Smithfield, where, on a certain evening, two clergymen and others assembled.

The knocking began, the child suffering with fits of shivers. The result of a further list of questions was that the "ghost" desired that her body should be exhumed and examined.

These séances continued until the Lord Mayor was brought into the affair. He demanded that Mr. Parsons should give every facility for a proper investigation and insisted that the child should be taken to the house of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, Rector of St. John's, entirely away from her relatives.

Parsons at first refused but after pressure gave way.

On January 31st, according to Horace Walpole, a fashionable crowd attended the spook's audition.

It included the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and Walpole himself.

"The lane was full of mob," says Walpole, who reports that no manifestations occurred, and the company went home.

In the early hours of the following morning Mr. Kempe and another party, including Samuel Johnson, went into the vaults of St. John's Church, where the dead woman was asked to explain her "manifestations"—nothing happened.

They returned to the house where the child was lying, accused her of fraud, and found that beneath her stays she had concealed a board which she had taken from the kitchen.

## FEBRUARY 2ND

### *Mary Anne Talbot*

MARY ANNE TALBOT was the unfortunate natural daughter of a peer, and was born on February 2nd, 1778.

She was the youngest of sixteen illegitimate children, and when her mother died in childbirth of twins, Mary Anne was thrown on to a cold world that did not want her.

For the first five years of her life she was put out to nurse in a village near Shrewsbury, miles away from Lincoln's Inn Fields, where she was born. Subsequently she was moved by the orders of some friends of the Earl, who was then dead, to a boarding-school in Chester. There she was educated

for nine years under the eye of her only surviving sister, who had married into a good family.

On the sudden death of this sister, Mary was placed in the care of a certain Mr. Sucker, of Newport, Shropshire, who, it is said, treated her with cruelty.

Designing to get rid of her, he introduced the girl to a Captain Bowen, of the 82nd Regiment of Foot, who became her guardian and pledged to see to her education abroad.

He brought her to London in the year 1792, and took her to the Salopian Coffee House in Charing Cross. He soon showed that he was an unprincipled scoundrel.

He threw off the mask of a father that he had hitherto assumed, and now treated her as a mistress.

When an order came that his regiment should leave for St. Domingo, Bowen determined to take the girl with him. He compelled her to adopt the garb of a foot-boy, and she had no option but to obey.

She adopted the name of John Taylor, and they sailed for the West Indies in the transport *Captain Bishop*. She had to assist the crew in manning the pumps and other duties, and by the time she arrived at Port-au-Prince, she was in a state of collapse.

The regiment had barely arrived at St. Domingo when it was ordered to join the troops on the continent under the command of the Duke of York.

Bowen compelled the girl to enrol in the regiment as a drummer, and it was in this capacity that she went to Flanders. In addition to her duties as drummer she had to continue as a foot-boy to Captain Bowen.

Towards the end of the siege of Valenciennes Mary received two wounds, one from a musket ball which struck a rib, and another from the accidental stroke of an Austrian's sword.

She dreaded her sex being discovered, so she concealed her wounds and treated herself. In time they healed.

Bowen was killed in an attack on the town, and, strange though it may seem, Mary was much affected by his death.

She searched for and found his body, rifled his pockets and found a letter which concerned herself. She also obtained the key of his desk.

But Mary was now in a worse condition than before. She was in a strange country and determined to leave it as soon

as possible. The letter she had found disclosed that remittances of money had been made to her which she had never received.

She dispensed with the drummer's dress, assumed that of a sailor, and by avoiding towns she arrived in Luxembourg. That town was then in the possession of the French and she was stopped, and she endeavoured to escape by signing on board a lugger which she afterwards found to be a privateer.

The vessel cruised about for several months and then fell in with the British fleet under Lord Howe. Mary refused to fight against her countrymen despite whippings from the French captain.

The lugger was compelled to yield, and Mary was questioned. She told how she had been induced to sign on a French vessel, but successfully concealed her sex.

She was next stationed on board the *Brunswick*, commanded by Captain Harvey, and allotted the job of powder monkey. She attracted the attention of the captain who made her principal cabin-boy.

In the action in which Harvey met his death Mary was wounded in the ankle by grape shot. A musket ball also penetrated the thigh of the same leg. She was taken to the cockpit, but the grapeshot could not be removed and she was taken to Haslar Hospital.

Still, it appears, no one suspected that Mary was a girl. She attended as out-patient at the hospital for months.

On her discharge from the hospital she joined the *Vesuvius*, sailed from Spithead, and cruised off the French coast. On this ship she was rated as a midshipman.

The *Vesuvius* fell in with two privateers and was captured. Mary and a midshipman companion were taken to Dunkirk and put in prison. There she remained for eighteen months, being treated cruelly.

In the prison was a German who taught her wire-work, and when an exchange of prisoners took place she returned to England and took up the occupation of making trinkets.

It is said that the bracelets that the Queen wore during her various processions to St. Paul's to commemorate naval victories were worked by Mary Anne Talbot while she was in the employ of a jeweller named Loyer in Denmark Street, London.

Romance now entered the life of Mary Anne Talbot—that is, romance of a different character.

She signed on for a trip to America in the *Ariel*, an American merchantman, and arrived in New York towards the end of 1796. She was still only 18 years old, and she looked charming—for a “boy”—in her ship’s steward’s uniform.

In America she lived chiefly with the family of Captain Field, the commander of the ship, at his home in Rhode Island. And it was here that the captain’s niece fell in love with her!

Mary found herself in an awkward predicament when, on the day before her ship was due to sail again for England, the young American lady proposed marriage.

Mary made an excuse and escaped. She was well on the way to her ship when she was overtaken by a servant who told her that the American girl was having fits. Only the promise that Mary would return to America and marry her succeeded in soothing the distracted girl.

And so the love-sick American sighed day after day for her “sweetheart” who never returned.

## FEBRUARY 3RD

### *Beau Nash*

RICHARD NASH, the man who put Bath on the map, believed himself to be a great wit.

He was annoyed when anyone showed a more brilliant sense of humour than himself.

While in the North on one occasion he found it necessary to complain to a porter that he was not receiving prompt attention.

“Zounds, sir,” said the porter, “tell me what you would have and I will get it you.”

“Then get me, you puppy, a greater fool than yourself,” retorted the famous Beau.

Off went the porter. He soon returned with the Mayor of the town. He had told that official that Nash wished to consult with him.

Nash stormed. He had to confess what had passed between himself and the porter.

The Mayor ordered the porter into the stocks.

Nash was contrite. He went along to see the fellow.

"Sir," said he, "being a poor man, what business have you with wit? It is an ingredient the rich cannot manage but to their disadvantage."

He proceeded to lecture the porter on the evils of being humorous.

Turning to some friends who had accompanied him he said, by way of illustration: "My Lord — has so much wit that he can never keep a guinea in his pocket; and Colonel —, because of his wit, never could keep a friend.

"Wit is ever dealing in difficulties; you see, it has brought this man to the stocks, who, if a fool, might have been mayor of the town and sent others here."

He gave the porter a guinea, remarking: "There, friend, is something for you. Now go home, and study stupidity."

To which the porter replied: "That I will, master. I'll study the whole corporation."

While still only 17 and at college Nash offered marriage to a young woman, and was accepted. But the affair came to the knowledge of the college authorities and he was sent home.

He entered the Army, but found the pay insufficient to support the role of a gallant.

He quitted the Army and became a student at the Temple. Displaying an unusual capacity for organizing ceremonials he was appointed to be Master of Ceremonies at a revel attended by King William.

He handled the affair with such ability that William offered him a knighthood. He refused.

In connection with another ceremony, the Masters of the Temple questioned his accounts for expenses.

One item was: "To making one man happy, ten pounds."

Asked the meaning of this strange item, Nash said that he had heard a poor man declare to his wife, and a large family of children, that £10 would make him happy. He could not avoid trying the experiment. He added that if they disputed the charge, he would refund the money.

But the master was struck by Nash's good nature, and suggested that the amount should be doubled.

Once Nash found himself at York with no money. He begged his companions to lend him fifty guineas. They



agreed to do so, if he would stand at the door of the Minster in a blanket as the people were leaving the church.

He agreed.

"What!" said the Dean, as he passed. "Mr. Nash in masquerade!"

"Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," replied Nash, pointing to his companions.

Later he won a much bigger wager by riding naked through a village on a cow.

At the age of thirty Nash had neither money nor prospects.

Living on his wits he drifted to Bath, where there were plenty to pluck at the gaming tables.

One day he was watching the mixed bathing in the pool. The men were completely naked; the women wore nothing but shawls over their hair.

A man standing on the bank made an inappropriate remark. Nash picked him up and threw him into the water.

The sequel was a duel. Nash was wounded in the arm.

This display of gallantry made Nash popular in Bath.

At that time the ceremonies at Bath were badly organized. The pump-house had no director. To add to the difficulties of the management, a well-known physician took revenge for a slight by writing derogatory articles about the Bath waters.

Nash boasted that he could stop the activities of the doctor or, at least, nullify them. He was given the opportunity.

He installed a band, organized balls and other functions.

He introduced a set of rules, and would not allow them to be broken even by royalty.

Style of dress was rigidly enforced. He prohibited the wearing of swords.

Rule 9 was amusing. It ran:

"That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them. N.B. : This does not extend to the *have-at-alls*."

Nash soon became dictator at Bath. At the same time he was in charge of the spa at Tunbridge Wells, and used to travel to Kent in a post chariot and six greys, with outriders, footmen, and other evidences of lavish expenditure. All this ostentation came out of the money he won at the tables.

There was nothing dishonest in his play. He was an expert with the cards.

The youthful Earl of Townshend challenged him. Nash pauperized the peer, won everything, including the estates. Then he returned all, stipulating only that he should be paid £5,000 whenever he demanded it.

It was not until Townshend died that Nash found himself in need of money. He applied to the heirs and was paid without quibble.

In 1739, a year of intense poverty in the country, Nash often went round and relieved the poor by gifts of money.

He was one of the founders of the hospital at Bath.

Nash would never accept a knighthood. When Queen Anne offered him the honour he refused it, remarking that there were too many mountebanks who had become baronets.

Beau Nash realized more than anyone else that his butterfly existence must terminate some day. He tried to save money for his old age.

His health failed and he died on February 3rd, 1761.

The Bath Corporation buried him in the abbey church.

#### FEBRUARY 4TH

#### *Charles Peace*

It was an excited and expectant crowd that packed the Leeds Assize Court on the morning of February 4th, 1879.

The flower of the county were there. Pretty women had come many miles from town and village, their escorts were dignified county officials and members of the Yorkshire sporting fraternity. All had come to get a glimpse of the man who had set the police of England by the ears, a desperado whom everyone believed to be a superman.

They had seen his picture in those periodicals that retailed crime and horror, and they had come to regard him as a bold adventurer like Dick Turpin, an intrepid gaol-breaker like Jack Sheppard.

The judge took his seat. The babble in the court ceased abruptly.

A door banged below; keys jingled.

A delay of a few seconds. Then came a bumping, shuffling noise, and the commands in an undertone of irritated warders.

There appeared in the dock an ugly, decrepit old man. His face was sallow and lined; his mouth was a mere slit.

He had huge distended nostrils like some wild beast. Little ferrety eyes gazed maliciously at the crowd, and nervous fingers beat a tattoo on the dock rail.

He glared round the court, and noted the fashionable furs the women were wearing, and the frock coats of the men. He could smell the perfume that pervaded the room, and his lips curled with hate and disdain.

Opera glasses focused on the prisoner, and people craned their necks to get a better view.

There was a murmur of disappointment in the court, for the terror of the country was a poor wizened old reprobate with a face like a death mask of a monkey.

Before describing his trial and execution it is necessary to give a brief summary of his career.

Peace was born in Sheffield on May 14th, 1832. He received his first sentence for robbery in 1851, and three years later he was given four years' penal servitude for burglary.

He was clever in disguising himself, and always worked alone for fear of betrayal.

The absence of two fingers on one of his hands suggested the use of a hook, which he could remove or assume whenever he chose.

In November 1876 Peace committed the murder for which he was ultimately hanged.

He had just been released from prison after a long term of penal servitude and was living at Bannercross, near Sheffield. In a house next door was an engineer named Arthur Dyson, who had a rather attractive wife.

At that time Peace was following by day the occupation of a gilder and a picture-frame maker. The Dysons gave him some work and Mrs. Dyson was in the habit of fetching the completed articles. More commissions followed and Peace himself delivered the picture frames.

Peace became a frequent visitor to the Dysons. He called at all hours until Dyson had to stop his visits.

But the criminal would not be put off. He would wait for Mrs. Dyson at the corner of the road, and would listen at the keyhole of their door. On two occasions he dressed up as a woman and pretended to be a friend of his neighbour's wife.

He began to follow them about, and once he tried to trip

up Dyson in the street. On another occasion he threatened Mrs. Dyson with a revolver.

A summons was issued against Peace, but when the police went to arrest him he had flown.

Nevertheless, Peace turned up at all hours and continued to annoy the Dysons.

Meanwhile Peace was committing numerous burglaries.

One night he entered the Dysons' garden. When Mrs. Dyson came out of the house to ascertain who was there, Peace again pointed a revolver at her. She shrieked for help. Her husband rushed out.

There were two shots. The first struck the wall of the house; the second entered Dyson's brain.

At the inquest a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Charles Peace and a reward of £100 was offered for his apprehension.

It was not long before the police had a completed dossier of the exploits of the notorious criminal. Evidence poured in, and the police were almost overwhelmed with clues.

In November, 1878, a man named John Ward was sent to penal servitude for life for the murder of a policeman. No one knew then that it was Charles Peace. But the truth came out when a woman with whom Peace had been living betrayed him.

Thus, we find him at the Leeds Assizes.

Indicted for the murder of Dyson, Peace was asked to plead. He merely shook his head.

Mrs. Dyson entered the box and told the story of the fateful night. Peace listened.

Now and again, as the recital proceeded, the face of the criminal worked nervously. But nothing more.

The next witness was Police-constable Robinson, the officer whom he had wounded with a revolver in one of his escapades at Blackheath.

It was getting dark outside before the officer's story was told. The gas lamps were lighted, and the trial proceeded. But it was gradually drawing to its close, and seemed certain to be finished that day.

Peace himself had sat immobile. He had barely raised his head to look at the various witnesses.

But when his counsel, Lockwood, in an eloquent speech for the defence remarked: "I do not deny that he is a wild and reckless man," the criminal shook his head.

At 7.20 p.m. the jury retired to consider their verdict. Eight minutes later they returned.

The judge made a short speech in which he said he did not wish to aggravate the prisoner's feelings by a recital of his career.

"I implore you to use the short time remaining to you in preparation for eternity . . . I pass upon you the only sentence——"

But the prisoner heard nothing of the final solemn words. He had slumped down to the bottom of the dock in a swoon.

As he was dragged down the stairs to the cells, he was heard to cry "Have mercy, O Lord."

But whether this prayer was directed to the judge or to his Maker, no one could tell.

Peace walked without a falter to his doom.

FEBRUARY 5TH

### *General Paoli*

MORE than one comic opera has been based on the efforts of the islanders of Corsica to establish their independence.

From the time of the break-up of the Roman Empire until the European settlement after the Battle of Waterloo, the possession of the island was disputed by one nation after another.

In the fourteenth century the government of the island was in the hands of a commercial undertaking—the Bank of San Giorgio.

Under the rule of this organization, there was no effective administration. Internecine strife was encouraged; the blood feud or vendetta became rooted at a time when civilization in other countries was abolishing such quarrels.

The island was often looted by Barbary pirates, and pestilences and disastrous floods helped to impoverish the country.

In the sixteenth century King Henry II of France conquered Corsica and set up a moderately stable government, but a few years later the island was again in the hands of the Bank.

The Genoese Republic now claimed the island and took it over from the financiers.

For the next 150 years the inhabitants were puppets in

the hands of the Genoese. Several attempts were made to throw off the yoke of their oppressors without permanent result. The people were bled white by heavy taxes and persecuted in other ways until the country settled down to a peace of despair.

In 1729 the Genoese imposed a new tax, and the Corsicans rose in revolt. The Genoese were supported by the Emperor Charles VI, who sent a large force of German mercenaries at a time when it seemed certain that Corsica would at last become independent.

Again the islanders were forced to capitulate to Genoa.

Seven years later the adventurer Baron Theodor von Neuhof arrived at the island with a shipload of muskets and stores. He promised further aid if the people would acknowledge him King of Corsica.

The Corsicans were ready to accept any help, and they immediately proclaimed him king.

Neuhof was one of the most comic performers who ever appeared on the world's stage. He wore a scarlet caftan, Turkish trousers and a Spanish hat with a feather, and he carried a scimitar.

The Genoese offered a big reward for his capture, but this served merely to make him a greater hero in the eyes of the Corsicans.

The reign of Theodor, King of Corsica, was short. When the help that he had promised failed to arrive and he was repudiated by all the European Governments, Theodor had to make a hasty exit from the island and seek asylum in England.

When Genoa itself fell into Austrian hands the possession of Corsica was in dispute between Austria, France and Britain, but the Genoese Governor succeeded in maintaining himself on the island despite a French garrison.

By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the island was once more assigned to Genoa, and the French troops were withdrawn.

This was the signal for a fresh insurrection, and Pasquale Paoli was invited to come from Naples and take command.

Pasquale, who was born in 1726, was the son of Giacinto Paoli, who had been chief magistrate in the island and had led the patriots. On the French occupation he took refuge at Naples.

The Corsicans now wanted the son of their hero as leader.

He landed on the island in 1755, and at a full assembly of the people was chosen generalissimo.

He proceeded immediately to establish a Government, to open schools and to civilize the barbarians.

He was remarkably successful, and was regarded by the people as the saviour of his country.

The Corsicans were able to form a united front against the Genoese, and in 1758 Genoa, having become too weak to contest Paoli, was forced to allow him full power.

Matters were moving satisfactorily for Corsica when another problem arose. Paoli saw that it was necessary to get the protection of one of the great Powers, but which was the problem.

He made overtures to France, and so did Genoa. In 1764 the French arrived and garrisoned three Genoese fortresses. Meanwhile the Corsicans occupied islands belonging to Genoa.

On May 15th, 1768, Genoa signed a treaty selling the island to France.

If the Corsicans had had any doubt as to the real attitude of France, they were no longer mystified. Within a year the French were masters of the island.

The natives fought for their independence with great valour, and several defeats were inflicted on the French before reinforcements put the issue beyond doubt.

Paoli escaped by cutting his way through a large party of the enemy, and ultimately found his way to England, where he was treated with respect and received a pension of £1,200 a year from the British Government.

Boswell, the friend of Johnson, who had always had a warm spot in his heart for the Corsicans, had become intimate with Paoli during his tour on the island.

He records how anxious he was to introduce the great patriot to Samuel Johnson. "May we not," he argues, "form an interview between such a scholar and philosopher as Johnson and such a legislator and general as Paoli!"

Accordingly, Paoli was presented to the Doctor by Boswell, who says they met "with manly ease, mutually conscious of their own abilities and the abilities of each other."

He adds: "The General spoke Italian and Dr. Johnson

English and understood one another very well, with a little interpretation from me, in which I compared myself to an isthmus, which joins two great continents."

During his residence in London, which lasted more than twenty years, Paoli devoted himself to literary pursuits and was on terms of intimacy with Johnson and his associates, who held him in great esteem.

In 1789 Paoli, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, went to Corsica with the object of inducing his countrymen to remain loyal to the French monarchy.

Louis XVI appointed him lieutenant-general and military commandant of the island.

But when the King was overthrown Paoli was shocked at the excesses of the republicans, and organized the party of the old Corsican patriots, at the same time calling in England.

His plans were successful. The French were driven out of the island, and in 1794, with the approval of the islanders, Corsica was united with Great Britain.

With characteristically bad diplomacy, however, the English Government appointed Sir Gilbert Elliot viceroy of the island, to the dissatisfaction of the Corsicans.

Thus Paoli was again unemployed. He was obliged to return to England in 1795. On his departure from the island he advised his countrymen to remain loyal to England.

He died on February 5th, 1807, and a monument with his bust by Flaxman was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

He was first buried in Old St. Pancras Churchyard. Later his remains were removed to Corsica, where they were reinterred.

FEBRUARY 6TH

*Sir Henry Irving*

*"Into Thy hands . . ."*

WHEN the final curtain fell upon the performance of the play "Becket" at the theatre at Bradford on the night of October 13th, 1905, no one in the auditorium realized that this was the last occasion on which the great Sir Henry Irving would utter these words.

A last bow, a few steps towards his dressing-room and



the great actor collapsed. The applause had hardly died away before Irving breathed his last.

It is generally conceded that the great emotional strain of playing his famous part of Mathias, the Burgomaster, in "The Bells," hastened Irving's death.

As early as 1892 he had been advised by his doctors not to put too great a strain on his heart. But he ignored their injunctions and refused to leave "The Bells."

Miss Ellen Terry records that just before his last performance on the night of his death they discussed the best manner of dying.

"The end . . . How would you like that to come?" asked Miss Terry.

A brief meditation and then, snapping his fingers, Irving replied, "Like that!"

And it was so!

It was on the previous evening that Irving had played "The Bells," and had finished his part completely exhausted.

Briefly, the story of this play is that a man in want, and having a starving child, kills a Polish Jew for his money. The Jew, after warming his frozen limbs at Mathias's meagre fire, goes on his way.

Mathias has noticed the Jew's well-filled pouch and hurries out behind him. Waylaying him at a cross-roads, he kills him with an axe, takes the belt of money and burns the body in a limekiln.

It is a story of "murder will out." Thereafter the sleigh-bells of the Jew ring in the ears of the murderer. Wherever he goes the bells seem to follow him until the distracted man dies in the belief that he is being hanged for the crime.

Irving had played the part so many times that when he heard bells of any kind he would turn pale, and shudder. In his part as Mathias he imagined death with such realism that his face would go grey and his limbs cold.

Irving actually died at the entrance of his hotel at Bradford whence he had been carried following his collapse on the stage. No friend or relation was near him at the time except his servant, Walter Collinson.

It was as great a shock to the country as to the theatrical profession.

Sir Henry Irving's original name was John Brodribb. He was born at Keinton-Mandeville, Somerset, on February 6th,

1838. He became a clerk to a firm of East India merchants but gave it up after a short time to become an actor.

In September 1856 he made his first appearance at Sunderland as Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in Lytton's "Richelieu," and was then billed as Henry Irving. Later he assumed this name by royal licence.

For ten years he worked in provincial stock companies, playing in more than 500 parts.

Slowly his ability became known, and in 1866 he was engaged at St. James's Theatre, London, as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem."

When the Queen's Theatre opened a year later he joined the company, acting with many famous players, including Miss Ellen Terry. Short engagements at the Haymarket, Drury Lane and Gaiety Theatres followed.

His first real success was gained in "The Two Roses," produced at the Vaudeville in June, 1870. This play ran for 300 nights.

Next year he began his long association with the Lyceum Theatre at a time when the fortunes of the house were unpromising.

It was here that Irving first acted in "The Bells," and it was the turning point in the success of the Lyceum.

It was Irving himself who suggested putting on the play after two others had proved failures. It was done against the wish of Bateman, the manager, while the actors themselves thought Irving was mad.

During the twenty-six days that the piece was in rehearsal there was never a more dispirited company. Their pessimism was increased when a play based on the same story was a failure at the Royal Alfred Theatre.

Less than a fortnight after this play had stopped Irving opened in "The Bells" at the Lyceum. It was an instantaneous success. The play continued for 150 nights.

During the next three years Irving was seen in "Charles I," "Eugene Aram," "Richelieu" and "Hamlet." It was during the last-named play that he was recognized as the most interesting actor of his day. In 1875 he appeared as Macbeth, in 1876 as Othello and in Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Next year he acted in "Richard III," and "The Lyons Mail."

Irving took over the management of the Lyceum Theatre

in 1878 and with Ellen Terry in the rôles of Ophelia and Portia he produced "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice."

He caused as much comment about his Shylock as he had previously in connection with his Hamlet. He gave the moneylending Jew a dignity instead of obsequiousness. If many people disliked the new interpretation of the Jew, as many others approved of it.

A new era now began for the Lyceum. The productions were brilliant both in regard to scenery, dressing and accessories, as well as in the quality of the acting.

In succession the plays produced were: "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Olivia," from Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," "Faust," "Macbeth," and "Bride of Lammermoor."

In 1892, Irving played the part of Wolsey in "Henry VIII," and King Lear.

Then came the play "Becket" in which he was acting at the time of his death.

Irving's company paid several visits to America and always met with great success.

He remained manager of the Lyceum until 1899, when the theatre passed into the hands of a limited liability company. Soon afterwards "Robespierre" was produced, in which Irving reappeared after a long illness.

In 1895 Irving received the honour of knighthood. He also received honorary degrees from the universities of Dublin, Cambridge and Glasgow.

One of his last performances in London was in "Dante," staged at Drury Lane Theatre.

After his death, leading English actors petitioned to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, and his remains were buried there.

Irving was a generous man. He was privately interested in the Salvation Army and would often give sums of money to their funds for relieving the down-and-outs of London.

He would also give money to his friends to hand over to one charity or another. "No name," he would say. "Call me 'A Friend' or 'A Wellwisher.'"

FEBRUARY 7TH

*Charles Dickens*

IF it be true—as some biographers assert—that Charles Dickens drew his characters of Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby from his own father and mother, it is not surprising that at the age of 10 he was compelled to earn his own living sticking labels on pots of boot blacking.

John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, found it necessary at times to change his place of abode.

Eventually the “Prodigal Father”—as young Charles called him—found himself in the Debtors’ Prison of the Marshalsea, where family reunions took place on Sundays.

Because of the family misfortunes Mrs. Dickens was compelled to support her family of eight children by opening a modest educational establishment in Camden Town, while Charles, her second son, kept himself for two years by menial tasks, such as working at a blacking factory at Old Hungerford Stairs.

Of this blacking factory Dickens himself wrote: “It was the last house on the left-hand side of the way at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy break-down old house, abutting on the river, of course, and swarming with rats.

“Its wainscoted rooms, its rotten floors and staircases and the old grey rats swarming down in the cellars and coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again.

“The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal barges and the river. There was in it a recess where I used to work.

“My work was to cover the pots of paste-blackening, first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them around with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary’s shop.

“When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots.”

His dinner hour he spent playing on the coal barges or wandering in the streets of the Adelphi with his companions, Poll Green and Bob Fagin.

A legacy changed the family circumstances. The shadow of the Marshalsea was removed, and Charles was enabled to expand his knowledge by school training.

A term in the office of a solicitor in Gray's Inn gave Charles Dickens an insight into the dilatoriness of legal process.

By now he had material for several novels. In "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," and "David Copperfield," there are traces of these early experiences.

More congenial employment came with his appointment as reporter to *The True Sun*, *The Mirror of Parliament*, and the *Morning Chronicle*.

He had already begun to take up the cudgels on behalf of the poor. His "Christmas Under Three Heads" was a defence of Christmas against the Puritan and Utilitarian standpoint.

Dickens was a lad of moods, without which he could never have introduced such variety into his novels.

He was 25 when the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" appeared in book form, and in the same year he began on "Oliver Twist."

About this time Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of George Hogarth of the *Morning Chronicle*.

"Oliver Twist" appeared in 1838. It was a queer mixture of melodrama and reality, and intended to be a foil to "Pickwick Papers."

But publication of "Oliver" was not half finished before Dickens began to publish "Nicholas Nickleby," and began to write "Barnaby Rudge."

Critics say that "Nicholas Nickleby" includes some of his worst and some of his best work. But it was a success, and as soon as it was proved to be so, Dickens conceived the idea of a serial called "Master Humphrey's Clock."

It was designed to consist of a series of stories told by a group of friends. It was a weekly periodical, in which the Wellers and Pickwick were reintroduced, but with not the same success as in "Pickwick."

At the same time Dickens was busy on an historical novel, which took shape in "Barnaby Rudge" with its story of the Gordon Riots.

It was the first occasion on which Dickens had introduced such a complicated plot. It was mysterious enough to interest the detective faculties of Edgar Allan Poe.

The second romance in "Master Humphrey's Clock" was "The Old Curiosity Shop," which appeared in 1841.

It was while this tale was appearing that Dickens received numerous letters imploring him not to let "poor Nelly die." It was probably for that reason that Dickens allowed Little Nell to live as long as possible to sustain the interest. Critics are inclined to condemn "The Old Curiosity Shop" for that reason.

In 1842, "Master Humphrey's Clock" came to an end, and Dickens went on an American tour. The result of this was "Martin Chuzzlewit," but two years before (1842) Dickens had upset the American conscience by his American Notes, in which he satirized American democracy.

American opinion did not disturb Dickens, and he went farther in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

It is said that Dickens, in this novel, was actuated by purely personal prejudice. The Americans had pirated some of his works, and were not inclined to apologise.

All Dickens's early works appeared in serial form. The public clamoured for the instalments. In the case of "Martin Chuzzlewit," there is a suggestion that the public were beginning to get tired of the novel until the author enlivened it by the introduction of the American phase.

Despite the success of his various novels, Dickens at this time (1844) seems to have suffered pecuniary embarrassment. He decided to go abroad, because the living was cheaper, and he went to live in Genoa with his family.

While there in 1845 appeared "The Chimes," which was merely a marking of time between big novels. It was clear that he could not settle down at Genoa. Returning to England, he was appointed to the editorial chair of a newspaper. But this did not interest him for long.

He went to Lausanne. No sooner had he arrived than he wanted to return to London.

In 1846-48 appeared "Dombey and Son," with another "fading flower" like Little Nell. This novel was more popular than "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Dickens was enabled to live in better style, and, in the rest from financial worries, he was able to produce "David Copperfield."

"Bleak House" appeared in 1853, and in this is embodied some of the experiences of the law's delays which Dickens

observed while a worker in Gray's Inn. A year later "Hard Times" was published, and three years afterwards "Little Dorrit."

"The Tale of Two Cities" appeared in 1859, after Dickens had taken up his residence at Gad's Hill, Kent. It shows a complete change in the author's outlook.

Dickens was born on February 7th, 1812, and died at Gad's Hill on June 9th, 1870. His death was sudden, and came while at the dinner table.

## FEBRUARY 8TH

### *George Crabbe*

GEORGE CRABBE's father thought he had a clever son.

Because George was always reading books, the elder Crabbe had no doubt that the boy was destined to become great.

The post of collector of salt duties at the little town of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, did not carry with it a large income. Thus his decision to have George trained for the medical profession involved considerable sacrifice.

If there was any connection between George's fondness for books and the healing of the sick, only his father could see it. George himself did not relish the idea.

However, he duly became an apothecary's assistant at Wickham Brook, near Newmarket, in his fourteenth year. Later he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Woodbridge, where he met Sarah Elmy, his future wife.

He finished his apprenticeship with a distaste for medicine, and for a time he worked as a labourer at Aldeburgh.

Meanwhile he had spent much of his time in writing poetry, to the detriment of his medical studies. At last he established a surgery, but in the year 1776, at the age of 22, he came to London to take a course of midwifery.

He failed in his examination, and as his surgery practice was now worth nothing, Crabbe was literally penniless. He walked about his native town, down at heel, and without means of subsistence, an object of pity.

In 1780 a local magnate gave him £5 and advised him to go to London to seek his fortune. Just before he had pub-

lished at Ipswich his first poem, called "Inebriety," and he took with him to London many manuscripts of verse.

He offered these poems to publishers. Only one, "The Candidate," saw print, and because of the failure of the printer, Crabbe received no money.

For over a year he was met with repulses. Then he was able to place a few small efforts. He applied to various political leaders, including Lord North, Lord Shelburne and Lord Thurlow, without success.

Crabbe was then told by his landlady that unless he settled up for the rent within a few days he would be thrown into prison.

Crabbe's circumstances were critical and it was in a despairing mood that he wrote a pathetic appeal to Edmund Burke. The great statesman was embroiled in many controversies, but found time to interview Crabbe and examine his compositions.

He gave the poet some money and, selecting verses entitled "Library," took them to Dodsley, the publisher, and induced him to produce the work on favourable terms.

Burke invited Crabbe to his home at Beaconsfield, where he lived for some time and was treated as one of the family. He was introduced to Charles James Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lord Thurlow.

Burke advised Crabbe to enter the church, and he was ordained deacon within two months. In the following year he took priest's orders.

Through the influence of the statesman Crabbe received a curacy in his native town of Aldeburgh. He remained a short time and then became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, taking up his residence at Belvoir Castle.

Again at the instance of Burke, Lord Thurlow presented Crabbe with two small livings in Dorset.

Meanwhile Crabbe's poem, "The Village," written at Beaconsfield and revised by Dr. Johnson, was published and met with success. Another called "The Newspaper" appeared two years later.

In 1793 Crabbe married Miss Elmy, who was the niece and heiress of a wealthy yeoman, and he settled down quietly to his clerical duties.

In 1789, the Duchess of Rutland secured for Crabbe two livings in the Vale of Belvoir.



Nothing appeared from Crabbe's pen for twenty-two years. He was in affluent circumstances as the result of his wife's fortune, and he seemed to have forgotten poetry.

But in 1807 he published the "Parish Register," which was read in manuscript by Fox, then on his death-bed, and approved. "The Borough" appeared three years after, and his last publication, "The Tales of the Hall," in 1819.

For these last works Crabbe was offered £3,000 by John Murray, the publisher. But he took the advice of his friends who believed that they were worth more and offered them to another firm. This publisher, however, offered him a much smaller sum.

Crabbe was much concerned, and he wrote immediately to Murray accepting his offer.

He heard nothing, and fearing that he was doomed to accept the smaller sum, he induced two of his literary friends to go to Murray and get a renewal of his offer.

It was not necessary, for Murray, having heard from Crabbe, had concluded that the bargain was made.

The latter years of Crabbe's life were spent in quiet comfort at Trowbridge, where he carried out the duties of his incumbency, respected by his parishioners. He died there after a short illness on February 8th, 1832, in his 78th year and was buried in the chancel of the church.

## FEBRUARY 9TH

### *Cetewayo*

CETEWAYO, King of the Zulus, was one of the most difficult propositions the British Government ever had to handle.

It cost Britain much money, many lives and considerable dignity to put down this native and stop his tyranny over a large part of South Africa.

In 1861 Cetewayo, son of Panda, fell out with his brother Umtonga, who had been nominated by Panda to succeed him. It was probably with the idea of propitiating him that the Natal Government obtained from the British Government the formal nomination of Cetewayo to succeed his father.

Meanwhile Umtonga had fled to Utrecht. Cetewayo offered the Boers a strip of land if they would give up his

brother. They agreed on condition that Umtonga's life was spared.

The strip of land was handed over and partitioned off in 1864.

Next year Umtonga escaped from his brother and took refuge in Natal. Cetewayo argued that he had lost his part of the bargain. He removed the boundary marks and claimed other lands belonging to the Boers which had been ceded to them by the Swazis, whom Cetewayo regarded as Zulu vassals.

That was the position when Cetewayo, who had for some years been the virtual ruler of Zululand, succeeded his father in fact.

One of the English bishops described him as "an able man, but for cold, selfish pride, cruelty and untruthfulness worse than any of his predecessors."

Border disputes between the Transvaal and the Zulus were now much more frequent. When the British Government annexed the Transvaal in 1877 they fell heirs to the disordered condition of the country and the ruthlessness of Cetewayo.

A Commission was appointed to settle the border disputes, and in 1878 the Lieutenant-Governor of the Natal reported in favour of the Zulus.

In some official circles this was regarded as unfair to the Boers. Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, went farther and declared that it was high time that the power of Cetewayo should be curtailed.

As a result of this protest it was decided to appoint a British Resident, and the Zulus were given a fortnight to decide whether they would accept the condition or not.

No reply being forthcoming from Cetewayo by December 31st, 1878, a British force under General Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford) of 5,000 Europeans and 8,200 natives, invaded Zulu territory.

They were met by 40,000 men under Cetewayo.

News of the disaster of Isandhlwana reached England on February 11th. Ten thousand men were immediately ordered to South Africa.

They arrived at Durban on March 17th, and took part in a number of battles, which left matters very much as they were.

By the middle of April further reinforcements arrived,

and a reorganization of the British forces was undertaken by Lord Chelmsford.

In the first week of July a decisive battle was fought, and the Zulus were routed. The Zulu army dispersed, and many of the chiefs surrendered.

Cetewayo had to run. On August 27th he was captured and sent to Capetown.

Zululand was divided among eleven Zulu chiefs, one of whom was John Dunn, the white adventurer.

Soon afterwards Cetewayo was brought to England. He remained here less than a month.

The scheme of apportioning Zululand among the chiefs proved unworkable. White freebooters had got into the country and stirred up trouble. The chiefs were fighting one another.

The only thing to do was to send the ruthless Cetewayo back to try and restore order.

He did not get the lordship over the whole of the country. Usibepu, one of the chiefs, was left in possession of his territory, while that of Dunn and of the Basuto chief was declared a sort of no-man's-land.

This arrangement was no better than the other, for Usibepu and Cetewayo soon fell out. On July 22nd, 1883, Usibepu attacked Cetewayo and destroyed his kraal, massacring all who fell into his power.

The King was wounded, but escaped into adjoining territory. He died on February 9th, 1884. Some authorities give the date of his death as February 8th.

Still there was no peace in Zululand.

Dinizulu, the son of the dead King, obtained the assistance of the Transvaal Boers against Usibepu, and Usibepu was defeated.

The Boers, led by Lukas Meyer, in return for this aid, claimed a slice of Central Zululand and proclaimed Dinizulu King of Zululand. The territory which had been taken out of Zululand was called the "New Republic."

This did not suit the British Government who, in December 1884 took possession of St. Lucia Bay, forced the Boers to reduce their territorial demands, and ultimately recognized the New Republic, but in a much more modest form.

The Zulu chiefs continued to war among themselves. In 1887 the British Government again stepped in, and this time

annexed the country and placed it under a commissioner responsible to the Governor of Natal.

Next year Dinizulu rebelled. A three months' campaign was sufficient to cause his defeat. He surrendered in November and in the following year (1889), he and two of his uncles were convicted of treason and exiled on St. Helena.

In 1897 Zululand was handed over by the Imperial Government to Natal.

Next year Dinizulu was allowed to return. It was a mistake. He had to be apprehended again.

In November 1908 he was tried and found guilty of harbouring rebels. He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment, and released by General Botha in 1910 on the establishment of the Union of South Africa.

## FEBRUARY 10TH

### *The Coming of the Dreadnought*

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the launch of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, which took place in 1906.

The building of this battleship caused excitement all over the world, for it was a marked improvement on former types both as regards speed and armament.

It is a matter of opinion whether the *Dreadnought* or the *Warrior*—built in 1861—was the most historic ship of the era of ironclads.

The *Warrior* was the first iron armoured ship. She was not, however, the first ironclad to take the sea, for she was anticipated by the French *La Gloire*, the first vessel made of iron, but without armour protection.

The appearance of the *Dreadnought* was more sensational than that of the *Warrior*, for she was regarded as immeasurably superior to the pre-Dreadnoughts. The big naval powers halted their construction, and attempts were made to get details of her secret design. Her so-called confidential features soon leaked out and were freely spoken of in the Press.

The keel of the vessel was laid at Portsmouth Dockyard on October 2nd, 1905, and a screen was placed round the slip to keep away intruders, while special guards were on duty in the dockyard.

These precautions were new so far as Britain was con-

cerned, and they merely served to increase the curiosity of foreign nations. The building of the ship was expedited as, before a decision could be made to build sister vessels, the Admiralty were anxious to know how the *Dreadnought* would stand the test of the sea.

Construction, therefore, was simplified in many respects, and she was ready for launching in the record time of four months and eight days.

The *Dreadnought* was 490 ft. long, had a displacement of 17,950 tons, and a speed of 21 knots. For armament she had ten 12-in. guns, twenty-seven 12-pounder quick-firing anti-torpedo boat guns, and five submerged torpedo tubes.

For the first time the steam turbine system of propulsion was adopted. There was storage for 2,700 tons of coal, and oil-fuel could also be carried. The total cost of the ship was £1,813,100.

As to the seaworthiness of the *Dreadnought* it is recorded that one day H.M.S. *Hibernia* was unable to carry out gun trials because of the heavy weather, while in the *Dreadnought* the rough sea was hardly noticed.

Compared with the battleships which preceded her, the *Dreadnought* was only 2,000 tons larger and three knots faster, but she had twice the fighting power of the others.

Admiral Lord Fisher was the man responsible for the production of the *Dreadnought*. At the time he was convinced that he had a trump card against Germany which would force that country to stop her ambitious plans of naval competition.

But in a short time Germany, too, was turning out Dreadnoughts at a great pace, and actually improving on the British design. The *Dreadnought* did, in fact, lead to a new competition in naval armaments, for capital ships to-day have about double her displacement.

Just before the Washington Conference, Britain was laying down battle cruisers of 48,000 tons to cost £9,000,000 each, and these were to be followed by 50,000-ton ships with 18-in guns. This programme, of course, was dropped when the Washington Treaty was signed.

There have been two schools of thought as to the advantage of building the *Dreadnought*. Her tactical superiority was unquestioned, but the political wisdom of Lord Fisher has sometimes been called to account.

The British nation was divided. One section believed that this new ship and her sisters would give Britain a permanent advantage over all rivals, because it was assumed that other nations had not the necessary resources to imitate us.

Germany, it was believed, could not possibly cope with the problem, for it would mean the enlargement of the Kiel Canal, which was then too small to take vessels as large as the Dreadnought.

Even well-known naval critics were satisfied that this meant the end of foreign navies.

But these expectations were not realized. Germany began building almost without delay, and the reconstruction of the Kiel Canal, although it took eight years, was accomplished.

The disparity between the German Navy and the British Navy at the time of the building of the Dreadnought might well have caused a feeling of optimism in this country.

In 1906 the German fleet included ten first-class and ten second-class battleships, the latter armed with 9.4 inch guns. At that time Britain possessed forty 12-inch gun battleships, the oldest of which were superior to the German second-class.

All the German ships became obsolete on the introduction of the Dreadnought. But the remarkable feature of the new naval era was that Britain had to dispense with 75 ships as obsolete, while Germany's bad debt included only 28.

Moreover, Germany was now in a position to begin a new competition on an almost equal basis.

Thus, it is doubtful whether, in building the Dreadnought, Britain obtained a marked advantage over Germany, her principal rival at the time.

It was generally conceded that, although the Dreadnought was something new in naval construction, she had her defects. She lacked secondary armament. She had nothing between 12-inch and 12-pounder guns.

In later ships of the same class 4-inch guns were included; but even these were regarded as insufficient, and afterwards 6-inch guns were reintroduced.

There was much criticism as to the immense armament of the Dreadnought. Critics were almost unanimous that some other vital factor must have been sacrificed to obtain a speed of over 21 knots.

The designer of the Dreadnought was Sir Philip Watts, who died in London in 1926 at the age of 79.

He entered the Navy at the age of 14, and rose to be the Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty. He held this post from 1901 to 1911.

In addition to the Dreadnoughts, he designed the Invincibles, and was responsible for the restoration of the *Victory*. Strangely enough, however, he was a keen advocate of peace. He was knighted in 1905.

FEBRUARY 11TH

### *Thomas Edison*

IT would be difficult to find anyone who has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the inventions, or improvements of Thomas Alva Edison, who began his career as a newspaper boy on a railway.

Wherever there is civilization there is evidence of the work of Edison, and many more millions would be unemployed but for his ingenious brain and his untiring labour.

When Edison died in October, 1931, he left behind 1,500 patents in his name. Companies based on his inventions and discoveries had a total capital of £3,500 million.

All this was achieved in a life of eighty-four years.

He began as a mere youth to experiment with telegraphy, and one of his earliest inventions in this connection was the tape-machine.

Edison had only three months' regular schooling. For the rest of his general knowledge he was dependent upon his mother, who had been a school teacher.

He quickly assimilated an outline of scientific knowledge by reading "Parker's Natural and Experimental Philosophy," which covered everything from steam engines to balloons, illustrated many experiments and included all the chemistry then known.

Edison was a boy of nine when he began to read this book. It was not long before he set up a laboratory in the cellar of his house. Every penny he could get went to the drug store at the corner for chemicals.

Soon his experiments became costly, and Edison senior was unable to afford his boy's continual dunnings.

At last young Edison determined to get a job on the Grand Trunk Railway selling newspapers on the trains between Port Huron and Detroit.

Thus, he was often away from his home at Milan, Ohio, and he missed his laboratory.

But Edison was determined not to allow this fact to interrupt his experiments. He set up a little laboratory in the luggage car of the train where he kept his newspapers.

The problem of funds again arose, and Edison went into the publishing business and brought out a small newspaper called the *Weekly Herald*, which he printed on the train.

Still more money was required for experimenting. His next move was to open two stores in Port Huron, one for newspapers and periodicals and the other for provisions.

Two boys looked after the stores and shared the profits. Edison put a newsboy on one train and on another a boy who sold bread, tobacco and sweets.

During the Civil War Edison sold his newspapers ahead of his competitors, who still relied upon the mail for distribution. At the first station on his route, where he normally disposed of two papers, there was a rush for him, and he sold thirty-five.

At the next station he decided to put up the price from five cents to ten. There was a big demand.

At the third station he increased the price to twenty-five cents and sold out.

That was Thomas Alva Edison—an opportunist every time.

Edison became interested in electricity by an accident. In 1862 at the station of Mount Clemens he saw the little daughter of the station agent crawling on the line in front of a moving coach. He dashed on to the line, picked up the child and carried her to her father.

In gratitude, the station agent taught young Edison telegraphy. Soon he was an expert operator—the best in the country.

He became a telegraph operator, and during the following years he was engaged on the development of the automatic telegraph and the duplex and quadruplex telegraph.

When Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, Edison produced the carbon transmitter, an improvement on the magnet transmitter.



In 1878 he invented the tin foil phonograph, which was later followed by a wax cylinder machine.

Here is Edison's own story of the invention of the phonograph :

"I had made a little toy which, when you recited loudly in the funnel, would work a pawl connected to a diaphragm, and this, engaging a ratchet wheel, served to give continuous rotation to a pulley.

"This pulley was connected by a cord to a little paper toy representing a man sawing wood. Hence, if one shouted 'Mary had a little lamb,' the paper man would start sawing wood.

"I reached the conclusion that if I could record the movements of the diaphragm properly, I could cause such record to reproduce the movements imparted to the diaphragm by the voice, and thus succeed in recording and reproducing the human voice.

"I designed a little machine, using a cylinder provided with grooves around the surface. Over this was to be placed tinfoil, which easily received and recorded the movements of the diaphragm.

"I didn't have much faith that it would work. However, the model was finished, the foil was put on. I then shouted, 'Mary had a little lamb.' I adjusted the reproducer, and the machine reproduced it perfectly. I was never so taken aback in my life."

Among Edison's greatest achievements are his contributions to electricity, particularly lighting.

He worked for ten years on the development of the incandescent electric lamp on the dynamo, and a system of low pressure electrical distribution.

He invented motion picture apparatus and improvements in the manufacture of Portland cement and reinforced concrete construction.

Edison slept only when he wanted to sleep. If he were engaged on researches he would not rest at all. When nothing exercised his mind he would sleep a full eight hours. The rest of the day was spent in work, seldom in recreation.

Edison was born on February 11th, 1847, and died on October 18th, 1931.

## FEBRUARY 12TH

*Thomas Thynne*

JUST at midnight on February 12th, 1682, the Court of Charles II heard of a tragedy that had occurred in Pall Mall, London.

Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, Wiltshire, called because of his large income "Tom of Ten Thousand," had been held up by three mounted men and shot with a blunderbuss.

Taken to his home near by, Thynne lingered through the night and died at six in the morning with his friend, the Duke of Monmouth—natural son of Charles II—by his bedside.

There was much speculation as to the identity of the murderers and their object in committing the deed. There were two possibilities—one, that the crime was based on a love-affair, and the other, that it was a political plot.

The love-affair concerned the beautiful widow, Lady Ogle, formerly Lady Elizabeth Percy, the heiress of the house of Northumberland. She had been married at the age of 12, but her husband had died within a year of his marriage, leaving the Dukedom without an heir.

The young bloods of the Court rallied round her, conscious of the fact that it would be a lucky man who would capture her. That man proved to be Thomas Thynne.

Thynne moved in the highest society. He had been a close friend of James Duke of York, afterwards James II, but a dispute severed their friendship.

Thynne thereupon went over to the Whig party and became the associate of their leader, the Duke of Monmouth. He had been a Member of Parliament for Wiltshire; and at Longleat, where he kept open house, he was visited by Dryden, Monmouth and scores of other prominent people.

Dryden immortalized Monmouth and Thynne in the following lines :

From east to west his glories he displays,  
And, like the sun, the Promised Land surveys ;  
Fame runs before him, as the morning star,  
And shouts of joy salute him from afar ;  
Each house receives him as a guardian god,  
And consecrates the place of his abode ;  
But hospitable treats did most commend  
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.

The surveyor of the Promised Land was Monmouth, and his wealthy western friend was Thynne.

Thynne, to a great extent, financed Monmouth. One of his gifts to his friend was a set of coach horses, reputed to be better than any the King possessed.

Thynne, it is believed, was indebted to the good offices of the Duke of Monmouth for the success of his wooing of Lady Elizabeth.

Her first marriage had been merely a matter of form, and her second—to Thynne—was destined to become the same.

The wedding took place in the autumn of 1681, and, immediately after the ceremony, she disappeared. One story was that she had fled from him to the Continent; another, that Thynne consented to her mother's request that she should spend a year abroad.

She was still under the age of 15, and there was doubt as to the legality of the marriage.

There appears on the scene the third part of the eternal triangle—a certain Count Konigsmarck. It is said that Elizabeth had fallen in love with him while the Count was on a visit to England. It is probable, too, that she met him again abroad after her marriage with Thynne.

In the early part of 1681 Konigsmarck reappeared in London to find that the man who had married his sweetheart was the idol of society.

Within a fortnight Thynne was shot.

There was a hue and cry for the Count and the three men who, it was believed, had carried out the crime under his orders.

At eight o'clock on the night of the following Sunday the Count was arrested at Gravesend, and next day was brought to London between a guard of soldiers.

The three murderers had also been caught, and they, with the Count, were lodged in Newgate. An indictment was found against them by a grand jury, and on February 27th they appeared at the Old Bailey.

The accused were: Charles George Borosky, alias Boratzi, Christopher Vratz, and John Stern, charged with murder, and Charles John Count Konigsmarck, charged as accessory before the fact.

From their own confessions it was proved that Borosky had shot Thynne while Vratz and Stern were present. The

alleged instigator of the crime was the Count, against whom there was plenty of evidence.

He had lived concealed in a small room in a sordid part of London, and had held communication with the three men right up to the time of the murder. He had disappeared after the crime.

One of the most surprising and significant features of the whole affair was the acquittal of the Count.

Witnesses had proved that the Count hated Thynne for marrying the girl. To this he replied that he had never had any quarrel with Thynne.

Questioned as to his reasons for hiding among thieves and rogues, the Count declared that when he had arrived in London he had been seized with a disease which made it necessary for him to live privately until cured.

The prosecution acted strangely. They did not press the case against the Count. Moreover, the summing-up of Chief Justice Pemberton was distinctly in his favour.

The people of the country were astonished at the acquittal of Konigsmarck. Not so Charles II and his Court.

Three poor tools were hanged. One swung from a gibbet "at Mile End—being the road from the seaports where most of the northern nations do land"—after he and his two companions had been executed on the site of the crime in Pall Mall.

Charles II spared no effort to get the release of the Count. A certain woollen-draper in Covent Garden, who was empannelled on the jury, was asked "if five hundred guineas would do him any harm, if he would acquit the Count."

This man, however, did not eventually serve on the jury, for the King's officers had been too zealous and had collected more than was necessary. There was little doubt that those who did serve received huge bribes.

The diarist Evelyn records: "Vratz went to execution like an undaunted hero, as one that had done a friendly office for that base coward, Count Konigsmarck, who had hopes to marry his widow, the rich Lady Ogle (Lady Elizabeth) and was acquitted by a corrupt jury, and so got away."

A monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to commemorate the death of Thynne and the way it was accomplished.

FEBRUARY 13TH

*Catherine Howard*

WHEN it became necessary for Henry VIII to announce to Continental nations a fifth plunge into matrimony, the following letter was sent by the Privy Council to English ambassadors :

*It pleased his Highness, upon a notable appearance of honour, cleanness and maidenly behaviour, to bend his affection towards Mistress Catherine Howard, daughter to Lord Edmund Howard, insomuch that his Highness was finally contented to honour her with his marriage, thinking now in his old age, after sundry troubles of mind which have happened unto him by marriages, to have obtained such a perfect jewel of womanhood, and very perfect love to him, as should have not only been to his quietness, but also brought forth the desired fruit of marriage, like as the whole realm thought semblable, and did her all honour accordingly.*

Everything was now all right. The King had found his heart's desire.

But the "perfect jewel" scintillated for less than eighteen months. It ceased to sparkle completely on the very same scaffold that saw the end of Anne Boleyn.

Catherine Howard was led like a lamb to the slaughter. Though Anne Boleyn was allowed to make a speech in her own defence, it was denied Henry's fifth wife.

What was Catherine Howard's offence? She had, it is true, failed to produce an heir to supplement the male line in the event of the death of the sickly Prince Edward, son of Jane Seymour. But the stories that she carried on intrigues with Francis Derham, one of her uncle's pensioners, and Thomas Culpepper, during her married life, were never proved.

Before her marriage to the King there had been an understanding between her and Derham. They had plighted their troth in circumstances that would have been a legal marriage in Scotland. She had also been associated with Culpepper, her first cousin and childhood playmate.

But when Catherine was appointed maid of honour to Anne of Cleves, Derham disappeared. The years passed and

Catherine flattered herself that her early misconduct had been forgotten.

When the King began to make advances to her, she saw no reason why she should not reciprocate.

The divorce between Henry and Anne of Cleves was announced. At the same time there was a report of his passion for Catherine.

No sooner did this news get abroad than she found herself the object of blackmailers. She was harassed with demands for preferment from people who had known of her association with Derham.

She chose to say nothing of her early life to the King. Meanwhile, Derham appeared again on the scene, without daring to disclose the fact that he and Catherine had once made their vows.

To one of his friends he said : "I could be sure of Mistress Howard, an' I would, but I dare not. The King beginneth to love her, but an' he were dead, I am sure I might marry her."

It is said that the old Duchess of Norfolk prevailed on him to keep a still tongue.

The marriage between the King and Catherine was solemnized a few hours after he was released from Anne of Cleves. There is no record of the ceremony having taken place, but on August 8th, 1540, she was introduced by the King at Hampton Court as his Queen.

A week later she was publicly prayed for throughout the country, and soon afterwards the royal lovers made a public progress from Windsor to Reading and Buckingham.

That Henry believed that his wife was the most virtuous woman in the world is shown by the fact that immediately after his marriage he began to reform his Court. He insisted upon sobriety; there was to be nothing lewd or obscene, and there was to be no untoward behaviour in the presence of the Queen.

For six months the King and Queen were like two turtle doves. She was quiet and unostentatious, and made few demands on Henry's purse. As the King's finances were somewhat low, Catherine's modesty was a virtue in his eyes.

Henry celebrated his good fortune by a number of executions, some of which reacted on the unfortunate Catherine.

She was not to blame for any of them, but her enemies were only too ready to incriminate her.

She made a fatal mistake when, in addition to the blackmailers, she introduced Francis Derham into her household as a gentleman-in-waiting and private secretary.

She had received so many threatening letters referring to her secret that she concluded the only man to deal with them was the man who shared the secret with her—Francis Derham.

Culpepper now became terrified that the story would come out. He feared that his own association with Catherine would be discovered if Derham were exposed. He sought an audience of the Queen and remonstrated with her for appointing Derham as her secretary.

There were other undercurrents of intrigue which boded ill for Catherine Howard. The great Archbishop Cranmer was losing favour with the King. He put it down to the growing influence of the Queen, and when, about the same time, her early indiscretions were communicated to him, he conveyed the news to other members of the Privy Council.

The councillors decided to tell the King.

Unconscious of the cloud that was gathering, the Queen did her best to make her elderly husband happy.

It is fair to the King to say that when he was told his wife's secret he at first refused to believe the story. He honestly desired to prove it false.

But in attempting to clear his wife he convicted her. Derham was arrested, and he acknowledged that he and Catherine had lived together as man and wife, but denied that there had been any familiarity since her marriage to the King.

Other witnesses were brought who testified to her earlier misconduct. But the only man to whom she had shown any condescension since she had been Queen was Thomas Culpepper, her first cousin.

It was not difficult to exaggerate this friendship, and Catherine had no opportunity to defend herself.

Culpepper and Derham were arraigned for high treason before the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, London. They were adjudged guilty and condemned to the death of a traitor.

But even under torture neither would say anything that incriminated the Queen in any criminality since her marriage.

They were drawn to Tyburn. Culpepper was beheaded

and Derham was hanged and quartered. The heads of both were placed on London Bridge.

Cranmer tried to get the Queen to acknowledge that she had been married to Derham, but Catherine determined to go to the block as Queen of England. As there were no other means of nullifying the marriage, she was sentenced to death.

She submitted to the axe with meekness and courage, on February 13th, 1543.

#### FEBRUARY 14TH

#### *Lady Sarah Lennox*

LADY SARAH LENNOX, born on St. Valentine's Day, 1745, was the offspring of a strange marriage.

Her father, the second Duke of Richmond, married Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of the famous general of the Marlborough regime.

This union came about as the result of a wager by the parents. The young Lord March (afterwards Duke of Richmond) was brought from college, and Lady Sarah Cadogan from the nursery.

Young March, having seen his prospective wife, was not impressed.

"Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" he exclaimed.

The ceremony went on. March left later with his tutor for the Continent.

Three years later he returned to London. He did not look forward to meeting his wife. His recollection of the child who had been so strangely joined to him in matrimony had become even less favourable.

On the night of his arrival he avoided going home. He went to a theatre. Looking towards one of the boxes he saw a beautiful woman.

"Who is that?" he inquired of a stranger.

"Why, the reigning toast; the beautiful Lady March," was the reply.

Lord March went to claim his bride. It is recorded that they lived together affectionately. The wife died a year after the husband.



Lady Sarah Lennox was one of the numerous children of the marriage.

Horace Walpole goes into ecstasies when describing to his friend, George Montagu, the beauty of Lady Sarah.

He attended some private theatricals at Holland House. The play, which was being performed by children, was "Jane Shore," based upon the story of the mistress of Edward IV.

Lady Sarah played the name part, while the boy Charles James Fox, afterwards the eminent statesman, played the part of Hastings.

Walpole was delighted with her performance.

"Lady Sarah," he says, "was more beautiful than you can conceive . . . in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive."

The young George III, then 22, was looking round for a wife. It was natural that he should choose the most beautiful girl in society, Lady Sarah Lennox.

When George, his heart a-flutter, whispered the story of his love to his friends there was general approval.

Henry Fox, Lord Holland, Paymaster of the Forces, and father of Charles James, approved of the proposed marriage. As he had married Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, sister of Lady Sarah, such a union—which meant that his wife's sister would be Queen—was calculated to do him a great deal of good.

But the King's mother, the Princess of Wales, objected to the match.

George III was a strange wooer. Had he been a little more persistent it is probable that Lady Sarah would have capitulated at once despite a prior attachment. He chose to proceed, however, in the following manner:

He went to Lady Sarah's cousin, Lady Susan Strangeways, and expressed a hope that she would not soon be leaving town.

On Lady Susan replying that she intended to leave for the country almost at once, the King said, "You will return in summer for the Coronation?"

Lady Susan replied that she hoped so, though she could not promise.

"But," said the King, "they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals. But I think an English match

would be better than a foreign one. Pray tell Lady Lennox I say so."

In such a subtle way as this did George III propose.

The family were naturally elated. They conveyed the good news to the 16-year-old Sarah.

But Lady Sarah had conceived an affection for young Lord Newbottle, grandson of the Marquis of Lothian.

It was an attachment of which her family did not wholly approve.

Lady Sarah took time to consider the King's proposal. On the one hand there was the prospect of becoming Queen of England; on the other a marriage with the man she loved.

The King awaited his answer patiently. At the next drawing-room at St. James's Lady Sarah was present.

She told the King there were many difficulties in the way. There was his mother, for instance, who would oppose the marriage at all costs.

George III told Sarah that nothing mattered as long as he had her.

At last Lady Sarah was convinced. She broke off her engagement to Lord Newbottle, and gave her consent.

Then fate intervened. Lady Sarah went into the country for a few days to ponder over the new situation.

While riding a horse she was thrown and broke her leg.

While she was incapacitated, her enemies got busy. They told the King that Lady Sarah was having an intrigue with Lord Newbottle. They declared that the young woman could never remain faithful to him.

Behind the scenes negotiations were set on foot for the King's marriage with the Princess of Strelitz.

When Lady Sarah returned to London she found herself deprived of her crown. And Lord Newbottle refused to have anything to do with her.

Sarah did not give up hope. She began to woo the King. Each morning as George took his rides, Lady Sarah and Lady Susan Strangeways would meet him in a little chaise.

Once she tried to speak to him, it is said, by dressing like a servant maid and standing in the Guard Room.

All this availed her nothing.

Negotiations with the relatives of the foreign princess proceeded apace, and soon the young King announced to his

Council that he would marry Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

Lady Sarah considered that she had been treated shabbily. In return for the disappointment the King tried to get her appointed to a high place in Court.

The objection to this course was too obvious for it to be permitted.

She was asked, however, to be one of the ten unmarried daughters of dukes and earls who held up the Queen's train at the coronation.

She died at the age of 82, in 1826.

## FEBRUARY 15TH

### *Henry Addington*

HENRY ADDINGTON, first Viscount Sidmouth, was Prime Minister and subsequently Home Secretary during a stormy period of internal politics.

Two of the most serious disturbances were the "Massacre of Peterloo" on August 16th, 1819, and the Cato Street Conspiracy of February, 1820.

The troubles began in 1816, three years after Sidmouth had been appointed Home Secretary in the Earl of Liverpool's Government.

Towards the end of that year a number of men—"two broken-down apothecaries, a broken-down gentleman (Thistlewood) and two cobblers"—began to organize meetings in an open space called Spa Fields, London, with the object of petitioning the Regent to relieve the distress of working men.

After one of the meetings the demonstrators marched to the City and plundered a gunsmith's shop. They were easily dispersed.

An informer declared that the intention had been to seize the Tower and set up a Committee of Public Safety.

Soon afterwards there occurred what was known as the March of the Blanketeers. The marchers trudged from Manchester, sleeping in churches or by the wayside, each man carrying a blanket.

They carried a petition against various acts of the Government, but particularly against the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

Not one of these marchers carried arms. Only the elder men were permitted to carry sticks to help them along the roads.

The Government met the demonstrators with the military. Many of the marchers were dispersed even before they started. Other contingents were turned back at Stockport, Ashbourne and Derby.

Only one marcher reached London. He presented his petition to Lord Sidmouth on March 18th.

A few days after the collapse of this march, Sidmouth took into his employ a man known as Oliver the Spy. He was a bigamist and fraudulent bankrupt.

During the summer of 1817 Oliver did all he could to stir up strife in the Midlands and the north by telling the story of a proposed general rising.

His efforts were unsuccessful except at Huddersfield, where a mob fired at the Yeomanry, and at Nottingham, where an unemployed man named Brandreth believed Oliver's story.

Brandreth raised a force of unemployed workmen about fourteen miles from Nottingham. Two hundred armed with sticks, a few with fire-arms, marched to Nottingham to support an outbreak which was to take place there.

A small detachment of dragoons was sent to meet them. Finally they were dispersed without a shot being fired. Forty-eight rioters were taken, and after four months were charged with treason. Brandreth and two others were hanged. Not long afterwards Oliver was given an official appointment at the Cape of Good Hope.

For a few months there were no disturbances. The economic position improved.

In 1819 there was a revival of political agitation following another depression.

A big meeting was planned at Manchester to be addressed by the famous orator Hunt. Parties marched in procession from the surrounding villages to Manchester and collected on St. Peter's Fields. The crowd is said to have numbered between sixty thousand and a hundred thousand.

The magistrates could have stopped the meeting, but they preferred to let it go on. Hunt had barely got on the platform, however, when he was arrested.

Yeomanry and hussars were kept near, and the arrest of

Hunt was accomplished without any disturbance. Then the military rode through the mob, slashing right and left.

The ground was cleared in ten minutes, but eleven lives were lost, including two women and a child. Five or six hundred people were wounded, one hundred and thirteen being women.

This affair afterwards became known as the Manchester Massacre or the Battle of Peterloo.

Fresh measures of repression were used. Several well-known agitators were imprisoned. A series of Bills known as the Six Acts was rushed through Parliament.

The working-class reformers were crushed by these Acts. But they did not stop secret agitation.

Thistlewood, one of the Spa Fields agitators, conceived a plan to blow up the whole Cabinet, and set up a provisional Government. Sidmouth had been well informed on the progress of this plot since November. As it did not mature until February, 1820, there was plenty of time for the authorities to arrest the handful of men concerned.

The headquarters of the plotters, a loft in Cato Street, was raided. There was severe fighting between the conspirators and the police. Eventually Thistlewood and four others were hanged.

In December, 1821, Sidmouth resigned his office but remained a member of the Cabinet without portfolio.

Henry Addington was born on May 30th, 1757. He was educated at Winchester and Brasenose College, Oxford. Through his friendship with William Pitt, he turned his attention to politics and was elected for Devizes in 1784.

By 1789 he had become so familiar with procedure that he was elected to the office of Speaker of the House of Commons.

He was a friend of George III, and tried to persuade Pitt to stop any further relief to Roman Catholics as the King was opposed to such measures.

Pitt and Addington fell out, but they renewed their friendship two years later when Addington was offered the Prime Ministership.

He became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in March 1801.

His first important work was the conclusion of the Treaty of Amiens in March, 1802.

The struggle with France was renewed in 1803. Addington made valorous attempts to strengthen the forces of the Crown.

Addington's father having been a doctor, the House called him "doctor," while Canning referred to him as "happy Britain's guardian gander."

In April, 1804, it was clear he could not hold office and he resigned and became the leader of the party known as the "King's Friends."

He died on February 15th, 1844.

## FEBRUARY 16TH

### *Admiral Coligny*

"KILL! *kill!*"

The cry echoed through the streets of Paris, for the pre-arranged signal, the tolling of the great bell of St. Germain's, had begun.

"Coligny!" shouted the populace. "Coligny first!"

Admiral Gaspard Coligny was the leader of the Huguenots, and the man who must necessarily suffer first.

Away went the mob. It was the work of a few minutes to force the door of the Admiral's lodgings. Up the stairs they trooped and the Admiral, awakened by the noise, put on his dressing-gown.

Calling for Merlin, his minister, he bade him join in prayer.

Immediately afterwards one of his servants burst into the room, exclaiming, "My lord, my lord, they come!"

"I am prepared to die," replied Coligny, quietly. "I need no more the help of men; therefore, farewell, my friends; save yourselves if it is still possible."

There was a stampede for the roof. Teligny, the Admiral's son-in-law, was struck by a bullet. He rolled down the roof and fell with a thud on to the cobbles below.

The only one to remain behind with Coligny was a German servant.

The door now was repeatedly attacked. The Admiral made no attempt to escape, and soon the obstruction was broken in and seven of the attackers forced their way in.

"Art thou Coligny?" said one.

"I am," the Admiral replied. "Young man, you ought

to respect my grey hairs ; but do what you will you can shorten my life only by a few days."

The answer was a sword-thrust through Coligny's breast. Others struck him with their daggers.

Below, the Duke of Guise, who had been entrusted by Charles IX with the murder of the Admiral, was impatient to know what had happened.

"Hast done?" he called.

"'Tis all over," cried the murderer. "And here is proof."

Taking up the body of Admiral Coligny, the assassin threw it through the window.

Taking out his handkerchief the Duke wiped the face of the dead man. "'Tis true ; it is he," he said, and kicked the body.

The head was severed from the body and carried to Catherine de' Medici, the Queen Mother, and the King. For days the body lay in the street, subjected to indignities. Afterwards it was embalmed, some say with the object of sending it to Rome. If that were the case it never reached there.

That was the end of Admiral Gaspard Coligny, one of the most heroic and gallant sons of France, and the most notable victim of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

He had deserved better at the hands of his country, having been the trusty lieutenant of two kings. But, in those days differences of religion were made the excuse for all sorts of atrocities, and Coligny sealed his death warrant when he joined the Huguenots.

He was born on February 16th, 1517. During the French campaign in Italy in 1543 he accompanied Francis I, and was noted for his bravery in the field.

Next year he and his brother Francis served in Italy under the Duke d'Enghien, both distinguishing themselves at the battle of Cerisolles.

Coligny assisted in repelling the invasion of Henry VIII of England, and after the death of Francis I he was made Colonel-General of Infantry and, later, Admiral of France.

His reputation was enhanced by his skill at the Battle of Renti in 1554, and in the defence of St. Quentin in 1557.

After the death of Henry II of France, Coligny joined the Huguenots. With the Prince of Condé at the head of the party, Coligny was the next leader.

Though serving as Condé's lieutenant, Coligny was the master-genius of the campaign that followed the clash between Royalists and Huguenots. He was head and shoulders above the other leaders. Through his brilliant strategy the Huguenots became masters of Rouen, which enabled them to isolate Paris.

Two armies of about ten thousand each met near Paris. The clash was about to take place when Catherine de' Medici proposed a conference between the leaders on both sides.

Thus Coligny was drawn into diplomacy of which he had little experience.

The Queen's adroitness saved Paris. While the parley continued the Royalists gradually increased their forces. In the end Catherine was able to conclude a favourable peace.

This peace, unfavourable to the Huguenots despite the promises of the Court, led to the second civil war. The persecution of the Huguenots continued, and, though Coligny advised caution, the extremists on his side had their way.

It was a campaign of only one battle, which lasted barely an hour. It was the Battle of St. Denis fought beneath the walls of Paris, and was won by the Huguenots.

The Court again came to terms. But again the Huguenots were beaten in diplomacy by Catherine de' Medici and were no better off than before.

On August 22nd, 1572, Coligny was fired at in the Louvre. Two of the fingers on his right hand were shattered, while another bullet lodged in his left arm. A search of the house whence the shots had come, however, failed to find the attempted murderer, although the assailant was suspected.

Meanwhile Coligny, the young King, and Catherine de' Medici appeared to be on better terms, and when Charles IX heard of the attempt he simulated temper.

The King called on Coligny and exclaimed: "My dear father, the hurt is yours, the grief and the outrage mine; but I will take such vengeance that it shall never be effaced from the memory of man."

Charles IX seemed too concerned about the Admiral to please the Queen Mother, who was present. She induced her son to leave at once for fear that the old disagreements would be forgotten for ever.

For even now she was plotting the great massacre.

When the King and his suite had left the hotel where



Coligny lay injured, everyone expressed surprise at the affability of Charles.

Less than two days afterwards, Coligny was dead, assassinated by the order of the King.

FEBRUARY 17TH

*The American War of 1812*

*But what they fought each other for,  
I could not well make out.*

SOUTHEY, who wrote the "Battle of Blenheim" might well have incorporated the same theme into his Ode, written during the war with America, 1814.

For, although, there were many matters in dispute between the United States and Britain, all could have been settled by negotiation without resort to arms.

But the bad feeling engendered by the War of Independence lingered on both sides of the Atlantic.

On June 27th, 1807, the British ship *Leopard* fired on the American frigate *Chesapeake*, which, after considerable loss, hauled down its flag. The British commander then seized four of the *Chesapeake's* crew.

The whole of Europe, except Sweden, was blockaded against the trade of American ships. In return the Americans introduced the Non-Intercourse Law, which prohibited commercial intercourse with Great Britain and France and their dependencies.

Matters came to a head following the American elections of 1811-12, when a majority was returned in favour of war.

On June 18th, 1812, war was declared by America. It lasted for nearly three years.

On neither side was the campaign properly conducted. The United States were not ready for hostilities. Britain was engaged with the French, and was compelled to keep the greater part of her forces in European waters.

At the outbreak of war the Americans had a squadron of frigates and sloops totalling twenty-two. Her army, on paper, was thirty-five thousand. Actually, it was only one-third of that figure, and lacked experienced officers.

The British had much stronger forces in American waters

under Sir John Borlase Warren. There were ninety-seven vessels, but even these were not enough to blockade the eastern coast of the United States.

In Canada there were five thousand British troops.

The operations were divided into three sections—the ocean, the Canadian frontier, and the coast of the United States.

American privateers in the early stages of the fight captured or burned several British frigates.

One of the American cruisers actually got as far as St. David's Head in Wales. It was captured on August 14th, 1813.

The operations on the lakes were far from decisive. Several American detachments surrendered, but the situation was about the same during the winter of 1812-13. It was not until nearly the end of the war that the British obtained superiority by building a ship of one hundred and two guns which gave them the control of Lake Ontario.

The military operations were generally subordinate to the naval. In April, 1813, the Americans captured York (now Toronto), but a counter-attack a month later stopped their advance.

The Americans then turned east of Ontario with the object of attacking Montreal by the St. Lawrence in combination with their forces on Lake Champlain.

But they were continually harassed on the St. Lawrence and had to give up the invasion of Canada.

The operations in 1814 were similar, except that by this time the American Army was better organized, while the British Navy was strengthened by ships released through the fall of Napoleon.

British troops began to pour in from Spain.

In August the American forces were attacked by Sir George Prevost at Champlain, but he suffered a heavy defeat. He was relieved from command, and threatened with a court-martial for his conduct of the campaign. He died before the court-martial could be held.

The British attempted a landing on the coast of Maine, but without success.

The blockade of the American coast was difficult. The American cruisers continually harassed the besiegers, and it was not until May 31st, 1814, that a complete blockade was established.

The British fleet was now becoming overwhelmingly

superior. Innumerable attacks were made on docks and harbours and frequent raids were made on American territory.

One of the most important of all raids was the burning of the public buildings at Washington, by Sir Alexander Cochrane, and General Robert Ross.

The expedition was carried out between August 19th and 29th. The militia which had been brought to Washington to protect the City fled almost before they were attacked.

Later the British made a raid on Baltimore which was a failure, General Ross being killed.

In the autumn of 1814 it was learned that the British intended to attack New Orleans with the object of capturing Louisiana. Andrew Jackson, afterwards American President, hurried to the city to put it in a state of defence.

He was just in time. A British fleet of fifty vessels under Admiral Cochrane, with sixteen thousand troops and one thousand heavy guns, were on the way.

On December 23rd and 24th heavy battles were fought outside New Orleans, but neither side claimed the victory.

On Christmas Eve a Treaty of Peace was signed.

On January 8th, 1815, a ship was hurrying across the Atlantic with tidings that an armistice had been signed in Belgium.

The American and British armies knew nothing of this. They engaged in battles at New Orleans, and Sir Samuel Gibbs and General Pakenham were killed, together with over three thousand English officers and men.

The war ended on February 17th, 1815.

## FEBRUARY 18TH

### *George, Duke of Clarence*

ONE of the most interesting historical traditions of the Tower of London is the story which concerns the death of the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

Following a long period of intrigue, scheming, murder and utter ruthlessness in which all three men participated, the Duke of Clarence found himself in the Tower, probably at the instance of his own brother, Gloucester.

Clarence was due to be executed in some way or another.

But no one seemed to be able to decide definitely how he should die. Some were in favour of his being beheaded and others thought poison a more appropriate death.

While this discussion was going on Clarence decided the matter himself by dying in the Tower.

The mystery of his death has never been cleared up, but it is certain that foul play was used.

The ill-fated Duke was partial to malmsey wine, and it is believed that this liquor was the medium of his murder. It is said, further, that the Duke of Gloucester ordered his death by drowning in a butt of malmsey.

Contemporary records do not explain how it was that a butt of malmsey was so conveniently placed in the Tower, unless it was that the Duke's capacity for drinking was abnormal, and it was desirable that he should have no lack of his favourite beverage pending his execution.

A story which rings truer than that of the wine butt is that Clarence died after taking a glass of poisoned wine, almost simultaneously with the decision by the House of Commons that he should be poisoned.

Which, of course, would make the murder legal.

But Lord Bacon, who had a penchant for diving into historical mysteries, asserts that the Duke of Gloucester was the murderer, and Shakespeare associates him with the crime.

On the other hand, the actual scene of the murder is disputed. By some it is said to have occurred in the Bowyer Tower, but others favour the more appropriate Bloody Tower.

Whatever may be the truth of the tradition, however, the Duke of Clarence appears to have deserved what he got, for he was just as ruthless as Richard III, though less successful.

Clarence and Gloucester, in fact, were responsible for the murder of the Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI, and possibly of the deposed King Henry himself who was found murdered in the Tower.

George, Duke of Clarence, was the younger son of Richard Duke of York, by his wife, Cicely, daughter of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmorland. He was born in Dublin in October, 1449, and when his elder brother became King as Edward IV in March, 1461, he was created Duke of Clarence, and appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

In July, 1469, he was married at Calais to Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, the arch-schemer.

Clarence joined with Warwick against the King, and supported the rebels in the north of England. Their treachery was discovered and Clarence was deprived of his office of Lord Lieutenant and had to fly to the Continent.

In September, 1470, he and Warwick returned to England at the restoration of Henry VI, when Clarence was named heir to the Crown in case the male line of Henry's family became extinct.

When, however, Warwick and Clarence had a dispute, the latter secretly attached himself to his brother Edward and fought for the Yorkists at Barnet and Tewkesbury.

Warwick died in April, 1471, and Clarence promptly seized his estates. A year later he was made Earl of Warwick by right of his wife.

Clarence became somewhat disturbed when he heard that his younger brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was intending to marry his wife's sister, at the same time claiming a part of the estates which he had seized.

There was a violent quarrel between the brothers, but Gloucester nevertheless succeeded in marrying, and in 1474, Edward, now again king, intervened and patched up the trouble.

Meanwhile Clarence continued to plot for the Crown and in 1473 his ally, the Earl of Oxford, seized St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. It was at this point that Clarence either showed a lack of courage or craft, for he drew back and accepted the award of Edward IV, partitioning Warwick's lands, and actually allowed Oxford to be taken and imprisoned.

Clarence's wife died in December, 1476, and he began to intrigue for the hand of the daughter of Charles the Bold, who had just become Duchess of Burgundy. By her father's death she had become Queen of the Netherlands.

Edward IV forbade the match. Then Clarence was a suitor for a marriage to Margaret, sister of James II of Scotland, a union just as offensive to the King.

The King was now losing patience with his brother, and in May, 1477, a number of the Duke's friends were arrested and executed on charges of treason and sorcery.

Clarence appeared in the council chamber at Westminster, and read a long document which purported to proclaim the innocence of the executed men.

This was a flagrant revolt against the justice of the King, and it was the last straw.

The Duke was arrested, and in January, 1478, Parliament met to try him, and for no other purpose.

A bill of attainder was produced at the instance of the King. It set forth the whole of the misdeeds of Clarence. It is recorded, however, that "not a single person uttered a word against the Duke but the King, not one made answer to the King but the Duke."

The bill of attainder was passed, and sentence of death was pronounced by the Duke of Buckingham, then Lord Steward of England.

The charges laid against Clarence were that he had slandered the King; had received oaths of allegiance to himself and his heirs, had prepared for a new rebellion. In fact, he was a most undesirable man to be allowed to run loose.

Two of the Duke's children survived their father: Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and Edward, Earl of Warwick, who spent the greater part of his life in prison and was beheaded in November, 1499. Margaret met death by the axe in 1541, two years after her son Henry Pole, Lord Montacute, had met a like fate.

The death of Clarence on February 18th, 1478, left the way clear for his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

## FEBRUARY 19TH

### *Nicholas Copernicus*

It was thirteen years before Nicholas Copernicus had the courage to publish his theory that the Earth revolved round the Sun.

In the fifteenth century astronomers who came forward with new ideas about the universe were likely to be badly treated by the Church.

Copernicus, at the instigation of a cardinal, had the audacity to dedicate his treatise to a Pope. But he dreaded the clamour that would certainly result from its publication and held his hand until he was almost on his deathbed.

The manuscript was completed in 1530 but was not published until 1543. Copernicus received the first printed copy on the day of his death.

Copernicus represented the Sun to be at rest in the centre

of the universe and the Earth and planets to be moving round it.

Hitherto there had been various theories. The Egyptians made the Sun and Earth two separate centres. The Sun carried round it Venus and Mercury, while the Earth was the centre of all the other planetary orbits, and even of the Sun. Venus and Mercury were satellites of the Sun.

Appollonius believed that the Sun was the centre of the planetary system which revolved round the Earth.

Copernicus compared all these theories with his own observations, and found that while the various phenomena of the heavens did not agree with what had been previously advanced, they did agree with what is now known as the Copernicus system.

Several cardinals of the Church of Rome urged Copernicus to publish his observations. But many other dignitaries were opposed to the theory. When Galileo later maintained the same ideas he was persecuted by the Church.

Nicholas Copernicus (or Koppernigk) was born near the shores of the Baltic at Thorn in Prussia on February 19th, 1473.

One version of his birth gives his father as a peasant; but the general opinion is that he was a surgeon belonging to a notable family, and that his uncle was a bishop.

Copernicus studied philosophy and medicine at the University of Cracow, and took the degree of doctor of medicine. Instead of practising as a physician he became interested in astronomy, and at last decided to give up his time to scientific pursuits.

After attending a course of mathematics he went to Italy to make the acquaintance of the two famous astronomers Purbachius and Regiomontanus. In 1496 he reached Bologna, where he studied under several astronomers, and then went on to Rome.

He was well received by Regiomontanus and was appointed to a chair of mathematics in the city.

His uncle, the Bishop of Warmia, made him a canon in the chapter of Frauenberg, and he was chosen archdeacon of the church of St. John in Thorn by his fellow citizens.

He lived at Frauenberg in a house belonging to one of the canons. It is said that there can still be seen the holes in the walls of his apartment through which he used to watch the stars.

Copernicus, if a visionary, was also practical. There is still in existence an hydraulic machine which he invented to supply the houses of the canons with water from an adjacent stream.

Copernicus lived the life of a monk, performing his clerical duties, giving free medical attention to the poor.

He freely discussed his theories about the planetary system, but soon sensed the hostility which their publication would bring to him.

Nevertheless, the astronomical knowledge of Copernicus was often sought, and when the reform of the calendar was under review by the Lateran Council in 1514, his opinion was invited.

His income as canon was calculated at about £450 of present money.

He was responsible for the reform of the coinage, after it had been debased by the Teutonic knights and the three leading commercial towns of Prussia.

The theory of Copernicus was incorporated in a work entitled "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium." In the dedication of this work he wrote :

"And thus after long and careful observation, I have found that when the movements of the other planets are referred to the circulation of the Earth, and are computed for the revolution of each star, not only do the phenomena necessarily follow therefrom but the order and magnitude of the stars, and all their orbs, and the heaven itself, are so connected that in no part can anything be transposed without confusion to the rest and to the universe."

Copernicus was attacked by dysentery and paralysis, which caused mental aberration and loss of memory.

It is doubtful whether, when the copy of his work was placed in his hands, he really understood what it was.

Copernicus was buried without any commemoration tablet above his grave, but in 1581 Bishop Cromer, the Polish historian, placed a small monument over with a Latin epitaph.

Early last century the Society of Sciences at Warsaw sent an expedition to Frauenberg to look for relics of Copernicus. His house was then in the occupation of a Lutheran pastor. Some years before some verses in the handwriting of Copernicus were still pasted over the fireplace, but this writing had been removed by a visitor.



The adjacent tower in which Copernicus had made his observations was used as a prison.

Searching for his grave the deputation eventually located it beneath the altar in the cathedral church of the diocese. There were still fragments of the inscription.

Besides his great work Copernicus published treatises on trigonometry and a Latin translation of the Epistles of the Byzantine author Theophylactus Simocatta.

FEBRUARY 20TH

*Sir Nicholas Bacon*

THE fame of Sir Nicholas Bacon has been eclipsed by his brilliant son, Francis Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. Nevertheless, he carried to the grave a more illustrious name than most of the great men of his period.

He was an effective buffer for the numerous intrigues of the favourites of Queen Elizabeth, and was not afraid to speak candidly to the Queen.

Bacon was not fond of delicate phrases; when she asked his opinion, he gave it whether she liked it or not.

He told her bluntly on several occasions that it was her duty to get married, and he once assumed her consent before it had been given.

"We give hearty thanks to God," he said in Parliament when the Queen was present, "for that your highness has signified your pleasure of your inclination to marriage, which afore you were not given unto; which is done for our safeguard that when God shall call you you may leave of your own body to succeed you. Therefore God grant us that you will shortly embrace the holy state of matrimony when and with whom God shall appoint and shall best like your Majesty."

This speech did not improve Elizabeth's temper, which was liable to burst out at any moment. She called Bacon to her side and whispered a few words to him.

Not satisfied, she herself got on to her feet and harangued the House, pointing out that she was not unmindful of the succession.

But she made no promise, and she ordered Bacon, as Lord Keeper, to dissolve the House.

It was five years before the question of her marriage arose again.

On the question of the succession Bacon upset the Queen by his advocacy of the claims of the House of Suffolk. To spite him she deliberately preferred the Stuarts, despite her jealousy of Mary of Scotland, and her antipathy to the Roman Catholics.

Once the Queen summarily dismissed him from the Court, but he came back to favour.

Nicholas Bacon was born in 1510 at Chislehurst, Kent, took his degree at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and became a student at Gray's Inn and eventually an eminent lawyer.

On the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII, he was appointed solicitor to the court of augmentations for managing the Church property taken over by the Crown, incidentally obtaining quite a nice share for himself.

He was attorney to the Court of Wards during the reigns of Edward VI and Mary, and when Elizabeth succeeded she made him Lord Keeper.

As Lord Keeper he had a seat on the Privy Council, and in January, 1559, he opened the first Parliament of Elizabeth's reign with a remarkably conciliatory speech on the disputes between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants.

When, in the following March, Elizabeth appointed a conference at Westminster Hall on the doctrines of the Roman Church Sir Nicholas Bacon had to preside and keep the peace.

Nine clerics were appointed to argue on each side; for the Catholics four bishops and four doctors, and for the Protestants men who had returned to England following a period of banishment during the reign of Mary.

It had been contrived that the Protestants should have the last word, the order of the debate having been laid down by the Queen. Bacon has been accused of partiality in this famous controversy but he had to carry out the instructions of Elizabeth.

Thus when the Catholics refused to accept the order prescribed Bacon declared that they should not make an order of their own, and concluded with the somewhat sinister phrase: "Forasmuch as ye will not that we should hear you, you may perhaps shortly hear of us."

They did.

The debate at Westminster Hall was a farce, as it had been intended. The Tower of London had already been chosen for the imprisonment of the Catholic prelates.

The Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester were committed for contempt, while the rest were bound in heavy recognizances to appear each day at the Council Chamber, and to remain in London until further orders.

In 1564 Bacon fell into royal disfavour and was dismissed from Court because Elizabeth suspected that he was concerned in the publication of a pamphlet entitled "A Declaration of the Succession of the Crown Imperial of England," favouring the claim of Lady Catherine Grey to the English throne.

His name was erased from the Privy Council, and he was ordered to confine himself to the Court of Chancery. Fortunately for Bacon a fitting successor for the office of Lord Keeper could not be found, or he would have been dismissed entirely from office.

Bacon's innocence was eventually established.

In 1568 Bacon presided over the inquiry into the conduct of Mary, Queen of Scots, then a prisoner at Bolton Castle. In this he acquitted himself with credit and with sympathy for the Scottish Queen.

But when, two years later, negotiations were opened for setting her at liberty, he showed an antagonism that excited animosity in Scotland.

He had come to distrust the Scottish Queen, and objected to the proposal to marry her to the Duke of Norfolk. He warned Elizabeth that serious consequences to England would follow the restoration of Mary.

He warned members of Parliament who were opposed to his views and actually committed one to prison.

On the renewal of the discussion regarding the succession he disposed of the question by proroguing Parliament.

In 1572 Bacon took an active part in the prosecution of the Duke of Norfolk, and though not qualified to sit at the trial, not being a peer of the realm, Bacon has been held responsible for the unfair way in which the Duke was treated.

The Duke received no notice of the trial, was unable to communicate with his friends, and kept in ignorance of the

charges brought against him until called upon to answer to them in court.

The evidence against him was extorted from witnesses put to torture by order of the Council.

Bacon died on February 20th, 1579, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

#### FEBRUARY 21ST

#### *Robert Southwell*

ON the morning that Robert Southwell, the Jesuit poet, was executed at Tyburn, a famous highwayman was put to death in order to provide a counter-attraction.

Although England had become Protestant, Londoners did not necessarily approve of the executions of Roman Catholics. Thus the Ministers of Queen Elizabeth took the precaution of staging a double scene to split the crowd.

The "turning-off" of the highwayman, however, was insignificant compared with the number of people who witnessed the tragic end of Southwell.

The hangman adjusted the rope loosely, and when the rough cart was dragged from under him he hung suspended, making the sign of the Cross several times.

The crowd believed that the intention was to carry out the utmost sentence; namely, disembowelling while the victim was still alive.

But, it is recorded, the "gentlemen and people" around the scaffold interfered as the hangman was about to cut Southwell down, and "some drew him by the legs to put an end to his pain."

Southwell, who was beatified by the Roman Catholic Church on December 15th, 1929, was a member of the Society of Jesus, who had returned to England during the reign of Elizabeth, in defiance of the statute banning the Jesuits.

That he came to this country secretly from Rome on a mission for converting English people to the Catholic faith is not disputed. He and his companions knew that discovery meant death on a charge of treason.

One of his colleagues was Father Henry Garnet who, a few years later, was executed. It was alleged that Father Garnet was connected with the Gunpowder Plot.

On their arrival in England Southwell and Garnet went to the house of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, who had been reconverted to the Roman Catholic Church.

Soon afterwards Father Southwell was deputed to attend Lady Arundel, whose husband lay a prisoner in the Tower. Her house became his headquarters during the six years of his mission. It was Lady Arundel, widowed by the execution of her husband, who provided Southwell during that period with the money for his activities.

Her house became the resort of Roman Catholics, and Southwell often said Mass there. Apart from his religious activities, which, of course, were secret, he endeavoured to live the life of a country gentleman.

Meanwhile he wrote an immense amount of prose and poetry. Among his prose writings are "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears," the "Hundred Meditations of the Love of God." His longest poem is "St. Peter's Complaint."

Some of his lines are beautiful. One poem, entitled "New Prince, New Pomp," is in the nature of a carol, while another, called "The Burning Babe," was praised by Ben Jonson.

A somewhat romantic story is told of the betrayal of Father Southwell. On several occasions he had found it necessary to take refuge in the family of the Bellamys who lived at Uxenden, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex.

In this family was a daughter, Ann, who because of her Catholic views was arrested and imprisoned at Westminster. It is suggested that there she was tortured and forced to become an assistant of the Priest-hunter Topcliffe.

She appears to have betrayed the fact that Southwell had stayed at her home, and was induced to write him a letter asking him to meet her there.

Southwell went to Uxenden and fell into the trap. Topcliffe and his men were in hiding and when he had disappeared into the house they surrounded the place and demanded that he should be given up.

Mrs. Bellamy feigned ignorance, but having seen Southwell enter, Topcliffe and his men were sure of their ground.

They forced their way into the house and found the priest engaged in the deadly crime of saying Mass.

He was seized in his vestments, manacled and taken away.

Topcliffe gloated more over this capture than any of his previous successes. He wrote to Queen Elizabeth saying

that he "never did take such a weighty a man, if he be rightly considered."

Father Southwell was taken to Westminster and placed in the chamber in which Topcliffe kept his victims, and there, it is said, subjected to torture.

Afterwards he was thrown into the Gatehouse for two months, and finally taken to the Tower.

That the torture was continued is shown by the admission of Cecil, the Queen's favourite Minister, that he was "most cruelly tortured," but would say nothing, for fear of incriminating other people.

Southwell's father, a Norfolk squire, petitioned the Queen for a relaxation of the torture, and his boldness was rewarded by a reply from her that she was "pleased to have regard to this petition, and to order Mr. Southwell a better lodging, and to give leave to his father to supply him with clothes and other necessaries."

Southwell spent three years in the Tower. The only favour he appears to have received was permission to correspond with the Earl of Arundel. Some of his letters exist to-day.

There is a Latin manuscript in existence which gives an account of the trial of Robert Southwell. In it there is a story that Southwell wrote to Cecil asking either to be brought to trial or acquitted.

A few days later he was sent to Newgate and placed in the cell set apart for condemned prisoners.

He was called for trial on February 20th, 1595, without any notice. When he was asked to challenge the jury he refused. The fact was he knew nothing about any of them.

Asked to plead, Southwell denied treason or "any design or plots against the Queen or kingdom." He also denied that he had returned home to England for any other purpose but to "administer the sacraments according to the rite of the Catholic Church to such as desired them."

So far as his judges were concerned, this was an admission of guilt, and it sealed his fate.

He was hanged next day.

FEBRUARY 22ND

*Last Invasion of Great Britain*

WHEN was the last invasion of Great Britain ?

The answer is 1797—and not 1066.

At 10 o'clock in the morning of February 22nd, ships of war were seen moving along the coast in the vicinity of St. David's Head, Pembrokeshire.

They flew British colours, but one of the watchers on the beach recognized them for French ships.

He could see French soldiers on their decks.

The countryside was soon in a ferment. The town of St. David's was aroused. Messages were sent to adjacent villages to collect men and weapons.

The French ships sailed towards Fishguard, still flying the British flag. The forts were about to fire a salute when down the colours came and up went the French ensign.

Invasion! Church bells were rung, guns were fired, and messengers carried the information.

Frightened residents near the coast began to collect their goods and transport them on carts into the interior. The roads were soon blocked and confusion prevailed.

The men of St. David's turned out to give battle. The lead of St. David's Cathedral was stripped and carried to blacksmiths who turned it into bullets.

All the gunpowder in the districts was collected and this was handed with the bullets to those who had guns.

In the meantime the French had landed. The force consisted of 1,400 soldiers, 600 regular troops and 800 convicts released from French prisons as a result of the Revolution.

The Fishguard garrison was not more than 300, but by the following day the Welsh had mustered several thousand men with muskets, swords, pistols, scythes, knives and other weapons.

The arrangements for defence were in the hands of the Lord-lieutenant of Pembrokeshire, John Campbell, first Baron Cawdor.

The Welsh believed the situation to be critical. Having once established themselves on Welsh soil, the French would no doubt send strong reinforcements.

This "invasion" had a comic sequel.

It was never really contemplated. The French had merely landed for rest and refreshment, and though there is no doubt that they would have raided the countryside, they would never have been strong enough to hold the territory they occupied.

This was how the "invasion" came about :

At the end of the summer of 1796 the French military authorities had schemed an invasion of Ireland which appeared ripe for rebellion.

The man responsible for the expedition was General Lazare Hoche, who had risen from the ranks during the Revolution. He recruited his forces from the worst elements of France and placed them under the command of an Irish-American adventurer named Tate.

The Irish expedition failed mainly owing to the bad weather and poor leadership. Seven thousand troops landed in Bantry Bay and no sooner landed than they embarked again.

The ships carrying the troops became separated. The "Legion des Francs," Brigadier Tate's own regiment, drifted into the Bristol Channel, and ultimately landed near Fishguard with the object of a raid.

On February 23rd the fun began.

About noon the French ships sailed away, leaving the soldiers on Welsh soil. The Frenchmen had done themselves well. They had raided the wine shops and had obtained large quantities of food.

Most of them were drunk or almost in a state of coma through over-feeding.

Towards evening the British forces, consisting of the Castlemartin Yeomanry cavalry, the Cardiganshire militia, two companies of infantry, and some seamen and artillery under Lord Cawdor arrived on the scene.

They occupied the road leading inland from Fishguard and made a brave display.

By dawn on the 24th the defence consisted of about 700 men properly equipped, while in the neighbourhood were 2,000 Welshmen armed with every kind of weapon, from sticks to pickaxes.

The Welsh countrywomen turned out in strength to carry supplies for their menfolk. They were dressed in red, and were marched in and out of the rocks on the hillside until



the French commander Tate was convinced that the mountains swarmed with redcoats.

Tate was now becoming thoroughly alarmed. The ships had gone. The only thing to do was to fight or surrender.

Tate sent two messengers to Cawdor offering to surrender on condition that the French should be sent back to Brest by the British Government.

Cawdor replied demanding an unconditional surrender. If this were not agreed to in the course of the next hour or so he would immediately attack with 10,000 men.

Tate did not feel disposed to question the number of the British forces. He held out until the following morning, the 25th, and then gave orders to lay down arms.

The Frenchmen were marched under escort to prisons at Pembroke, Haverfordwest, Milford and Carmarthen.

Pembroke gaol housed 500. About a fifth of this number managed to make their escape through a subterranean passage which they dug in the earth three feet below the surface.

## FEBRUARY 23RD

### *Sir Joshua Reynolds*

"I HAVE been fortunate in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end."

Thus philosophically did Sir Joshua Reynolds die at his house in Leicester Square on the night of February 23rd, 1792.

London mourned the great painter. His body lay in state in the large room of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, and was buried with much ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a marble portrait-statue by Flaxman, England's greatest sculptor of the time, was placed.

To every prominent person attending the funeral was presented a memorial print by Bartolozzi. At the close of the ceremony Edmund Burke, who was one of Reynolds's executors, tried to thank the members of the Academy, but burst into tears.

Burke's emotional nature carried him further, and in a eulogy of the painter he says: "Sir Joshua Reynolds was on very many accounts one of the most memorable men of his

time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest inventors of the renowned ages.

“He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general and unmixed sorrow.”

Had Burke stopped here, the contemporaries of Reynolds might well have agreed with him, but they thought that the statesman was being a little extravagant when he added: “To the grandeur, the truth and simplicity of Titian, and to the daring strength of Rembrandt, he has united the chasteness and delicacy of Vandyck.”

Some critics, in fact, declare that Sir Joshua’s drawing is often incorrect and slovenly.

Whether that be so or not, Reynolds was the acknowledged founder of the English school of painting.

Born at Plympton, in Devonshire, on July 16th, 1723; the son of a grammar-school master, he was led to take up art through reading Richardson’s *Treatise on Painting*. In 1741 his father placed him with Hudson, the portrait-painter, who was then popular in London.

Soon, however, Reynolds and his tutor could not agree, and the young man established himself as a portrait-painter at Plymouth Dock.

He settled in London after the death of his father in 1746, and three years later voyaged in the Mediterranean in the *Centurion*, commanded by his friend, Commodore Keppel. He visited various cities, including Rome, where he studied the Vatican frescoes.

It is said that it was at Rome he caught a cold which was afterwards responsible for his deafness.

At the end of 1752 Reynolds returned to Plymouth, but at the advice of his friend and patron, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, he reappeared in London.

His style of painting had now completely changed. His force, combined with the soft and brilliant colouring, was reminiscent of Rembrandt on the one hand and the Venetian painters on the other. He incorporated the qualities often with much success.

Reynolds established his reputation with a portrait of Commodore Keppel.

His studio was in St. Martin's Lane, where his prices were ten, twenty and forty guineas respectively for a head, a half-length and a full-length picture.

When he moved to Newport Street his prices went up to twelve, twenty-four and forty-eight guineas.

But in 1760 his business had increased to such an extent that he was able to demand and get twenty-five, fifty and one hundred guineas. Afterwards his charge for a head was raised to thirty-five guineas.

In the following year he bought his house in Leicester Square, which became the resort of the prominent men of the time, including Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Burke.

When the Royal Academy was founded, in 1768, Reynolds was unanimously elected the first president. At the same time he was knighted by King George III.

By this time his reputation had spread all over Europe, and he was loaded with honours from home and foreign institutions.

Reynolds did not confine himself entirely to portrait painting. Among his pictures that are other than portraits may be included "Count Ugolino and his Sons," "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," the "Infant Hercules," and some Shakespearean subjects.

Sir Joshua Reynolds never married and the larger part of his fortune of £80,000 was left to his niece, Miss Palmer, who later married the Earl of Inchiquin, subsequently created Marquess of Thomond.

For some months before his death the great painter had a premonition that he would not live long.

His powers began to fail as early as July, 1789, when he recorded in his pocket-book: "Monday, the 13th July: Prevented by my eye being obscured." He was then engaged on a portrait of Lady Beauchamp, actually the last portrait of a woman he ever painted.

The sight of one eye had been failing for some time. Soon after the entry in his note-book its vision was entirely lost.

He was then beset by a fear that he would lose the sight of the other eye. The contemplation of utter blindness

caused him to give up painting, and spend his time mending pictures or cleaning them.

His health, however, seemed good enough, and he enjoyed company in a quiet way, frequently playing cards.

At the beginning of 1790 he appears to have resumed his painting. One authority states that he ceased painting finally in November, 1791.

FEBRUARY 24TH

### *Fulton's Folly*

Two years before the Battle of Trafalgar Napoleon had the opportunity of owning the first steam warship ever built.

More than that, he could have possessed a submarine!

It is characteristic of most dictators that their imagination will not carry them beyond a few years. Napoleon could not see the potentialities of the steam-driven ship, or the possibilities of the submarine.

At that time, Robert Fulton, of steamship fame, was experimenting in France with the knowledge and even encouragement of Napoleon. He produced an undersea boat, the main features of which have since been more or less followed in the design of submarines up to the present day.

Cigar-shaped, it carried a small conning-tower, and was steered by a rudder. It was propelled by hand, and had a mast for use on the surface. This boat could remain under water for several hours because of the high-pressure air that it contained.

The idea of submarines was not new, for David Bushnell, an American, had, nearly thirty years before, almost succeeded in torpedoing an English man-of-war during the War of Independence with a small one-man vessel which could be submerged.

Fulton's vessel was far in advance of any previous submersible boat. But Napoleon would have nothing to do with the scheme.

The inventor also had a little steamship on the River Seine in which Napoleon showed more than passing interest. Steamships were exactly what he wanted to take his invading army across from Boulogne to England.

A day was fixed for the trial of the steamship. Robert

Fulton and his friend Benjamin Church were preparing to get out of their beds at daybreak when a messenger arrived to say that the weight of the boiler and machinery had been too much for the frail boat. The bottom had given way and engine and hull lay at the bottom of the river.

This accident was a stroke of luck for England, for Napoleon at once turned his back on steamships.

Four years later the *Clermont*, a steam-driven vessel built by Fulton, made a round journey of 300 miles on the Hudson River.

Robert Fulton at first experienced the disappointment and derision suffered by most inventors. Moreover, he did not make a fortune.

Robert Fulton was born in 1765 at Little Britain, Pennsylvania, which is now called Fulton in his honour.

His parents were poor Irish immigrants, and young Fulton had to go to work at an early age in the shop of a Philadelphia jeweller. He taught himself painting, and was able to make a meagre living as a painter of portraits and landscapes.

In 1787 he left America with the object of studying art in Europe, but hearing of the successes of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, and his colleague Boulton, Fulton laid aside his palette, brushes and canvas and began to study engineering.

Canal building was proceeding in England, and Fulton studied this new phase of progress as well as the steam engines of Watt. Having acquired a considerable technical knowledge, he crossed to Paris and began to experiment with submarines and steam-driven vessels.

Following his rejection by Napoleon, Fulton became acquainted with Chancellor Livingstone, at that time American diplomatic representative in Paris.

Livingstone himself had ideas for steam propulsion of ships, and before leaving America he had obtained from his Government an exclusive privilege for navigating the waters of New York State.

He and Fulton had a long discussion, the upshot of which was the offer by Livingstone to finance the inventor. Livingstone also decided to obtain an extension of his privilege.

Fulton ordered engines from Boulton and Watt, one of which he sent across the Atlantic where he built the *Clermont*, named after the house of his benefactor, Livingstone.

Fulton was not the first man to float a steamship on American waters. It is probable that a successful steamship on the lines of the *Clermont* would have been built much earlier but for the stupid restrictions which the British Government imposed on the American colonists. When their liberties were not curtailed after the Declaration of Independence, Americans began to scheme for the use of steam-power on their great waterways.

Twenty years before the *Clermont* made her first successful trip, John Fitch, of Connecticut, had propelled a little canoe along the Delaware River by steam-driven paddles.

The ultimate failure of this invention was due to the fact that Fitch had not left enough room in his craft to carry passengers. He died, broken of heart and poverty-stricken, nine years before Fulton began his experiments.

In 1804 a certain Colonel John Stevens launched a vessel propelled by submerged twin screws. This invention was notable because it was actually many years ahead of its time for the day of the screw-driven steamer was yet to come.

He eventually produced a paddle-steamer a few days after Fulton, and not having permission to try the ship on the waters of the Hudson, because of the monopoly of Fulton, he took it to sea. Thus Stevens's craft was the first steamship to go on the ocean.

Fulton made the steamship a practical success in America, for he learned a great deal from other, and less fortunate, pioneers.

Nevertheless, he was handicapped, ridiculed and hampered from the day he began to build the *Clermont* to the day it was ready for its initial trial.

They called it "Fulton's folly," said it would never be completed, and even if it were finished, it would never float.

But Fulton went on doggedly building a ship around the engine that he had obtained from Boulton and Watt. He adjusted the paddle wheels to the engine himself.

On August 17th, 1807, the *Clermont* began her trial trip. On the first day she steamed from New York to Clermont, and next day to Albany. On the following day she returned to New York, having completed a journey of 300 miles at a speed of five miles an hour.

Before Fulton died on February 24th, 1815, the steam-boats on the Hudson were increased in number to five. A

sixth was built under his direction for navigation along the sea coast. But as at that time—it was during the 1812 war with Britain—a squadron of British ships lay off the Sound, he boat plied for a time on the Hudson.

FEBRUARY 25TH

*Robert Clive*

ROBERT CLIVE left India on February 25th, 1760, with the comfortable feeling that he had won India for the Empire, and that his personal wealth was equal to that of anyone in England.

He brought back jewels of immense value, including diamonds which had cost £25,000. His annual income was reputed to exceed £40,000.

No Englishman, at such an early age—Clive was 34—had ever amassed such a fortune.

Had Clive been content to live the quiet life of a country gentleman, having nothing to do with the controversies of the day, the sequel might have been different.

Instead, he elected to enter politics. He took part in the squabbles of the East India Company's directors, and did not discourage the public from rushing to invest in the shares of the company when it was believed that fortunes were to be made out of India.

He bought 100,000 shares himself and parcelled them out to underlings with the object of gaining control of the unruly elements of the board.

The dupes who lost money in the gamble blamed Clive. They believed that he was making himself richer at their expense.

But the blow was not to fall just yet, although the malcontents on the directorate did their best to discredit Clive.

They questioned the policy of his accepting the gift of an estate from Mir Jaffir, the native ruler of North India.

They resolved to confiscate the estate, and Clive had to resort to the Courts.

The matter was not settled when alarming tidings about Bengal reached England.

Misgovernment had reached its limit. The officials had deposed Mir Jaffir, whom Clive had established ruler in place

of Suraj Ud Dowlah, and had put Mir Cossim in his place.

Then they pulled down Mir Cossim and re-established Jaffir.

This state of things could not be allowed to endure. Under pressure the East India Company were compelled to seek the assistance of Clive.

For the third time Clive had to restore order.

He remained in India for eighteen months. As Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British possessions in Bengal he dismissed all those who were responsible for the corruption.

While he was away his enemies were busy. Moreover, the old fits of melancholia, which had caused him to attempt suicide on two occasions in his early days, returned with intensity.

One day, following the receipt of a batch of English newspapers, which disclosed the situation at home, Clive decided to return at once.

On a warm night in midsummer, 1767, a coach clattered over the cobbles of Berkeley Square, and drew up outside No. 45.

A crowd which had waited for hours, pressed forward to get a glimpse of the two men preparing to alight.

"Traitor!" someone cried. Hisses came from every quarter.

A brickbat smashed through the window of the coach. It was the signal for a bombardment. As the occupants stepped down, missiles flew.

One of the men laughed grimly. "What a change, Edmund, from our last home-coming!" he remarked.

That man was Lord Clive, disillusioned, ill, weary.

The national gratitude for his triumphs had turned to a universal hate.

"Success will bring ruin in the end," Clive's wife told him when he left her, despite all her pleading, to go to India. She was a wise prophet.

It was not long before he had to defend himself against the accusations that he had enriched himself at the expense of India.

He was accused of accepting gifts from the native princes. But Johnstone, his chief accuser, had accepted more than Clive.

People pointed to Clive's wealth and magnificence, his



house in Berkeley Square, his palace in Shropshire, and another at Claremont in Surrey.

As the head of the Indian Army Clive had been a careful spender, satisfied with the smallest comforts.

But when he put away his military uniform he affected gay and luxurious clothing. He had a wardrobe absurdly overstocked.

It is said that he once gave orders for "two hundred shirts, the best and finest that can be got for love or money." His follies, of course, were exaggerated by Clive's enemies.

Again affairs in India were becoming precarious. Clive was blamed for the maladministration of Bengal, although his policy which had settled affairs had been abandoned by the officials of the East India Company.

Abuses that he had suppressed were revived. The situation was aggravated by the failure of the rains in the summer of 1770. Rivers shrank; famine decimated the population. Bodies blocked the streets of Calcutta. No one could be found to bury them.

When such intelligence reached England it was used as a further weapon against Clive.

There was clamour for an inquiry. Clive was hated everywhere. Discussion took place in Parliament.

Clive rose to reply to the attack. In a remarkable speech, calm but firm, he cleared himself of accusations made against him in respect of his last administration. But his enemies returned to the assault against his earlier regime.

A committee was appointed to inquire into the whole matter. All the evidence was sifted with the minutest care.

Clive was examined and cross-examined before the Committee of the House of Commons. He admitted that he had received large sums of money from Mir Jaffir, but denied that there was any dishonour in so doing.

He described how wealthy bankers had offered him huge rewards, how jewels had been piled at his feet, and finished, "By God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation."

The House rose before the inquiry was complete. It was resumed next session.

By that time there were some who remembered that but for Clive the riches of India would have been lost to the English crown.

Reasonable men felt that Clive had a good case, though they could not hold him blameless.

While the inquiry proceeded Clive was invested with the Order of the Bath in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. At a private audience King George III assured him that he had never lost his confidence.

Charges in a definite form were soon brought against Clive. Burgoyne, chairman of the committee, was the accuser. Thurlow, the Attorney-General, one of the chief assailants.

In a speech on his own behalf Clive said, "I have a conscious innocence. And before I sit down I have one request to make—that when Members come to decide upon the question of honour, they will not forget their own."

He retired from the House. Making his way to the old house to which he had first taken his wife, Margaret Maskelyne, he remarked to her brother, Edmund: "It is a mistake for a soldier to live too long."

Left alone in the house, empty except for a caretaker, he sat down on his favourite chair. His head throbbed. Melancholia crept over him.

The desire to end it all was again uppermost.

In the House of Commons the debate went on. The sun was well above the horizon. No decision had been taken. Then Wedderburne, the Solicitor-General, moved that Clive had rendered great and meritorious service to his country.

The motion was carried without a division.

Slumped in his chair, Clive was in the depths of despair, awaiting the news which he expected Edmund to bring.

Then his wife, who had kept away from him since his return from India, arrived to keep vigil with him.

Instead of Edmund Maskelyne, it was the Prime Minister who came.

Telling Clive the result of the debate, he added: "And I am commanded by His Majesty the King to convey to you his appreciation of the great services you have rendered to the country."

FEBRUARY 26TH

*Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford*

THOMAS PITT, Lord Camelford, was incorrigible.

His parents tried to keep down his fiery temper as a boy. They found it hopeless.

His dangerous eccentricities continued throughout life, which was short and exciting.

He died at 29 following a duel of his own seeking.

Born on February 26th, 1775, at fourteen Camelford was a midshipman under the command of Captain Vancouver. He accompanied that officer in the *Discovery* on a trip of exploration.

Owing to his refusal to obey orders Camelford was treated with a discipline more than ordinarily rigid.

This seems to have rankled in the boy's mind. Six years later when Camelford returned from another voyage, having in the meantime become a lieutenant, he sent a challenge to Captain Vancouver.

The captain replied that the iron discipline was Camelford's own fault. He offered to submit the affair to arbitration.

Camelford objected to this way of settling the dispute and, meeting the captain one day in Bond Street, he was about to knock his senior officer down when his brother intervened.

Two years later Camelford's temper led to the death of a brother officer and a court-martial.

On January 13th, 1798, two English vessels, the sloop *Favourite*, commanded by Camelford, and *Perdrix*, temporarily under the command of First Lieutenant Peterson, were lying in the harbour of Antigua.

Camelford, who was commanding officer of the harbour in the absence of Captain Fahie, of *Perdrix*, issued an order which Peterson would not obey on the ground that Camelford had no right of command over the vessel of a senior officer.

Camelford used high words. Peterson retaliated. The crews of each vessel joined the dispute and lined up facing each other.

Peterson drew his sword. Camelford called out the marines. The opposing forces were drawn up in lines at a distance of four yards.

Camelford drew a pistol and, walking up to Peterson, said :  
“Do you still disobey my orders ?”

“Yes, I do persist,” replied Peterson.

Camelford shot the lieutenant dead.

The coroner’s jury returned a verdict that Peterson “lost his life in a mutiny.”

At the subsequent court-martial, which lasted for five days, Camelford was “honourably acquitted.”

Soon afterwards Camelford resigned his commission.

In the following year he became so exasperated at the horrors of the French Revolution that he determined to go to Paris and put an end to some of the rulers there.

On January 18th he went to Dover by coach, and telling the story that he wanted to sell some muslins in France, he asked a boatman to take him across the Channel.

An appointment was made for the start at six o’clock the following evening.

Meanwhile the boatman became suspicious and came to the conclusion that Camelford was an absconding robber.

As soon as he took his seat in the boat he was seized and taken to London. On him were found a brace of pistols, a two-edged dagger, and a letter in French addressed to someone in France.

When he appeared before the Duke of Portland, Secretary of State, he was recognized.

A Privy Council was summoned, and the parties who had arrested Camelford were examined.

The matter was reported to Prime Minister Pitt, who was Camelford’s cousin.

In the end Camelford was released and granted the King’s pardon, discharging him from the penalties of the Act which laid it down that it was a capital offence for anyone to attempt to embark to France.

Camelford was soon involved in another scene. He was taken to the watchhouse and charged with an assault of a certain Mr. Humphries in a box at Drury Lane Theatre.

The evidence showed that Camelford had repeatedly knocked Humphries down because he had remonstrated with Camelford for intruding into the box.

Camelford appeared at the Westminster Sessions, but instead of pressing the case here, Humphries took him to the High Court for damages, and secured £500.

The duel which caused Camelford's death arose out of a foolish dispute.

Having been told that his friend, Mr. Best, had said something derogatory about him to a mutual friend, Mrs. Simmonds, Camelford sought out Best at Prince of Wales's coffee-house and shouted :

"I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms."

Best denied it ; but Camelford called him "a scoundrel, a liar and a ruffian." There was but one course. Seconds were appointed to fix time and place for the duel.

Information was lodged at Marlborough Street to prevent the duel, but the police officers allowed it to go on.

Best made every attempt to settle the dispute without recourse to pistols, but Camelford was determined that the fight must take place.

Camelford and Best rode on horseback to the Horse and Groom, Kensington, followed by a post-chaise, in which were the two seconds.

At the inn the parties dismounted and walked to the fields behind Holland House.

At thirty paces they faced each other.

The signal was given. Camelford fired without effect. There was no answering report from Best's pistol.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Best.

Camelford did not reply.

Up went Best's pistol arm. Taking steady aim he fired.

Camelford toppled over. And when the seconds and Best ran to his assistance the peer clutched the arm of his antagonist : "Best, I am a dead man," he said faintly. "You have killed me, but I freely forgive you."

FEBRUARY 27TH

### *John Evelyn*

IF the schemes of John Evelyn had been adopted, London would have been a city of gardens.

Gardening and afforestation were obsessions with Evelyn. He visualized plantations of trees and the prohibition of the "exorbitant increase of tenements, poor and nasty cottages near the City, which dispenses and takes off from the sweet-

ness and amenity of the charms of London and are already become a great eyesore in the grounds opposite to His Majesty's Palace of Whitehall."

Though Evelyn was unpractical in some things, he was practical in others.

He was commissioner for improving the streets and buildings of London. He was appointed to inquire into the administration of charitable organizations, and was Commissioner of the Mint.

He was also one of the first members of the Board of Trade, which Charles II established in 1672.

But an even more valuable contribution to posterity was his advocacy of general afforestation. He himself made a big step forward by laying out his gardens at Sayes Court, Deptford, and his paternal home at Wotton, near Dorking, Surrey. His expenditure on the planting of trees at the latter place amounted to £100,000.

It was the scarcity of timber for the Navy which caused Evelyn to become interested in this science. He wrote "*Sylva, a Discourse on Forest Trees.*" The book was printed by order of the Royal Society, and soon afterwards millions of forest trees were planted. There would have been few woods in England to-day, but for Evelyn.

John Evelyn was born at Wotton House, Dorking, on October 31st, 1620. A younger son of Richard Evelyn, high sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, he refused to go to Eton, and was educated at a free school.

In February, 1637, he was admitted to the Middle Temple and became a fellow commoner of Balliol College, Oxford.

He failed to take a degree at the University, and when his father died, in 1640, he crossed to Holland, and was enrolled as a volunteer in the English Army in the Lowlands.

Evelyn's military experience appears to have been brief, being limited to six days of camp life.

He returned to England in the autumn of 1641 to find the country on the verge of civil war.

Though on the side of the King, Evelyn's activities on behalf of the Crown were merely nominal. He put in an appearance at the Battle of Brentford, but appears to have arrived too late. Here is the entry in his diary concerning the conflict:

"November 12th was the Battle of Brentford, surprisingly

fought. I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat, but was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th by reason of the army marching to Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to His Majesty . . . and on the December 10th returned to Wotton, nobody knowing of my having been in His Majesty's army."

Evelyn returned to Wotton, where he found the task of improving his brother's property a much more pleasant business than facing shot and shell.

But it was impossible for him to avoid taking sides. He was forced in the end to sign the Covenant to support Charles I, and found it "impossible to evade doing very unhandsome things."

The only thing to do was to go abroad. Having obtained the King's permission, he left for France and visited Italy. In 1646 he returned to Paris, when he became friendly with Sir Richard Browne, the English resident at the French Court.

In June next year he married Browne's daughter Mary, then a child of twelve. She was her father's heiress.

He left her in the care of her parents, and returned to England to look after his affairs.

He paid a visit to Charles I at Hampton Court in 1647, and seemed instinctively to recognize the early eclipse of the Stuart.

He obtained permission to return to Paris. In 1651, following the defeat of Charles II at Worcester, he decided to return to England in the hope of finding favour with the Commonwealth Government.

Sayes Court, Deptford, which belonged to Sir Richard Browne, had been seized by the Parliament. He induced the occupiers to sell out for £3,500. After the Restoration his title was officially recognized.

He was joined by his wife. His eldest son, Richard, was born in 1652.

Evelyn was one of the original promoters of the scheme for the formation of the Royal Society, which received its charter from Charles II in 1662.

Meanwhile the Commonwealth had offered him certain posts which he refused, and he continued to correspond with Prince Charles, at the same time using his influence in England for the return of the exiled prince.

He tried to persuade Colonel Herbert Morley, then Lieutenant of the Tower, to declare for the King.

After the Restoration Evelyn was continually in favour at Court, though he never held an important political office. Generally he was asked to sit on commissions and take difficult and laborious offices which brought him very little income.

In 1664 he was put in charge of the sick and wounded Dutchmen brought to England from the war.

Like Pepys he stuck to his post during the Great Plague, but sent his family to Wotton.

The impecunious Charles II was unable to pay Evelyn's accounts for the accommodation and treatment of the Dutch prisoners, and for over twenty years afterwards he continued to petition for payment of his expenses.

In 1672 Evelyn was secretary of the Royal Society. It was at his instigation that the Duke of Norfolk presented the Arundel marbles to Oxford University and the Arundel library to Gresham College.

During the reign of James II Evelyn acted temporarily as a Commissioner of the Privy Seal. This was a trying time for him, for James had now declared for the Roman Catholics, and, as a staunch Protestant, he refused on two occasions to license the illegal sale of Roman Catholic literature.

When the Revolution of 1688 occurred Evelyn sided with the new regime, and was made Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital for Old Sailors. He laid the foundation stone of the new building on June 30th, 1696.

He died on February 27th, 1706.

## FEBRUARY 28TH

### *King Christian IV of Denmark*

WHEN Christian IV, King of Denmark and Norway, paid a visit to England, in 1608, unusual things occurred at the Court of James I of England.

Christian, as a young man, was one of the brightest spirits in Europe. His good humour was irresistible, and the usually depressed James appears to have had a somewhat hectic time, for both Kings got hopelessly drunk and remained in that condition for some days.



Sir John Harrington, one of King James's courtiers, has left an amusing account of one of the revels held to celebrate the visit of the Danish King.

"We had women, and indeed wine, too, of such plenty as would have astonished each beholder," he writes.

"Our feasts were magnificent, and the two Royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table.

"I think the Dane had strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I could never get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion and wallow in beastly delights.

"The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the Parliament did kindly to provide His Majesty so seasonably with money, for there have been no lack of good living, shews, sights, and banquetings from morn till eve."

Sir John goes on to tell the extraordinary story of one feast.

After dinner the chamber was transformed into a representation of Solomon's temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba.

The Earl of Salisbury, master of the ceremonies, had prepared a tableau for the edification of the two Kings, which was expected to be unique in the annals of the English Court.

Unfortunately, things went wrong.

"Alas!" says Harrington. "The lady who did play the Queen's part did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets in His Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I think it was rather in his face.

"Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean."

The King of Denmark was by no means upset by this mishap. He got to his feet, somewhat unsteadily, and insisted upon dancing with the Queen of Sheba. But he had not taken more than two or three paces when he, too, collapsed and had to be carried into an inner room and laid on the State bed.

The cream jelly, cakes, wine, spices, and other good things which clung to his garments made a mess of the costly draperies of the bed.

The entertainment went on while King Christian tried to recover his senses.

Meanwhile Faith, Hope and Charity appeared in rich dress. But, records Harrington, "wine did so occupy their upper chambers" that when Hope attempted to speak, her speech was so feeble that she had to withdraw, hoping that the King would excuse her brevity.

Faith's effort was no better. Indeed, she was unable to open her mouth, and left the Court in a staggering condition.

Charity did a little better. She bowed and brought her gifts, murmured that there "was no gift which heaven had not already given His Majesty," and lurched out, forgetting to leave the things she had brought.

Next appeared Victory in bright armour. But she belied her name. She had brought a rich sword to present to the King, but made such a stupid recitation, that she, too, had to be conducted outside, and put to sleep on the steps of the ante-chamber.

The last was Peace—a strange sort of Peace—for she was in a very bad temper. Instead of gracefully presenting her olive branch to the King she used it to belabour everyone in her vicinity. She also was conducted out of the presence of the King to join her companion virtues.

This visit to England was probably one of the brightest periods in the life of Christian IV, for thereafter he was fated to be always in trouble.

Christian was born in 1577, and was the son of Frederick II, King of Denmark, and Sophia of Mecklenburg. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in 1588, at the age of 11.

At 22 he married Anne Catherine, a daughter of Joachim Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg. She died fourteen years later, leaving six children.

Four years after her death the King married a handsome young gentlewoman named Christina Munk, by whom he had twelve children. This alliance was ultimately disastrous to Denmark.

King Christian's Court was the jolliest in Europe. Yet he found time to do much for his country. He built new fortresses and increased the Danish navy to thrice its strength, at the same time forming a large army.

The first experiment with the army came in the war with Sweden in 1613, when Denmark was victorious.

Flushed with this success he turned his attention to Germany, but it was some years before he regarded the moment opportune. At the earnest solicitation of the Western Powers, Christian intervened in the 'Thirty Years' War as the champion of the Protestants.

On May 9th, 1625, he left Denmark for the front with about 20,000 men, but in the August of the next year he was badly routed by Tilly, a disaster that was repeated the following year.

In 1628 Christian was in such extremity that he had to form an alliance with his old enemy, Sweden.

His domestic happiness also was broken. He discovered an intrigue between his wife and one of his German officers.

Gradually Christian regained a hold on the foreign policy of Denmark which he had lost for more than ten years. But Sweden became irritated with the way he handled Scandinavian affairs, and decided upon war.

In May of 1643 Sweden declared war, and by the following January the peninsula of Jutland was in her hands.

Denmark was paralysed with fear, but Christian, now in his 64th year, was not beaten. He worked night and day to levy armies and equip fleets.

In July, 1644, the Danish and Swedish fleets met. Christian himself stood on the quarter-deck of the *Trinity*, and though wounded in thirteen places by splinters of wood and metal, he remained on deck till the fight was over.

When darkness came the fleets were separated and the battle was drawn. The Danish fleet, however, were able to blockade the Swedes in Kiel Bay for some time.

Carelessness allowed the Swedish fleet to escape, and with their allies, the Dutch, they inflicted complete defeat on the forces of King Christian, who was ultimately compelled to accept the mediation of France and the United Provinces.

The last years of King Christian were embittered by family troubles. On February 21st, 1648, he was carried in a litter to Copenhagen, where he died a week later.

FEBRUARY 29TH

*Rossini*

THERE is a legend connected with Leap Year Day which is supposed to explain the privilege granted to woman to propose marriage.

It relates to a love-affair between St. Bridget and St. Patrick.

One day St. Patrick was walking beside the waters of Lough Neagh when he met St. Bridget. With tears in her eyes, she reported that the nuns in her establishment had mutinied. It appears they claimed the right to propose to any eligible bachelors they fancied.

Moved by the tears of St. Bridget, St. Patrick promised to concede the privilege once in seven years. To which she replied something like this: "Patrick, darlint, I can't go back to the girls with such a proposal. Can't you make it one year in four?"

She accompanied her plea with a good hearty squeeze which even the staid St. Patrick could not resist.

"Squeeze me that way again," said St. Patrick, "and I will make it Leap Year—the longest of them all."

Whereupon St. Bridget had the audacity to propose to St. Patrick.

Of course, he had made vows of chastity and could not, therefore, take a wife. Instead, he kissed her and presented her with a silk gown. Thus was established the tradition that a rejected member of the fair sex should receive a forfeit.

There is more fact in another story of the origin of the tradition. In the year 1288, which, of course, was a Leap Year, Scotland passed an Act of Parliament which, translated into modern English, was as follows:

"During the reign of her most blessed Majesty, Margaret, every maiden lady, whether of high or low estate, shall have liberty to claim the man she likes. If he refuse to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one hundred pounds or less as his estate may be."

The only saint to take his place in the calendar for February 29th is St. Oswald. He was an Anglo-Saxon archbishop who was canonized for assisting Dunstan and Odo in reforming

the Anglo-Saxon church, and establishing a new order of celibacy among the priesthood.

The subjection of the Church of England to Rome can be dated from the time of St. Oswald.

Oswald was of Danish extraction and was the nephew of Archbishop Odo, who made him a canon of the old Canterbury Minster.

But Oswald could not stand the jovial manners of the married clergy. He, therefore, left England to enter the abbey of Fleury in France, where he soon became celebrated for the strict regime of his life.

When Archbishop Odo died in 961, he returned to England just in time to see the old man before he died. He was induced to remain in this country by his relative, Oskitel, Archbishop of York.

Dunstan had just been elected to the See of Canterbury and he appointed Oswald to the bishopric of Worcester. In this city the new bishop found many married clergy who offered a strong resistance to his proposal for reform on monastic lines.

At last Oswald found the others too strong for him, and he left the church and built a new church and monastery near it, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

He brought over a colony of monks from Fleury and they began services in opposition to the other party. People attended first one church and then the other. Eventually they deserted the old church, and the married priests had to give in.

In 972 Oswald was raised to the position of Archbishop of York. At the same time he retained the See of Worcester, as Dunstan was fearful that there would be a reversion to the old order without Oswald's influence.

Finally Dunstan and Oswald, at the conference of Calne in 978, succeeded in imposing their views on the clergy. Soon afterwards Oswald dismissed the old Anglo-Saxon priests from the principal churches in the diocese of Worcester, and substituted monks.

In 986 Oswald founded the abbey of Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, on property which he secured as a gift from Earl Aylwin. He established a school which afterwards became one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the country, directed by one of the monks, whom Oswald had brought from Fleury.

Oswald lived at Worcester, where he was renowned for his humility and charity. Towards the end of his life he succeeded in clearing out the Anglo-Saxon monks from the church of St. Peter, then the principal church of the diocese. From that time his new church of St. Mary became the cathedral.

In November, 991, he consecrated the church at Ramsey. On his return to Worcester he was taken ill and died suddenly. He was buried in the cathedral of St. Mary.

As Leap Year Day comes once in four years and sometimes at longer intervals, few eminent people have been born on that day. One, however, was Gioacchino Antonio Rossini, the Italian operatic composer, who was born in 1792.

Rossini was the son of the town trumpeter and inspector of slaughter-houses at Pesaro. From the age of seven he studied music at Bologna under various masters; in 1807 he entered the Bologna conservatorium.

He accompanied at the theatres and travelled with his father, who had now become a horn-blower.

Rossini wrote numerous small works for the theatres at Venice, Bologna and Rome. In 1813 he produced "Tancredi" at Venice and caused excitement all over Italy.

On February 5th, 1816, "The Barber of Seville" was brought out at the Argentino Theatre in Rome. Contrary to expectations, this opera was a complete fiasco on the first night. But next night the enthusiasm was so great that the audience demonstrated outside Rossini's house and insisted upon taking him to the theatre. The popularity of the "Barber" increased with every performance. Of all his works this opera has retained the most popularity.



**MARCH**





MARCH 1ST

### *St. David's Day*

FACTS about St. David, the patron saint of Wales, are fewer than those about the other patron saints.

Beyond the evidence that he founded a number of ecclesiastical establishments, and that he was "a mirror and pattern to all, instructing both by word and example, excellent in his preaching, but still more in his works," very little is known of him.

St. David is said to have been the son of a prince of Cardiganshire, of an ancient royal line. Another story is that he was the son of Xanthus, son of Ceredig, Lord of Ceredigion.

All kinds of miracles are attributed to him. An angel was present from the beginning to minister to his wants upon earth. He is said to have been responsible for the curative properties of the waters of Bath. With these waters he healed sickness and brought the dead back to life.

Wherever he wandered he was accompanied by a dove, which sat on his shoulder while he preached. The spot on which he stood to talk to the people was invariably raised at once into a small hill, so that he preached from a natural pulpit.

There is a "Life of St. David" written in Welsh among the Cotton MSS. which embellishes the career of St. David with remarkable tradition.

It gives the pedigree of St. David direct from the Virgin Mary, of whom he was the lineal eighteenth descendant.

"He was a doctrine to all," continues the "Life," "a guide to the religious, a life to the poor, a support to orphans, a protection to widows, a father to the fatherless, a rule to the monks, and a model to teachers ; becoming all to all, that so he might gain all to God."

St. David was an author. He is supposed to have written a "Book of Homilies" and a "Treatise against the Pelagians."

St. David is believed to have been educated at Menevia, afterwards named David's House.

He founded a convent in the Vale of Rhos, and is said

to have introduced a regime more severe than that practised by any other of the saints.

Following a synod at Brevy in the year 519, St. David was elevated to the archbishopric of Caerleon. This meant that he was chief of the Church in Wales. He removed the residence of the archbishop to Menevia.

The year of St. David's birth is not certain. For the purpose of the Church calendar it is given as 644, but there is good reason to believe that it was many years after this. His birthday is unknown.

The saint was buried in the cathedral.

In the Middle Ages England paid more attention to St. David than did his own country. Regularly on March 1st a special collect to St. David was read in the church of Old Sarum (Salisbury) which ran :

Oh God, who by Thy angel didst foretell Thy blessed Confessor St. David, thirty years before he was born, grant unto us, we beseech Thee, that, celebrating his memory, we may, by his intercession, attain to joys everlasting.

The people of Wales were encouraged to celebrate St. David's Day from earliest times. Most of the English kings gave gratuities liberally to members of the household.

Among the disbursement of the household of Princess Mary in 1544 was a gift of 15s. to the Yeomen of the King's Guard for bringing a leek to Her Grace on St. David's Day.

It is recorded that William III, to propitiate his Welsh subjects, wore a leek on the anniversary of the saint.

The leek was a favourite vegetable among Welshmen far back in history.

One Welsh historian says : "I have seen the greater part of a garden there stored with leeks, and part of the remainder with onions and garlic."

In "Cambrian Biography" Owen asserts that the symbol of the leek probably originated from the custom of Cymhortha, when the Welsh farmers, who were in the habit of helping one another at the plough, brought leeks to eat for their meals.

It is also said that the leek was worn in memory of a great victory over the Saxons because the leek was used to distinguish the Welsh from their enemies.

MARCH 2ND

*Lord Mansfield*

It was foolish to offend the Duchess of Marlborough in the heyday of her popularity at Court, but William Murray, the young barrister, who afterwards became Earl of Mansfield, once took a chance which might have interfered with his career.

Murray had been successful in an important action and there were many prominent people anxious to retain his services. The Duchess of Marlborough was one.

She sent Murray a retainer with a remittance for one thousand guineas. Murray replied, returning nine hundred and ninety-five, explaining that "the professional fee with a general retainer, could neither be less nor more than five guineas."

One night his noble client drove up to his chambers to find him out. She waited several hours until Murray returned from dining out.

She rounded on him smartly, and concluded, "Young man, if you mean to rise in the world you must not sup out."

Murray weathered that little storm to become one of the most learned judges at the English Bar. Through him the process of the law was speeded up, and if he had had his way completely there would have been far less of the scandal which Dickens exposed.

William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, was Chief Justice of England for nearly thirty years. During that time he attained more eminence than any of his contemporaries.

There is no dramatic story to tell of his life, no romantic rise from the lowest strata of society, for William Murray was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

"My success in life," he once observed, "is not very remarkable. My father was a man of rank and fashion; early in life I was introduced into the best company, and my circumstances enabled me to support the character of a man of fortune. To these advantages I chiefly owe my success."

Murray was the eleventh child of the fifth Viscount Stormont, by the only daughter of David Scott, the heir male of the Scotts of Buccleuch.

He was born on March 2nd, 1705, in the ancient palace of Scone, which stood upon the ruins of the famous abbey

where the kings of Scotland had been crowned from early time, and whence the stone of which they were anointed was removed to Westminster by Edward I.

At the age of thirteen William entered Westminster School, and a year had barely elapsed when he was elected King's Scholar, and five years later he entered himself at Christ Church with a foundation scholarship.

He became a member of Lincoln's Inn through the good offices of Lord Foley, and obtained his M.A. degree in 1730. Three months later he was called to the Bar.

At Oxford, Murray won a prize for a Latin poem; otherwise his University career was uneventful.

His legal knowledge was the result of private study. After seven years as a barrister his income had risen to £3,000 a year, mainly as a result of recommendations from his Scottish friends.

Two years after his call to the Bar he was engaged in a case arising out of the South Sea Bubble. His client was one of the dupes, and, although he lost the case, Murray was able to expose the ringleaders in that fantastic scheme.

About the year 1737 Murray fell in love with a young woman, who, however, preferred a Lincolnshire squire with a big rent roll.

During the next twelve months society saw little of Murray. He went to live at Twickenham, near his friend Pope, who, despite his habitual depression, seems to have cheered the lawyer with well-written verses.

Recovering from this love affair, Murray proposed to Lady Elizabeth Finch, a daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, and in November, 1738, they were married.

This marriage furthered his career, for the Earl was First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1742 Murray became Solicitor-General and was returned for Boroughbridge to the House of Commons. He proved to be one of the greatest of Parliamentary debaters.

In those days the Solicitor-General had to bear the brunt of all the Parliamentary battles, and Pitt was Murray's chief antagonist.

Once he was called upon to defend himself against the charge of having drunk the health of the Pretender, and again when Lord Charham in the House of Lords cast reflections upon Murray's ability and conduct as a judge.

In 1754 Murray was promoted to Attorney-General and was given the leadership of the House of Commons.

Murray was a great advocate, parliamentary debater and statesman, but he was an even greater judge.

During his lifetime he became known as the "Great Lord Mansfield."

In 1756, on the death of Chief Justice Ryder, there was no one more fitted to fill the vacancy than Murray. Parliament, however, was anxious to retain his services, and the Duke of Newcastle refused to allow Murray to leave the Government. He bribed him with the promise of important offices, but Murray could not be persuaded to relinquish his ambition of becoming Chief Justice.

He threatened to resign his office of Attorney-General. At last he was sworn Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and created a peer with the title of Baron Mansfield in the county of Nottingham.

In 1756 he declined the Great Seal, but in 1757 he had a seat in the Cabinet, and during the next twenty years he was one of the most conspicuous members of the House of Lords.

Lord Mansfield died on March 20th, 1793, in his 89th year. The last words to pass his lips were, "Let me sleep; let me sleep."

### MARCH 3RD

#### *Alexander Graham Bell*

ON the afternoon of June 2nd, 1875, there happened in an upper room in Court Street, Boston, Massachusetts, the accidental invention of the telephone.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and his assistant, Charles Williams, were experimenting with telegraph instruments when the contraptions which they were using went wrong.

Bell was trying to tune a transmission instrument with a receiving instrument. The two men were in different rooms with a wire running between.

This, in Williams's own words, is what happened:

"We were hard at work on the same old job, testing some modifications of the instruments.

"I had charge of the transmitters as usual, setting them squealing one after the other, while Bell was retuning

the receiver springs one by one, pressing them against his ear.

"One of the transmitter springs I was attending to stopped vibrating and I plucked it to start it again. It didn't start, and I kept on plucking it, when suddenly I heard a shout from Bell in the next room, and out he came with a rush demanding, 'What did you do then? Don't change anything! Let me see!'

"I showed him. It was very simple. The make-and-break points of the transmitter spring I was trying to start had become welded together, so that when I snapped the spring the circuit had remained unbroken while that strip of magnetized steel by its vibration over the pole of its magnet was generating that marvellous conception of Bell's—a current of electricity that varied in intensity as the air was varying in density within hearing distance of that spring.

"That undulatory current had passed through the connecting wire to the distant receiver, which, fortunately, was a mechanism that could transform that current back into an extremely faint echo of the sound of the vibrating spring.

"The speaking telephone was born at that moment."

Thereafter it was merely a question of working out details.

The first speaking telephone proper was hurriedly constructed to Bell's instructions.

It was a crude instrument, and by no means successful. It demonstrated, however, that Bell was on the way to success.

On the very day that Graham Bell patented his invention at the United States Patent Office, Elisha Gray, of Chicago, patented a similar device.

Priority of invention was contested in the courts. After a long case a compromise was arranged, and one company eventually acquired both inventions.

An early specimen of the invention was exhibited at an exhibition held in Philadelphia in June, 1876, at which Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) was one of the judges.

At a meeting of the British Association at Glasgow in the same year Sir William produced Bell's telephone, remarking: "It is by far the greatest of all the marvels of the electric telegraph."

Bell's discovery arose out of a benevolent desire to help the deaf.

He actually used a dead man's ear for his experiments. Knowing that the human ear was a vibrating instrument, he

placed at the back of the ear a straw, just touching the eardrum. The other end of the straw touched a piece of smoked glass.

Speaking into the ear, Bell found that the vibrations of the drum acted on the straw which made tiny markings on the glass.

"If this small disc can vibrate a bone," he said to his friends, "then an iron disc ought to be able to vibrate an iron rod, or an iron wire at least."

They laughed at him. Two of his backers refused to have anything more to do with him in the belief that Bell had gone mad.

"Abandon this foolish telephone idea," said the father of the woman Bell was about to marry, "or the marriage cannot take place."

But Bell went on with his experiments. At last the human voice was carried along the wire.

By the summer of 1877 Bell had considerably improved his invention. When the British Association met at Plymouth in that year a perfect type of telephone had been produced. It differed very little from the telephone in use to-day.

In August, 1877, Bell came to England with a set of up-to-date telephones with which—so someone said—he "intended to start the trouble in that country."

In January of the following year the telephone was exhibited at Osborne House before the Queen. She was able to speak over the wire to Sir Thomas Biddulph at Osborne Cottage.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh on March 3rd, 1847.

He died in August, 1922.

## MARCH 4TH

### *Saladin*

SALADIN, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, repeatedly beat the flower of the Crusaders' army.

At the siege of Acre, which Saladin defended for three years against the Crusaders, he showed a courtesy worthy of any Christian knight.

He sent presents of the most luscious fruit to the Kings



of England and France when they were attacked by fever.

Saladin was pious, liberal, a lover of justice and ardently religious. The hours of devotion were rigidly observed even in the midst of battle.

Often he gave away whole provinces. When he died he was possessed of practically nothing. Forty-eight pieces of money were the whole of his personal estate.

Every Monday and Thursday Saladin sat dispensing justice. Often he sat far into the night listening to petitions. None was refused a hearing.

Saladin was born in the castle of Tecrit on the Tigris. His father, Ayub, was a governor.

He accompanied the armies of his uncle Nouredin, Sultan of Aleppo, in his expeditions to Egypt. He distinguished himself, and on the death of his brother Shirakoh became Governor of Egypt, under his uncle. But he acted without the authority of Nouredin, and was called to account.

The partisans of the two men were arraying for battle when Nouredin died. The latter's heir was a boy of 11. Saladin succeeded in gaining the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria. Thereafter he assumed the title of Sultan.

Looking round for other fields to conquer he set his desire on Jerusalem.

He was quick to notice the quarrels among the Christians as to who should be the Sovereign.

On July 4th, 1187, was fought the Battle of Tiberias. Saladin was completely successful. The best part of the Christian army was taken prisoner.

Jerusalem capitulated. At Tyre Conrad de Montferrat still held out against the armies of Saladin.

The story of the Crusades to wrest the Holy Land from Saladin is the story of Richard Coeur de Lion, King of England.

When Richard arrived in Palestine the Christians were investing Acre. No siege in the Middle Ages was more remarkable than this.

The Christians held only three cities in the Holy Land when they decided to attack the town.

Saladin flew to the rescue of Acre, and would have annihilated the Christian attackers but for the fortunate arrival of twelve thousand new adventurers from Europe.

Further reinforcements arrived and in course of time the Christians were able to surround Acre.

The provisions inside the town began to fail. Saladin sent ships to reprovision the inhabitants. They reached the harbour but were met by ships belonging to the attackers.

In the fight the Allies used Greek fire, which seemed to burn more readily in contact with water.

Time after time Saladin attacked the besiegers or harassed their shipping.

The war in Palestine was concentrated around Acre. Famine affected both besieged and besieger.

It was at this juncture that Richard arrived. As he approached he saw a huge military concentration. Every country in Europe was represented. The walls of the city were covered with defenders. On the distant hills were the tents of Saladin, stretching as far as the eye could see.

The first attempt to take Acre failed.

Richard was confined to his bed by fever. The French king was also beset by disease. It was then that Saladin sent them fruit.

Richard was carried to the scene of battle on a mattress. As he lay there he discharged his arrows, killing many Turks.

At last the city surrendered and a truce was arranged with Saladin. Turks to the number of two thousand seven hundred were left as hostages for the due performance of the conditions. When Saladin found that Philip of France was unable to continue the attack and had withdrawn his army, Saladin renewed the assault in contravention of the treaty.

Richard slew the whole of the hostages.

The campaign went on with an assault by Richard on Ascalon, with Jerusalem his final object.

But Saladin continued to harass his forces. In the neighbourhood of Jaffa another severe battle was fought. There Richard fell ill with fever and was compelled to propose a truce. Richard suggested that Saladin's brother should marry his sister, become a Christian, and be crowned King of Jerusalem.

These negotiations came to naught. In September, 1192, however, a three years' truce was concluded.

On March 4th, 1193, Saladin died, worn out by warfare

MARCH 5TH

*Dr. Thomas Arne*

IN the early part of the eighteenth century it was customary for servants of gentry who were occupying boxes at the Opera to have free seats in the gallery.

There seems to have been no check on the bona fides of these servants. If they wore livery they were allowed in the Opera.

Young Thomas Augustine Arne discovered this facility and made good use of it.

Night after night he turned up in a suit of livery and was given a seat in the gallery without any question. If the other flunkeys found him uncommunicative, they put it down to an unconivivial temperament and left him alone.

Thus Arne was able to satisfy his craving for music.

He adopted other ruses to frustrate his father, who objected to his son's study of music. He hid an old spinet in an unused room of the house and, muffling the strings, he played the instrument when the family were asleep.

At Eton, where Arne was sent by his upholsterer father, the other boys complained frequently of his flute-playing. It ended in Arne senior bidding the boy to follow more serious pursuits.

Arne was articled to a solicitor, but during the three years that he studied ostensibly for the law he received lessons on the violin from Michael Festing, the leader of the famous concerts at the Crown and Anchor Tavern and musical director at Ranelagh.

He was such a rapid learner that in a few months he was able to lead private concerts.

One night the elder Arne attended a concert and heard his son play. At first he was annoyed and then astonished at his son's technique. There was now nothing to do but to withdraw his fruitless opposition, and the lad was able to continue his studies with renewed ardour.

The musical craze did not stop with Thomas. The whole family caught the lad's enthusiasm and his brothers and sisters filled the house with the sounds of various instruments.

One sister discovered that she had a sweet voice of good range. Arne himself taught her and she was barely 18 when

she made her *début* at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

She met with immediate success and this induced Arne to write an opera specially for her. He called it "Rosamond" and it was produced at the theatre at which she had made her first appearance. It not only increased his sister's popularity but it placed Arne himself on the first rung of the ladder.

Miss Arne afterwards became the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber.

Two months afterwards, Arne brought out at the Haymarket Theatre a burlesque opera, adapted from Fielding's "Tom Thumb, or the Tragedy of Tragedies," and called the "Opera of Operas." Arne was prejudiced against the Italian dramatic style, and this piece travestied it to such purpose that it was doubtful whether the public would approve.

But society entered into the spirit of the humour, and it was well received.

His younger brother, who had appeared in "Rosamond", played one of the leading characters.

In 1736 Arne married Cecilia Young, a popular vocalist, and in the same year he wrote "Zara." In 1738 a work was produced under the management of Garrick at Drury Lane Theatre which disclosed that Arne was amongst the first rank of musicians. This was his music for the revival of Milton's "Masque of Comus."

In 1740 Arne wrote the music of Thompson and Mallet's "Masque of Alfred" out of which was taken the tune "Rule, Britannia." This work was performed at Clifden, the home of Frederick, Prince of Wales, on August 1st, the anniversary of the Hanover succession. It celebrated the marriage of the Princess of Brunswick. In 1746 it was reproduced in public with certain alterations, and again in 1751.

In 1742 the composer and his wife went to Ireland, where both had professional engagements. By this time Arne had attained great popularity as a result of his Vauxhall Gardens songs.

On his return from Ireland, Garrick engaged him as composer at Drury Lane, and next year Arne and his wife performed, during the theatrical recess, at Vauxhall Gardens, where his wife sang her husband's songs.

Soon afterwards he was appointed principal violin at Drury Lane. When Garrick revived several Shakespearean

plays Arne set to music some of the lyrics. Thus he produced "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" and "Under the Greenwood Tree."

One of his most popular songs, written for Vauxhall Gardens, was "Where the Bee Sucks," a composition which is generally regarded as possessing real genius.

About this time Arne took his degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford.

Arne has been credited with antipathy for Handel, and it is said that he gave oratorios during the season of Lent in opposition to that composer. But an examination of the advertisements in the newspapers of that time proves this to be incorrect. He gave a few performances of his oratorio "Abel," first produced at Drury Lane in 1755, but his oratorio "Judith" was not written until 1764, five years after Handel's death.

The work which brought the most fame to Arne was his "Artaxerxes," the libretto of which was translated from Metastasio's "Artacerses." He sold the copyright of this for sixty guineas, which was then regarded as a large sum for a musical composition.

It was an unusual mixture of Italian, English and Scottish music.

The character of Mandane in this opera was regarded as a good test of the powers of any woman who pretended to be competent as an English dramatic singer. The part was originally written for Miss Brent, Arne's pupil. The other principal characters were played by Italians.

In 1765 Arne wrote his Italian opera "Olimpiade" produced with success at the King's Theatre. In the same year his wife died.

He continued his successful career as a composer until within two years of his death, which took place at the age of 68 on March 5th, 1778.

He was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

MARCH 6TH

*George Hudson*

GEORGE HUDSON, a farmer's boy, rose from obscurity to become a "railway king."

He became Lord Mayor of York, chairman of the Midland Railway Company, and a friend of the Queen.

But he began to manipulate the shares of his company. A committee of inquiry was appointed. Dishonest dealings were brought to light. Hudson fell back into obscurity.

Hudson was the fifth son of a farmer of Howsham, on the Yorkshire Wolds, and was born on March 6th, 1800.

After a few years' schooling George had to face the world. His father died when he was 9.

At 15 he left home, went to York and was bound apprentice to William Bell, shopkeeper, of College Street.

Hudson stuck to his job and was later offered a share in the business.

At 21 he married Elizabeth Nicholson, daughter of a solicitor, who was an assistant in the shop.

When William Bell retired, the couple, who lived on the premises, took over the business and renamed it Nicholson and Hudson.

For six years Hudson's ambition did not rise above silks, satins and laces. But in 1827 a great-uncle, Matthew Bottrill, died at the age of 70 and left George £30,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson moved to larger premises in Monk Gate. For a time Hudson was content with his fortune. He became a pillar of the Church and a staunch Conservative.

Soon he turned himself to big business.

After George Stephenson had demonstrated the "Rocket," many attempts were made to exploit railways.

In December, 1833, a group of business men gathered in a back room of Tomlinson's Hotel in York. In the chair was a coal merchant named Meek.

They had met to discuss the possibility of bringing to York one of the newfangled railways about which there had been considerable excitement since the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway three years before.

A committee was formed and Hudson became treasurer. He obtained an introduction to George Stephenson and

planned to make York the pivot of all future extensions of railways in Britain.

In 1837 work began at the instance of Hudson on a new line from York to the North Midlands.

A new plan to connect England with Scotland with railway tracks was the next scheme to be discussed. A meeting was held at Newcastle, and Hudson was easily able to persuade his listeners to come into the concern.

By September, 1843, London was beginning to take notice of Hudson. He began to be known as "The Railway Napoleon" and "The Railway King."

In 1845 Hudson decided to contest Sunderland for the House of Commons. A by-election enabled him to win the seat.

Hudson next got control of the Eastern Counties Railway which ran to London. There was a mania of railway speculation. Hudson gave rosy promises to shareholders, and demanded more and more capital for his schemes.

The man who controlled one thousand miles of railway tracks went to London and tried to take society by storm. He attended one banquet after another, visited Lord Londonderry, the Prime Minister, the Duke of Leeds, and in a blaze of glory prepared to take his seat in Parliament.

York and Sunderland idolized him, and London looked forward to his first speech in the House.

He was now a millionaire. He paid £15,000 for a house in Hyde Park and spent £14,000 on its decoration. His home was besieged by strangers seeking his companionship or asking for financial tips.

On March 21st, 1846, Hudson was introduced to the Prince Consort, and amused everyone by his blunt replies to questions.

When the Duke of Wellington called at Albert House to ask Hudson's advice about the railway shares of his sister, the magnate took the opportunity to ask the Duke to call and see his daughter, who was not happy at a school near London because she was cold-shouldered by the young aristocracy.

A few days later the Duke called at the school and presented the girl with a bouquet.

On July 5th, 1847, Queen Victoria and her Consort travelled by special train to Cambridge. In a white bonnet

and peach-blossomed satin dress, she wished Mr. Hudson "Good morning."

The Royal carriage was coloured white and gold, and had elaborate furnishings.

At Cambridge Hudson opened the door for the Queen, who took his arm and walked to a pavilion, preceded by the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk. "Really it is beautiful. It is most gratifying," remarked the Queen.

This was the height of Hudson's eminence. Then depression came; railway stocks slumped.

A rival East Coast railway was opened and ruined Hudson's Eastern Counties railway.

A shareholders' meeting of the York and North Midland Railway took place at York.

A shareholder asked if "The Railway King" had been using the money of one railway to bolster up another.

Two London stockbrokers made a close examination of stock purchases.

It was the end of Hudson. A committee was appointed. The report wrecked "The Railway King."

It was found that during the issue of stock on the amalgamation of the Newcastle and Berwick and Newcastle and North Shields Railways, he had appropriated shares to the value of £145,000 by omitting to enter the increase of issue in the company's books.

Other dishonest transactions were brought to light.

He died in obscurity on December 14th, 1871.

## MARCH 7TH

### *Collingwood*

"SEE how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!"

The French, Spanish and British fleets were manœuvring for the battle of Trafalgar. Collingwood with one line of ships and Nelson with the other were moving up towards the enemy.

Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, shot ahead of the rest of the fleet and penetrated the crescent formed by the enemy ships.



It was this action which drew from Nelson the exclamation quoted.

Collingwood almost rammed the Spanish admiral's ship. With extraordinary rapidity and precision Collingwood poured broadside after broadside into the *Santa Anna*.

The Spaniard was almost on the point of striking his flag, though he was in the centre of the line of thirty-three. In the nick of time other enemy vessels came to his assistance and hemmed in the *Royal Sovereign* on all sides.

The *Royal Sovereign* was being badly hustled when other British ships arrived and relieved the situation. Soon afterwards the *Santa Anna* was compelled to surrender.

Collingwood spent half his life at sea. His parents saw little of him before his marriage, and his wife and children saw less of him.

Cuthbert Collingwood was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 26th, 1750. He belonged to an ancient family whose means were rather slender.

He was sent to sea at the age of 11 under his uncle, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brathwaite.

In 1774 he was promoted lieutenant. Five years later he was given a command.

In the meantime he served with the Naval Brigade at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

In 1780 he was in command of the *Hinchinbroke*, a small frigate, under the command of Nelson, employed on an expedition to the Spanish Main. An attempt was made to pass into the Pacific by navigating boats along the river San Juan and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon.

The expedition failed, and most of those engaged in it fell victims to fever. When Nelson was given command of a larger vessel, Collingwood took his place.

In 1783 he was appointed to the *Mediator* in the West Indies, Nelson being in command at the station.

The activities were concentrated on preventing American ships from trading with the West Indies. According to the navigation laws, only British vessels were allowed to put into those ports.

In 1786 Collingwood returned to England, where he remained for seven years, except for a voyage to the West Indies.

In 1793 the war with France broke up his home. This

was the only period he spent with his wife and children. Two years before he had married Sarah Roddam.

He was present in the *Barfleur* at the great naval battle of June 1st, 1794, under Admiral Howe. He took part in the victory of Sir John Jervis (Lord St. Vincent) when the Spanish fleet was beaten off Cape St. Vincent.

His conduct in this battle called for universal admiration.

Soon afterwards he was engaged in a blockade of Cadiz, and then returned for a few weeks to Portsmouth to repair his ship.

In 1799 Collingwood was promoted vice-admiral. Hoisting his flag in the *Triumph*, he joined the Channel Fleet.

The fleet proceeded to the Mediterranean to watch the combined French and Spanish fleets.

The Peace of Amiens sent him back home, but in 1803 he was afloat once more. Again he held "a watching brief" with particular attention to the French fleet off Brest. For two years he carried on this wearisome job. On land Napoleon's struggle for the domination of Europe was proceeding.

Then it was learned that the enemy fleet had sailed from Toulon. Collingwood was appointed to the command of a squadron to chase them.

Meanwhile the combined French and Spanish fleets which had been operating in the West Indies returned to their base at Cadiz. On the way they met Collingwood with only three ships. He was chased by sixteen of the enemy, but eluded them.

When half the enemy vessels had moored themselves in the harbour, Collingwood reappeared, and by ingeniously convincing the French and Spaniards that his forces were much stronger than they really were, he tricked them into remaining in port.

Later they sailed out. The Battle of Trafalgar followed.

On the death of Nelson, Collingwood assumed supreme command.

Following the victory of Trafalgar, Collingwood was raised to the peerage as Baron Collingwood of Coldburne and Heathpool. He received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of £2,000 a year.

Collingwood was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean Fleet and kept watch upon the movements of the enemy.

His health began to fail, and he repeatedly petitioned the Admiralty to be relieved of his command.

The Government told him bluntly that they could not dispense with his services.

Collingwood made many attempts to compel the enemy to put to sea without result. His health became worse, and he died on March 7th, 1810, on board the *Ville de Paris* off Port Mahon.

## MARCH 8TH

### *Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte*

ONE of the most remarkable men who rose to eminence out of the welter of Napoleonic politics at the beginning of the nineteenth century was Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte.

Son of a French lawyer, he became King of Sweden and the founder of the present Swedish dynasty.

The career of Bernadotte is in some ways more amazing than that of Napoleon.

Although he fought zealously under the tricolour he had a contempt for Bonaparte.

Napoleon's opinion of Bernadotte was a mixture of fear and admiration.

Bernadotte was once commissioned to take a message from Napoleon to the Directory at Paris. The covering letter contained the following eulogy of Bernadotte :

*One of the staunchest friends of the Republic. One whose principles would as little allow him to capitulate with the enemies of freedom as with honour itself.*

Asked about this time his opinion of Napoleon, Bernadotte answered, "I have seen a young man of six or seven and twenty, who assumed the tone of a man of fifty, and this in my opinion bodes no good for the Republic."

Several times during the twenty years that Bernadotte was fighting for him Napoleon contemplated relieving him of all his commands. That step was never taken. It can only be assumed that Napoleon was afraid of the consequences.

Bernadotte was born at Pau on January 26th, 1764. At 17 he entered the French army as a volunteer, and served two years as a grenadier in Corsica.

His health failed and he got his discharge, but soon afterwards he re-enlisted. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was sergeant-major. Once he saved his colonel from the infuriated populace.

He rose rapidly. In 1794 he became chief of brigade, and almost immediately general of division. During the next two or three years he carried out hazardous commissions at the orders of Bonaparte in Italy and elsewhere.

After the peace of Campoformio, Bernadotte was relieved of half his command by Napoleon, who seems to have acquired a distrust for his officer.

Bernadotte demanded another command, threatening to resign if he did not get it.

The Directory made him ambassador to Vienna, but he returned to Paris, refusing to remain in office.

In August, 1798, Bernadotte married Eugenie Bernhadine Desiree, daughter of a merchant named Clary of Marseilles, and sister to the wife of Joseph Bonaparte.

When the campaign of conquest was renewed by Napoleon in 1799 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of one of the armies. In certain theatres Napoleon begun to suffer reverses. Bernadotte was recalled to Paris and appointed Minister of War.

There was no one at the time who could command the confidence of the whole nation. France's enthusiasm for war had died. Bernadotte laboured for three months to improve the morale of the soldiers.

Then he discovered an intrigue against him. He threw up his appointment and retired to his country house.

As the result of another change in French politics Napoleon appointed him Minister of State. Bernadotte continued to show an indifference to the wishes of the great man.

The breach between the two was widening. Then Joseph Bonaparte stepped in and brought about a temporary reconciliation.

The sequel was Bernadotte's appointment in 1800 to the command of the army of the West. Following the peace of Luneville he was chosen as representative to the United States.

War broke out again, however. Until 1804, Bernadotte was stadtholder at Hanover, where his prudence and clemency made him popular.

When Bonaparte became Emperor, Bernadotte was made marshal and received the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

Next he was called upon to renew hostilities with Austria. At the Battle of Austerlitz his army broke up the Russian forces. On June 5th, 1806, Napoleon made him Prince of Ponte-Corvo.

In the war against Prussia, he compelled the capitulation of General Blucher at Lubeck.

It was on this occasion that he behaved with kindness to one thousand five hundred Swedish prisoners and thus began an esteem for him in Sweden which eventually gained him the throne.

After the peace of Tilsit he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in North Germany and was instructed to attack Sweden and Finland.

The campaign was proceeding when the revolution in Sweden broke out in 1809, and King Gustavus IV was dethroned. For this and several other reasons Bernadotte did not continue his campaign and was ordered instead to the Danube to take command of the troops against Austria.

On the landing of the British at Walcheren Bernadotte was urged to take command of the defending troops. He called out the National Guard, and eventually forced the enemy to evacuate the island.

Meanwhile events in Sweden were moving apace. When Gustavus IV abdicated, his uncle assumed the Crown under the title of Karl XIII. He was childless. A brother chosen as heir died suddenly, and the Swedes began to look round for a Crown Prince.

On August 21st, 1810, the Diet elected the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, Crown Prince of Sweden and heir presumptive to the Crown, on condition of his adopting the faith as laid down in the confession of Augsburg.

Bernadotte agreed, acknowledged the Lutheran faith, and landed on October 20th at Helsingborg.

On the 31st he was presented to the Assembly, and on November 5th was adopted by Karl XIII under the name of Karl Johann. He took the oath at the foot of the throne as Crown Prince.

Next year Karl XIII resigned the government owing to ill-health. Bernadotte became Regent. When Napoleon

demanded a levy of two thousand Swedish troops, he refused.

In the French war with Russia in 1812, Sweden refused to help Napoleon.

In July, 1813, Sweden declared war against France. This bold stroke made Bernadotte generalissimo of the united army of North Germany, protected Berlin from the advance of the French, and drove the invader to the left bank of the Elbe.

He pursued the French to the frontiers of Germany, attacked Denmark, and compelled their separation from Napoleon. In three months the King of Denmark was compelled to accept peace.

On February 5th, 1818, Bernadotte became Karl XIV of Sweden. He reigned until January 1844. On his 80th birthday he was taken ill. He died on March 8th and was succeeded by his son Oscar I.

#### MARCH 9TH

##### *Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat*

SIMON FRASER, Lord Lovat, has come down in history with an unenviable reputation.

Neither contemporary nor modern writers have a good word to say for him. One describes him as "a hoary rebel who spent a long life without one single noble trait in his character."

This is hardly fair, for when Lord Lovat was beheaded on Tower Hill he met his death with courage and resignation.

He was the twelfth Baron Lovat, a Scottish chief and a Jacobite intriguer. One of his first acts after he left college, where he received a first-class education, was to recruit three hundred men from his clan to form part of a regiment for service on behalf of William and Mary.

It is said that he had an ulterior motive—namely, to have a body of trained soldiers ready to go over at a moment's notice to the service of the deposed King James II.

In 1699, on the death of his father, he assumed the title of Lord Lovat.

In France he became acquainted with the Old Pretender, and turned Catholic, premeditating a rising on behalf of the Stuarts. Before he could do anything he was arrested at

the instance of the English Ambassador in Paris and lodged in the Bastille. Here he remained for some years before making an escape in priest's clothes.

He formulated a plan for the landing of five thousand French troops at Dundee so that they could reach the passes of the Highlands in a short march and hold up the British troops until the whole of the Highlands had risen. He laid other details of the scheme before the advisers of the Pretender, but his ideas were disregarded and the rebellion of 1715 came without any help from Fraser.

In 1715, when the war began, he joined the troops of the British king and assisted in the capture of Inverness from the rebels. For this service he appears to have been confirmed in the title of Lovat.

For the next twenty-five years he was engaged mostly in lawsuits in connection with his property, and in intrigues first for one side and then the other. At last he gained the confidence of the government and was appointed Sheriff of Inverness.

It was not long, however, before he was suspected of disloyal acts and was deprived of his appointments.

In the 1745 Rebellion he joined the rebels. After the Battle of Culloden he was forced to retreat to the Highlands. When he was captured he was in an almost helpless condition through old age.

He petitioned the Duke of Cumberland for mercy; but there was little hope of this from "The Butcher."

He was brought in a litter to London.

On impeachment in the House of Lords, Lovat made a long speech. He drew attention to his infirmities, particularly his deafness, and pleaded that he had not heard a word of the indictment. He was allowed time to prepare his defence and was given four counsellors and three solicitors to conduct his case.

On Monday, March 9th, 1747, he was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall and faced the peers.

An indictment of treason was read by the Lord High Steward, and Lovat pleaded not guilty.

Five days were taken by the prosecution; on the sixth Lord Lovat made his defence. He complained that he had not been able to get all his witnesses to London, and wanted to call two people to prove that many of his witnesses had

been threatened with imprisonment if they gave evidence on his behalf.

The final scene took place on Tower Hill, a month later—April 9th.

There was a great concourse of people as Lovat walked up the steps of the scaffold.

The poor, decrepit old man, barely able to stand, gazed at the sea of faces.

With a somewhat cynical smile he murmured: "God save us; why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head, that cannot get up three steps without three bodies to support it?"

Then, turning round, and recognizing one of the friends who had helped him to the scaffold, he remarked: "Cheer up thy heart, man! I am not afraid; why should you be so?"

Of the executioner he asked that his clothes might be given to his friends with his corpse, and for this service he gave the man ten guineas. Picking up the axe, he felt its edge and said: "I think it will do."

He was placed on a chair whence he looked down at his coffin which lay on the scaffold, and repeated the inscription: "Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, beheaded April 9th, 1747, aged 80."

His hat, wig and clothes were removed, and a cap was put on his head.

The collar of his shirt was loosened, and Lovat knelt down at the block.

He took some minutes to adjust his head with the assistance of a warder, and then he requested to be allowed to pray. Afterwards he would give the signal by dropping his handkerchief.

Half a minute passed. The crowd became impatient. The prison doctor gave the sign of the Cross.

At last the handkerchief fluttered to the wooden stage.

Down came the axe, and the head of the most famous of Jacobite rebels fell into the black cloth.



MARCH 10TH

*Giuseppe Mazzini*

AMONG the many patriots that Italy has produced, none sacrificed more for his ideals than Giuseppe Mazzini.

Mazzini has been described as the "prophet of Italian unity" and Garibaldi its "knight errant," though neither really established the unity for which they fought.

Mazzini was born on June 22nd, 1805, at Genoa. He was the son of a physician. For six years he was unable to walk, but, having an extraordinary precocity in other respects, he soon learned a great deal from book study.

At the University of Genoa he was noted for his extreme kindness, generosity and virtue.

Intended for the law, young Mazzini, however, favoured literature, and his four years' study of law brought him no pecuniary benefit.

During those four years he wrote many essays and reviews. His first essay on "Dante's Love of Country" indicated the trend of Mazzini's own feelings.

In 1830 Mazzini joined the secret society of the Carbonari, and rose to a high position in the organization. He was sent on a secret mission into Tuscany; but the theatrical rites and so-called mysticism of the society were distasteful, and he was considering the possibility of forming a new society with a purely patriotic aim when he was betrayed to the Piedmontese authorities.

He was imprisoned in the fortress of Savona for about six months, but was released when it was found impossible to convict him without more evidence.

Certain conditions were imposed on him, however, which he could not accept, and he left Italy for France, living mostly at Marseilles.

It was while in his cell at Savona that his dreams of a united Italy took less fantastic shapes, but the belief in his mission was in no way diminished.

With a greenfinch for his only companion he meditated on the problem. At last he conceived the idea of the organization called "Young Italy," which afterwards became famous throughout Europe.

Its aims were the liberation of Italy from domestic and

foreign tyranny under a republican form of government. Its motto was "God and the people."

In April, 1831, Charles Albert, an ex-Carbonari conspirator, succeeded to the Sardinian throne. To him Mazzini wrote urging him to take the lead in the new struggle for Italian independence.

The letter was reprinted time and again and circulated all over Italy. Whereupon the Sardinian Government ordered Mazzini's arrest should he ever cross the border.

The "Young Italy" society issued a manifesto and published a journal which was smuggled across the frontier. This led to the formation of many branches of the society and consequent representations by the Sardinian Government to France. Finally, Mazzini found it necessary to retire into Switzerland.

During the next thirty years Mazzini appears to have undertaken long terms of voluntary confinement. Little is known of him during this period.

In 1838, however, he was concerned in a revolutionary movement which occurred in the Sardinian army. A number of conspirators were sentenced to death and executed. Another revolt occurred at Genoa but failed.

In the same year Mazzini produced in Switzerland a publication urging the emancipation of Savoy, while in February of the following year the frontier was crossed with a small army of German, Polish and Italian exiles. The attack broke down without the firing of a shot.

In 1834 was formed the "Young Europe" association, and soon afterwards a "Young Switzerland" society, both founded on the ideals of Mazzini.

In 1836 Switzerland gave notice to Mazzini to leave. England was the only country open to him; and here he came. But for months he fought against poverty, his experiences being detailed in his "Life and Writings."

As he gained a knowledge of the English language he began to write articles, many of a high quality.

Meanwhile he opened a free evening school, at which Italian children received the rudiments of an education. He also opposed the practice in Southern Italy of buying children and sending them to England to grind organs.

For some time, while Mazzini was in England, it was the practice of the British Government to open Mazzini's letters

and communicate the contents to the Neapolitan Government. This, it is said, led to the arrest of two Austrians who had planned an expedition against Naples.

There was a debate on the subject in the House of Commons. Finally Mazzini's character was vindicated.

In 1848 Mazzini returned to Italy and served under Garibaldi, but when it was found that the insurrection could not continue he went to Lugano.

Next year he was made a member of the Government of Tuscany formed after the flight of the Grand Duke, but the administration did not last long.

When Pope Pius IX withdrew from Rome and a republic was proclaimed soon afterwards, Mazzini was elected a member of the constituent assembly and later one of the Roman triumvirate with supreme executive power.

Mazzini succeeded for a time in maintaining order in the turbulent city by diplomacy unsupported by physical force. But a few months later the city was besieged by French troops intent on restoring the Pope.

The city capitulated, and again Mazzini had to flee to London, where he continued to plan insurrections that led to nothing.

In 1857 he was once more in Italy and was sentenced to death for the second time for conspiracies.

Returning to England, he continued his activities for a united Italy, urging the best men of his country to act.

Later he wrote a letter to Victor Emmanuel, appealing to him to put himself at the head of a movement for unification, and promising the support of the Republicans.

Unity came, but not quite as Mazzini had wished. When a monarchist flag flew over the country he was led to remark, "I bow my head sorrowfully to the sovereignty of the national will ; but monarchy will never number me among its servants or followers."

In 1865 Mazzini was elected by Messina as delegate to the Italian Parliament, but, feeling that he could not take the oath to monarchy, he never took his seat.

The remainder of his life was spent partly in London and partly at Lugano, and he died on March 10th, 1872.

The Italian Parliament expressed the sorrow of the nation, and he was buried at Genoa after a public funeral at Pisa.

MARCH 11TH

*William Huskisson*

COMMENTING on the accident which caused the death of William Huskisson, a biographer adds the somewhat callous observation: "He seems to have been noted from early life for a certain awkwardness in emergencies."

There was a certain justification for this remark, for, according to newspaper reports on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway on September 15th, 1830, Huskisson lost his head.

It was a day of wild excitement. The Duke of Wellington and about one thousand other notables had gone to Liverpool to witness the running of the first trains. Huskisson rode in one of the trains with the Duke and Sir Robert Peel.

A halt was made at Newton to obtain a supply of water, and Huskisson got down from his carriage.

The newspaper report proceeds: "Mr. H. was rather tardy in rejoining his fellow travellers, and, to regain his place, sprung up on the ladder of the carriage, at the same time throwing forward his hand on the latch of the coach-door to make a purchase with.

"The door swung back, and at this moment another engine, the 'Rocket,' advanced on the adjoining line. Mr. H., as I am informed, became nervous at this most critical moment, lost his hold and fell to the ground. The engine and two of the carriages attached passed over one of his legs below the knee, and much shattered the bone to the thigh upwards. The unfortunate gentleman shrieked dreadfully. . . .

"The Duke of Wellington, at the moment of the accident, called out, 'Huskisson, do get to your place! For God's sake get to your place!'"

But, as the newspaper adds, "the mischief was done."

Huskisson, a son of a gentleman farmer, was born at Moreton Court, Warwickshire, on March 11th, 1770. He was educated at various schools, and at the age of 19 went to live with his uncle in Paris.

When the revolution broke out in 1789, Huskisson sympathized with the revolutionaries, and he became the member of a club of Liberals, called the Society of 1789. As early in

his career as this he was delivering speeches on the currency question. One speech made a sensation among the English residents in France, and brought him to the notice of the English ambassador, Lord Gower, who made him his secretary.

After the big revolutionary moment of August 10th, 1792, Lord Gower and Huskisson returned to England, and frequently met Pitt at Lord Gower's house.

With his knowledge of French and French society he was regarded as an excellent candidate for the Aliens Office, and he was appointed to investigate the claims for relief of French emigrants.

Two years later he was made Secretary for War and the Colonies, and in 1796 was returned to the House of Commons as member for Morpeth.

It was some time before he took part in debates, no reason being assigned for his backwardness. Huskisson had allied himself to Pitt, and when the latter resigned in 1801 Huskisson went with him.

On Pitt's return to power in 1804 he became Secretary of the Treasury. When his leader died he went out of office into opposition.

In 1807, on the formation of the ministry of the Duke of Portland, he resumed the post of Secretary of the Treasury, retaining a reputation as an able financier.

He now formed an attachment to Canning, and would not take office while his friend was excluded.

Meanwhile he had represented Liskeard and Harwich in the House of Commons. In 1812 he took his seat for Chichester. On the appointment of Canning to the Embassy at Lisbon, Huskisson returned to office as Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He now found that younger men had beaten him in the race for promotion through his zeal in supporting Canning.

He did not oppose the Corn Law of 1815, despite his free-trade views.

In 1823 Huskisson succeeded Canning in the representation of Liverpool, and in the same year he was appointed to the office of President of the Board of Trade.

His free-trade ideas now began to take definite form, and appeared in minor legislation, causing a great deal of clamour and attacks against himself.

He was so clever with his arguments that he was able to convince those interests who maintained that they had been injured by the new legislation.

Some time after his appointment to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, Huskisson entered the Cabinet, and on the death of Canning he was given the seals of the Colonial Office in Lord Goderich's Ministry.

He remained in office under the Duke of Wellington, and was again criticized for doing so.

Then came the East Retford disfranchisement dispute and his resignation, which he did not intend to be a resignation.

Huskisson's withdrawal resulted in his friends of the Canning section also leaving the Government. They included Lord Palmerston, Mr. Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, and Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne.

They went into quasi-opposition to the Duke of Wellington. Had Huskisson lived he would no doubt have entered the Government of Lord Grey with his three friends.

#### MARCH 12TH

#### *Dr. George Berkeley*

"I HAVE," said Dr. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, "bestowed more pains on this work than on any of my other productions."

Berkeley referred to a book entitled "Virtues of Tar-water" in which he extolled the benefits of a concoction for curing various ailments.

Accused of exaggerating, Berkeley retorted: "To speak out, I suspect tar-water is a panacea."

Whereupon the newspapers of the day waxed sarcastic at the bishop's expense. Here is an epigram published in one periodical:

Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done ?  
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son ;  
She tells us all her bishops shepherds are,  
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.

A certain John Wishaw, a solicitor, writing to a friend on May 25th, 1744, gives a brief account of Berkeley and his tar-water :

"The Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, has published a book, of two shilling price upon the excellence of tar-water, which is to keep ye bloud in due order, and a great remedy in many cases. His way of making it is to put, I think, a gallon of water to a quart of tar, and after stirring it together, to let it stand forty-eight hours, and then pour off the clear and drink a glass of about half a pint in ye morn, and as much at five in ye afternoon. So it's become common to call for a glass of tar-water in a coffee-house, as a dish of tea or coffee."

The Bishop practised what he preached, stuck to his tar-water, and wrote a sequel to his previous work, called "Further Thoughts on Tar-water," being his last production for the Press.

Berkeley suffered from what he described as nervous colic and could obtain relief only from his own specific.

Apart from this obsession of Berkeley's, he was a remarkable man. He was a great philosopher and mathematician, though often unorthodox.

At Trinity College, Dublin, where he was educated, opinion was divided as to whether he was a fool or a prodigy. His subsequent career proves that he was no fool, for before he was 23 he won a fellowship.

Within three years he published his "Theory of Vision," in which he discussed the prevailing ideas of sight and touch.

He argued that a man born blind, could he be made to see, would be unable to recognize any object by sight which he had previously known by touch. Such person, too, would have no sense of the relative distance of objects.

This argument was proved in a strange way, eighteen years afterwards, when a young man, blind from birth, was suddenly restored to sight. He declared that he could not distinguish a dog from a cat by sight, and was so confused between his newly acquired faculty and his touch that he wanted to know which of the two senses were lying.

Next year Berkeley published his "Principles of Human Knowledge," in which he tried to prove that the common notion of the existence of matter was wrong, and that common articles of everyday use existed only as ideas in the mind.

He further developed this theory in "Three Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous," which, if it did not convince eighteenth-century scientists, gave him a reputation as a writer and the friendship of Dean Swift.

Meanwhile, from 1707, he had been engaged as a college tutor. In 1712 he paid a short visit to England, and in April, 1713, Swift presented him at Court.

He soon made himself popular in London and became chaplain to Lord Peterborough, whom he accompanied to the Continent, returning in August 1714.

From 1715 to 1720 he travelled again as tutor to the son of Dr. St. George Ashe, an Irish Bishop.

In 1721 the country was disturbed by the South Sea Bubble scandal, and Berkeley published an "Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain." In the same year he became chaplain to the Duke of Grafton in Ireland, and was in demand as a lecturer on divinity.

His first preferment in the Church was the deanery of Derry. He was no sooner settled in this post than he conceived an idea for converting the North American Indians. He proposed the building of a college in Bermuda as a missionary school. He offered to resign his deanery, worth £1,100 a year, and go out there as the first president at a salary of £100 a year.

Parliament considered the plan and gave its approval, and Berkeley made preparations to take a number of kindred spirits.

For seven years, however, Sir Robert Walpole made various excuses for withholding the charter and grant of £20,000 promised by the Government.

Meanwhile Berkeley had set sail for Rhode Island, accompanied by his wife—the daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

The whole scheme was doomed to failure, owing mainly to the breach of faith of Sir Robert Walpole, who eventually applied the money to other purposes.

After spending all the funds he could raise from his deanery and from other sources, Berkeley was forced to abandon his project for converting the Indians.

Through Dean Swift, Berkeley had made the acquaintance of the celebrated Vanessa, Mrs. Hester Van Homreigh, who, upon discovering that Swift was married, left Berkeley half her property. It appears that she had met him only once at dinner.

Bishop Berkeley, who was born on March 12th, 1684, at Pelerin, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, died at Oxford on Sunday, January 14th, 1753.



It was while he was seated with his family listening to the reading of a sermon that he fell back and died so quietly that he was believed to be asleep. When his daughter later brought him a cup of tea he was stiff and cold.

He was buried in Christ Church, Oxford.

Berkeley is described as "a handsome man, with a countenance full of meaning and benignity, remarkable for great strength of limbs, and, till his sedentary life impaired it, of a very robust constitution."

### MARCH 13TH

#### *Belisarius*

THE pathetic story told of the last years of Belisarius, "the Glory of the Romans," is a familiar one.

Aged, beggared, supposedly blinded by the order of his Imperial master, Justinian, this brave patriot has afforded an object lesson of how Fate sometimes rewards the noble.

But is this story true? It does not appear in literature until centuries after the period at which it occurred. Gibbon, the historian, did not believe it.

It was first told by John Tzetzes, a Greek writer of the twelfth century, and has thus formed a picturesque but tragic ending to the life of the great warrior. It has impressed Belisarius on the memory of students of history more, perhaps, than his career really justifies.

Notwithstanding, Belisarius must be numbered among the famous men of history.

His origin is doubtful. He was born about the year 505 at Germania, a city of Thrace, and he is said to have been brought up among the Goths.

He is first noted as a barbarian recruit in the private guard of Justinian before the latter ascended the throne. About the year 525 he was given a military command, and in 528 he was appointed general of the East.

Preparations were being made for an expedition against the Vandals with the object of recovering Africa for the empire when strife occurred in Constantinople, the capital of the eastern empire. The city divided into two factions, the blue and green, colours worn by rival charioteers at the circus.

Though the ringleaders of both factions were imprisoned, their parties united, released the prisoners, set fire to many public buildings, and declared the end of the reign of Justinian, crowning another emperor in his place.

Justinian decided upon flight, but was restrained by the empress. Her courage was a tonic to Belisarius who appeared with his guard and, marching through the smoking ruins, dragged the new emperor from his throne.

The consequent slaughter in Constantinople was promiscuous and unrestrained. About 30,000 were slain.

The African expedition took place next year with Belisarius at the head.

The Vandals of Spain had conquered Africa about a century before, and the Romans had confirmed the conquest of this province by treaties. The reigning monarch, Hilderic, was about to be deposed by his heir, Gelimer. Justinian interfered, ostensibly on behalf of Hilderic.

The army of Belisarius consisted of 5,000 cavalry and 10,000 foot. It was conveyed by 500 transports, which sailed in June, 533.

A proclamation by Belisarius that he was coming to the help of Hilderic caused Gelimer to put his rival to death. Whereupon Belisarius immediately proclaimed Africa a Roman province.

The campaign was disastrous for the Vandals. Carthage fell, and Africa again became a Roman dependency, Gelimer becoming a fugitive. Later he was captured and brought a prisoner to his own capital and into the presence of his conqueror.

In Constantinople Justinian was jealous of the success of Belisarius. He began to fear that his general would secure Africa for himself.

There were no grounds for this. Belisarius returned to Constantinople, where he received a welcome that few other subjects of Rome had received. A medal was struck with the effigy of Justinian on one side and that of Belisarius on the other. Beneath the head of the general appeared the inscription, "Belisarius, the Glory of the Romans."

Having conquered Africa, Justinian decided to attempt to regain Italy, then in the hands of the Goths. Under the pretence of reinforcing the garrisons in Africa, Belisarius sailed with an army, occupied Sicily without any difficulty,

dealt with a minor insurrection in Africa, and then proceeded to Italy.

Meanwhile negotiations were taking place between Justinian and Theodotus, ruler of Italy. Theodotus agreed to surrender the country in return for an estate in the east yielding 1,200 lb. weight of gold a year, but when his generals in Dalmatia won some minor victories he went back on the bargain.

Belisarius landed, took Naples after a siege of twenty days, and occupied Rome. Anticipating a siege of the city by the Goths, Belisarius lost no time in preparing a defence. The Pons Milvius, the only bridge of the Tiber near Rome, was so strongly fortified that Belisarius regarded it secure.

But when the Goths approached the bridge the small party left to guard it deserted, and the advance party of the enemy passed over.

Belisarius, knowing nothing of this, rode out of the city with a thousand men to observe the movements of the Goths. To his amazement he found himself surrounded by the attackers.

Divisions of the Goths were crossing the bridge, and the Roman general and his men fought with their backs to the wall.

It was an eventful day. The battle raged for hours, and when darkness came on Belisarius decided to retire into the city. Reaching the gates he found them closed against him, the Romans having believed a report that he had been killed.

A new charge against the Goths was necessary. This was carried out with such ferocity that the enemy thought that new and more powerful legions were being thrown against them. They retreated in disorder. Next day the siege of Rome began.

It lasted a year and, with no advantage on either side, a truce of three months was arranged.

At the end of this time the Goths withdrew, pursued and defeated by the Romans.

Belisarius finally returned to Constantinople, bringing with him Vitiges, the Goth king, captive.

He was received with courtesy by Justinian, who, however, still regarded him with distrust and jealousy.

When Syria was invaded by the Persians the Emperor decided to send Belisarius on the new campaign to keep him

at a distance. The general was recalled after two years. He had become too powerful for Justinian's peace of mind. Moreover, he had vast treasures which the emperor decided to seize.

No sooner had Belisarius arrived in Constantinople than his guards were taken away, his property confiscated, and his death resolved upon.

On the petition of Antonina, however, Justinian contented himself with exacting a fine of 3,000 lb. weight in gold.

The precise accusation against Belisarius has never been recorded.

Within a few months Belisarius was engaged in another campaign in Italy, which had risen in arms. This campaign was unsuccessful through Justinian neglecting to send sufficient supplies.

Belisarius asked for his recall. Soon after his return a conspiracy was discovered for the assassination of the Emperor. Belisarius, his chief supporter, was also to be murdered.

The general now went into retirement. Eleven years afterwards Constantinople was threatened by invasion from barbarians described as Bulgarians, but generally classed with the Huns.

They were within a few miles of the city when Belisarius was called upon to take a hand. He dispersed the hosts and saved the capital.

Four years later he was charged with being concerned in an attempt to murder the Emperor. His life was spared, but all his property confiscated.

It is said that his eyes were put out. It was the law that a blind man could not reign, and it is said that Justinian took this course to get rid of one whom he believed to be a rival for the Crown.

Whatever may be the truth of the blindness, it is certain that Belisarius was reduced to poverty and compelled to beg his bread.

He died on March 13th, 565.

MARCH 14TH

*John Russell, Earl of Bedford*

A STORM laid the foundations of the Russell family, from which the Dukes of Bedford have sprung.

On January 11th, 1506, three foreign vessels appeared off the Dorset coast, making their way with difficulty towards Weymouth.

Sir Thomas Trenchard, Governor of Weymouth, took a party of men to the shore ready to repel a landing should the ships prove to belong to an enemy.

It was found, however, that they were part of a convoy under the command of Philip, Archduke of Austria, only son of Maximilian I, Emperor of Germany.

Philip had just married Johanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Castile and Aragon. He was on his way from Flanders to Spain when he was driven on to the English coast by a storm and forced to take shelter in Weymouth.

Trenchard conducted the Prince to his castle, and sent messengers to inform King Henry VII.

Trenchard was no linguist. He enlisted the services of his cousin and neighbour, "young Mr. Russell of Berwick." Russell, who had recently returned from the Continent, had a knowledge of Spanish.

"It is an ill wind," remarks an historian, "that blows nobody profit." This accident of the storm proved the foundation of Mr. Russell's preferment.

Russell was a presentable young fellow. His knowledge of Spanish and his distinguished bearing made such an impression on the Archduke that he asked him to accompany him to Windsor to see the King.

Russell was the only son of James Russell, of Berwick, a manor in Dorset about a mile from the coast. He was a grandson of Sir John Russell, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VI. The family claimed descent from the Conquest.

At an early age he was sent to the Continent to acquire a knowledge of languages. He returned in 1506 full of accomplishments.

Arriving at Windsor the Archduke gave a glowing account

of the young man, who was admitted in audience to the King.

Henry was impressed :

“For he had a moving beauty that waited on his whole body, a comportment unaffected, and such a comeliness in his mien as exacted a liking, if not a love, from all that saw him.

“The whole was set off with a person of a middle stature, neither tall to a formidableness or short to a contempt, straight and proportioned, vigorous and active, with pure blood and spirits flowing in his youthful veins.”

Henry made him a gentleman of the Privy Chamber.

When Henry VIII ascended the throne three years later he, too, appreciated the talents of young Russell. He employed him as an ambassador and sent him on many difficult missions.

After the Dissolution of the Monasteries quite a deal of property was available for Henry to distribute among his favourites. Russell got immense grants of land and many honours.

He was knighted, then raised to the peerage as Baron Russell of Chenies. Successive appointments were Marshal of Marshalsea, Controller of the King's Household, a Privy Councillor, Lord Warden of the Stannaries in the Counties of Devon and Cornwall, President of Devon, Cornwall, Dorset and Somerset, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, and Captain-General of the Vanguard in the Army.

As if that were not enough, Henry made sure on his deathbed that Russell would not be forgotten. He counselled his young son, Edward VI, to retain Russell at Court.

On the day of Edward's coronation Baron Russell was acting Lord High-Steward of England. Later he was appointed to promote the objects of the Reformation, for which he was made Earl of Bedford.

To keep up the dignity of an earl, Russell was endowed with the abbey of Woburn, which became the principal seat of the family.

It was expected that, on the accession of Mary, Russell would be relegated to obscurity because of his activities on behalf of the Protestants, and because he had taken a share of the estates filched from the monasteries. Instead he appears to have jumped into favour at once.

He was appointed Lord Privy Seal, was delegated to bring Philip of Spain to England to become the husband of Mary, and gave her away at the marriage.

This was his last public act. Philip of Spain, who was the grandson of the Philip who had introduced him to the English Court, induced Mary to retire Russell.

He died on March 14th, 1555, and was buried at Chenies in Buckinghamshire, a manor which he had acquired through his marriage.

His wife survived him three years. Francis, the second Earl of Bedford, had a mausoleum built by the side of the parish church in which his parents were buried. The mausoleum became the burial place of the family.

#### MARCH 15TH

#### *Cardinal Mezzofanti*

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI is reputed to have had the world's most wonderful memory.

Before he died he was the master of eighty languages, including varieties of dialect and patois. He could tell an Englishman from which county he came, or a Frenchman his native province.

Once a Portuguese took him for one of his own countrymen, and on other occasions he was taken for an Englishman.

Wiseman, the famous English Roman Catholic Cardinal, tells the following story of Mezzofanti.

One day he met him hurrying away to a meeting which Mezzofanti described as a Propaganda.

"What are you going to do there?" Wiseman asked.

"To teach the Californians their language," the other replied.

"How did you learn Californian?"

"They taught me," replied Mezzofanti, "but they had no grammar. I have made a grammar, and now I am going to teach them to read and write it."

Dr. Wiseman declares that no one ever attained such eminence in philology as Mezzofanti. He could speak each language with its own accentuation and intonation.

The remarkable gift of this Italian has never been explained. He himself once remarked: "In addition to an excellent

memory, God has gifted me with flexibility of the organs of speech." Byron described him as "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages."

Born at Bologna on September 17th, 1774, Mezzofanti was educated at a charity school.

It was while he was working at a carpenter's bench for his father that he first discovered his capacity for learning languages.

Above the carpenter's shop were the windows of a priest named Respighi, who gave instructions to private pupils in Greek and Latin.

He overheard, day by day, these lessons, and soon obtained an extensive number of Greek and Latin words. Respighi, hearing of the lad's talent, undertook to prepare him for a professional career.

Mezzofanti chose to become a priest, and he was admitted to orders in 1797, in which year, too, he was appointed professor of Arabic at the university. Before the completion of his university career he had acquired Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German and Swedish. Soon he received the further appointment as professor of Oriental languages.

Through his refusing to take the oaths required by the Cisalpine Republic, he was deprived of both posts, and for a time he was reduced to poverty.

He eked out a scanty existence by private tuition. Meanwhile he continued to study languages. The hotel-keepers in Bologna would advise him of the arrival of strangers, when Mezzofanti would call, ask the strangers questions, and take lessons in the pronunciation of their native tongues.

He became an object of curiosity in Bologna, and travellers went out of their way to make his acquaintance.

Later he was reinstated in his appointments. With anxiety driven from his mind he accelerated his studies.

In 1808 he was again deprived of his professorship for his fidelity to the Pope. About the same time he refused brilliant offers made to him by Napoleon to go to Paris.

In 1812 he was appointed assistant librarian at Bologna, and when Pope Pius VII returned from exile, in 1814, Mezzofanti's fidelity was rewarded with the office of chief librarian and regent of the university.

By the year 1817 it is said that Mezzofanti could read



twenty and speak eighteen languages. Three years later it is reliably asserted that he knew thirty-two.

Byron was astounded at his prodigious memory. "He ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter," declared the poet.

This remarkable priest had now acquired all the Slav languages, Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, Albanian and even the Romani of the Alps.

He was master of Lettish, Lappish and all the Semitic tongues, as well as Chaldee and Chinese. Sanskrit, Persian, Georgian, Armenian and Koordish were also numbered among his achievements.

Among the Hamitic languages he knew Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, Amharic and Angolese.

Mezzofanti ministered in the prisons, where he found natives of almost every habitable country. If there were prisoners whose language he did not understand, he was able to speak with them fluently in a few days.

Sometimes people, speaking an out-of-the-way tongue, came to him for confession. On such occasions Mezzofanti would ask for a delay of three weeks, during which time he would master the language, however difficult.

In preparing foreign penitents for confession, his procedure was to ask them to repeat over and over again the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, or the Ten Commandments. This soon gave him a sufficient knowledge of their speech to converse with them.

Mezzofanti loved his native city of Bologna, and he declined tempting offers from Pope Pius, the Emperor Francis, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Murat, King of Naples. He lived in the city until the accession of Gregory XVI in 1831.

Mezzofanti's learning was not limited to languages. He was a great theologian, but he is known to have published only one work, a eulogy of Father Aponte, a Spanish Jesuit, who taught him in his early days. It was contributed to a Bologna periodical.

In 1832 Mezzofanti at last gave way to the pressing invitations of the Pope to go and live in Rome. He was now master of over fifty languages.

In Rome he received several appointments in succession, and on the removal of Cardinal Mai from the post of librarian to the Vatican, Mezzofanti got the position.

In this city he was as valuable as he had been in Bologna, finding useful exercise for his linguistic powers among the converts.

Mezzofanti died at Rome on March 15th, 1849.

### MARCH 16TH

#### *Richard Burbage*

“Exit Burbage.”

THIS epitaph—believed to be the shortest on record—was placed over the grave in St. Leonard’s Church, Shoreditch, of Richard Burbage, the Garrick of the Elizabethan stage, who acted every one of the great parts in Shakespeare’s plays.

Many poems were written in Burbage’s honour, and it is mainly from these that details of his career are obtained.

Burbage’s name appears together with that of Shakespeare in the licences for acting at the Globe Theatre, Southwark, granted by James I in 1603.

In June, 1613, the Globe was burned to the ground while a play called “All This is True” was being performed.

A contemporary ballad indicates that Burbage was playing there at the time :

Out ran the knights, out ran the lords.  
 And there was great ado,  
 Some lost their hats, some lost their swords,  
 Then out ran Burbage too ;  
 The reprobates, though drunk on Monday,  
 Prayed for the fool, and Henry Condy.  
 Oh ! sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet  
 All This Is True.

At that time Shakespeare had given up the stage and retired to Stratford-on-Avon. It is believed that many original Shakespearean documents were destroyed in this disaster.

Richard Burbage apparently found acting remunerative. When he died he left landed estate producing £300 a year, worth six times that amount in present money.

Burbage is said to have been born at Stratford-on-Avon about 1567. He died on March 16th, 1618-19.

He made his first appearance at an early age in one of

his father's theatres, and by the time he was 20 had achieved a reputation.

He took the leading part in every new play at the Globe, but seems to have been particularly famous for his impersonation of Richard III.

Burbage was a painter as well as an actor. The Felton portrait of Shakespeare is believed to have been painted by him, while at Dulwich College there is a portrait of a woman by him.

When James I ascended the throne he issued a proclamation authorizing

Our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of plays, comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plays, etc., as well within their now usual house, called the Globe, within our County of Surrey, as also within any town halls, or other convenient places within the liberties of any other city, university, town, or borough whatever within our realms.

By virtue of this proclamation Shakespeare and his colleagues became known as "The King's Players."

There was no roof to the Globe Theatre. A canvas covering kept out the rain.

There was no real scenery. The scenes were indicated by writing on a board hung up at the back of the stage, such as "This is a house," or "This is a garden."

The destruction of the Globe Theatre by fire was referred to in a letter by Sir Henry Wotton thus :

*The King's Players had a new play called "All This is True," representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII, which set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage the knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like. . . .*

*Now King Henry, making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain canons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. . . .*

*Only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale.*

James Burbage, father of Richard, is regarded as the originator of the English stage. Up to his time drama had been in the form of miracle plays and similar performances.

Actors were regarded as rogues, and plays were banned in the City of London. They were considered dangerous to the morals of the young, and citizens and apprentices were not allowed to attend them.

During Elizabeth's reign, however, it was found impossible to ban the theatres. Drama was gradually securing a hold on the populace, and it was better to make restrictions and regulations rather than ban plays altogether.

In 1575 the Lord Mayor of London issued an edict banning plays within the City. James Burbage, who had contemplated opening a theatre within the City confines, decided instead to open at Shoreditch.

Crowds flocked to it, and it became known as "The Theatre." It was so successful that rivals threatened to open similar concerns. Burbage frustrated them by opening another theatre called "The Curtain," also in Shoreditch.

This was also successful, and, to the annoyance of the Lord Mayor and his ladies, he opened the Blackfriars Theatre in 1576. Others sprang up in quick succession outside the City.

In 1608 the Lord Mayor made an attempt to crush the Blackfriars players, but the Lord Chancellor pointed out that the City had never had any jurisdiction over Blackfriars.

The Corporation then negotiated with Burbage, Shakespeare and the other nine shareholders for the purchase of the Blackfriars Theatre. The players demanded £7,000 and got the money.

MARCH 17TH

*Edmund Kean*

EDMUND KEAN, star of the British stage from 1814 to 1833, is reputed to have earned £10,000 a year for 18 years.

Yet a few days before his death he was nearly arrested for a debt of less than £100.

It has always been a mystery what Kean did with his money. He never gambled, his domestic expenses were moderate. Occasionally he travelled in a carriage and four and got drunk at intervals. But none of these small extravagances would account for the expenditure of more than a fraction of his income.

Nor did his drinking ever interfere with his regular appearances on the stage, except on one occasion when he forgot he was Shylock and due at Drury Lane.

On this occasion Kean had gone to dine with some friends about ten miles outside London. He drank too much and forgot the time. In his state of helplessness it was impossible for him to appear on the boards. Afraid of the consequences, his friends sent Kean's servant with his empty carriage to Drury Lane with a story that the horses had bolted, the carriage had upset and Kean's shoulder was dislocated.

The manager of the theatre told the audience, who were at first indignant that the actor had failed to appear. But soon indignation turned to commiseration, and Kean gained rather than lost popularity.

When the actor awoke from his drunken stupor next morning and was told at the same time that people had arrived from London to inquire after him, he was fearful of the outcome.

He had no need for anxiety. His stage friends had acted promptly, for Kean was trussed up in a good imitation of an invalid. His face had been whitened and his shoulder bandaged. It only remained to darken the room. When this was done the visitors came in, and not one suspected the ruse.

Nor were suspicions aroused when Kean appeared at Drury Lane in an incredibly short time. The public were carefully told that Kean had so much respect and gratitude

towards his audiences that he had decided to risk injury and play with his arm in a sling.

Kean was not always popular with the London theatre-goers. For one thing they did not approve of his eccentricities. Sometimes he would ride recklessly on his horse Shylock through the night. He had a pet lion with which he played in his drawing-room. He numbered among his friends the famous prize-fighters of the day, people whom society tolerated but who were never invited to a fashionable table.

In January, 1825, eight years before his death, he was the defendant in a divorce case which caused his wife to leave him, and resulted in demonstrations by audiences which nearly compelled him to retire into private life.

Kean's real name was Edmund Carey, and he is said to have been the son of Edmund Kean, an architect's clerk, and an actress, Ann Carey. He was born on March 17th, 1787.

He often questioned his own parentage. He was heard more than once to declare that Mrs. Carey was not his mother, but that his real parent was a woman who pretended to be his aunt.

At an early age Kean was employed in stage processions, owing to his vivacity and cleverness. At the age of seven he was sent to school by a few benevolent people. But, disliking the restraint, he shipped as a cabin boy, only to find that he was in a worse situation.

When his ship reached Madeira he feigned to be deaf and lame and, owing to his histrionic ability, hoodwinked the doctors.

On his return to England he sought out his uncle, Moses Kean, a ventriloquist and mimic, who taught him to appreciate Shakespeare. On the death of his uncle he was taken in charge by a Miss Tidswell, who gave him lessons in acting.

At the age of 14 he obtained an engagement to play leading characters for twenty nights at the York Theatre. He played Hamlet and other good parts.

While Kean was in a strolling troupe George III heard of his abilities and commanded him to appear at Windsor and recite.

Next he joined a circus and while performing a riding feat he fell and broke both his legs. When he recovered he took up music and fencing.

In 1807 he played leading parts in the Belfast theatre with Mrs. Siddons, who thought him at first "a horrid little man." Later she had to admit that he acted very well.

Next year he married, his wife being Mary Chambers of Waterford, an actress in his company.

For six years Kean's fortunes were at a low ebb. He could get nothing but minor engagements.

At the end of that time Drury Lane Theatre was in low water. Drastic revision was necessary to popularize the house. As an experiment the management decided to give Kean a chance as Shylock.

He opened at Drury Lane on November 29th, 1820, and was an immediate success, though the place was empty of all but critics.

Here is what one of the critics wrote: "There came on a small man with an Italian face and fatal eye, which struck all. Attention soon ripened into enthusiasm; and never, perhaps, did Kean play with such startling effect as on this night to the surprised few!

"His voice was harsh, his style new, his action abrupt and angular; but there was the decision, the inspiration of genius in the look, the tone, the bearing; the hard unbending Jew was before us in the full vigour of his malignity; the injuries upon him and his tribe saddened in his eyes, but through them you could trace the dark spirit of revenge, glaring in fearful imperishable fury."

Kean successively appeared in "Richard III," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth" and "King Lear," and showed his command of the whole range of characters.

In November, 1820, Kean appeared for the first time in New York as Richard III, but as he fell into a dispute with the Press his American visit was not so successful as it should have been.

Billed to appear in Paris, he proved a complete failure through a fit of drunkenness.

His last appearance on the stage was at Covent Garden on March 25th, 1833, when he played Othello to the Iago of his son, Charles.

He died at Richmond on May 15th, 1833.

MARCH 18TH

*The First Omnibuses*

THE first buses were used in the streets of Paris on March 18th, 1662.

The inauguration was a grand affair. Legal dignitaries, a company of archers, and a guard of cavalry accompanied the vehicles on their first trip.

A ceremony took place at which addresses were given on the advantages of the new carriages with their 2½d. fares. The passengers were advised to keep good order, and the coachmen were invested with long blue frocks, with the arms of the King and the city embroidered on them.

Off went the coachmen on their first trip with the buses crowded with passengers. Three of the vehicles started from the Porte St. Antoine, and four from the Luxembourg, each accompanied by military.

Throughout the day it was found necessary to have a provost-guard riding in each carriage for fear of a demonstration against the new method of travel.

It was intended that the Paris buses should be used by the lower classes. There were such things as coaches, let out by the hour or day, for the use of people who could afford to pay for them. They could be obtained at the sign of St. Fiacre, and thus were known by that name. But the hire of these vehicles was too expensive for the ordinary middle classes.

In 1662 Louis XIV issued a Royal decree, authorizing the establishment of a service of twopence-halfpenny buses by a company with the Duke de Roanes and two marquesses at the head, with Blaise Pascal, the mathematician, among the shareholders.

The King made it clear that the new vehicles were for the use of the poorer people. There were originally seven, each containing eight places, to be run at fixed hours, full or empty, to and from certain extreme quarters of Paris.

The buses were "for the benefit of a great number of persons ill-provided for, as persons engaged in lawsuits, infirm people and others, who have not the means to ride in chaise or carriage, which cannot be hired under a pistole or a couple of crowns a day."

Conflicting accounts have been given of how the buses



were received by the people of Paris. Sanval, in his "Antiquities of Paris," records that stones and brickbats were thrown at the carriages. On the other hand, Mme. Perrier, sister of Blaise Pascal, described the great enthusiasm of the public.

Probably both accounts are prejudiced. Mme. Perrier would write from the point of view of Parisian society who welcomed the cheaper form of locomotion, and took good care to use its facilities.

But it is possible that the buses had a mixed reception.

For a time everyone in Paris who could afford the fares clamoured for rides. Those who were unlucky in gaining seats stood and watched their departure and arrival. Even Louis XIV took a trip in one at St. Germain, and songs were written and sung about the buses.

The wealthiest classes monopolized the buses for months, but it is strange that when they were no longer a novelty for society and were almost deserted, the poorer people would have nothing to do with them. Thus, in the end, the venture failed.

It was not until 1827 that buses reappeared in Paris. The vehicles were of a different type. A contemporary periodical records :

"The omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen people, all inside. Of these carriages there were about half a dozen some months ago, and they have been augmented since. Their profits are said to have repaid the outlay within the first year; the proprietors, among whom is Laffite, the banker, are making a large revenue out of Parisian sous, and speculation is still alive."

During the struggle of the Three Days in 1830, a bus was upset. It was found so useful for a barricade that all the other buses were captured and used for the same purpose.

The bus appeared in London on July 4th, 1829, through the enterprise of John Shillibeer. The service began at a tavern known as the Yorkshire Stingo in Lisson Grove, Marylebone Road, and was composed, at first, of two vehicles. They were drawn by three horses abreast, and proved such a novelty that crowds waited to see them start.

They plied to the Bank of England, and were made to carry 22 passengers, all inside. The fare was a shilling, or sixpence for half the journey, and this included the use of a newspaper.

The first conductors were sons of a British naval officer ; they were afterwards replaced by young men in velvetreen liveries. The first buses were called "Shillibeers," and the name was also adopted for buses in New York.

It was some years afterwards that buses were built so that passengers could be accommodated on the outside. Apart from his bus service, Shillibeer was well known for the funeral carriages which for years bore his name. His bus was merely a modification or improvement of the old Greenwich stage at the time of George IV.

### MARCH 19TH

#### *David Livingstone*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE stood in the pulpit of the little church in the village of Chipping Ongar, Essex.

He gave out his text. The congregation waited expectantly.

Somehow the words would not come. Five minutes slipped by—a period of profound silence.

Meanwhile Livingstone alternately gazed at the roof and the faces of the people.

The congregation fidgeted. They felt sorry for the young tongue-tied beginner.

At last David blurted out : "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say." He fled from the pulpit.

This was a bad beginning for a young man who was on probation for the post of a missionary.

But the Mission Board of the London Missionary Society had known such things to occur before. They gave David another chance. Next week there was no hesitation. His sermon was approved.

A second failure and the name of David Livingstone might never have appeared on the Roll of Fame.

He was born on March 19th, 1813, and was the second son of Neil Livingstone. The family was poor, and it is recorded that David would often scrub the floor for his mother.

"Keep the door shut, mother," he would say. "I don't want the other boys to see me."

One half-holiday David and his brother Charles poached a salmon. It was taken home in Charles's baggy trousers.

It was a serious offence in Lanarkshire, where they lived, and their father rated them soundly.

Then their mother cooked it for supper.

At the age of ten David became a "piecer" in a cotton mill. Out of his first week's wages he bought a Latin grammar. The book would lie open on the spinning jenny so that he could learn as he worked.

At 19 years of age David was promoted to spinner, and with his extra pay he attended classes at Glasgow University, walking nine miles to and from his home.

Young Livingstone preferred travel books to religious literature. This propensity annoyed his father. David was sometimes whacked for his disobedience. His final chastisement came after his refusal to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity."

A change came in Livingstone's outlook after hearing the experiences of Charles Gutzlaff, a medical missionary to China.

He made application to the London Missionary Society, was asked to come to London, examined and accepted for probation.

The probation consisted of preaching at village churches, and Chipping Ongar was chosen for Livingstone.

After his preaching qualifications were approved he walked London hospitals, and in November, 1840, was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians at Glasgow.

That night he went to say good-bye to his family. They sat up almost all night talking of David's prospects. Father and son then walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer.

They parted on the quay, never to meet again.

In London Livingstone met Dr. Moffat, the African missionary. It decided him to go to Africa instead of China.

On December 8th, 1840, he sailed aboard the *George* for Algoa Bay.

At Capetown he found the missionaries there squabbling. Livingstone preached a sermon in which he lampooned them, and then left to continue his voyage.

Arriving at Port Natal, he left in an ox wagon for Dr. Moffat's station at Kuruman, 700 miles inland.

Livingstone had a free hand to do as he pleased. He began by healing the sick natives and overcoming a prejudice

against missionaries, who were tarred with the same brush as the slave-traders.

His success at medicine inspired confidence among the Bakwains, and for six months he lived among these natives learning their language and customs.

Day after day the sick people crowded around his wagon. They pleaded with him to bring rain. Fearing the loss of prestige, he agreed to do so.

He suggested that they should dig deep trenches from the river into the country. This watered their crops and the natives were highly delighted at this new way of producing rain.

For some months more he continued to visit the various tribes without instructions from home. The officials of the Missionary Society had heard so much of the bad treatment of missionaries that they were loath to accept the responsibility for sending Livingstone into danger.

At last Livingstone wrote and asked for instructions, and suggested that he should go farther into the interior. The permission came and he replied that he had received their message with delight.

Livingstone was fond of flights into philosophy. One of the natives was bitten in the shoulder by a lion, and in recording the fact he writes: "The wound of the man who was bit in the shoulder actually burst forth afresh the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers."

Sometimes the work of Livingstone in converting the natives was a little too successful.

There was the case of Sechele, the chief of a tribe whose daughter the missionary had cured of an illness.

Sechele became "Christian," and was about to whip members of his tribe with rhinoceros hide to compel them to believe, when Livingstone intervened.

"I know not how it is," said Sechele. "In former times if a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love the Word of God, but not one of them will join me."

On one of his expeditions into the interior Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami. Some months afterwards news was brought to him that the Royal Geographical Society had voted him 25 guineas.

In the following year he sent his wife and children to England preparatory to making an exploration of the valley of the Zambesi. The project took three years, during which time Livingstone penetrated many miles beyond anywhere a white man had ever been previously.

In 1858 he returned to England and severed his connection with the London Missionary Society, and then accepted the command of an expedition to explore Eastern and Central Africa.

The second visit ended in trouble. The expedition was recalled, and Livingstone lost his appointment.

In the meantime, however, he had explored the Shire River, discovered Lakes Shirwa and Nyasa, laying the foundation of the Nyasa Protectorate.

He returned to England in July, 1864, remained at home a year, and then went on his last visit to Africa.

He intended to try to find the sources of the Nile. From 1866 he was lost to the world for five years. H. M. Stanley, sent out to search for him, found him at Ujiji in October, 1871.

Stanley left him, and Livingstone went on farther into the interior.

It was on May 1st, 1873, that he was found dead by his faithful followers. His body was carried to Zanzibar and buried in Westminster Abbey.

## MARCH 20TH

### *Frederick, Prince of Wales*

“My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it.”

This is said to have been the opinion of George II of his son and heir, Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales. Queen Caroline shared her husband's opinion of their child.

But Frederick was not all bad. It was merely incompatibility of temperament which prevented amity between son and parents; and for this, both sides were to blame.

The Prince was a charming young man, fond of music and the arts and, generally speaking, a good husband to his wife Augusta, a sister of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha.

Frederick was a victim of the prevailing Hanoverian con-

ception of what constituted fatherhood. Thus the Prince from childhood was kept under restraint, and this induced in the youth a feeling of hatred for his father, which came to a head when George became King.

George II deliberately kept his son short of money, and would not allow him to take part in public life. In the end Frederick had as big a political following in England as his father.

When George I came to England with his son, Prince George, young Frederick was left in Hanover to represent the Elector and his family. Even though they were apart father and son quarrelled.

Frederick, or "Fritz," as he was called, had always understood that one day he would marry Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, the Princess Royal of Prussia. He was eager for the marriage to take place, but Frederick William of Prussia, who regarded George II as "a comedian," opposed the match.

George II, who called the Prussian "the Archbeadle of the Holy Roman Empire," was equally against the alliance. Frederick had the utmost contempt for this quarrel between the two fathers, and blamed his own.

Frederick came to England in 1728, and was soon popular with the English people. He actually received a greater welcome than was usually accorded to his father.

Fritz soon forgot his love for Sophia in the whirl of English politics. He found himself the tool of the opposition to the Walpole administration. The crafty politicians fanned the flames of the young man's hatred for his father, and actually approved of the petty annoyances to which he subjected his father and mother.

The Prince's greatest friend was George Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, who induced him to establish a Court in opposition to his father. Assisted by the Whigs Pulteney, Carteret, Chesterfield and Cobham, and the Tories Bolingbroke and Wyndham, Fritz contrived one intrigue after another to undermine his father's position.

One section of society installed Fritz as the patron of literature, another ruse that widened the breach between father and son, for the King had a contempt for letters.

Pope wrote verses on the Prince's dog, and Bolingbroke composed for his future guidance "The Patriot King." Pitt had an office in the Prince's household, and his maiden speech

in the House of Commons was delivered in the House of Commons was delivered on the occasion of the Prince's marriage to Augusta of Saxe-Gotha.

When the King and Queen began to patronize Handel, who was producing operas at the Haymarket, Fritz went into opposition and gave his support to Buononcini whose operas were being performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Society took sides, each side supporting its particular champion.

George II was often away at Hanover, and it was during those periods that Fritz took an opportunity to make himself still more popular with the mob.

A big fire occurred in the Temple. Frederick promptly got out of bed and directed the work of the fire-fighters. The crowd were so impressed that they shouted "Crown him!"

The Prince, becoming more and more concerned about his debts, approached his father and demanded an allowance of £100,000. George II offered £50,000. Fritz appealed to Parliament, and the motion for the addition was lost through the secession of some Tories who had promised him their support.

Then occurred one of the most discreditable of the Prince's actions.

He was so indignant at the refusal to grant him the £100,000 that he hurried off to Hampton Court, his parent's residence, and carried off his wife—then about to give birth to a child—to St. James's Palace. His object was to prevent the baby being born in the presence of the Queen.

When the full story of this episode was told, London did not approve of what Fritz had done. There was no provision at St. James's Palace for the princess, who had to be put to bed without proper sheets, tablecloths being used instead.

When the Queen at last went to see her grandchild she was led to exclaim: "God bless you, poor little creature, you have come into a disagreeable world."

Whether it was remorse or whether Frederick merely desired to impress the crowds is not certain, but on the occasion of the Queen's visit he knelt down in the mud at St. James's to ask her blessing. The ill-temper of the Prince gradually disgusted many of his political supporters. Bolingbroke even apologized to the King for his son's actions. But

George would accept no excuses and ordered Frederick to leave St. James's Palace for Norfolk House. His friends were also barred the Court.

At the outbreak of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, Frederick offered his services but was refused. It is said that George II was afraid that his son might show more bravery than himself.

Frederick died suddenly on March 20th, 1751, due, it is believed, to an abscess caused by the blow of a tennis ball.

There was no pomp at the funeral in Henry VII's Chapel, at Westminster Abbey. There was no organ; no anthem.

The country did not mourn for Frederick. People had tired of his squabbles with his father.

## MARCH 21ST

### *St. Benedict*

No man had a greater influence on western civilization during the Middle Ages than St. Benedict.

After his death the Benedictine rule was accepted by all the monks of the West.

England held out until the tenth century, when St. Dunstan and other powerful ecclesiastics forced the Benedictine Order on the Anglo-Saxons. When the Normans invaded Britain the rule of the followers of St. Benedict was consolidated.

The saint is believed to have been born about the year 480. He was a native of Norcia, in Umbria.

Benedict was sent to study at Rome, but becoming an ascetic at the age of fifteen he fled from Rome, disgusted at the vices of the city, and took refuge in the mountains of Subiaco.

He took up his abode in a cavern, now called the Holy Grotto, and no one knew where he lodged but a monk of a neighbouring monastery, named Romanus, who supplied him with food.

Benedict's reputation for sanctity spread widely, and he was elected Abbot of Vicovara. But a disagreement with the monks there sent him back to a hermit's life.

Many of the monks who went to see him stayed in the desert and it soon became necessary to establish monasteries



to house his followers. Twelve of these religious houses sprang into existence, and to each Benedict appointed a superior over twelve monks.

His miracle-working appears to have begun at this period.

But the communities failed to harmonize, and Benedict himself was actually persecuted by some of his own flock. This caused him to leave Subiaco and go to Monte Cassino, a mountain in the Kingdom of Naples.

Here was a temple of Apollo, a relic of the old pagan worship, where pre-Christian rites were still going on.

Benedict converted the pagans, overthrew their idols and altar, and by the aid of miracles demolished the temple. On the spot he built two small oratories which were the beginning of the famous Abbey of Monte Cassino.

He drew up rules for the governance of the Abbey and a number of other establishments near by. This was the beginning of the Benedictine Order.

Absolute obedience was insisted upon. Seven hours a day had to be spent in manual labour and two in reading. No animal food was allowed, and only the barest necessities formed the menus.

A complete communal system prevailed, and wealth was not allowed.

Benedict was leader of the abbey of Monte Cassino for fourteen years, and is said to have died on Saturday, March 21st, A.D. 543.

Towards the end of the sixth century, in the days of the third abbot, the Benedictine monasteries were sacked by the Lombards. The monks fled to Rome, and established themselves in a monastery attached to the Lateran Basilica.

When Gregory, afterwards The Great Pope, became a monk, he turned his palace into a monastery, based on the Benedictine regime.

It was from this monastery that St. Augustine and his companions began their journey to Britain, in 596.

The missionary enterprise of the Benedictines penetrated into every country of Western Europe except Ireland, and by the eleventh century their houses existed in great numbers.

The attempt to convert Ireland failed because of the stronger rule of St. Columbanus.

Apart from the propagation of Christianity, their secular work was considerable. Boys were educated, at first destined

to become monks. Afterwards the education became general without regard to the career of the pupils.

At the time of the Dissolution there were nearly 300 Black Benedictine houses, including men and women. The Order was dissolved but not completely suppressed. During the reign of Mary the surviving members of the Order were brought together, and Westminster Abbey was restored.

In the reign of James I, the only survivor of the Benedictines was Sigebert Buckley. In 1607 he took the English habit and joined Westminster Abbey. Thus the Benedictine Order was perpetuated in England.

On the Continent the Order was almost destroyed. About thirty monasteries are believed to have existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The latter half of that century, however, saw a remarkable revival.

#### MARCH 22ND

#### *The Knights Templar*

THE persecution and eventual abolition of the Order of Knights Templar forms one of the blackest pages in history.

The Order was abolished by the Pope on March 22nd, 1312, after many of its members had been subjected to torture under orders of Philip the Fair, King of France, and the English Edward II.

There appears to have been little cause for the persecution. The two kings coveted the extensive possessions of the Order, and made heresy the ground for the introduction of the tortures of the inquisition.

The members were accused of all kinds of irregularities both in religion and in their private life.

In March, 1313, the Grand Master of the Order, James de Molay, and three others, were brought to the scaffold before the Church of Notre Dame in Paris.

Under torture they had confessed their heresies, and were now required to make their confessions publicly. Two of the four did so, but the Grand Master, to the astonishment of those who were staging the affair, advanced to the edge of the scaffold, raised his manacled hands, and addressing the great assembly said :

“It is just that, in so terrible a day, and in the last moments

of my life, I should discover all the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth to triumph. I declare then, in face of heaven and earth, and acknowledge, though to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes ; but it has been the acknowledging of those which have been so foully charged on the Order.

“I attest, and truth obliged me to attest, that it is innocent. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture, and to mollify those who made me endure them.

“I know the punishments which have been inflicted on all the knights who had the courage to revoke a similar confession ; but the dreadful spectacle which is presented to me is not able to make me confirm one lie by another.

“The life offered me on such infamous terms I abandon without regret.”

The fourth Templar followed the Master’s example, and both were hurried back to prison.

Philip was so enraged by this declaration that the same evening they were burned to death by small fires of charcoal, thus protracting their agonies to the last minute.

Neither Templar showed weakness or indecision, and they both died as they had determined.

There is a story told of this final scene, which is no doubt merely tradition. It is said that Molay, with his dying breath, declared that the Pope and the King would be dead themselves within twelve months. That this was a fact does not prove that Molay had any foreknowledge.

It was in the year 1128 that Hugh de Payens arrived in London to gain recruits for a new and secret society which had already excited much interest in the country.

The Order was the Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon, so named because its members, while defending Jerusalem from the inroads of Mussulmans, had been lodged in the buildings erected on the site of Solomon’s Temple, and in the Temple on Mount Moriah.

Eminent men from all countries joined the Order, and Hugh de Payens was elected Master. He obtained permission from the Pope for the extension of the membership, and after his visit to England returned to Jerusalem with 300 new recruits chosen from the noble families of England and France.

Before his departure from England, Hugh de Payens placed a Knight Templar, called the Prior of the Temple, at

the head of the society in this country, whose duty it was to manage the estates of the Order and send the income to Jerusalem.

Many branches sprang up in different parts of Great Britain. The chief branch was in London, and headquarters were established in Holborn.

In the meantime, affairs in Jerusalem were going against the Templars. Saladin appeared on the scene, and nearly the whole of the Templars were destroyed or taken prisoner in a battle between Christians and Mussulman armies on the banks of the Jordan in 1179.

A deputation of Templars arrived in England with the object of getting Henry II to take action. They met the King at Reading, and, throwing themselves on their knees, they besought his assistance.

Henry promised to put the matter before Parliament when it met on the first Sunday in Lent.

Among the deputation was Heraclius the Patriarch, and the English Templars brought him to London and requested him to consecrate the portion of the church which was already finished.

He did so, and an inscription recording the fact was placed over the door leading to the cloisters. On the same visit Heraclius consecrated the church of the rival Society of Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell.

When Parliament met, the King expressed a desire to help the Templars, but the Barons pointed out that according to his Coronation Oath he was forced to stay at home and govern his kingdom.

There followed a compromise by which the Government offered to raise 50,000 marks, and gave permission to those nobles who desired to do so, to join the expedition. The King declared that he could not leave the country, to which the Patriarch replied :

*"We seek a man, and not money. Well near every Christian region sendeth unto us money, but no land sendeth to us a Prince. Therefore we ask a Prince that needeth money, and not money that needeth a Prince."*

In 1172 Pope Alexander promulgated a bull in favour of the Templars, and the head of the house was now styled the Master of the Temple, while the head at Jerusalem was called the Grand Master.

On September 14th, 1307, certain information against the Order was laid by a condemned criminal.

King Philip immediately promulgated charges against the Templars of having committed crimes among themselves and of blasphemy.

An order was made for the Templars to come under the power of an inquisition. Thirty-six out of 140 died under torture.

One of them who was brought before the commissary of police to be examined after he had been tortured said: "They held me so long before a fierce fire that the flesh was burnt off my heels; two pieces of bone came away, which I present to you."

It was by methods such as this that the Order of Knights Templar was suppressed.

#### MARCH 23RD

#### *Peter the Cruel*

PETER (or Pedro) I, King of Castile, has always been known by the surname of Cruel. He has been stigmatized as a fratricide and an infidel.

As his infidelity, however, consisted of his antipathy for the monks, it is likely that they retaliated by recording the worst of this stormy petrel of the fourteenth century.

Peter's chief difficulty as ruler of Castile and Leon was to keep at bay his father's illegitimate children. There were several sons and one daughter born of the illicit union between Alphonso XI and the notorious Leonora de Guzman.

Leonora herself had no ambitions, but it is possible that she had hopes of her eldest son, Henry, usurping the Crown.

Towards the end of his father's reign Henry had become popular, and when Alphonso died of the plague in March, 1350, Henry, who was known as a generous youth with a kind disposition, had a following almost as big as the legitimate heir.

Peter, however, was crowned, and one of his first acts was to imprison Leonora de Guzman at the instance of his own mother.

But the King's ministers advised more lenient treatment of the legitimate children, and Henry, known as the Count of Trastamara, was invited to the Court.

It was not long before they were again estranged, for Henry married secretly a girl whom the King himself had desired. The furious Peter caused Leonora to be more closely confined, and Henry had to flee for his life.

Later a second reconciliation was effected.

Peter soon afterwards was struck by the charms of the beautiful Dona Maria de Padilla, despite a contract to marry Blanche de Bourbon, daughter of the French Duke of Bourbon.

The relations of Maria Padilla did their best to keep Peter to his promise to marry her. The King would have been satisfied to take his mistress for his wife, but it was urged that for State reasons this was impossible and he must carry out the undertaking made to the French.

It was thus a miserable King of Castile who went to Valladolid for his wedding. The ceremony was celebrated with great pomp, but the thoughts of Peter were with his mistress, Maria.

Rumours soon gained currency that he intended to desert his Queen. Every effort was made to prevent it, but three days after the marriage ceremony, Peter went back to his Maria.

At the time of her marriage the Queen was little more than ten years of age. She soon went into retirement, comforted only by the presence of the Queen-mother, who had experienced a similar insult when her husband, Alphonso XI, had preferred Leonora de Guzman.

The whole country was roused by the King's action. Many of the nobles went over to Henry, who declared war against his half-brother, but no important fighting took place at this period.

Ferdinando, the brother of Juana, incensed at this treatment of his sister, raised the standard of revolt, and a war lasted for several years. Peter triumphed in the end and put to death many of the leaders of the league against him, including his half-brother Fadrique, whom he ordered his guard to kill in his own presence.

During these risings in Castile, the Queen was taken to Andalusia for safety. There she died suddenly and mysteriously some years later.

The monks accused Peter of causing the death of Blanche, but there is no proof of this. At that time the plague was

claiming thousands of victims in Andalusia, and it is probable that after years of solitary confinement her strength was not sufficient to resist the disease.

Henry seized the opportunity of spreading the report that Peter had caused his wife to be poisoned. He also decided to avenge the murder of his brother, Fadrique.

He advanced into Castile with a considerable force and laid waste the country. Henry defeated what was regarded as the flower of the Castilian army, and encouraged by new friends and followers, including the French, he decided to penetrate into the heart of Castile.

On the way Henry murdered all the Jews he could find. The Jews had lived safely in Castile under Peter while they were actually being treated in an inhumane manner by the English King, Edward III.

Henry's armies, and those of his ally, the King of Aragon, met with initial successes, but the fortune of war turned in favour of Peter. In the end both sides submitted their differences to the Pope.

Henry sought refuge in France, but in 1366 he returned to Castile with a number of mercenaries and again raised a rebellion.

Peter appealed to Edward III of England, who sent the Black Prince to his assistance.

Henry, who now called himself King of Castile, was advised not to fight a direct action with the Black Prince. It was certain that he would be outmanœuvred, he was told.

He refused to take the advice and actually wrote to the Black Prince that he intended to "defend and hold our rightful inheritance, the Kingdom of Castile and Leon."

To which the Black Prince replied courteously, and prepared for battle.

On April 3rd, 1367, a battle was fought at Najera. It ended in the complete defeat of Henry, and Pedro, who had been temporarily in hiding, was hailed by the English as King of Castile.

Among the many prisoners it was hoped that they would find Henry of Trastamara. He, however, had escaped.

The Black Prince thereupon declared that the business was not half completed.

Meanwhile Henry hired another large army of French mercenaries, and even secured the help of a number of English

gentlemen who apparently thought it was to be a campaign against the Moors.

The army assembled at Avignon, and was blessed by the Pope, who contributed one hundred thousand livres towards the cost of the expedition.

At Barcelona, Henry was joined by the reinforcements of the King of Aragon. Again some of the cities of Castile received Henry as king, but others refused to have anything to do with him. Toledo, which held out against Henry, was captured, and the son of a king's mistress entered the city in triumph again, proclaiming himself King of Castile.

Peter the Cruel bolted, and was besieged in the fortress of Montiel.

All now seemed lost. Peter entered into negotiations with Duguesclin, Constable of France, offering him a huge sum of money to effect his escape.

Duguesclin regarded this as a reflection upon his honour and told all to Henry.

Peter was now in a hopeless situation. He had no English to rely upon, as they had left the country.

Henry saw his opportunity, and induced the Constable, much against his will, to become party to a plot for luring Peter to his death.

When, therefore, the deposed King of Castile received a message from Duguesclin that he was ready to assist him to escape he accompanied the Constable to his tent.

To his consternation he found himself facing his half-brother.

"Where is that Jew who calls himself King of Castile?" exclaimed Henry.

"Thou art a traitor. I am Peter, King of Castile, lawful son of King Alphonso," retorted Peter.

He rushed at Henry and had him by the throat, when one of Henry's followers came to the rescue.

Faced with two antagonists Peter had little chance. The fight lasted a few minutes. At last the dagger of the usurper was plunged in his breast.

Henry succeeded to the throne on March 23rd, 1369, under the title of Enrique II.



MARCH 24TH

*A Notorious Prison*

A FIRE at Coldbath Fields House of Correction on March 24th, 1877, brought to an inglorious end an establishment which had had a bad reputation for over two centuries.

Coldbath Fields prison was designed for criminals sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, and was supported out of the Middlesex County Rates.

The prisoners were compelled to work both as a punishment and towards their support.

The original House of Correction arose on this site in Clerkenwell in the reign of James I in order to house the hundreds of vagabonds that could not be accommodated in the old City Bridewell.

It was rebuilt in 1794 at a time when London was overrun with crooks, and when there was little public or official feeling for criminals.

It was decided to build the prison on the worst part of the site, in the anticipation that many of the prisoners would never come out alive.

It was thus erected on a swamp at a cost of £65,000.

Expectations were realized; prisoners died in scores, through the poisonous atmosphere from the polluted waters of the Fleet River, despite the fact that the building had been raised above the surrounding ground.

The prison provided for only two hundred and thirty-two prisoners, each in a separate cell on John Howard's plan.

But within a year or two, the accommodation was found to be inadequate, and "men, women, and boys were indiscriminately herded together in this chief county prison, without employment or wholesome control; while smoking, gaming, singing, and every species of brutalizing conversation tended to the unlimited advancement of crime and pollution."

Though these prisoners were only "short-timers," many of them came again into the clutches of the law, and were imprisoned for longer periods, as a result of the tutelage in crime which they received in the House of Correction.

The dungeons of the prison were composed of bricks and stones, without fire or furniture. There was no barrier against the weather but iron gratings, and the inmates slept on straw.

Five years after the prison opened, William Pitt paid a visit. He found the prisoners without fire or candles, exposed to cold and rain, and allowed out of their cells for only one hour a day.

His ironic comment was: "I suppose that those who manage the prison, kindly subject the prisoners to so much pain in this world, that less punishment may be inflicted on them in the next."

At that time the governor of the prison was a man named Aris, formerly a banker in Clerkenwell, who was afterwards denounced as a tyrant and a torturer.

In 1800 the prisoners revolted, and the Clerkenwell volunteers had to be called in to restore order. For some nights volunteers from adjacent parishes patrolled the prison, assisted by the Clerkenwell cavalry.

The situation inside the prison remained very much the same until about 1830, when there appears to have been an inquiry and a new governor appointed.

This governor, Captain Chesterton, later gave evidence before the magistrates. He said that on taking over the duties he found that it was usual to fleece prisoners of every farthing they possessed or could procure from their friends.

All the officials connected with the prison had paid for their jobs and were therefore anxious to get their outlay back from the prisoners.

In every cell the governor found wine and spirits, and prisoners slept three in a cell.

It was found that there were six hundred and eighty-two prisoners in the prison, with two hundred and seventy-two officials to look after them.

In 1834 there were nine hundred and fourteen prisoners who were suddenly informed that no speaking would be allowed. This was called the Silent Associated System. During one year there were no less than six thousand seven hundred and ninety-four punishments for talking.

It was in this way that Captain Chesterton ruthlessly introduced discipline. The late governor, Aris, after his dismissal, fell into evil ways and died in poverty.

Coldbath Fields House of Correction was noted for its distinguished political and social prisoners. In 1830 several persons were confined here for selling unstamped newspapers. An attack on the prison was arranged to obtain their release.

This intention becoming known, the prison was put into a state of siege. Colonel Chesterton records that, "in addition to what we possessed, we received from the Tower twenty-five carbines, two thousand rounds of ball-cartridge and one thousand five hundred hand-grenades."

Scaling-ladders were made for the attack. In the end, however, it was abandoned.

MARCH 25TH

*Sir Hector Macdonald*

A TALL, military-looking man strode from the lounge into the reading-room of the Hotel Regina, Rue de Rivoli, Paris. He picked up a newspaper and began to read.

The reception clerks regarded him curiously. There was something familiar about the man's features. They speculated in whispers as to his identity.

They soon decided who he was, for his picture had been published that morning in all the Paris newspapers.

Suddenly they saw the man start up. The periodical had fallen from his hands. A dark look had appeared on his face, and he stared down at the carpet in deep thought. He glanced round the reading-room. Apparently no one had observed his gesture. Slowly he bent forward and picked up the sheet, studied it more intently, and then took up other periodicals, all of which he went through with deliberation.

He finished his reading and rose from his seat. He paced slowly up and down the room, his left hand nervously stroking his moustache.

After a few minutes he walked out of the room. As he passed the clerks, they could see his lips working nervously.

Four hours later—1.30 in the afternoon—a chambermaid went up to a small room on the first floor, which overlooked the Rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries Gardens. She knocked but there was no response.

Choosing a key from a girdle she unlocked the door and entered.

Immediately the hotel was startled by the woman's screams. She rushed out of the room and ran down the stairs to the ground floor.

A valet accompanied her to the room, and there he saw

the man lying face downwards. He was dressed in a shirt and trousers. Close to his outstretched right arm was a British army revolver. Blood from a wound in the right temple had stained the floor.

The police were called and it was soon found that the man had registered in the name of Hector Macdonald. There was no doubt as to his identity. A comparison of his face with the pictures in the French Press, proved that he was General Sir Hector Archibald Macdonald, the great "Fighting Mac."

"Fighting Mac" had died by his own hand while on his way to face a court martial in Ceylon.

The tragedy set the world wondering ; but they wondered in vain, for nothing came out to gratify the sensation-loving public.

At the same time there was deep sorrow in Britain, for Sir Hector Macdonald had been the idol of the Army.

Hector Macdonald was born of humble parentage at Muir of Allan-Grange in 1852.

It is said that he worked as a herd boy and stable help before being apprenticed in a draper's shop in Dingwall.

Measuring out lengths of material was not exciting enough for the lad. He ran away and enlisted in the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders.

He passed quickly through the non-commissioned ranks, and had been a colour-sergeant for some years when the Afghan War broke out.

In this campaign he was in command of a blockhouse to which tidings were brought that an attempt was to be made to assassinate Lord Roberts and his staff.

Macdonald, with a small force, made a hurried march and found a number of Afghans lying in ambush on high ground overlooking the road along which Roberts would pass.

Macdonald ordered a bayonet charge and cleaned out the ambush, leaving thirty dead as evidence of the severity of the fighting.

Roberts offered him the choice of the V.C. or a commission. Macdonald accepted the commission.

He served as a subaltern in the first Boer War of 1880-81, and at Majuba. Here he was made prisoner, but his bravery so impressed General Joubert that he gave him back his sword.

In 1885 he served under General Sir Evelyn Wood in the

reorganization of the Egyptian Army, and was in the Nile Expedition of that year.

Three years later he was promoted to a regimental captain in the British service, though he continued to serve in the Egyptian Army. His duties mainly consisted of training the Sudanese.

He was awarded the D.S.O. in 1889 for bravery at Toski, and two years afterwards, after the Tokar action, he was promoted major.

In 1896 he was entrusted with the command of a brigade of the Egyptian Army in the Dongola Expedition, and in the subsequent campaigns he distinguished himself in every battle, particularly at Omdurman in 1898.

At the crisis of this battle Macdonald's Sudanese brigade appeared, and repulsed the worst attack of the Mahdists.

It was after this battle that Macdonald became famous in England and Scotland, and was popularly known as "Fighting Mac."

He was promoted colonel and appointed an aide-de-camp to the Queen. In 1899 he was made major-general and appointed to a command in India.

In December, 1899, Macdonald went to South Africa to command the Highland Brigade in the Boer War. The brigade had suffered heavily and had lost its commander, Major-General A. G. Wauchope, in the Battle of Magersfontein.

He was in command of the brigade throughout the operations under Lord Roberts at Paardeberg, Bloemfontein, and Pretoria, and in 1901 he was made a K.C.B.

In 1902 Macdonald was appointed to command the troops in Ceylon, but on March 25th, 1903, he committed suicide in Paris.

MARCH 26TH

*Sarah Bernhardt*

THE Mother Superior of the Convent of Grand-Champs used to shake her head gravely when the name of little Rosine Bernard was mentioned.

For Rosine had an incurable temper. She fought and squealed. The convent echoed with her hysterical laughter and cries.

The solemn nuns, disturbed at their devotions, sprinkled Rosine with holy water to exorcise the evil spirit.

Severe discipline at last forced the girl to restrain her temper and exuberance. But her impulses were merely repressed. Her frivolity simmered and threatened to boil over at any moment.

When the children of the convent school were chosen to give a theatrical performance Rosine was not included.

But she did her best to encourage her timid friend Marie Buguet to learn the part of the Archangel Raphael.

The evening before the performance was set aside for a final rehearsal. The Archangel Raphael was stage-struck; not a word would come from her lips.

Rosine stepped forward. "I know the part," she cried. "Will you let me rehearse it?"

The second act was gone through again with the new Raphael. Rosine recited her lines with marked ability.

The performance made an impression on the nuns. Rosine was not subjected to such rigorous discipline. They hoped that she would take the veil.

Then her mother was compelled to leave the district. Rosine went with her. It was Rosine's farewell to the convent, and the first step on the ladder of fame.

A quarter of a century later the world knew Rosine as Sarah Bernhardt.

Soon after leaving the convent Rosine went to study at the Conservatoire. She concentrated on tragedy, but when, at 16, she was examined by the governors, she looked such a strange little thing with her excessively pomaded hair, her swollen eyes and gruff voice caused by crying, that she was awarded second prize in the comedy class and nothing for tragedy.

Influence secured her a part at the *Théâtre française*. It was a modest part with a modest pay, and she made little success. A burlesque part at the Porte St. Martin and Gymnase made no improvement in her prospects.

Once at the *Comédie française* Sarah, who was the youngest member of the company, rushed at Mme. Nathalie, the celebrated tragedienne, and boxed her ears.

Sarah's complaint was that the famous actress had pushed her roughly away when she had stepped accidentally on her train.

Next day the newspapers laughed at the great actress's discomfiture. Sarah was not dismissed from the cast. The persons who had obtained the opening for her could not be slighted.

In 1867 Sarah became a member of the company at the Odeon, where she made her first definite success as Cordelia in a French translation of "King Lear," as the queen in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," and as Zanetto in François Coppee's "Le Passant."

After the Franco-German war she left the Odeon for the *Comédie française* and from that time she steadily increased her reputation.

About this time Sarah Bernhardt was in bad health. She thought she was about to die. She ordered her coffin, an elaborate casket of ebony, lined with white satin. She often laid herself down in it and slept. She had her photograph taken lying in the coffin.

Two milestones in the career of Sarah Bernhardt were her performances of Phedre in Racine's play and Donna Sol in Victor Hugo's "Hernani" (1877).

In 1879 she had a successful season at the Gaiety in London.

During the London season of 1879 Sarah Bernhardt was the rage.

During a pause of three days in the performances she went to Liverpool to buy two lion cubs. There were no cubs, so she bought a cheetah and a white wolf dog. These she added to her collection of animals which she had brought from Paris. The select neighbourhood of Chester Square could not sleep for the howling of the menagerie.

The newspapers began a campaign against her, and the management of her company requested her to use more discretion while she was in England.

Scandalous tongues were let loose. Sarah was charged with masquerading as a man. She was called a publicity-monger.

In 1880 Sarah broke with the *Comédie française* and had to pay heavy damages. She then began to tour the world.

Among her great successes were Scribe's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," Dumas Fils's "Dame aux Camelias" and Meilhac and Halevy's "Frou-Frou."

Several plays were written around her own personality including "Fedora," "Theodora," "La Tosca" and "Cleopatre." "Jeanne d'Arc" was another great success.

During the years 1891 to 1893 she toured almost all over the world. In 1899 she impersonated "Hamlet," and thereafter she took the part of a number of male characters.

In 1882 she married a member of her company, M. Jacques Damala, a Greek. They separated in the following year.

As the result of an accident her right leg was amputated in Paris on February 22nd, 1915, but she continued to act and toured America in 1917.

In 1921 she played in London a man's part in Verneuil's "Daniel."

In 1913 she had received the Cross of the Legion of Honour and in 1921 she became Officer.

She became ill in March, 1923, and steadily became worse. Then came the news on the 26th, "Madame is dead!"

#### MARCH 27TH

#### *The Story of the Crimean War*

It would be difficult to explain the real cause of the Crimean War.

That it arose out of the general European fear of the spreading tentacles of Russia, however, cannot be denied.

In the middle of the 19th century Turkey, the "sick man of Europe," was becoming so weak that it seemed inevitable that a carving-up would take place. Russia determined to get in first.

As a preliminary she adopted the role of protector of the Orthodox Christians, which would give her an excuse to intervene against Turkish persecutions.

In demanding of Turkey special treatment for the Greek Church, Nicholas I upset Napoleon III of France, who was not only a good Catholic but hated Russia for the part she had played in the defeat of Napoleon I.

Britain, on her part, was afraid for her eastern possessions if Russia secured Constantinople, while Austria was nervous at Russian penetration into the Balkans.

Thus the fuel was ready for an explosion.

Meanwhile Turkish diplomacy was being controlled in great measure by the British Ambassador, Stratford de Redcliffe.

Russia delivered an ultimatum to Turkey which the Turks



rejected. At a European congress proposals were made which no one understood. At all events, they were not accepted by anyone except the Tsar.

Russia mobilized and occupied Turkish territory north of the Danube. Then, a few weeks later, despite the presence of French and British warships in the Bosphorus, Russia destroyed a Turkish squadron in the Black Sea.

In January, 1854, the allies decided to protect Turkey. A British engineer officer was sent to evolve a scheme for the protection of Constantinople. It led to the fortification of Gallipoli.

But while this was going on, Austria threatened Russia and the troops occupying the Danube provinces were withdrawn.

This was the right moment for a peaceful settlement, but it was not to be.

The French and British troops had concentrated at Varna on the western shore of the Black Sea. An epidemic of cholera broke out which made Varna untenable.

There was no doubt that these forces would have to be removed. But where were they to go?

It would be foolish to bring home the troops without having accomplished anything, declared the British and French Governments. So it was decided to invade the Crimea!

"But," said Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, "the first difficulty is the absence of all information as to the Crimea itself."

It was true. No one knew anything about the country, except that Sebastopol, on its southern coast, was the only naval port Russia had in the Black Sea.

The French Court got out a planchette and consulted the great Napoleon, and two crude plans of Sebastopol and Balaclava were studied.

Strategical authorities prophesied disaster. Then the British Cabinet realized that the Crimea was a peninsula, the British Navy, with a concentration of big guns, could cut it off from the mainland by commanding the isthmus.

On July 18th, therefore, four months after the declaration of war, which had taken place on March 27th, the allied generals and admirals decided upon the invasion of the Crimea.

The British commander was Lord Raglan, who had seen

no active service since 1815. It is said that he had an incurable habit of referring to the enemy as "the French."

St. Arnaud, the French commander, was a sick man.

On September 7th, the armies embarked at Valna, fifty-seven thousand strong, without a hitch. They were conveyed in one hundred and fifty war vessels and transports, which drew up close to the Crimean coast six days later.

A spot known as Old Fort was chosen for a landing. The Russians on shore watched through their telescopes.

The Russian Governor of Eupatoria received an order to surrender. Disinfecting the document, he read it, and then sent a message notifying his surrender. At the same time he insisted that the invading troops should remain in quarantine!

Thus the landing took place unopposed.

As to the armies themselves, neither the British, French, nor Russian troops had been properly trained.

This is the comic opera aspect of the Crimean War. There was nothing humorous about the campaign itself, however.

The allies marched southward on Sebastopol, and were met by thirty thousand Russians on the Alma. The Russians were defeated, their casualties being over five thousand. The allies lost about three thousand.

The allies were not aware that Sebastopol was only poorly defended. Otherwise, it is thought, they could have captured the port without delay.

Expecting that their advance would be stubbornly resisted, they entrenched themselves on the south-western promontory of the Crimean Peninsula. From this point they laid siege to Sebastopol.

The siege lasted three hundred and fifty days. Meanwhile Sebastopol was turned into a mass of ruins.

The horror, misery and suffering of the winter 1854-55 has often been described. War correspondents told the story in full in their dispatches, and people at home learned of the fatal consequences of sending men to fight without providing means for supplying them with clothing and proper food.

In France the Press was muzzled, so it was not known until afterwards to what extent the French army had suffered from disease.

The plight of the Russians was worst. Recruits who were

sent from the interior to the Crimea suffered untold misery. Two out of every three actually died on the wayside while marching to the Crimea.

Sardinia had joined the allies, but this did not bring the capture of Sebastopol any nearer.

On February 18th, 1855, Nicholas of Russia died. Raglan, the British commander, also succumbed.

It was not until August 27th that the French and Sardinians defeated the Russians at the Battle of the Chernaya and captured the redoubt Malakov, though the English were driven back from the Redan.

The loss of Malakov Hill was serious. Under the circumstances the Russians destroyed everything in the city and crossed the bridge to the north.

Thus came to an end one of the most celebrated campaigns in history.

In this last assault the allies lost ten thousand men and the Russians thirteen thousand.

The war dragged on until February 26th, 1856, when an armistice was agreed upon. The definite Peace of Paris was signed on March 30th.

## MARCH 28TH

### *The Wine Wager Murder*

THERE never was a more callous, brutal crime, in which a woman was concerned, than the murder of John Hayes, a carpenter, in 1720.

Catherine Hayes, his wife, the instigator of the crime, helped two men to dismember and dispose of the body.

Hayes was an easy-going, contented individual, a good husband, but parsimonious. His wife was always quarrelling, frivolous, despising her husband because of his virtues.

The couple made a runaway marriage. They lived at various addresses until they settled permanently in Tottenham Court Road, where Hayes opened a pawnbroker's business.

Their lodgings consisted of three rooms at the top of the building. The business was not remunerative, and the couple were compelled to take lodgers.

Catherine Hayes carried on an intrigue with Thomas Billings, a tailor. Under the pretence that Billings was a

native of Catherine's town, Hayes agreed to his coming to lodge with them.

Once Hayes went out of town for a few days. The house then became the scene of drunken orgies in which Catherine and her friends joined.

Her husband returned. Heard of what had happened in his absence and gave his wife two black eyes.

From that time his wife decided to get rid of him.

A second man, named Thomas Wood, came to live with the family. He was a friend of Hayes, and arrangements were made for him to sleep with Billings.

Catherine lost no time in making an impression on Wood. He soon fell victim to her charms.

She then suggested that Wood should murder her husband.

Wood was horrified. Hayes had taken him in when he had been penniless.

"Don't be a fool," urged Catherine. "There is no more sin in killing Hayes than in killing a brute beast."

She said that Hayes had murdered a man in the country, and two of their children.

She added that if her husband were dead she would own £1,500.

"Then," she continued, "you may be master thereof, if you will help to get him out of the way. Billings has agreed to help if you will make a third."

Wood at last promised to help.

The three decided that they should try to get Hayes drunk. Hayes was a temperate man, but taunted and challenged he declared he could drink as much as any of them.

Billings proposed that half a dozen bottles of wine should be fetched, and that if Hayes could drink it without being drunk Billings would foot the bill.

Hayes agreed and drank the wine. The three had to carry him to bed.

Billings with a hatchet fractured Hayes's skull.

The woman and the men then sat calmly by the side of the corpse and discussed how to get rid of it. First they cut off the head. The men resolved to take it in a bucket and throw it into the Thames.

They took the pail and went towards Whitehall. The gates were shut. They took their burden farther along the river and threw it into the night.

But the head became embedded in the mud. The tides washed it up and it was found by a lighterman.

The men went home and found Mrs. Hayes scrubbing away the bloodstains.

There was now the problem of disposing of the trunk. Mrs. Hayes and Wood were for putting it in a box, but when this was obtained it was not large enough. Further dismemberment was necessary. In the end the remains were placed in the box and hidden in a cupboard.

Meanwhile the head had been found and a hue and cry had begun.

The head was set upon a post in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, for the purposes of identification.

Hundreds of people came to see it, but no definite identification was made.

On March 2nd, Catherine Hayes, Wood and Billings took the remains out of the box and wrapped them in two blankets, the torso in one and the limbs in the other. They were then taken to Marylebone Fields and thrown into a pond.

The same day a man named Bennet thought he recognized the head. He went to Mrs. Hayes and said that he was certain that it was her husband's head.

Mrs. Hayes declared that Hayes was at home and in good health. She threatened Bennet with proceedings if he continued to circulate such rumours.

Similar declarations were made by other people who approached Billings and Wood. Both men said that Hayes was alive and well.

On March 6th the parish officers had the head preserved in spirits and it was placed on exhibition in a doctor's window. People came daily to see it. Still the mystery was not solved.

The absence of John Hayes was now causing interest among the neighbours. Mrs. Hayes invented stories to account for his disappearance. One was that Hayes had bolted to Portugal because he had killed a man.

At last, a man named Longmore, a cousin of Hayes, after several inspections of the head definitely identified it. Longmore was taken to the magistrates and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Catherine Hayes, Wood, Billings, and a woman named Mary Springate, who lived in rooms below those occupied by Hayes.

Mr. Justice Lambert, with Bow Street officers, went to

the woman's lodgings, forced their way in and seized her and Billings. Afterwards they took Mary Springate into custody.

Billings was committed to New Prison, Springate to the Gate House, and Mrs. Hayes to Tothill Fields, Bridewell.

They were all charged with murder on March 28th.

Wood escaped the gallows, dying in prison two days after receiving sentence.

Billings was hanged in chains with eight others who had been sentenced at the sessions, all of them being taken in a cart. Catherine Hayes was dragged in a sledge to the place of execution.

She was brought to the stake, chained round the waist. A rope was drawn through the post and pulled tight in a noose round her neck.

Faggots were piled up and lighted.

The crowd shouted imprecations as they watched her burn.

#### MARCH 29TH

*Emanuel Swedenborg*

*Great Bath Street,  
Coldbath Fields, 1772.*

*Sir,*

*I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit.*

*I am, sir, your humble servant.*

*E. Swedenborg.*

THIS was the letter which Emanuel Swedenborg, the mystic, wrote to John Wesley.

Wesley agreed that he had been anxious to make Swedenborg's acquaintance but he was about to go on a six month's evangelical tour, and he replied to that effect.

Swedenborg's response contained the prophecy that he would go "into the world of spirits on the 29th of the next month, never more to return."

The two men never met. As he had foretold, the founder of the Church of the New Jerusalem died on March 29th, 1772.

Swedenborg's "introduction" to the spiritual world

occurred in 1745, when he was 57. "It came gradually," he wrote, "a still, small voice, at first from behind."

In conversation with a friend, the mystic declared that one had come to him in the night and said that : "He was the Lord God, the Creator of the World, and the Redeemer, and that he had chosen me to explain to men the spiritual sense of the Scripture, and that He himself would explain to me what I should write on this subject.

"That same night were opened to me, so that I became thoroughly convinced of their reality, the world of spirits, heaven and hell, and I recognized there many acquaintances of every condition in life.

"From that day I gave up the study of all worldly science, and laboured in spiritual things, according as the Lord had commanded me to write.

"Afterwards the Lord opened, daily very often, my eyes, so that in the middle of the day I could see into the other world, and in state of perfect wakefulness, converse with angels and spirits."

Twenty years later he wrote to Christoph Oetinger, the theologian, asserting :

"I can solemnly bear witness that the Lord himself has appeared to me, and that He has sent me to do what I am doing now, and that for this purpose He has opened the interiors of my mind which are those of my spirit, so that I can see those things which are in the spiritual world and hear those who are there, and which privileges I have now had for 22 years."

According to Swedenborg, the two worlds of nature and spirit are distinct but related by analagous substances, laws and forces. Each has its atmospheres, waters and earths, but in one they are natural and in the other spiritual.

In the "True Christian Religion," probably the finest of Swedenborg's writings, there is a compendium of the whole of the theology of the New Church.

The seer was the son of a Swedish bishop, was born in 1688, and was educated at the University of Upsala.

In 1710, at the time of the plague in Sweden, the young student came to London. He narrowly escaped being executed for breaking the quarantine laws.

He went to Oxford and afterwards to Utrecht, Paris, and other places on the Continent.

In 1716 he was introduced to Charles XII of Sweden and was immediately appointed Assessor to the Board of Mines.

During the siege of Frederickshall he "rendered important service by transporting over mountains and valleys, on rolling machines of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop from Stromstadt to Iderfjol, a distance of fourteen miles. Under cover of these vessels the King brought his artillery (which it would have been impossible to have conveyed by land) under the very walls of Frederickshall."

This appears to be Swedenborg's first attempt at invention. In the same year he published a number of mathematical and mechanical works.

On the death of Charles XII, Queen Ulrica elevated him—his real name was Swedberg—to the rank of nobility, his name thus becoming Swedenborg.

In the debates in the Swedish House of Nobles he was a frequent contributor on matters such as currency, the decimal system, balance of trade and the liquor laws.

In 1724 he was offered the chair of mathematics in the University of Upsala. He declined, declaring that it was a mistake for mathematicians to be limited to theory.

It was not until towards the close of the nineteenth century that it was realized that Swedenborg was far ahead of any other scientist in practically every department.

When his voluminous writings were collected and examined it was found that he had some extraordinarily advanced theories.

He arrived at the nebular hypothesis of the formation of the planets and the sun long before Kant and Laplace. He was the first to use mercury for the air-pump, and had a method of determining longitude at sea by observation of the moon among the stars.

He invented an ear-trumpet for the deaf, cured smoky chimneys, was interested in machine-guns, and even had ideas on flying machines.

Swedenborg came to London in 1771, and lodged in Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields.

He had given up his scientific researches for his religion.

On Christmas Eve, 1771, he had a stroke which deprived him of speech for a time.

For some days after his death in the following March his



body lay in state. He was buried in the Lutheran Chapel, Prince's Square, Ratcliffe Highway.

In April, 1908, his remains were taken to Stockholm at the request of the Swedish Government.

MARCH 30TH

*The Massacre of the Sicilian Vespers*

EASTER Monday in the year 1282.

A warm breeze crept across the fertile plain surrounding the city of Palermo. Taking advantage of the brilliant sunshine, the citizens were dressed in their lightest and brightest.

As was customary during Eastertide, the people were preparing to go in procession to church to hear vespers.

Sicily was then ruled by the despot King of Naples, Charles of Anjou, who had garrisoned the island with French mercenaries. The Sicilians received brutal treatment at the hands of these men. The common soldiers were allowed the utmost licence, and a reign of terror existed.

The islanders dared not retaliate. Only one man had the courage to speak his mind. He was John of Procida, who had been robbed of his estates by the French.

The soldiers ignored his complaints, and did not object when he sometimes harangued the crowds and urged them to strike back at their oppressors. As long as the crowds were kept within reasonable proportions they did not fear attack. And the islanders realized the difficulty of catching the French by surprise.

They apparently settled down to endure the persecution, taking pleasure only in their church festivals, which the French always regarded with suspicion, as they brought together masses of the populace.

On that Easter Monday, therefore, the invaders took no risks. When the people of Palermo began their procession to the church, which stood some distance outside the city, the soldiers carried out their usual task of searching for arms.

This had been done time after time in similar instances, but few concealed weapons had been found.

These inspections had developed into something more alarming. They had become a pretext for insulting the womenfolk.

One woman who was about to join the procession was seized by soldiery. She was the daughter of a distinguished citizen and the wife of another. Her screams brought her father and husband on the scene. The temper of the crowd was now aroused. They rushed to obtain weapons, fell upon the French, and massacred all of them in Palermo.

They spared neither sex nor age. The monks came out of their monasteries and urged the populace on.

When Saint Remi, the Governor of Palermo, tried to escape he was seized and cut in pieces. In his place the Sicilians appointed as Governor the father of the woman who had been assaulted.

The news of the insurrection spread rapidly to adjacent towns. Before the sun went down the French were massacred in Monte Reale, Coniglio, Carini and Termini. Next day the people of Cefaladi, Mazaro and Marsala followed the example, and on April 1st the revolt reached Gergenti Liceta.

The people of Marsala had been ordered to take all their jewellery to the palace of the Governor, Burdac. They came instead with swords and daggers and put him to death.

Louis de Montpellier, Governor of San Giovanni, was also killed, his body being hung out of the castle window.

An incident similar to that which had occurred at Palermo caused the revolt of the people of Catania on April 4th.

A notorious French libertine named Jean Viglemada attempted to insult a woman named Julia Villamelli. He was prevented from doing so by her husband, whom he killed.

The woman ran through the streets screaming for help. The citizens gathered and fell upon the French. It is said that eight thousand of them perished, though it seems impossible that such a large number of armed men should have been surprised in this way.

Those who escaped the massacre took refuge in a fortress, where many died from hunger and others were killed in attempting to get out.

Meanwhile the people of Palermo had formed themselves into an army, having plenty of weapons seized from the French. They laid siege to Taormina, took it by assault, and murdered the whole of the French garrison.

Of all the big cities of Sicily only Messina remained in the hands of the French. It fell ultimately through the foolishness of the governor.

The citizens were not allowed to carry arms, and when one of their number, named Collura, appeared armed in the principal market-place of the town four French archers were ordered to arrest him. He put up a fight, and was assisted by several friends. After an obstinate struggle all the rioters were secured and taken to prison.

Not satisfied with taking the men, the governor ordered their wives to be seized. Infuriated by this insult the men of Messina caught the French unprepared and slaughtered three thousand of them. The rest retired to their fortresses, where they were soon overpowered.

This great insurrection which rid Sicily of the French became known as the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers because it was begun when the people of Palermo were on their way to attend vespers.

Old writers declare that over twenty thousand French people lost their lives, but this is probably exaggerated.

Charles of Anjou was with the Pope at Monte-Fiascone when he heard the news. It is said that he was so overcome with rage that he could not speak. He chewed through a cane which he habitually carried.

He threatened frightful reprisals, but things went all wrong for him. The Pope did his best to assist by excommunicating the rebels, but this had no effect upon the Sicilians, who were now determined to keep out the French.

Charles raised a large force and attacked Messina. The city was compelled to withstand a siege, and was reduced to a terrible plight before the inhabitants would listen to terms of capitulation.

When Charles proposed his conditions, however, they were so harsh that the citizens resolved to continue their defence. They did so until relieved by Don Pedro, King of Aragon, who had arrived with a strong fleet.

Charles was obliged to retreat, and almost the whole of the armament of the French was taken and destroyed.

Don Pedro had for some time conspired to obtain the crown of Sicily, and had already been crowned at Palermo.

Charles continued the war against Don Pedro, but in the end he submitted to defeats and disappointments. When he died in 1285 Naples itself was threatening to revolt against him.

Thus the Norman rule of Sicily came to an end after two hundred years.

MARCH 31ST

*Joseph Haydn*

WHEN the French were bombarding Vienna in May, 1809, Napoleon instructed his gunners to be careful not to hit the house of Francis Joseph Haydn. He also placed a guard around the house as a protection.

But when some shells fell a little distance away, Haydn's servants became terrified and decided to remove their invalid master to a place of security.

Haydn strenuously resisted. Always inspired with belief in divine protection, he exclaimed: "Where Haydn is, what is there to fear?"

The composer weakened, however, under the trying excitement. He was taken to bed, from which he never rose again. A fortnight after the bombardment he awoke from a long stupor and began to sing in a firm voice his own hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor." The effort was too much, and he sank back senseless. Five days later he died.

Haydn is one of the many proofs that a great composer is born and not made. Though he had only two lessons in composition, he produced an enormous number of compositions.

They included over eighty quartets, three hundred and eighteen published symphonies, twenty-two others unprinted, nineteen masses and much other church music, and eight German and fifteen Italian operas, besides smaller dramatic pieces, and a large number of detached vocal compositions.

Haydn was the second child of a master wheelwright. Having demonstrated, before the age of 6, that he had an extraordinarily good ear for music, he was taken in hand by a distant relative, Johann Frankh, who taught him to sing and play a few instruments.

In later years, Haydn remarked: "I shall be grateful to that man as long as I live for keeping me so hard at work, though I used to get more flogging than food."

Though his musical training was never neglected, his relative forgot his obligations to clothe the boy and keep him clean.

"I could not help perceiving, much to my distress, that

I was gradually getting very dirty," Haydn says, "and though I thought a good deal of my little person, was not always able to avoid spots of dirt on my clothes, of which I was dreadfully ashamed—in fact, I was a regular little urchin."

One day a drummer was needed for a procession. The diminutive Haydn was pitchforked into the job, after a few minutes' tuition on the instrument.

The boy could not carry the drum himself, so it was arranged to fix it on the back of a hunchback. Haydn got through the ordeal with credit, and, it is recorded that ever afterwards he had a passion for the drum, and once astonished an orchestra in London with his dexterity.

In 1740, when Haydn was 8 years old, Reuter, the choirmaster of St. Stephen's at Vienna, toured the country seeking recruits for his choir. He heard young Haydn at Hamburg and immediately engaged him.

Apart from singing in the services, the choir had to practise for two hours a day. Otherwise Haydn was left to his own devices, and he used his leisure for studying music.

At the age of 13 he wrote a mass without having received a lesson in composition. Reuter ridiculed it, but Haydn was not dismayed.

He devoted a small sum of money, which his father had sent him to have his clothes mended, to buying works on composition. Instead of beginning at the elementary part of the work, he started to compose in sixteen parts. When he showed his efforts to Reuter he was again mocked, and told to write in two parts.

In 1751 Haydn left the cathedral. It is said that he was expelled from the choir for cutting off the tail of a wig belonging to another member of the choir.

Thus Haydn stood in the street on a winter's night with no money and no prospect of lodgings.

Several stories are told of his rescue from this dilemma. The most probable is that Keller, a wigmaker who rented a single room and a loft, invited Haydn to sleep in the latter. He gave him food at his own table.

In the loft was a harpsichord, and Haydn learned to play some of the sonatas of Emanuel Bach.

He began to teach, and wrote for his pupils six trios and other instrumental pieces.

At the age of 19 he brought out his first opera "Der

*Krumme Teufel*," for which he was paid twenty-four ducats by the manager of a theatre. To supplement his income he played the violin in a church, and the organ in the private chapel of Count Haugwitz.

Soon afterwards he went to lodge in the house of Metastasio who introduced him to the mistress of Count Corner, the Venetian ambassador.

She was receiving vocal lessons from the famous Italian Porpora, and Haydn was engaged to accompany.

In 1752, Haydn wrote his first string quartet. He was now becoming known as an accompanist, and his patrons assisted him by encouragement and money.

Six years later he wrote his first symphony. His second symphony attracted the attention of Prince Antony Esterhazy, who engaged him as second choirmaster.

Having now a regular income, Haydn married Anne, the second daughter of his early benefactor, Keller. There was no happiness in the union, for Haydn had loved the elder sister who had gone into a convent.

A separation soon followed, but Haydn allowed his wife a maintenance until her death in 1800.

His death took place at Gumpendorf, a suburb of Vienna, on March 31st, 1809.



**APRIL**





APRIL 1ST

*Washing the White Lions*

TOWARDS the end of March, 1860, thousands of people in London received through the post a card with the following inscription :

Tower of London. Admit bearer and friend to view the annual ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on Sunday, April 1st, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their assistants.

On the appointed day the streets about the Tower were crammed with jostling crowds rushing up and down in a vain attempt to discover the White Gate.

There was no White Gate. There were no White Lions. There was no ceremony.

Had those people who received the cards examined them closely they might have been a little dubious about the "invitation."

In one corner of the card appeared what looked like an official seal. Closer inspection showed it to be the impression of a sixpence.

The whole affair was an All Fools' Day hoax.

The origin of April fooling is obscure. It seems to have been at the height about the middle of the nineteenth century, when intellect was low and spirits high.

An historian writing about this time describes the various devices for making fools of both friends and enemies. Some of them are not unknown to-day.

"A crew of giggling servant maids," he writes, "will get hold of some simple swain, and send him to a bookseller's shop for the 'History of Eve's Grandmother,' or to a chemist's for a pennyworth of pigeon's milk, or to a cobbler's for a little strap oil, in which last case the messenger secures a hearty application of the strap to his shoulders, and is sent home in a state of bewilderment as to what the affair means.

"The urchins in the kennel make a sport of calling to some passing beau to look to his coat-skirts ; when he either finds them with a piece of paper pinned to them or not, in either of which cases he is saluted as an April Fool.

"A waggish young lady, aware that her dearest friend, Eliza Louisa, has a rather empty-headed youth dangling after her with little encouragement, will send him a billet appointing him to call upon Eliza Louisa at a particular hour.

"Instead of a welcome he finds himself treated as an intruder, and by and by discovers that he has not advanced his reputation for sagacity or the general prospects of his suit."

Here is an April Fool recipe from the same writer :

"The great object is to catch some person off his guard ; to pass off upon him, as a simple fact, something barely possible, and which has no truth in it ; to impose upon him so as to induce him to go into positions of absurdity, in the eye of a laughing circle of bystanders.

"Of course, for successful April fooling, it is necessary to have some considerable degree of coolness and face ; as also some tact whereby to know in what direction the victim is most ready to be imposed upon by his own tendencies of belief.

"It may be remarked, that a large portion of the business is effected before and about the time of breakfast, while as yet few have had occasion to remember what day of the year it is, and before a single victimization has warned people of their danger."

The Scots were the most accomplished April Foolers. Their methods were complex. They did their April fooling so thoroughly that a victim was put to considerable inconvenience.

The object, perhaps, would be to fool Andrew McTavish.

Conspirator No. 1 would send Andrew two miles off with a message in a letter.

The recipient of the letter seeing the following words :

*This is the first day of April  
 Hunt the gowk another mile*

would continue the joke and tell Andrew that he could not assist, but if he would take another note to a third person he would get what he wanted.

Andrew would trudge off with his second letter and would be received in exactly the same way. This sort of thing might go on for hours until Andrew saw the joke or someone put him wise to what was going on.

Dean Swift, a famous practical joker, looked forward to All Fool's Day. He was able to devise the most original schemes for the victimization of his friends.

He records on March 31st, 1713, how he, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Lady Masham, spent the evening composing "a lie" for the morrow. The idea was to circulate through their servants a rumour that a certain nobleman who had been hanged a few days previously had come to life again, and was living as the guest of the proprietor of the Black Swan public-house in Holborn.

Unfortunately for the success of the joke, his two conspirators failed to keep their agreement, and the scheme fell through.

English antiquaries are unable to trace the origin of April fooling.

In one or another of its aspects it takes place in many countries of the world.

#### APRIL 2ND

#### *Mirabeau*

"FOR three days there is a low wide moan; weeping in the National Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators mounted on the *bornes*, with large silent audiences, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead.

"Let no coachman whip fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels. . . .

"In the Restaurateur's of the Palais-Royal, the waiter remarks, 'Fine weather, Monsieur'; 'Yes, my friend,' answers the ancient Man of Letters, 'very fine; but Mirabeau is dead.'"

Thus, dramatically, does Carlyle illustrate the feelings of Paris at the death of Mirabeau, the orator of the National Assembly.

Mirabeau, the reckless rebel against social and moral

conventions, an aristocrat who had sworn to crush the aristocracy, the man who had jumped into the leadership of the Third Estate, was dead, and nothing could now stop an already accelerated movement towards lawlessness.

Paris mourned for three days and then turned out in thousands for the public funeral of Mirabeau. A procession two and a half miles long followed the remains to the Church of Sainte-Genevieve, only recently consecrated for the burial of the great men of the Revolution.

This aristocratic count was a strange man, a mixture of vice and virtue, a scapegrace as a youth, and a fickle lover.

He was born at Bignon, near Nemours, on March 9th, 1749, and was a son of the Marquis de Mirabeau. At the age of three he was disfigured by an attack of smallpox.

He was educated in a military school and then received a commission in a cavalry regiment.

He began love-making early, and though ugly was able to fascinate women. He carried on a flirtation with a young woman who was engaged to his colonel. There followed a scandal and Mirabeau's imprisonment in the Isle of Ré.

On leaving Ré, Mirabeau joined the French Legion in Corsica and distinguished himself. It seemed as if he put all indiscretions behind him, and was on the way to promotion when he had a relapse.

In June, 1772, he married the daughter of the Marquis de Marignane. Unfortunately the young lady's father had a poor opinion of Mirabeau's ability to handle money, and he received none of his wife's fortune.

Nevertheless he plunged into debt. It annoyed father and father-in-law, and did not meet with the approval of the wife. She, in fact, was glad to get rid of him, when she found a satisfactory excuse for leaving him.

It was not uncommon in France in those days for fathers to repress their children by inflicting upon them terms of imprisonment. Mirabeau had had one experience of prison and he now underwent a second in the Castle of If, in the Gulf of Marseilles. There he remained for nine months and later was consigned to the fortress of Joux, near the little town of Portarlier. At this place the commandant allowed him to visit the town, and he was actually admitted into what society the town possessed.

One of the leading men of the town was the Marquis de

Monnier, then 80 years of age, who had a young wife still under 20. The inevitable happened. Mirabeau's intrigue with the girl was discovered. She was sent back to her parents, and Mirabeau promptly bolted.

Before long he was joined by her in Switzerland. They were discovered and had to flee to Holland.

In May, 1777, both were arrested. She was put in a nunnery and he in the fortress of Vincennes, where he had plenty of time for reflection over a period of three years.

He was released in December, 1780, broken in health, but unrepentant. Meanwhile his "Sophie," as he called her, had committed suicide, after being deserted by another lover.

A decree had been passed against him condemning him to death. He succeeded in getting this set aside, and then tried to get an order from the court for the return of his wife.

Mirabeau, pleading his own case, showed that he was a great orator. He would have won his case but for the fact that in his excitement he accused his wife of infidelity. On this the court pronounced a decree of separation.

Mirabeau's next conquest was a Dutch woman, named Nehra, to whom he remained as faithful as such a man could be. He was now earning a meagre income from writing pamphlets, and was gradually developing into an agitator against the abuses in French public life.

At the end of 1784 he went to England where he found a good field for his pamphleteering. He returned to Paris in 1785, and a year later was sent by the French Ministry—who were becoming tired of his virulent pen—to the Court of Berlin.

He was recalled after a few months, and some of his pamphlets were burned by the public executioner. The Ministry ordered his arrest, but he contrived to escape.

On the summoning by Louis XVI of the States-General he succeeded in getting himself elected for both Aix and Marseilles. He decided to represent the former city, and he was present at the opening of the States-General on May 4th, 1789.

In a few weeks the States-General had become the National or Constituent Assembly, and very soon the dominating voice was that of Mirabeau.

He opposed court intrigues and machinations at first.

Then he appeared to support the King, though he refused a bribe offered by Marie Antoinette.

But Mirabeau was his own party ; he had no support. He attempted to form an alliance with Lafayette, but the latter had his own ideas of a constitution for France.

From May, 1790, to his death a year later on April 2nd, Mirabeau was known to be in close contact with the Court. The Court paid his debts, but this did not make him a royalist. He regarded himself, however, as a Minister of the King, though he was never this in name.

APRIL 3RD

*Prince Arthur and Hubert*

SHAKESPEARE has drawn a pathetic picture of the sufferings and death of Prince Arthur, Duke of Brittany, nephew of King John.

Determined to give John as bad a character as possible, he makes the King order Arthur's eyes to be put out. Ultimately the 16-year-old boy jumps to death from the walls of a tower in an attempt to escape from his prison.

There are no facts to substantiate the Shakespeare version, although old chroniclers record that Arthur disappeared suddenly.

Most of the princes known in history by the name of Arthur have been unlucky children, but Arthur has attracted more sympathy because of the way in which his story has been dramatized.

Arthur's father was Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany, son of Henry II, and next in succession to Richard I. Thus Geoffrey stood before John in the succession to the throne.

When Geoffrey was accidentally slain in a tournament, John would have automatically become heir, but for the fact that Geoffrey's wife, after her husband's death, gave birth to Arthur, thus making him the rightful heir to Richard I.

Richard's death occurred in 1199, when Arthur was twelve.

John immediately usurped the throne. Most of the English nobles preferred a man to rule rather than a mere boy, and John met with little opposition.

In those parts of France, however, where English kings

still held sway, the situation was otherwise. The Barons of Anjou, Touraine and Maine supported Arthur's rightful claims, and took an oath of allegiance to him and to his mother, Constance, as his guardian.

A short time before, Richard Cœur de Lion had signed a treaty with the King of France, Philippe Auguste. By virtue of this, Constance and her son went to Philippe for protection when John attacked the barons who had supported Arthur and defeated them.

Philippe gave an undertaking to help. But he had an ulterior motive in coming to Arthur's assistance. He had been eagerly awaiting an opportunity of wresting the Continental possessions from the King of England.

He entered into the conflict readily and sent troops to assist the Barons of Anjou and Brittany. At the same time he invaded Normandy.

It was not long before Arthur's supporters ascertained the real intentions of the French king. They were now faced with a difficult problem. They had either to give way to Philippe or make peace with John.

They chose the latter course, and a reconciliation was effected by their leader, Guillaume des Roches, Seneschal of Anjou. The young prince was carried away into safety.

This had hardly been successfully done when it was learned that John was playing a double game. Word was brought to the barons that the English king was trying to gain possession of his nephew in order, it was said, to poison him.

Once again the unfortunate prince was hurried away at night and taken to Angers, where Philippe of France was located.

At the beginning of 1200 John and Philippe came to an arrangement, and Arthur was forced to remain content with the Duchy of Brittany, at the same time renouncing all claims to the crown of England, as well as the Continental provinces of Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou.

But Philippe was not prepared to allow matters to remain as they were. He had not given up his design to seize Normandy, and two years afterwards, to serve his own ends, put forward the claims of Arthur, who was then 15 years old.

The Continental barons were still ready to take up arms on behalf of Arthur. Philippe, investing the prince with the



districts of Poitou, Anjou, Maine and Touraine, sent him to Poitou to raise an insurrection there.

The young prince was induced to make an attack on Mirabeau. On August 1st, 1202, King John suddenly appeared on the scene and captured Arthur with all his barons.

The prince was taken prisoner to Falaise, and later to Rouen. From that time nothing definite was ever heard of him.

Many accounts have been told of the murder of Arthur, not one of which has any basis in fact.

According to the story told by Ralph of Coggeshall, King John was advised by some of his counsellors to have the poor lad's eyes put out. He sent some of his hirelings to carry out the dastardly work while Arthur lay in prison.

Shakespeare accepts this version and shows how Hubert de Burgh, then governor of Falaise, saved the prince by a ruse and afterwards communicated with the King.

On April 3rd, 1203, Arthur was removed from Falaise to Rouen. He was placed in a boat in which were King John and his esquire, Peter de Maulac. Then, it is said, de Maulac murdered the boy at the command of John.

According to another story, de Maulac was horrified at the King's command and refused to do the deed; whereupon John himself ended his nephew's life.

From very early days popular tradition has credited King John with having murdered his nephew. As this story cannot be substantiated, it is probable that it arose out of the hatred which John's memory always inspired.

On the other hand, there is no reason to suppose that John was any more virtuous than other English monarchs who rid themselves of rivals to the throne by ruthless methods.

Had Arthur lived it is possible that he might have obtained the crown with the aid of the English barons who revolted against John.

APRIL 4TH

*St. Ambrose*

It seems surprising that a lawyer should become an archbishop. Yet that is what happened to Ambrose of Milan.

It came about suddenly, and in a strange way.

When Auxentius, Archbishop of Milan, died, the Church assembled to elect a successor.

Milan at that time was divided between Arians and Orthodox churchmen. There was much disputation and many free fights; yet the problem of finding the right man for the job was still unsolved.

Contention became stronger. The parties appeared to forget the important business for which they had gathered, and it seemed certain that the city would give itself up to rioting.

Then Ambrose, prefect of the province of Liguria, appeared on the scene. To those squabbling people, he said, in effect, "Enough of this, gentlemen. Have done with your contention and get down to business."

He entreated them in an eloquent speech to do nothing rashly.

At first they were inclined to resent his interference. Then someone shouted, "Ambrose is bishop."

Whether this was intended seriously is not known, but the cry was taken up by others. It became general, and before Ambrose could realize what had happened, he was Archbishop of Milan.

That the choice was a good one was shown by subsequent events, although, at first, he tried deliberately to prove that he was unfit for the post, by affecting an undue harshness in his administration of the See.

He courted a reputation for vice, invited dissolute companions to his house, and even tried to escape from Milan.

One night he passed through the gate of the city with the intention of quitting it for ever. But after wandering about in the darkness, he was found in the morning quite close to the gate.

He was brought back and persuaded to remain only at the express command of the Emperor, Valentinian I.

Thus, in such a strange manner, Ambrose, the prefect, in

the 34th year of his age, became Archbishop of Milan, the capital of the Western Empire. He was baptized and consecrated in eight days.

Ambrose was an unbaptized layman ; he was consecrated immediately after baptism.

Having finally decided to take over the See, Ambrose gave all his property to the Church, reserving only an annual income for his sister, Marcellina. He was baptized as an Orthodox and was therefore opposed to the Arian Party.

He showed this plainly when the Empress Justina, mother of Valentinian II, demanded one of the churches in Milan for use of the Arians.

Ambrose refused. Whereupon a body of guards attempted to make a forcible entry into the church. The Archbishop came to the door and said calmly : "You may use your swords and spears against me. Such a death I will readily undergo."

Ambrose would brook no interference from the emperors in Church affairs. He was even ready to impose penalties on them for infringements of moral codes.

An instance of this is shown in his treatment of the Emperor Theodosius.

In the year A.D. 390 there was an insurrection in Thessalonica, and Botheric, the officer representing the Emperor, was slain. Theodosius, naturally hot-tempered, ordered a general massacre of inhabitants.

In three hours 7,000 people were killed, without social distinction and without trial.

Ambrose wrote the Emperor a letter warning him that he must be answerable for what had been done. "I love you ; I cherish you ; I pray for you," said Ambrose, "but blame not me if I give the preference to God."

He refused to admit Theodosius into the church at Milan.

"But," pleaded the Emperor, "David was guilty of murder and adultery."

To which Ambrose replied : "You have imitated David in his guilt ; imitate him in his repentance."

So for eight months the Emperor was excluded from the church. Even on the Feast of the Nativity he complained that he was denied what was permitted to the merest beggar and slave.

At length Theodosius appeared as a suppliant. "I have come to offer myself to submit to whatever you prescribe," he said.

He was ordered to do public penance and to suspend the execution of all capital warrants for thirty days in future, so that the result of his temper might be avoided.

It is not surprising that certain traditions have been built upon the personality of Ambrose. It is said that he learned through a vision the spot where the bodies of some martyrs lay, which were afterwards exhumed and carried in pomp to the church.

Through these relics a butcher named Severus recovered his eyesight, and other miraculous powers were attributed to the bones.

Ambrose wielded extraordinary power, as is shown by his dealings with the Emperors, for it is recalled that only 80 years before, Diocletian, the despot, had initiated a great Christian persecution.

It was during the administration of Ambrose that the first execution for heresy occurred.

When the capital sentence was carried out, however, Ambrose denounced the act of violence, and refused to hold any intercourse with the bishops who had been responsible.

In 392, after the assassination of Valentinian and the usurpation of Eugenius, Ambrose fled from Milan. But when Theodosius was eventually victorious he returned and pleaded with Theodosius for the pardon of those who had supported Eugenius.

He died on April 4th, 397.

#### APRIL 5TH

#### *General Sir Henry Havelock*

WHEN Havelock was at Charterhouse, they had a small opinion of his chances of becoming a military hero.

He was called "Old Phlos" because of his quiet and meditative disposition.

When the story of the gallant capture of Cawnpore resounded through the country, a newspaper, recalling the hero's days at school, said: "Old Phlos is a name which, we are sure, must now be making the hearts of old Carthusians dance with pride and delight."

Henry Havelock was born at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, on April 5th, 1795.

He was sent to Charterhouse School at the age of 10, but left earlier than was intended because his father had become financially embarrassed. He was entered at the Middle Temple.

Havelock left the Middle Temple, and sought to join the Army. Through the influence of Baron Alten, he obtained a commission at the age of 20, and was attached as lieutenant to the company by Captain (afterwards Sir Harry) Smith, the hero of Aliwal.

In 1822 he was appointed lieutenant in the 13th Light Infantry and ordered to Calcutta, under the command of Major (afterwards Sir Robert) Sale, the victor of Jellalabad.

He had been about a year at Fort William when he was appointed deputy adjutant-general of the expedition in the first Burmese war of 1824.

As soon as he joined the 13th Light Infantry he became a sort of chaplain. He was a Baptist and preached to his men. He often performed the baptismal rite.

He assembled his men on frequent occasions for reading, prayers and singing hymns.

These services were well attended, and it became necessary in time to build a place in which to hold the services.

Once, in Rangoon, Havelock obtained permission to hold a service for his men in the great pagoda. Around the walls were images of Buddha.

At the outbreak of the Afghan War, Havelock was appointed to the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton. He assisted at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul.

For his services in Afghanistan he was rewarded with the rank of brevet-major and the Order of the Bath.

He was in the Gwalior Campaign of 1843 and the Sutlej campaigns of 1845 and 1846. At the Battle of Moodkie he had two horses shot under him. At Sabraon a cannon ball hit his charger.

Havelock was called to account for carrying around with him a tent in which he held religious services. He was reported for acting in a non-military and disorderly manner.

Lord Gough was forced to inquire into the charges. Instructions were issued to compare the crime in his regiment with that of others.

It was found that among his men there was less drunkenness, less flogging and less imprisonment than in any other.

"Go," said Lord Gough, "with my compliments to Colonel Havelock, and tell him to baptize the whole army."

Once, when a desperate encounter with the enemy was anticipated, Lord Gough ordered: "Turn out the saint! Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk."

In 1849 Havelock came to England for a rest. He returned to India two years later and was appointed successively Quartermaster-General and Adjutant-General of the British forces in India.

Following the Persian campaign of 1857, Havelock learned of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. He immediately set out by sea for Calcutta.

Three days after his arrival there he was given the command of a column, at his own suggestion, to operate in the districts above Allahabad.

He started from that town on July 7th with 1,000 men in scorching heat. Four miles from Futtehpore he linked up with 400 men under the command of Major Renaud, sent to relieve Cawnpore.

On the 12th they were attacked by the enemy, 3,500 strong. In ten minutes Havelock put them to flight. Three days later a further battle was fought with the insurgents, and then the tired troops continued their march towards Cawnpore.

Next day Havelock turned the strong position taken up by Nana Sahib before Cawnpore. The battle was won by 1,000 British soldiers against 5,000 strongly entrenched Sepoys. Cawnpore was occupied. But it was too late to save the garrison.

An attempt was made to reach Lucknow, but Havelock's forces were not strong enough for the task, and he fell back on Cawnpore.

The second campaign for the relief of Lucknow was undertaken with a force of 2,500 men. The Ganges was crossed on September 19th, and after several battles Lucknow was entered on the 25th.

Two months later Havelock fell ill with dysentery.

He died on November 24th, 1857.

APRIL 6TH

*Dr. Richard Busby*

MANY amusing anecdotes are told of Dr. Richard Busby, the famous head of Westminster School during the reigns of Charles II and James II.

He is reputed to have been somewhat severe with his pupils, inflicting corporal punishment on them as a matter of course, whether they deserved it or not.

Dr. Busby apparently believed that every lad had his store of learning, and the cane was necessary to bring it out.

"A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's," Thackeray sarcastically observes, when he describes how the headmaster's pupils received preferments in the days of Queen Anne.

There is no question that the Westminster School of the time of Busby produced many illustrious men who stirred the world with their great learning.

It is said that it was common for Busby to send boys home with a piece of buckram "appended to a particular part of their apparel, as a necessary temporary substitute for the part that had been flogged away by the master's zeal for his young friend's intellectual welfare."

The master's propensity for administering whippings is described by one old writer as "honest enthusiasm, and not by any means a mere ebullition of impatience or ill-temper."

Pointing to a boy one day, he remarked: "I see great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavour to bring them out." That he was successful is shown by the fact that the boy in question was afterwards Dr. Robert South, canon of Christ Church, Oxford, who could have had a bishopric for the asking.

Boys who could not pass through the ordeal at Westminster School, in the opinion of Dr. Busby, had no business to be there.

According to Dr. Johnson, Busby declared that his rod was his sieve. Whoever could not pass through that sieve was no boy for him.

On the other hand, Busby had his "white boys" or favourites.

Witty himself, he appreciated wit in others. If a boy

retaliated to one of his witticisms with a remark that was clever, Busby was satisfied. But if the lad failed to crack a good joke, it meant another dose of the rod.

One of the stories told of Busby's wit is as follows. One day he was sitting in company with Mrs. South and Mrs. Sherlock, both wives of distinguished clerics, when the conversation turned upon the subject of wives.

Said Busby: "I believe that wives in general are good, though, to be sure, there may be a bad one *here* and a bad one *there*."

This subtle piece of wit may not have been appreciated by the two ladies.

Dr. Busby ruled the destinies of Westminster School for 50 years, and during that time so many able scholars passed through his "sieve" that at one time he boasted that 16 out of the whole collection of bishops had been pupils of his.

Westminster School, in fact, was noted for its large number of bishop pupils. In a letter to Horace Walpole the Rev. Mr. Mason writes: "There was a bishop—I think it was Sprat—who thanked God that he became a bishop, though he was not educated at Westminster.

"As to myself," he adds, "I would not have been educated there for the best pair of lawn sleeves in the kingdom."

On the contrary, another famous man remarked: "Dr. Busby was a great man! He whipped my grandfather. A very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead. A very great man!"

In the year 1657 Dr. Busby and his scholars retired to a building called College House, at Chiswick, which was held by the Dean of Westminster. In the lease of this property granted by the Dean to two tenants, it was stipulated that they should erect "additional buildings adjoining the manor house, sufficient for the accommodation of one of the prebendaries of Westminster, the master of the School, the usher, forty boys, and proper attendants, who should retire thither in time of sickness, or at other seasons when the Dean and Chapter should think proper."

The summer that year was described as "a hot and sickly season."

Eight years later Dr. Busby and his scholars again moved to Chiswick, this time to avoid the plague. But the epidemic soon spread to this place, and the headmaster, calling his pupils



together, regretted that they would have to remain there for some time. The teaching was carried on without interruption.

It is not only as a schoolmaster that the name of Dr. Busby has become famous. He is said to have been associated with the wig which bore the name of "busby," a frizzled and bushy device for covering the head.

As all the portraits of Dr. Busby represent his wearing a close-fitting cap, or, at all events, without a wig, it is difficult to see how he can have been connected with the article.

Dr. Busby was born at Lutton, Lincolnshire, in 1606. He was educated at the school over which he afterwards presided for such a long period. He gained a king's scholarship at the school, and then proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1628.

He was a Royalist and obstinate in his support of the falling dynasty of Stuarts. For his services in this direction he was rewarded with the prebend and rectory of Cudworth, with the chapel of Knowle, in Somersetshire. He was then 33 years of age.

Next year he became head of Westminster School, where his reputation as a teacher soon became great.

No school in England produced so many eminent men as did Westminster during the regime of Busby.

Among his distinguished pupils were Dryden, Locke, Prior, South and Bishop Atterbury.

Busby wrote and edited many works for the use of his pupils.

He died on April 6th, 1695, in his 90th year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where an effigy was erected to his memory.

#### APRIL 7TH

#### *The Farmer Who Sold His Wife*

It was a prevalent belief among the uneducated, even to the middle of the nineteenth century, that if a man were tired of his wife, he could get rid of her by selling her by public auction in a market-place.

On April 7th, 1832, a certain Joseph Thomson, a farmer, brought his wife from his village into Carlisle with the intention of disposing of her to the highest bidder.

Joseph, during the three years of his married life, had failed to find matrimonial bliss. Mary Anne, his wife, had so frequently kicked over the traces, that it had made his life a nightmare.

Thus he had decided—it was, of course, an unlawful decision—to break the marriage tie by offering his wife for sale.

Arriving in Carlisle, Joseph sought out the town crier, who notified to the gaping farmers in Carlisle that a bargain was about to be cast on to the marriage market. In response to the bellman's advice to roll up in hundreds, a large crowd assembled to see the fun.

Punctually at noon, the time announced for the sale, Joseph appeared leading Mary Anne by a halter of straw fixed round her neck.

Though Mary Anne was dressed in her finery for such an auspicious occasion, it was obvious that she felt her position keenly. There was a hang-dog look on her face; she walked through the throng reluctantly, half dragged by her husband, and tried to loosen the hayband that cut into her neck.

Joseph conducted her to an oak arm-chair that had been placed for her reception, allowed the crowd to gaze upon her for a few minutes, and then, clearing his throat, began the following oration as an introduction to the auction:

“Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thomson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder.

“Gentlemen, it is her wish, as well as mine, to part for ever. She has been to me only a born serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my home; but she became my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil.

“Gentlemen, I speak truth from my heart when I say—may God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome women! Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential thing in nature.”

Joseph paused for a moment, expectantly, and then ordered Mary Anne to stand. He turned her on her heels to show her figure, and then proceeded to recount her virtues.

Unfortunately, however, Joseph's feelings were apparently so bitter against Mary Anne that he mixed up her vices with her good points.

"Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife," said Joseph, "and told you her faults and failings, I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness.

"She can read novels and milk cows ; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. Indeed, gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of women in general :

"Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,  
To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race.

"She can make butter and scold the maid ; she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps. She cannot make rum, gin, or whisky, but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them.

"I therefore offer her with all her perfections and imperfections for the sum of fifty shillings."

The crowd laughed at Joseph's witticisms, but there seemed little keenness to bid for Mary Anne.

"Come along, gentlemen," urged Joseph. "What offers will you make?"

Still there was no response. Dubious glances were cast at the scowling Mary Anne, who was by no means inclined to appear at her best. Nor did she speak a word during the whole of the proceedings, which lasted a full hour before a bid was made.

At last one Henry Mears offered twenty shillings. No other offer being forthcoming, the lot was knocked down. Mears threw in a Newfoundland dog as a make-weight.

Mary Anne was led one way by Mears, and Thomson and the Newfoundland dog went the other.

APRIL 8TH

### *Lorenzo de Medici*

BIOGRAPHERS are not unanimous about the character of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Guicciardini, the Italian historian, says of Lorenzo : "If Florence was to have a tyrant, she could never have found a better or more pleasant one."

Contrast this with the opinion of another writer : "Lorenzo

was absolutely lord of all, and virtually a tyrant. His immorality was scandalous; he kept an army of spies; he frequently meddled in the citizens' most private affairs, and exalted men of the lowest condition to important offices of the State."

That Lorenzo was one of the greatest of the great Medici family of Florence is not disputed; nor can it be denied that during the time of his lordship the industry and commerce of Florence flourished as never before. Even the peasantry became more prosperous.

The Medici family is renowned in Italian history for the extraordinary number of statesmen it produced, and for its great patronage of letters and art.

Its origins are obscure, but the name appears in the chronicles of Florence as early as the twelfth century.

The first member of the family to become absolute ruler of the Florentine republic was Cosimo the Elder, who was born in 1389. He was reputed to be the richest citizen in Europe, and he raised the power of the republic to a height greater than it had ever before attained.

The lordship of Florence passed to his only surviving son, Piero, surnamed Gouty. This member of the family suffered so much from gout that at times he was completely paralysed.

When he died, he left two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano. Lorenzo being the elder was the obvious choice for the lordship, both by reason of age and education.

But a junta of five citizens met, confirmed the hereditary principle for the lordship, and elected both young Medici as heads of the State.

Lorenzo's was soon the dominating voice. He seized the reins of State firmly, suppressed the ancient elective offices, and established a permanent council obedient to his will.

Soon after Lorenzo's election he was called upon to suppress two seditious movements in the republic. One occurred at Prato in 1470 and the other at Volterra in 1472.

The Volterrans attempted to shake off their dependent alliance with Florence, but were defeated. Their city was pillaged, and they were reduced to the status of a subject city.

Lorenzo was not free from the animosity of private and public enemies. The Pazzi family of Florence, equal in wealth and more ancient than the Medicis, sulked because of

the predominance of their rivals. Lorenzo, on his part, took every opportunity to reduce their powers in the State.

At last, Francesco Pazzi, the head of the family, left his native city in disgust and went to Rome, where he became the banker of Pope Sixtus IV.

Lorenzo quarrelled with this Pope, a man reputed to be of impetuous temper. Sixtus had tried to found a State on the borders of Florence for the benefit of his nephews, but was opposed successfully by Lorenzo.

An alliance was formed between the Pazzi, Archbishop Salviati, another of Lorenzo's enemies, and the two nephews of the Pontiff, with the object of putting an end to the Medici family.

The plot was ripe for execution by April, 1478. Lorenzo and his brother were set upon by the conspirators while attending Mass in the church.

The younger Medici received a fatal stab, but Lorenzo escaped with a slight wound.

Lorenzo lost no time in taking his revenge. Several of the Pazzi and their followers were hanged from the palace windows. Others were hacked to pieces, and dragged through the streets into the River Arno. Many others were condemned to death or sent into exile.

The Pope excommunicated Lorenzo and put Florence under an interdict. Assisted by the King of Naples, the Pope began a war against Florence.

Lorenzo went boldly to Naples, saw the King, and succeeded in obtaining from him an honourable treaty of peace which forced the Pope also to come to terms.

In 1484 Sixtus IV died and was followed by Innocent VIII, a great friend to Lorenzo, whose son John (afterwards Leo X,) he nominated cardinal at the early age of 13.

A change had gradually been taking place in the relation of the Medici family to Florence. They were gaining in political importance, but their commercial interests and wealth were declining. Lorenzo kept up a banking business in various capitals of Europe, but his great expenditure reduced his fortune and increased his debts.

At last he was forced to call upon the State to help him out of his difficulties. Money was granted by the council for his private use. This was as it should have been, as Lorenzo had spent huge sums of money in the adornment of Florence

and in the encouragement of the artists and men of letters.

But the comparative poverty of the family of Medici had a bad effect on Florence.

In 1487 Lorenzo's daughter, Madeleine, married Francesco Cibo, the son of the Pope, and two years later his son John entered college to study for the clerical profession.

Florence was still called a republic, but it was actually under a dictator. Lorenzo's power, in fact now extended over the whole of Italy.

On April 8th, 1492, Lorenzo lay on his death-bed. Although he had been rudely treated by the prior, Savonarola, who had refused to call on him, he called him in to hear his confession.

Savonarola came reluctantly, and would offer absolution only after Lorenzo had agreed to three conditions.

"Name them," demanded the Magnificent.

"First, you must repent and feel true faith in God's mercy." Lorenzo nodded agreement.

"Secondly, you must give up your ill-gotten wealth." Lorenzo hesitated then promised.

"Thirdly, you must restore the liberties of Florence."

Slowly the dying man turned his face to the wall, making no reply.

Savonarola waited a few minutes while Lorenzo's breathing became more laboured.

It ceased at last, and the prior walked sadly out of the room.

Lorenzo had died unabsolved.

#### APRIL 9TH

#### *Gabrielle d'Estrees*

ALTHOUGH Henry of Navarre had made a solemn promise to marry Diane d'Andouins—which meant divorcing his wife, Marguerite de Valois—and had sealed the bargain with a contract signed in his own blood, he did not intend to remain true to a mistress who was gaining weight daily.

Thus Henry's love evaporated and the once beautiful Diane was relegated to the position of a dependant upon the largess of her erstwhile lover. When she died in 1620, still faithful, still hoping, Henry had forgotten her for 30 years.

Having disposed of Diane, Henry, now unattached—except, of course, to his wife—was riding one day in the beautiful valley of the Eure, contemplating how he could gain the throne of France, which was his by right, when he saw a beautiful castle.

In answer to his knock there appeared a beautiful girl. She had golden hair, a graceful figure, brilliant blue eyes, and a lovely complexion.

She was Gabrielle d'Estrées, just seventeen, a daughter of John Antony d'Estrées of the Château de Coeuvres.

With becoming modesty, she lowered her eyes before her magnificent visitor. In the subsequent conversation which the 37-year-old Henry had with her and her sister, Diane, he was charmed.

There were seven children in the d'Estrées family—five daughters and two sons. They were known as the “seven deadly sins.”

Gabrielle had been offered to, and bought by, Henry III, for six thousand crowns when she was 16, but that monarch grew tired of her in a short time.

Whereupon, Mme. d'Estrées looked round for another customer and assisted by Henry III, passed her on to the willing Duc de Bellegarde.

Henry of Navarre could not have been ignorant of Gabrielle's reputation, for she had been the mistress of several men before he met her. At that time two men were contending for her favour, Bellegarde and the Duc de Longueville.

When Henry appeared and insisted on carrying off Gabrielle they had no option but to give up the struggle.

But Gabrielle had given her heart to Bellegarde, and there was a pathetic scene when she was taken away.

There are conflicting versions as to what happened next, but there is little doubt that Gabrielle pined for Bellegarde, and despite Henry's entreaties, she packed her belongings and left him.

The titular King of France could not be expected to put up with this treatment. The Marquis d'Estrées, Gabrielle's father, was ordered to move with his family to Mantes, Henry's headquarters, and was given a seat on the Council.

But in course of conquering his kingdom Henry had little leisure for love affairs, and it was some time before he could renew his wooing of the reluctant Gabrielle.

Meanwhile Bellegarde and Longueville took advantage of Henry's absence.

When Henry returned, he found that Gabrielle's father had married off his daughter to the deformed Nicolas d'Amerval de Liancourt.

The object of Anthony d'Estrées was to have one honourable woman in his family, for his wife had just left him for her young lover, the Marquis d'Alègre.

The King did not resent this. In his opinion a husband could be managed more easily than a father. So it proved; for soon afterwards Gabrielle joined Henry's Court at Chartres.

Resigned to her fate, Gabrielle decided to make the best of her situation.

While the King was away on his expeditions, Bellegarde was a frequent visitor. One day Henry returned sooner than expected and Bellegarde had to escape through a window.

On another occasion he caught Bellegarde trying to hide under the bed. He allowed the intruder to remain there during a meal, pretending that he had seen nothing. Towards the end of the repast he threw a box of sweetmeats under the bed, remarking, "Everyone must live."

There were times, however, when Henry was not inclined to treat his rival so carelessly, and the love-making of Gabrielle and Bellegarde had to continue surreptitiously.

It was mainly the influence of Gabrielle which caused Henry to forswear the Protestant faith at Saint-Denis on July 25th, 1593. It was this act which made France readier to accept him as King and he was now ruler in something more than name.

When Gabrielle gave birth to a child Henry was not sure how he stood in relation to its parentage. Nevertheless, he surrounded her with honours, and it seemed certain that she would soon be made Queen.

Not long afterwards Henry ordered one of his officers to kill the man who was in Gabrielle's room. The man was Bellegarde. But Bellegarde was such a popular man about Court that he was allowed to escape.

Gabrielle was crafty enough to make her peace with the King whenever these contretemps occurred.

The King's mistress was not popular with the other women



of the Court, and rumours came to Henry's ear that remarks had been made concerning Gabrielle's son, César.

To allay these rumours Henry legitimized César, and proceeded to set the law in motion for his divorce from Marguerite de Valois, with a view to making Gabrielle Queen.

In September, 1594, Henry made a public entry into Paris mounted on a grey horse and surrounded by torchbearers. Before him went Gabrielle d'Estrées, Mme. de Liancourt, in a magnificent litter, wearing many precious stones and pearls. It was Henry's first public recognition of his mistress, and this display prepared France for her further elevation.

In March, 1595, Gabrielle was created Marquise de Monceaux, and given a castle. She was now no longer a frivolous girl. She took pains to learn matters of State, and her judgment was valued by the King.

The Court was grateful to her for restraining the vindictiveness of Henry and, generally, she upheld her position with dignity. She was created Duchesse de Beaufort, the last step towards the highest title of all.

She died on April 9th, however, before she could become Queen.

#### APRIL 10TH

#### *William Booth*

KING EDWARD VII stopped the persecution of the Salvation Army.

The work of William Booth had been the object of ridicule ever since he began to preach in the open air with his "Hallelujah Band" of converted criminals and others.

When the King invited "General" Booth officially to be present at the Coronation ceremony in 1902 the public, who had looked askance at Booth's unorthodox methods, changed their views.

In 1905 William Booth went on a tour of the country and was received in state by the mayors and corporations of many towns.

In the early days the "Army" suffered violent opposition. A "Skeleton Army" was organized to break up its meetings, and for years the "General" and the rank and file incurred fines and imprisonment for causing breaches of the peace.

Booth was born at Nottingham on April 10th, 1829. At the age of 15 he became a Wesleyan local preacher.

Five years later he came to London to preach. He left the Wesleyans and joined the Methodist New Connexion, in which he was ordained a minister. Here, too, there did not seem to be much anxiety to use Booth's ability as a travelling evangelist, so he left them in 1861.

Six years before he had married Miss Catherine Mumford. They had four children. It was she who encouraged him to break away from the Methodists.

Booth and his wife began preaching together, first in Cornwall and then in Cardiff and Walsall. In Walsall the "Hallelujah Band" was organized.

Members of this party were required to testify as to their conversion. The halting speeches of some of these reformed criminals were often the subject of raucous laughter and jeers on the part of bystanders.

Gradually, however, William Booth's persistence built up a Christian Mission with headquarters in the East End of London.

In 1878 he was inspired to change its name to "Salvation Army" and the movement was reorganized.

It operated by outdoor meetings and processions, visiting public houses, prisons, private houses, holding meetings in theatres, factories and other buildings and by using popular song tunes and everyday language.

The activities of the Salvation Army were extended in 1880 to the United States, where it soon received official blessing. In 1881 a branch was opened in Australia, and in a short time it spread to the Continent, India and Ceylon.

There was less persecution of the Salvation Army abroad than in England. From about the year 1890, however, it began to be tolerated in England, and "breaches of the peace" ceased.

The personalities of General Booth and his wife gradually wore down the opposition. Mrs. Booth was responsible for the inauguration of the women's side of the Salvation Army work.

In 1890 William Booth created a mild sensation by the production of his book "In Darkest England and the Way Out." It advocated a sweeping remedy for social evils.

Pauperism and vice, in Booth's opinion, could be greatly

reduced by the introduction of a scheme which included ten points :

The city colony ;  
 The farm colony ;  
 The overseas colony ;  
 The household salvage brigade ;  
 Rescue homes for fallen women ;  
 An attack on drunkenness ;  
 The prison-gate brigade ;  
 The poor man's bank ;  
 The poor man's lawyer ;  
 Whitechapel by the sea.

The scheme was launched in 1891, and Booth asked for £100,000 for the spiritual and social betterment of the "submerged tenth." Much more than this sum was subscribed.

Soon there were criticisms as to how Booth was using the money. These led to a public inquiry.

Among the members of the Committee were Lord James of Hereford, the Earl of Onslow, Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., Mr. Walter Long, M.P., Mr. Edwin Waterhouse, chartered accountant and Mr. Hobhouse, M.P.

The Committee held eighteen meetings and examined twenty-nine witnesses. Members of the Committee were invited to inspect the various organizations which had been started through the fund, including the labour colonies.

The books were thoroughly investigated.

The final report of the Committee was : "It appears that the methods employed in the expenditure of such have been and are of a business-like, economical and prudent character ; that the accounts of such expenditure have been and are kept in a proper and clear manner."

Suggestions were made by which the scheme could be improved. Generally, however, the findings of the Committee were favourable.

It was found that General Booth did not draw a salary, but lived on a small income partly settled on him by a friend and partly derived from the sale of his publications.

When Booth died on August 20th, 1912, the world mourned a man whose activities for the down-and-outs extended all over the world.

APRIL 11TH

*Richard Trevithick*

ON February 15th, 1804, Richard Trevithick wrote a letter to a certain Mr. Giddy. He said :

*Last Saturday we lighted the fire in the tram-wagon and worked it without the wheels to try the engine. On Monday we put it on the tram-road. It worked very well, and ran up hill and down with great ease, and was very manageable. We had plenty of steam and power. I expect to work it again to-morrow.*

*Mr. Homfray and the gentleman I mentioned in my last will be home to-morrow.*

*The bet will not be determined until the middle of next week, at which time I shall be very happy to see you.*

Richard Trevithick had made a wager that his steam-engine would pull a load of twenty tons along the tramway track at Penydarran, in Wales.

Exactly a week later he was able to report to the same correspondent that he had won his bet.

*The gentleman that bet five hundred guineas against it rode the whole of the journey with us, and is satisfied that he has lost the bet. We shall continue to work on the road, and shall take forty tons the next journey.*

Up to this time Trevithick's engine had been tested with only ten tons. He was convinced that it would draw considerably more. It was with the object of proving that it would pull twenty tons that he made the bet.

"Ten tons stands no chance at all with it," he wrote to Mr. Giddy. "The public are much taken up with it."

This locomotive was actually a high-pressure steam-engine. For the purpose of the bet it was attached to a wagon, and was called a "tram-wagon."

Trevithick must be given the credit for the origin of the locomotive engine.

He was born on April 11th, 1771, at Illogan, Cornwall. He was backward at school, but at the age of 18, when he went to assist his father, a mine manager, he began to show considerable mechanical genius.

He was soon recognized as the rival of James Watt in the improvement of the steam-engine.

His first invention of importance was his improved plunger pole pump for deep mining. In 1798 he applied the same principle to the building of a water-pressure engine.

Two years later he built a high-pressure non-condensing steam-engine. He followed this up by constructing locomotives, and was actually ahead of George Stephenson.

On Christmas Eve, 1801, his road locomotive carried a load of passengers, the first ever conveyed by steam.

In 1803 he caused a sensation in London.

Thousands of people lined the route between Holborn and Paddington to see and hear Trevithick's road locomotive rattling over the cobbles. The return journey through North London provided amusement to another type of "gallery," who amused themselves by making jeering remarks, all of which Trevithick took with good humour.

His next venture was the steam locomotive for tramways. Trevithick did not continue to use the engine in this capacity, however, for it was found too heavy for the tram plates, although it weighed only five tons when filled with water.

Christopher Blackett, proprietor of Wylam Colliery, near Newcastle, heard of the engine's performance and asked for designs.

A specification was sent to Trevithick's agent, John Whitfield, of Gateshead, who built the second of the species.

An eye-witness describing the performance of this locomotive said :

"I saw an engine this day upon a new plan. It is to draw three wagons of coals upon the Wylam wagonway. The engine is to travel with the wagons. The engine was never put to regular work because the old wagonway was unable to carry the load."

Trevithick produced a third locomotive for a railway built by John Rastrick, of Stourbridge, in 1808.

In that year Trevithick came to London and took an enclosed space in Torrington Square. He laid a circular railway and for a period of several weeks the public paid a shilling for a ride in an open carriage drawn by a locomotive.

The outfit was named "Catch me who can."

The possibilities of Trevithick's locomotives were enormous, but he failed to interest the public. It was left to

George Stephenson to put the locomotive on a paying basis.

Soon afterwards he gave up building locomotives and actually refused to undertake the construction of an engine for the Wylam Colliery in 1812.

There has been considerable controversy as to whom should go the honour of being the pioneer-locomotives. In 1812 William Hedley, manager of the Wylam Colliery, was called upon to correct the error of a lecturer who described Stephenson as the "Father of the Locomotive Engine."

Stephenson was not the father of the locomotive, but he was the chief improver of the engine for railway purposes. Trevithick did not get sufficient encouragement to carry on.

Stephenson's locomotive, called "Blucher," built in 1814, contained the best features of Trevithick's engines. In a year Stephenson had improved considerably on this first design.

Trevithick's high-pressure engine was used to good purpose in rock-boring and dredging.

In 1806 he entered into an agreement with Trinity House, London, to lift ballast from the bed of the Thames at the rate of half a million tons a year, for the payment of 6d. a ton.

Later he was commissioned to build a driftway under the Thames, but when the water broke through, the scheme was abandoned.

Next he opened workshops at Limehouse for the building of iron tanks and buoys.

Trevithick was the first to recognize that iron could be used extensively in the building of ships, and several of his ideas were embodied in the construction of steamboats.

In 1812 Trevithick built a steam threshing machine. In a letter to the Board of Trade, which he wrote in that year, Trevithick declared that steam could be used for every part of agriculture. The use of the steam-engine, he said, would "double the population of the kingdom and make our markets the cheapest in the world."

Two years later he contracted to build engines for mines in Peru, and went to superintend their working himself.

In 1822 he went to Costa Rica. He returned to England in 1827, and in the following year he petitioned Parliament for a reward for his inventions.

For five years he lived in comparative obscurity and he died at Dartford on April 22nd, 1833.

APRIL 12TH

*John Cottington*

ONE of the most remarkable London characters during the Commonwealth was John Cottington, otherwise Mulled Sack. He was a clever pickpocket and a daring highwayman.

He actually picked the pockets of Oliver Cromwell and Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II).

Cottington was born, it is believed, about 1604 in Cheap-side. His father, who kept a small haberdasher's shop, was—according to an old record—"addicted to inebriety."

So frequently was Cottington senior drunk that the haberdasher's business failed and he became dependent on the charity of the parish.

Young Cottington, brought up as a pauper, was apprenticed at the age of 14 to a chimney sweep. After five years he set up in business for himself.

This extraordinary fellow appears to have been accepted at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street at a time when it was frequented by lawyers and physicians. It was the headquarters of Ben Jonson's Apollo Club, and the resort of the notorious Lord Rochester.

Whether Cottington went to the "Devil" in his working clothes is not certain. But it is more than likely that he carried with him evidence of his vocation.

Cottington's favourite drink was Rhenish wine, at that time called sack.

It was sold by apothecaries in their shops, and when warmed, spiced and sweetened was called Mulled Sack.

Cottington was soon known by the nickname, which stuck to him until his real name was almost lost in oblivion.

Cottington, in his cups, proved an amusing entertainment for the young bloods at the "Devil."

One night they got him married by one of the Fleet Prison parsons to a notorious woman called Aniseed Robin.

It was about the time of that marriage that Cottington seems to have decided on a life of crime.

He began by extorting from travellers on the road money which he squandered on the five disreputable women barbers of Drury Lane.

These women were famed all over London as the most

abandoned wretches, ready to take part in any crime for a consideration.

Mulled Sack had now definitely forsaken his sweep's brush and taken to the road. He clothed himself in gallant style and made a hit with the ladies.

He obtained an introduction to the wife of a rich Mark Lane tradesman. He obtained from her about £120. She died two years later and on her death-bed she confessed that Mulled Sack was the father of her youngest child.

Cottington, in his profession of pickpocket, dressed stylishly and attended the churches and puritan meeting-houses, relieving the congregations of their gold and watches.

One day, looking for a likely victim, Mulled Sack saw Lady Fairfax, wife of the Parliamentary General, go to a lecture hall at Ludgate.

Cottington followed her in and during the long prayer of the lecturer took her gold watch, set with diamonds, and the gold chain.

A fortnight afterwards he robbed Lady Fairfax again.

He dressed himself like a Commonwealth officer, and had a number of confederates dressed like troopers. When Lady Fairfax's carriage hove in view, one of the men managed to remove the linchpin. Her ladyship, let down with a bump, became alarmed. Cottington stepped up, offered her his arm, and conducted her into a church.

By the time she had reached a seat he had deprived her of another gold watch and seals.

Mulled Sack was now a topic of conversation throughout London. He and his little gang of desperadoes robbed so well and frequently that they became exceedingly rich. But most of the wealth of the leader was squandered on women.

The gang were generally to be found between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange.

Later, Cottington personally visited Whitehall, Parliament House and the Courts of Law at Westminster. In this district he made extensive hauls until it was said that he was rich enough to rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral.

Once he attempted to rob Oliver Cromwell, but was caught in the act. There was no law at the time by which Cottington could be punished. He escaped with a rough handling.

While he was carrying on an intrigue with the wife of a



certain John Bridges, detectives were set to watch him. The husband actually caught him in the house. A fight ensued and Bridges was killed.

There was a hue and cry for the murderer. Cottington had to fly the country.

While at Cologne, he robbed Charles II, then in exile, of all his money and jewels, valued at that time at £1,500.

He returned to London with the booty, and tried to think of an excuse for ingratiating himself with the Protector.

He asked to see Cromwell, declaring that he had some information to impart as a result of his residence abroad.

He promised to produce copies of secret correspondence which had passed between Charles and his supporters in England. Cottington asserted that he had the papers in his possession, and was given a certain time to produce them.

He failed to do so and was arrested. He stood his trial at the Old Bailey and was condemned to death. He was executed at Smithfield Rounds on April 12th, 1659, at the age of 55 years.

APRIL 13TH

### *King Charles's Sword*

ON the night of April 13th, 1810, a man named Moxon, a porter employed at the Golden Cross Hotel, was walking across the road at Charing Cross when he stumbled over a heavy metal object. He stooped to pick it up, and found that he was holding in his hand the sword, buckler and straps which had fallen from the equestrian statue of Charles I.

The newspapers of the day record that Moxon handed the articles over to a certain Mr. Eyre, a trunkmaker, who kept them for some time before he received instructions what to do with them from the Board of Green Cloth at St. James's Palace.

After considerable delay the sword was replaced on the statue, from which it would appear that officialdom was in no hurry to complete the accoutrements of the ill-fated "Martyr" King, Jacobitism still being a vivid memory.

About 30 years later the sword disappeared entirely. A writer in a periodical of 1850 comments: "When did the real sword, which but a few years back hung at the side of the

equestrian statue of King Charles at Charing Cross, disappear?

"That the sword was a real one of that period, I state upon the authority of my learned friend, Sir Samuel Meyrick, who had ascertained the fact, and who pointed out to me its loss."

A correspondent replied to this query as follows: "The sword disappeared about the time of the Coronation of her present Majesty, when some scaffolding was erected around the statue, which afforded great facilities for removing the rapier—for such it was; and I also understood that it found its way into the so-called museum of the notorious Captain D—, where in company with the wand of the Great Wizard of the North, and other well-known articles, it was carefully labelled and numbered, and a little account appended relating the circumstances of its acquisition and removal."

To which the editor added a footnote, intending to be facetious: "The age of chivalry is certainly past, otherwise the idea of disarming a statue would never have entered the head of any man of arms even in his most frolicsome mood."

A new sword was placed in position, but so little did officialdom still care about Charles I that they actually affixed a modern one.

But this sword, too, disappeared—when, is not certain.

Light on this second theft, however, was given in 1924 by Miss Elizabeth Montizambert in her book, "Unnoticed London."

She recorded that while she was in British Columbia she received a letter from a stranger who had read her book, giving information as to the disappearance of the sword.

The writer of the letter declared that he had "accidentally appropriated" the article.

In 1867, he said, he was a reporter on a newspaper, and in December of that year Her Majesty's Theatre was destroyed by fire. He was in the crowd when it occurred, and realized that the pedestal of the Charles I statue was a good vantage ground from which to view the blaze.

He climbed the pedestal, using the sword for the purpose. The weapon broke off in his hands, and he was about to throw it away when someone begged it from him to keep as a souvenir.

Further inquiries failed to elicit the name of the man to whom the sword was given.

Thus it is possible that swords from the Charles I statue are still in existence somewhere.

The statue itself has had curious vicissitudes.

It was modelled by Hubert Le Soeur, a Frenchman, who came to England about the year 1630, and was cast to the order of the Earl of Arundel, in 1639, "on a spot of ground hard by Covent Garden Church."

It was put in place just before the outbreak of the Civil War. When hostilities began, the Roundheads had little use for the statue of the King, admirable though it was, and forthwith ordered it to be removed.

The Parliament sold it to a brazier, named Rivers, strictly on condition that it should be melted down or at least broken up. Rivers, who lived near Holborn Conduit, may have been a Royalist and disliked breaking up the effigy of his King. Or, believing that the Commonwealth regime could be only temporary, he may have thought there was a possibility of selling the statue in the future.

At all events he kept the statue intact. He buried it under ground, and proceeded to make knives and forks with bronze handles which he declared were relics of the statue.

He is said to have made a small fortune out of these knives and forks which were bought in large quantities both by Royalists, as a mark of affection for their King, and by the Roundheads as a memorial of their triumph over Charles.

After the Restoration, the statue reappeared and was bought by the Government and set up in 1671 on the Charing Cross site.

APRIL 14TH

### *Warwick, The King-Maker*

ON the site of the present Warwick Lane, in the City of London, there stood, in the middle of the 15th century, a magnificent residence known as Warwick House.

It was the home of the great Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the King-maker.

The princely way in which Warwick kept house has been described by the old chroniclers. One of them remarked :

"When hee came to London, hee helde such an house, that sixe oxen were eaten at a breakefast, and everie taverne

was full of his meate, for who that had any acquaintance in that house, he should have as much sodden and rost as he might carry upon a long dagger."

The Earl appears to have been a popular man with the poorer people of his neighbourhood. He could afford now to sit back and enjoy the honours and riches he had gained through fighting the battles of Edward IV, whom he had put safely on the throne.

Warwick was one of the most powerful nobles who lived in late medieval times. He was a dominant factor in English affairs for twenty years. In the end he was killed while at war with Edward IV, who became tired of being under the thumb of Warwick.

Warwick was the son of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and was born on November 22nd, 1428. He became Earl of Warwick through his marriage to the heiress of that earldom.

When Warwick's uncle, the Duke of York, became Protector of the Kingdom because of the imbecility of Henry VI, Warwick was given the important post of Captain-General of Calais.

While carrying out the duties of this office he attacked some ships belonging to the Hanseatic League, sinking some and capturing others.

The League complained, and Warwick was ordered to London to explain his actions.

In November, 1455, he was attending the Court of Westminster to answer the charges made against him when he was attacked by some of the Queen's household and was forced to escape in a barge on the Thames and make his way to Calais.

This incident made it clear to the Yorkist that the Queen was conspiring with the enemies of the Duke of York, and in the autumn of 1459 the Yorkists began to muster in the North and West of England.

Warwick, who was regarded as the head of the Yorkist Party, entered London with his troops. The imbecile Henry was taken prisoner, and his Queen and their son had to take refuge in Scotland.

The Duke of York now claimed the throne; but at Wakefield, at the end of 1460, the Yorkists were beaten, and the Duke and Warwick's brother, Sir Thomas Neville, were slain. The Earl of Salisbury was captured and beheaded.

Warwick was defeated in a second battle at St. Albans

in the following February, but when the young Edward, Duke of York, won a battle at Mortimer's Cross, the tide was again turned in favour of the Yorkists.

Edward and Warwick marched to London, and Edward was proclaimed King under the title of Edward IV.

Three weeks afterwards the Lancastrians were so badly beaten at Towton that their cause seemed hopeless.

Warwick now regarded himself as virtual dictator. His family and friends monopolized all the honours and offices. But, having gained the throne, Edward IV did not intend to rule by proxy.

Gradually he began to disentangle himself from the bonds that bound him to Warwick, and when the latter wished to marry his daughter Isabel to the King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, heir presumptive to the throne, Edward refused his consent to the match.

When the King married Elizabeth Woodville in 1464, Warwick was more annoyed, though he continued to keep up the appearance of a friend.

At this time Warwick combined the offices of Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief and Admiral of England, and held many other lucrative posts.

An open breach between the King and Warwick occurred in connexion with the marriage of Edward's sister, Margaret. Edward proposed to marry her to the Duke of Burgundy, but Warwick favoured a son of Louis XI, of France. He actually went to France to negotiate the union.

During his absence Edward concluded the match with the Duke of Burgundy, and in protest Warwick retired to his castle in Yorkshire.

The Archbishop of York brought about a reconciliation, and Warwick returned to Court.

Despite the King's opposition, the Duke of Clarence was married to Lady Isabel Neville at Calais, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

While Warwick was away in France, insurrections broke out in England, and the King had to recall him and the Duke of Clarence.

It seems clear that before this a conspiracy was on foot to dethrone Edward, for when Warwick and Clarence returned to England, the King found himself a prisoner and was taken to Warwick's castle at Middleham.

Two kings were now prisoners at the same time, for Henry VI was still in the Tower.

Edward was set at liberty in 1469, after agreeing to certain conditions, and another reconciliation followed.

In February, 1470, Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York, held a house-party at the Moor, Hertfordshire. There were present the King, Warwick and the Duke of Clarence. While Edward was washing before supper one of his men whispered something into his ear.

The King immediately left the house, took horse and galloped to Windsor.

Further insurrections now occurred which the King attributed to Warwick and his friends. His suspicions were confirmed by the apathy with which Warwick proceeded to punish the rebels.

Edward now saw that an open fight between himself and Warwick could no longer be delayed, and he hastily raised a large army and marched against Warwick and Clarence, who were forced to flee.

They reached France, and were well received by Louis XI.

In September, 1470, Warwick landed on the coast of Devon with the assistance of the French King.

Warwick was joined by his friends and London was occupied. They then marched northward with a powerful army.

Edward was now deserted by many of his supporters and left the country to seek refuge at the Burgundian Court.

Events moved rapidly and on October 6th Warwick returned to London, took King Henry from the Tower, and replaced him on the throne.

The Earl took the precaution of forcing the King to confirm all the offices that he had held under Edward.

It was, however, a short triumph.

Edward, with Burgundian troops, landed at Ravenspur, Yorkshire, in March, 1471. Warwick marched to Coventry to meet him.

No sooner did the troops face each other than the Duke of Clarence led his troops away and joined Edward. Warwick was forced to retreat, and Edward interposed his army between London and Warwick's forces.

The resultant battle on April 14th, 1471, went badly against the Lancastrians. Warwick and his brother the Marquis of Montagu were killed.

APRIL 15TH

*William Oldys*

THREE pints of porter, with a glass of gin between each pot, was the staple diet of William Oldys, poet and Norroy King of Arms.

This was the minimum. When Oldys visited friends they generally kept him to the three pots and three glasses, but, by going from one friend to another he was not inconvenienced by the well-meant restrictions.

Oldys could not resist the temptation of liquor. Even when, as Norroy King of Arms, he was called upon to officiate at certain ceremonials, he would take as much drink as he could get.

It is said that at the burial of Princess Caroline he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely walk, and caused a scandal by reeling about with a crown on a cushion.

This story is attributed to Francis Grose, who was Richmond Herald for many years, but is doubted by the Rev. Mark Noble, who remarks that the coronet at the funeral of a princess is always carried by Clarenceux and not by Norroy.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of evidence in proof of Oldys's addiction to drink and his incapacity at times to carry out the duties of his office.

He spent most of his evenings at the "Bell," in the Old Bailey, a house that was not out of bounds so far as the Fleet Prison was concerned.

Here Oldys consorted with the "prisoners," whom he called "rulers," because they were confined to the rules of limits of the Fleet.

Some minutes before midnight he would get up to go home. There was an unwritten law that anyone attached to the Heralds' Office arriving after midnight had to pay sixpence to the porter, presumably as hush money. But Oldys had a watchman in his pay, and at a given signal the man would lead him out of the tavern and help him home.

Considerable mystery surrounded Oldys's appointment as Norroy King of Arms. Among many of the publications in the biographical line that he produced was a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," which brought him a reputation.

The story goes that the Duke of Norfolk was so interested in this work that he resolved to provide for Oldys, and, accordingly, gave him the office of Norroy King of Arms, which was then vacant.

The Duke was criticized because of this appointment, and the hint was thrown out that Oldys was a Papist. The heralds were annoyed at having a stranger thrust upon them, and did all they could to discredit Oldys.

Oldys was born on July 14th, 1696, and was the natural son of Dr. William Oldys, Chancellor of Lincoln. Oldys senior had held the office of Advocate of the Admiralty, but had to resign in 1693 because he refused to prosecute as traitors and pirates the sailors who had served against England under James II.

Little is known of the early life of Oldys, but it is known that he lost his patrimony in the South Sea Bubble. He was fond of searching among old books, and booksellers and men of letters often made use of him.

He rummaged old bookstalls undisturbed, made voluminous notes, and collected material for great works that he contemplated doing at some time or other.

Having lost his money Oldys obtained a post, at first as an attendant in the library of the Earl of Oxford. Afterwards he became librarian. When Lord Oxford died Oldys became dependent on the booksellers. Eventually he became so poverty-stricken that he was thrown into the Fleet Prison for debt.

He had been "passing many years in quiet obscurity in the Fleet" when the Duke of Norfolk set him free and appointed him Norroy King of Arm.

Oldys's "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh" was published in the "Biographia Britannica."

For some years he managed to keep his mother, and when he dined at a tavern he used to beg the remains of any fish or fowl for his *cat*. This cat was afterwards found to be his mother.

Oldys wrote many articles on a variety of subjects, but the work he left behind him was mostly in the form of manuscript.

He had several small parchment bags inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to write.

Into these bags he put scraps of paper on which were



written anecdotes of his characters. These formed the basis of his biographies.

Oldys did not live the allotted span. He died at the age of 65, on April 15th, 1761. He left barely enough money to bury him.

APRIL 16TH

### *John Law*

ABOUT the time that the South Sea Bubble scheme was causing a sensation in England, an even more absurd project, destined to pauperize thousands of Frenchmen, was proceeding in France.

It was known as the Mississippi Scheme, and its author was John Law, a Scotsman, who had been convicted of murder in London.

The undertaking was in the hands of a company called "Company of the West," and it included in its sphere of operations the whole of the Colonial traffic of France, the control of the Mint, the management of all the revenues of the kingdom and the administration of the province of Louisiana in America, then a French possession.

The company also had a bank which was empowered to issue unlimited supplies of paper money.

The clamour for Mississippi stock was phenomenal. Immense fortunes were made by speculation in the shares, which rose from five hundred livres at par to over ten thousand livres at the height of the boom.

Meanwhile John Law was the idol of France. His house in the Rue Quinquempoix, Paris, was besieged by applicants for stock, and, for days on end, the struggling mass of humanity blocked that thoroughfare to the detriment of traffic.

The investors and speculators included people of all ranks. There was hardly one dignitary of the Church who was not included in the scramble for wealth.

Women turned stock jobbers and competed with men, to their great advantage.

Law's establishment proved inadequate for the immense volume of business, and he soon transferred his headquarters to the Rue Vendôme, where the clamour was such a nuisance that the Chancellor could not be heard in his court.

Law was compelled to move again, and he accordingly

bought the Hôtel de Soissons at an enormous price from the Prince of Carignan. Law met his customers in the famous gardens and allotted his stock.

Would-be investors who found themselves squeezed out, adopted all kinds of ruses. One woman caused her coachman to overturn her carriage when she saw Law approaching. With characteristic gallantry the Scotsman offered his assistance. The sobbing lady was invited into his mansion. She was included among the shareholders.

Another woman raised a cry of "Fire!" outside a house at which Law was being entertained. Law, however, suspected the ruse, and when she rushed into the house he left at the back door.

The crash soon came. The paper money issued from Law's bank did not cover half the value of the specie in the country. People began to hoard gold, and an order was issued making it a crime to have more than five hundred livres (£20) in one's possession.

Another order quickly followed reducing the value of paper money by half. The bank refused to make cash payments, and after November 1st, 1720, its notes were declared to be of no value.

Law had now lost all influence with the Government of France; his life was in danger from the disappointed shareholders, and he had to seek the permission of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, to retire from Paris.

He wandered for a time through various countries. In 1725 he returned to England, but was soon back on the Continent, settling in Venice. He died there in poverty on March 21st, 1729.

The earlier part of Law's career is no less amazing.

He was born at Edinburgh on April 16th, 1671, and came into possession of the Lauriston estate on the death of his father. The boy was then aged only 14, and he soon began to speculate. He had a fondness for games of chance, and by the time he was 21 his affairs were much embarrassed.

Edinburgh was too small to hold Law, who came to London and was known in the taverns as "Beau Law." He was admitted into society, and was often to be seen at the tables of fashionable hostesses. By now he had acquired a dexterity at cards and was making a good income by fleecing the inexperienced.

His career in London was cut short by an incident that occurred on April 9th, 1694. On that day John Law was at the Fountain Inn, in the Strand, in company with a certain "Beau" Wilson and a Captain Wightman.

All three men had been drinking freely when a quarrel arose. Law left the tavern and the captain and Wilson took coach to Bloomsbury Square.

It is not known whether there had been an arrangement for a meeting in the square, but when Wilson alighted from the coach Law was there to meet him. The two men drew their swords and fell to. Within a minute of the opening of the duel Wilson fell wounded through the stomach, and died a few minutes afterwards without speaking a word.

Law was arrested and charged with murder at the Old Bailey.

Law declared in Court that the meeting was accidental, but certain letters were produced which caused the jury to conclude that the duel was unfair.

He was found guilty of murder and condemned to death. The sentence was afterwards commuted to a fine, the offence being regarded as manslaughter.

Wilson's brother appealed against this, and while the appeal was pending Law contrived to escape from the King's Bench prison and make his way to Paris. He received a pardon in 1719, probably through the intervention of the French Government, for he was then at the height of his popularity across the Channel.

#### APRIL 17TH

#### *Sayers v. Heenan*

"ON my right Tom Sayers, champion of England—on my left John C. Heenan, the 'Benicia Boy,' champion of America . . . may the best man win."

On April 17th, 1860, occurred that world-famous fight between two of the greatest "bruisers" who ever fought with bare fists.

For two hours and twenty minutes the battle went on before a shrieking mob at Farnborough. At the end of thirty-seven rounds the two champions, covered with cuts and blood, were compelled to give up the contest.

The result was a draw through the intervention of the police. It was asserted by some of the spectators that Heenan was about to strangle Sayers when the police interposed.

It was the last great prize-fight without gloves, and it caused such a stir in the country that the police were ordered to regard prize-fights as illegal.

Heenan was much the more powerful man. According to the report of the fight in *The Times*: "Sayers is only about five feet eight; his chest is not broad, nor are his arms powerful, and it is only in the strong muscles of the shoulders that one sees anything to account for his tremendous powers of hitting."

Sayers's lowest fighting weight was 10st. 10lb. Heenan towered above him, and looked good for the large amount of American money that had been wagered on him.

The authorities at Farnborough tried to prevent the fight, but on Heenan complaining that he had "been chased out of eight counties" it was considered that it should take place to obviate a charge of unfairness against England.

The spectators included representatives of all classes, and it was said that "Parliament had been emptied to patronize a prize-fight."

There has always been considerable speculation as to whether Sayers would have beaten the Benicia Boy if the police had not intervened.

English boys in their generation have been taught to believe that the English champion would have won. In America the story that Heenan would have been victorious was likewise fostered for years.

When the fight was stopped Heenan was so nearly blind that in a few minutes he would have been unable to see his opponent. But Sayers had a broken right arm. His head was in chancery against the ropes and the Benicia Boy was pummelling the Englishman like a sledge-hammer.

At that moment the police cut the ropes, and down went the champions.

It was rough and tumble. Several times Heenan threw Sayers to the ground with a wrestling trick.

In the fourth or fifth round a tendon in Sayer's arm was ruptured. A suggestion that he should give up met with a blank refusal.

It has been suggested that the police kept out of the way

during the fight and interfered only when they thought Sayers was about to be knocked out.

Sayers's backers were not sorry that the fight should be called a draw.

Nevertheless, Sayers deserved his glory, for he had lasted 37 rounds against a man of 6 feet 2 inches and weighing 14 stones.

The two fighters were given twin belts. Sayers received the cup which had once belonged to Tom Cribb, who had also fought the Benicia Boy. On it appeared the inscription: "And damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough."

Sayers never fought again. He appeared once in the ring as a second to his old foe Heenan against Tom King.

Like the Game Chicken, Jem Belcher, and many of the great prize-fighters before him, Sayers, five years after the fray at Farnborough, died of consumption.

Tom was buried in Highgate cemetery. He was born on May 25th, 1826, at Brighton, and was 39 when he died.

The Farnborough battle ended prize-fights generally except for a few "doctored" affairs which took place in the two or three subsequent years.

In its place was introduced fighting and boxing with padded gloves, small ones, weighing about 4 oz., being used for professionals. Amateurs sparred rather than fought, and used larger gloves.

APRIL 18TH

### *John Foxe*

JOHN FOXE, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, sat in a pew of old St. Paul's, despondent, penniless, and emaciated.

At Magdalen he had ventured religious opinions which did not coincide with those held by the authorities. He had been compelled to resign.

After a short period as tutor to the children of a country family, he had made his way to London under great hardship with his wife.

While walking the streets of London he had drifted for sanctuary into the church.

As he sat contemplating his unhappy lot, a pathetic figure

among those kneeling in meditation, he was startled to feel a grip on his arm.

Turning, he saw sitting at his side a man—a stranger.

The stranger bade Foxe not to worry, and hinted that in a few days his circumstances would change. A large sum of money was thrust into his hand.

This story is given on the authority of Foxe's son, who describes it as "a marvellous accident and a great example of God's mercy."

Whatever it was, the prediction was fulfilled. Within three days the starving man was given a post of tutor to the nephews and nieces of the Duchess of Richmond.

There is considerable doubt as to whether Foxe was compelled to leave Magdalen in disgrace, or whether he resigned on his own initiative, because of persecution for his religious opinions.

Foxe had gone to Oxford a true Catholic, but had allowed himself to be drawn into the religious controversies of the day. He absented himself from public worship, and argued against the celibacy of the priests and various other doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

He was accused of heresy and convicted. According to his son, Samuel Foxe, he was expelled the college. According to college records, Foxe left of his own accord.

Samuel Foxe is not at all reliable in his biography of his father. It is quite possible that the St. Paul's incident is not authentic.

Foxe is said to have made every endeavour to trace the identity of his mysterious benefactor without result.

Foxe lived with the Richmond family at Reigate, Surrey, during the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII, the whole reign of Edward VI, and part of the reign of Mary.

He was restored to the fellowship at Magdalen College through the influence of the Duke of Norfolk in the reign of Edward VI.

With the opening of the reign of Mary, snares were laid to catch Foxe, in common with many others who preached the reformed doctrines. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was particularly eager to lay him by the heels. At last Foxe and his wife had to leave England.

They travelled to Antwerp and Frankfort, thence to Basle. Foxe had no money and had to accept any work that was

offered him. At Basle he earned a pittance by correcting proofs for the press.

His famous work, "The History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church," commonly called "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," was published at Strasburg in 1554.

On the accession of Elizabeth, Foxe returned to England, to the home of the Duke of Norfolk. In 1563 he was given a prebend in Salisbury Church.

In the same year was issued from the press of John Day the first English edition of Foxe's work. It was entitled :

*Actes and monuments of these latter and perillous Dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecution and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romishe Prelates, specialllye in this Realme of England and Scotland, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousande to the time now present.*

*Gathered and collected according to the true Copies and Wrytinges certificatorie as well of the Parties themselves that suffered, as also out of the Bishop's Registers, which were the Doers thereof, by John Foxe, commonly known as the Book of Martyrs.*

The work had a great popularity, following as it did on the Marian persecution. It intensified the English hatred of Spain and the Inquisition. Its influence was by no means temporary.

Roman Catholics did not intend to let Foxe have all his own way. There was immediate retaliation. Its accuracy was questioned by Robert Parsons in "Three Conversions of England" published in 1570, and by other writers.

Foxe returned to the attack with another edition corrected, entitled "Ecclesiastical History, contayning the Actes and Monuments of things passed in every kynge's tyme."

In 1570 a copy of this was ordered by Convocation to be placed in every collegiate church.

Foxe worked at such a speed in producing this work that he admitted many errors in the earlier editions. Even the revised edition is generally regarded as unreliable in many particulars.

Nevertheless it has formed the basis for many other authors writing of the Inquisition. Foxe, it is said, used authentic documents and reports of the trials of the martyrs

as well as statements received direct from the relatives of those who suffered.

One writer, Anthony à Wood, declares that Foxe "believed and reported all that was told him, and there is every reason to suppose that he was purposely misled, and continually deceived by those whose interest it was to bring discredit on his work."

Foxe died on April 18th, 1587, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, of which he had been vicar. A monument with an inscription was erected on the south wall. He was the author of several other works than those mentioned.

He was a native of Boston, Lincolnshire.

APRIL 19TH

*Benjamin Disraeli and David O'Connell*

IF it *was* a mistake which led to the acrimonious dispute between Benjamin Disraeli and Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator," as Disraeli always claimed, it was unlucky for Disraeli, for it eventually led to his appearance at Marylebone Police Court and the stigma of being bound over to keep the peace in sureties of £500.

The trouble began in the spring of 1835, when Disraeli was fighting Taunton in the Tory interest. The Peel Ministry had fallen, through O'Connell throwing in his lot with the Whigs.

In those days, when it was a customary thing for one politician to libel another, it was natural that the Tory speakers should resort to the worst invective in describing the Irishman.

Disraeli, who had fought three times unsuccessfully at High Wycombe, and had changed from a Radical to a Tory, was as fluent as any of the other Tories in denouncing O'Connell.

When it was reported in the London papers that he had called O'Connell an incendiary and a traitor, the only surprised persons appear to have been Disraeli himself, and O'Connell.

The Irishman was not long in launching an attack on Disraeli.



At a speech in Dublin a few days later he expressed his surprise and then proceeded to lampoon him unmercifully. After referring to the fact that he had stood sponsor for him at one of his contests at High Wycombe, he continued :

“He stands the other day at Taunton, and by way of recommending himself to the electors he calls me an incendiary and a traitor.

“Now, my answer to this picee of gratuitous impertinence is, that he is an egregious liar. He is a liar both in action and words. . . .

“He is a living lie : and the British Empire is degraded by tolerating a miscreant of his abominable description.

“His name shows that he is of Jewish origin. I do not use it as a term of reproach ; there are many most respectable Jews.

“But there are, as in every other people, some of the lowest and most disgusting grade of moral turpitude ; and of those I look upon Mr. Disraeli as the worst.

“He has just the qualities of the penitent thief on the Cross, and I verily believe, if Mr. Disraeli’s family herald were to be examined and his genealogy traced, the same personage would be discovered to be the heir-at-law of the exalted individual to whom I allude.”

Such vituperation called for an adequate reply. O’Connell had already killed one person in a duel and had taken an oath not to fight another. Disraeli, therefore, sent a challenge to his son, at the same time denying that he had called the old man an incendiary and a traitor.

Morgan O’Connell declared that he was not answerable for the utterances of his father, and refused to fight. Whereupon Disraeli let himself go in a long letter to the Press.

Though not quite so scurrilous as O’Connell—the letter was mainly a defence of his own actions in changing his political opinions—there were one or two interesting innuendoes.

In referring to his contest at High Wycombe, he said :

“No threatening skeletons canvassed for me ; a death’s-head and cross-bones were not blazoned on my banners. My pecuniary resources, too, were limited ; I am not one of those public beggars that we see swarming with their obtrusive boxes in the chapels of your creed, nor am I in possession of a princely revenue wrung from a starving race of fanatical slaves. . . .

"I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon—Benjamin Disraeli."

At the same time Disraeli wrote to young O'Connell, in which he said that he would take every opportunity of holding his father's name up to public contempt, and added: "And I fervently pray that you, or some of his blood, may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."

There is evidence that Disraeli made arrangements for a duel, such as arranging seconds, but the tragi-comedy concluded with official intervention. As Disraeli was lying in bed on May 9th, reflecting upon his victory over the O'Connells, Collard, the police officer at Marylebone, came into his chamber and took him into custody.

"We all went in a Hackney coach to the office," Disraeli relates, "where I found that the articles were presented by a Mr. Bennett, residing in some street in Westminster, and an acquaintance of the O'Connells. We were soon dismissed, but I am now bound to keep the peace in £500 sureties."

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, died on April 19th, 1881.

APRIL 20TH

### *Sir Joseph Hawley*

A RACEHORSE owner cannot be expected to satisfy the public all the time. If he finds it necessary to scratch a popular horse from an engagement he is liable to be criticized, however justifiable his action may be.

But the racing public to-day have a better understanding of an owner's difficulties than was the case half a century ago.

Sir Joseph Hawley, who was known as "the lucky Baronet," did not escape innuendo, despite his great popularity. There was a period during his turf career when he was compelled repeatedly to take certain of his animals out of engagements. As this did not meet with the approval of a writer on a weekly sporting newspaper, an attack on Sir Joseph was printed in which he was called Sir Joseph "Scratch" Hawley.

Sir Joseph had no option but to take the matter to court.

As a result the editor of the periodical was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £50.

Unfortunately, the editor had not seen the article before it went into the paper; but he was held responsible.

Sir Joseph was not usually a vindictive man, and Turf circles were surprised when he insisted on pushing the matter to the limit, and refused to join in a campaign for the remission of the sentence.

Sir Joseph Hawley was one of the luckiest owners of racehorses, and a fearless gambler.

He seems to have been born both lucky and rich, for he came into the family estates as a youth of seventeen, and was the winner of a classic race at the age of thirty-three.

It was in the year 1844 that Sir Joseph's colours, cherry and black cap, first appeared on a racecourse. For three years he was content to mark time. Then in 1847 he won the Oaks with Miami.

The Derby of 1851 was a brilliant affair. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, and the attendance at Epsom beat all records. The field of thirty-three starters was also a record.

The winner of that great race was Teddington, which ran in the colours of Sir Joseph Hawley, although the animal really belonged to Mr. J. M. Stanley (afterwards Sir J. Massey Stanley), with whom Sir Joseph had a working arrangement.

The money wagered on Teddington was phenomenal, one bookmaker alone paying out £100,000.

Job Marson, who rode the winner, received a present of £2,000 from Sir Joseph, much to the disgust of the peppery Admiral Rous, who was then trying to stop the practice of making cash payments to successful jockeys.

Sir Joseph's run of luck, which had been going on for two years, induced the public to support every horse he ran, and when Aphrodite, his One Thousand Guineas winner, went to Doncaster for the St. Leger, there was hardly a backer in the south of England who did not lose when Newminster won an exciting race.

In the same year Sir Joseph won the Great Metropolitan with The Ban, the Ascot Stakes with Vatican, the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Confessor, and The Ban was also successful in the Doncaster Cup.

In addition Teddington won a match for 1,000 guineas

against Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Deer. The owner also won many minor races. Up to 1851 no owner had drawn such a big sum in stakes.

Teddington had been bought as a three months' old foal from a blacksmith at Stamford for 250 guineas, with a contingency that a further £1,000 would be paid in the event of his winning the Derby.

Another lucky year for Sir Joseph was in 1858. He began by winning the Two Thousand Guineas with Fitz-Roland, and followed this up by winning the Derby with Beadsman.

Next year Musjid won the Derby in Sir Joseph's colours, and there was the usual crop of smaller successes.

For the next eight years he was unlucky in classic races, but in 1868 the cherry and black cap was again predominant.

Blue Gown won the Derby and nearly broke some of the professional backers.

In the Champagne Stakes of the previous year Blue Gown figured in a mild sensation. There were twelve starters for the race which Blue Gown won. But when the jockey got on to the scales he weighed more than the horse was scheduled to carry.

Admiral Rous, steward of the meeting, was called, and he disqualified the horse.

Among Sir Joseph's other successes in 1868 were the Criterion and Middle Park Plate, the Royal Hunt Cup, the Ascot Cup with Blue Gown, the Champagne Stakes and the Liverpool Cup. In 1869 his horse, Pero Gomez, was second in the Derby, but won the St. Leger.

Sir Joseph Hawley was born in 1814, and at the age of 17 he entered the army. He served as a subaltern in the 9th Lancers, but very soon left the service to live the life of a gentleman. He cruised the Mediterranean in his yacht *Mischief*, and finally went to live in Italy.

It was in that country that he first developed a taste for the Turf, and it was this fact that brought him back to England.

He could have had a career in politics, but resisted all attempts to persuade him to stand for Parliament.

Sir Joseph died on April 20th, 1875, in his 62nd year. He had no children and the estates and title went to his brother.

APRIL 21ST

*Diogenes*

THERE are many versions of the story of the snubbing of Alexander the Great by Diogenes. The one told by Petrarch is the most picturesque, but not necessarily the most authentic.

Alexander was not then so great as he was destined to become, but as King of Macedonia he was entitled to respect.

A general assembly of Greeks was taking place on the Isthmus of Corinth, and it was expected that all the important men of Greece would attend to discuss the question as to whether Greece should take part in the war with Alexander against Persia.

They resolved that they would send their quotas of troops, and Alexander was unanimously elected captain-general. Statesmen and philosophers came to pay their respects and to congratulate him on his assumption of his high office. Diogenes did not put in an appearance; whereat Alexander was piqued.

The truth was that Diogenes disliked ceremony. He preferred a quiet existence in his suburb of Corinth, called Cranium.

There he was in the habit of lying in the sand, sunning himself.

As Diogenes refused to go to Alexander, the King of Macedonia decided to go to Diogenes.

The philosopher was, as usual, basking in the sun. On the approach of Alexander, accompanied by many of the Corinthian nobility, he raised himself and gazed curiously at the party.

The King was moved to pity by the apparent lowly circumstances of Diogenes, and inquired: "Is there anything I can do to serve you?"

To which the philosopher replied bluntly: "Only stand a little out of my sunshine."

Alexander, it is said, was so impressed by the indifference of Diogenes that he reproved his courtiers who were making sarcastic and amusing observations about the man.

"If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes," he said.

Another version of this story says that Diogenes was

sitting in his tub at the time of this encounter, but the tub is regarded as a myth.

Diogenes was native of Sinope, in Pontus, where he was born about 412 B.C. His father, a banker, is said to have been involved in some discreditable transaction which made it necessary for the family to leave their home at Ictetas.

They settled down in Athens where young Diogenes continued a life of dissipation until a reaction set in. He applied to Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynics, to be allowed to join his party.

At first they would have nothing to do with him because of his reputation, and he was threatened with blows if he appeared in their vicinity.

But persistence won. He was admitted as a pupil, and the debauchee became more austere than his teacher.

Diogenes resorted to extremes to mortify his body. He dressed in rags, fed on raw flesh. In the summer he rolled himself in the hot sand, and in winter covered himself with snow, sleeping in doorways.

He lashed the Athenians with his tongue. Poets, musicians, orators, and scientists were all treated to his snarling sarcasm. He roused them from their business and pleasures and forced them to take an interest in the moral welfare of the city.

According to some writers, he took up his residence in a tub in the temple of the Mother of the Gods because a friend failed to prepare a room for him in time.

It is suggested, too, that he adopted this method of attracting attention whenever he felt his influence declining.

But the anecdote of the tub is omitted by the more reliable ancient writers, and it is likely the story was invented to throw ridicule on the Cynics generally.

One day Diogenes resolved to take a trip to Aegina. On the way the ship was seized by pirates, and he was taken prisoner to Crete, where he was exhibited for sale in the market.

Asked by his captors what he knew, he replied: "How to command men; sell me to someone who wishes a ruler."

Ultimately he was bought by a Corinthian named Xeniaades, who, respecting his learning, gave him his freedom and appointed him tutor to his two sons.

Diogenes claimed the respect of the people of Corinth,

and several illustrious citizens were numbered among his disciples.

As tutor to the sons of Xeniadés, he lived in Corinth for the rest of his life. He often attended the Craneum, where the Isthmian games were held, and took the role of public censor, reproving folly and vice, and advocating moderation and virtue.

He argued that the nearer one's life was brought to that of the beasts the better. He taught that men should have no wants. He advised them not to gratify their desires, to despise luxury, and to elevate themselves above circumstances by isolation.

Diogenes lived to the age of 90, but the circumstances of his death are not known for certain. Some say that he suffocated himself by holding his breath; others that he died from the bite of a dog. Another version is that he threw himself down a precipice, and still another that he strangled himself.

One biographer declares that he died by his own hand after an attack of fever.

"His death is a testimony of his temperance and virtue," says this writer, "for, as he was going to the Olympic games, a fever seized him in the way; upon which he lay down under a tree, and refused the assistance of those who accompanied him, and who offered him either a horse or a chariot."

Diogenes is represented as saying, "Go you to the games, and leave me to contend with my illness. If I conquer, I will follow you; if I am conquered, I shall go to the shades below."

That night "he dispatched himself."

As to the exact date of his death, writers are at variance. One authority gives April 21st, 323 B.C., the year of the death of Alexander the Great.

Some time before his death Diogenes is supposed to have had a conversation with his friends as to his burial.

"Throw me outside," he is credited with saying.

"What, to the birds and beasts?" exclaimed his shocked supporters.

"No," he replied, "lay my stick by me that I may drive them off."

"How will you be able?" they asked, "for you will have no sense."

"Why then," he returned, "what signifies the being torn

by beasts, to a man who perceives nothing of the matter?"

Of course no regard was taken of the philosopher's request. He had an honourable funeral, and was buried near the gate of the Isthmus, and the Corinthians erected to his memory a pillar on which rested a dog of Parian marble.

APRIL 22ND

### *Henry Fielding*

IF Edmund Fielding, a distinguished general in the wars of Marlborough, had kept his promises to supply his son Henry with funds, the title of "the first of British novelists" would have belonged to some other author.

It was sheer lack of money which drove Henry Fielding to writing for a living.

Henry, who was born on April 22nd, 1707, left Eton with the reputation of a good scholar, and being designed for the legal profession, he went to the University of Leyden to study civil law.

But Fielding senior omitted to send him money, which brought the young man back to England in a hurry.

He was in his 20th year when he began to write. At the same time, he besmirched his reputation at home by attempting to elope with his pretty relative, Sarah Andrews.

Sarah's people had forbidden her to have anything to do with Fielding, and when the young couple persisted in defying the ban, Sarah was married off quickly to a local squire.

Henry, it is said, carried the vision of his beloved in his mind throughout life, but this did not prevent his marrying twice.

For a time, however, the disappointment weighed heavily. But, coming to London, Fielding joined the other men about town and lived a gay life.

As a writer Fielding was successful from the start. He was only 21 when he produced the comedy "Love in Several Masques," to be followed two years later by "The Temple Beau," "The Author's Farce," "The Coffee-House Politician," and the clever burlesque of "Tom Thumb."

He soon gained a reputation as a dramatic author. Meanwhile his friends encouraged him in his dissipation and in his propensity for spending money.



Considering the life he led, Fielding wrote with extraordinary celerity. Most of his work was produced in unnecessary haste, but everything showed traces of genius.

He was often without a penny. He wrote to fill his pocket, and as often as it was emptied he produced more pieces to supply himself with funds.

Between 1731 and 1734 he put on the stage "The Modern Husband," "The Mock Doctor," and "The Miser," and, like other authors, opened a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where they were played.

Then followed the "Intriguing Chamber Maid" and "Don Quixote in England."

At the age of 37 Fielding again fell in love. This time it was a Salisbury beauty, Charlotte Cradock. She appears to have had a good influence on him, for as soon as they were married, Fielding left the City and went to live at East Stour on his small patrimony, the little money he had saved, and the £1,500 that Charlotte brought him as a dowry.

But he could not get out of his extravagant ways. He set up an expensive establishment, kept open house, a pack of hounds, a stud of horses, and very soon his wife's fortune and his estate were lost.

One day he awoke from his folly, to find himself heavily in debt, and a wife and child to keep.

He gave up being a country squire, went back to London with his pockets empty, but with his heart full of good resolutions.

Fielding was clever enough to see the chance of making money out of the political situation. He hired a company of players and called it "The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians." He wrote the pieces, all of which were satirical.

One attacked the corruption at elections and abuses in the various professions. It ran for fifty nights and brought Fielding a small fortune.

Elated by this success, he produced a second piece called "The Historical Register," a political satire which caricatured Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister.

He became part proprietor of a publication called the *Champion*, and wrote a number of popular essays for it. He was thus able to keep himself from want until June, 1740, when he was called to the Bar.

Touring the western circuit he met with no success. The

other attorneys objected to his earning money by writing, and at last he was completely cold-shouldered.

So back again to literature and the production of a few minor works to sustain himself and family.

In 1742 he published "The Adventures of Joseph Andrews." This was a success and ran through three editions in about a year.

Meanwhile he continued to write political pamphlets, and, having become acquainted with Garrick, wrote for him "The Wedding Day."

At this time Fielding's wife was dangerously ill. The piece was badly written in consequence, and it was not surprising that it failed to appeal to the public.

Soon afterwards he published his "History of Jonathan Wild," the notorious Bow Street runner.

Meanwhile his wife had been slowly sinking, worn out by care and sorrow, mostly through the follies of Fielding himself.

She died in his arms in 1743, and "left his soul dark, lonely, and full of remorse."

Fielding, however, could not afford to be inactive. Again he turned to the law and gave up literature. Still the briefs would not come, and once more he was soon writing feverishly.

He brought out a periodical called the *True Patriot* supporting the Government with all his wit and satire. Though the Government forgot to reward him, the public bought it eagerly.

London was now surprised at Fielding's sudden marriage to Mary Macdaniel, the woman who had nursed his wife in her illness.

In 1747 Fielding produced another publication called the *Jacobite Journal* with the same objects as the *Patriot*.

He was now over 40, and his health was beginning to fail. He had no capital, and, being dependent upon his literary work, his situation became precarious.

At last, his old friend, George Lyttelton, a Lord of the Treasury, came to the rescue, and in December, 1748, he was given the office of a Middlesex justice.

In February, 1749, Fielding produced "Tom Jones," a work which he had been contemplating for years. Of this novel, Gibbon writes: "The romance of 'Tom Jones' will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of

Austria," while Thackeray's comment is: "The novel of 'Tom Jones' is indeed exquisite; as a book of construction, quite a wonder."

The book was bought in thousands in England, and was later translated into every European language.

In June, 1754, he went abroad for his health. He reached Lisbon in August, and on the following October 8th he died in his 48th year.

APRIL 23RD

### *Hannah Snell*

ABOUT the year 1752 there appeared at the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose Square, Whitechapel, a fascinating turn called "Bill Bobstay the Sailor."

Bill was a woman, her real name Hannah Snell. She gave an impersonation of a sailor, and went through the drill of a marine.

Her display was true to life. Hannah actually had been a soldier, sailor and marine. For seven years she had served in the Forces, her sex never being discovered.

It all began when she decided to search the world for the husband who had abandoned her.

Born on April 23rd, 1723, Hannah Snell was an orphan at 17. She left her home in Worcester and came to London, where she lived in Wapping at the house of her sister, who had married James Gray, a carpenter.

It was there that she became acquainted with a Dutch seaman, James Summs. In 1743 the couple were married.

Summs treated his wife badly. He squandered her money and left her penniless with the prospect of having to support a child.

Hannah, still fond of her husband, set out to try to find him.

She put on a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, adopted his name, and began her wanderings. At Coventry she enlisted in a regiment commanded by General Guise.

The regiment was called north to take part in the operations against the Jacobites. Hannah marched with her comrades.

At Carlisle her sergeant, whose name was Davis, began to

carry on an intrigue with a woman in the town. The recruit "James Gray" seemed a likely person to forward his designs.

Hannah agreed to act as a go-between. Instead, she privately disclosed the sergeant's intentions, much to the annoyance of that N.C.O. The sergeant was even more inflamed when he saw the couple frequently in company, apparently on good terms.

The sergeant brought Hannah before the commanding officer and charged her with neglect of duty. She was sentenced to receive 600 lashes.

She had received 500 when other officers intervened, and the rest of the punishment was remitted.

Soon afterwards a recruit appeared in the ranks. He was a native of Worcester, a carpenter, and had lodged in the house of Hannah's brother-in-law.

Fearing exposure, Hannah obtained some money from her woman friend, and began to tramp to Portsmouth. A mile out of Carlisle she saw some men working in a field. Their jackets were lying by the roadside.

She changed her regimental coat for one of the coats belonging to the men, and went on her journey. \*

At Portsmouth Hannah enlisted as a marine, and three weeks later embarked in the sloop *Swallow*, one of the ships of Admiral Boscawen's fleet, for the East Indies.

The ship encountered several storms, but after an exciting voyage, joined the rest of the squadron at the Cape of Good Hope.

While in Lisbon Hannah met an English sailor in one of the houses of entertainment who had news of her husband. Summs, it appears, had murdered a native at Genoa, and for punishment had been put in a sack with a quantity of stones and thrown into the sea.

The fleet arrived at Spithead, and Hannah immediately went to London and stayed at the house of her sister.

Her adventures soon became known. She was advised, as she had a good voice, to go on the boards. She applied for an engagement at the Royalty Theatre, and she eventually appeared in public as "Bill Bobstay the Sailor."

She also gave a performance under the name of "Firelock, a Military Character."

Hannah soon tired of the stage. In view of the hardships she had undergone, the Government granted her a pension

of £20 a year. With this she took a public-house in Wapping, continuing to wear a man's clothes.

On one side of the signboard was painted the picture of a sailor, on the other a marine. Beneath was the inscription, "The Widow in Masquerade, or the Female Warrior."

The public-house was always crowded. Hannah made a fortune.

APRIL 24TH

### *Count von Moltke*

COUNT VON MOLTKE, reputed to be the greatest military strategist of the second half of the nineteenth century, was such a taciturn and reserved man, though a great linguist, that it was said of him that he was "silent in seven languages."

There was only one occasion on which he seems really to have lost his temper.

The Prussian army headquarters were at Versailles in the early days of 1871, and the supreme commanders were sitting in council.

A dispute arose between von Moltke and Bismarck.

The story was afterwards told by Crown Prince Albert of Saxony, who had just come from the front and was walking up and down in front of the building in which the council were sitting.

Suddenly von Moltke burst through the doorway. His face was flaming with passion, his helmet tilted. He hurried past the Crown Prince without a greeting.

Then, as he heard heels clicked in a salute, he turned and recognized the Prince.

"You here, your Royal Highness? What news from your army?" von Moltke inquired.

The question was answered with another:

"For God's sake, your Excellency, what's up in there? I've never seen you like this before."

"Your Royal Highness," Moltke cried, "I wish you had been there! Bismarck now wants to have the general staff of the army under his command! I have sent in my resignation."

By degrees Bismarck had been assuming complete authority. Any opposition was regarded by him as sedition. But Moltke,

for all his reserve, was not to be dominated by anyone. He was Field Marshal within a few months.

Moltke belonged to a German family of ancient nobility. He was born at Parchim, in Mecklenberg, on October 26th, 1800. Five years later his father settled in Holstein and became a Danish subject.

Soon afterwards his residence at Lubeck was plundered by the French and his country house burned to the ground.

The family were ruined.

Young Moltke was sent to school at Hohenfelde, and afterwards to the cadet school at Copenhagen, intending to enter the Danish army. In 1818 he was made page to the King of Denmark and second lieutenant in an infantry regiment.

At 21 he decided to enter the Prussian service. Passing his examination, he became second lieutenant in the 8th Infantry Regiment. At 23 he entered the general war school, and after three years passed brilliantly a further examination.

For a year he was engaged as commander of a cadet school, and afterwards on military survey in Silesia and Posen.

In 1832 he was on the general staff at Berlin. He was well received at Court and in society.

By this time he had written several books. He engaged to translate Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" for £75. In 18 months he had finished nine of the 12 volumes, but the publisher went back on his undertaking, and all Moltke received was £25.

In 1835 he was promoted captain, secured six months' leave, and travelled in South-Eastern Europe. He was asked by the Sultan to enter Turkish service.

He obtained permission from Berlin and served in the Turkish army in the Egyptian campaign of 1839.

When the Turks were soundly beaten Moltke had to find his way back to Berlin, broken in health. His letters to his relatives were published under the title of "Letters on Conditions and Events in Turkey in the years 1835 to 1839." The book became a German classic.

On his arrival home, Moltke met Mary Burt, daughter of a widowed Englishman who had married Moltke's sister. After a whirlwind wooing the German officer and Mary were wedded.

On his wedding-day Moltke was promoted major. He continued to publish books on his Eastern travels, and produced a number of new maps of Constantinople, the Dardanelles and Asia Minor. In 1845 appeared "The Russo-Turkish Campaign in Europe, 1828-39," regarded as a masterpiece of military criticism.

In the same year Moltke was appointed personal adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia, a Roman Catholic who lived at Rome. A year later the Prince died.

For ten years Moltke was chief of staff in various corps. In 1855 he became chief adjutant to Prince Frederick William (afterwards Crown Prince and Emperor), and in 1857 he was made chief of the general staff of the army.

The plans of Moltke were adopted against the Austrians, 1866. Two groups of enemies were pitted against the Prussians, the Austro-Saxon armies of 270,000, and the north and south German armies of 120,000. The Prussian forces were more than 60,000 short of these combined armies. Nevertheless, Moltke's strategy resulted in a great victory.

After the peace, the Prussian Diet voted Moltke £30,000, with which he bought the estate of Creisau, near Schweidnitz in Silesia. In the following year Moltke published a book on the campaign.

On December 24th, 1868, Moltke's wife died.

Next year came the war with France. Moltke had considered the possibility of a struggle between Prussia and France since 1857. The plans which he had originally prepared were revised from year to year. When the order for mobilization was made Moltke's plans were adopted without question.

He was appointed "Chief of the General Staff of the Army at the headquarters of His Majesty the King" for the duration of the war.

In seven months the struggle was over, with the French overwhelmingly defeated.

On October 29th, 1870, Moltke was created graf (count or earl). The armistice was concluded on January 28th, 1871.

Moltke obtained his Field Marshal's baton on June 16th, 1871.

For several years after the war Moltke was engaged in superintending the production of a history of the campaign

by the general staff. It was published between 1874 and 1881.

In 1888 he resigned his post as chief of the staff.

Moltke had been a member of the Diet since 1867. In 1871 he was elected to the Reichstag.

Moltke died suddenly on April 24th, 1891. His body was laid beside that of his wife in the private chapel at Creisau.

APRIL 25TH

### *Sam House*

SAM HOUSE, "the Republican publican," hard-drinker, hard-swearer and champion of the people in politics, was one day attending a meeting of the electors of Westminster.

Sam's uncomplimentary remarks about King and Parliament, punctuated by invective and profanity, annoyed some of the celebrities present.

They protested. "Mr. House should be told of his disgusting habit," they said.

Sam was called to the Chair.

"Cannot you converse without swearing?" asked the Duke of Rutland.

"Damn your eyes!" exclaimed Sam. "Would you have a man speak in any other language but what he is master of?"

The reply gave little opportunity for further comment. Sam retired to his seat with a smile of satisfaction.

From an early age Sam's overweening desire was to become popular.

His apprenticeship to a cooper at a brewhouse in Bainbridge Street, St. Giles's, had hardly begun when his obstinacy aroused the ire of his employer. An application of corporal punishment and Sam left, never to return.

He was more fortunate at various other brewhouses. In the course of a few years he acquired, by his industry, enough money to open a public-house.

He took the "Gravel Pits", at the corner of Peter Street, Wardour Street, Soho. He was then 25 years old.

It had seemed a good business proposition. But Sam soon realized his mistake.

One day he was brooding over an empty taproom, when he was struck with an idea—or rather two ideas.



He changed the name of the inn to "The Intrepid Fox, or the Cap of Liberty."

Soon afterwards notices appeared in the newspapers that on a certain day Sam House of the "Intrepid Fox" would jump from Westminster Bridge. It was the one topic of conversation. People declared it was madness. Parsons preached against it.

The day came. Westminster took a holiday and thousands thronged the streets.

Minutes ticked by. Sam did not appear. The excitement of the crowd was expressed no longer in mere chatter. Cat-calls assailed Sam's supporters on the bridge.

Then a cheer went up. Sam was seen making his way through the crowd.

He divested himself of his clothes and climbed on the parapet. He flung himself over, and swam ashore. Sam was now a popular character. Beer sold in the little public-house in Soho as it had never sold before. The "Intrepid Fox" became the haven of celebrities.

Sam House was induced to interest himself in politics. He took up the cudgels against the Ministry of the "King's Friends."

He supported Wilkes in the Middlesex election. During this celebrated struggle Sam sold his beer at threepence a pot, and gave entertainments to his friends and neighbours. It is said that it cost Sam £500 to espouse the cause of Wilkes.

He continued to appreciate the value of publicity. He discarded a wig, and exhibited his completely bald head. He never wore a coat outside or in the public-house. He attended functions in a waistcoat with sleeves. His shirt was never buttoned at the chest, and his trousers were open at the knees.

He rarely wore stockings, but always wore slippers, even when walking in the city. The ladies admired his handsome legs.

Sam's worst vice was profanity. He could not express himself without swearing.

Many years before his death he ordered his coffin to be made—of wicker. The men employed on a job at the public-house took their time, having no other work on hand.

He lost his patience and exclaimed, "Get out of my house. you resurrection rascals ; I'll be damned if you have me yet."

He dragged the coffin from beneath the bed, cut it in pieces, and threw it on the fire.

In 1780, when Charles James Fox contested the Westminster seat against Lord Lincoln, Sam House threw himself into the fight on behalf of Fox, the people's candidate.

Beer flowed freely at the "Intrepid Fox." Sam headed the electors to the hustings and demanded their votes for Fox.

When voting for Fox at the hustings Sam was asked his trade. "I am a publican and a republican," he replied.

A dinner was held at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, to celebrate the return of Mr. Fox. Among the toasts was that of "Sam House."

"I am exceedingly happy," said the expressive Mr. Byng, "in paying respect to a man who has on many occasions distinguished himself as a warm friend of liberty."

He would like to mention, he said, a circumstance that would have done "honour to the first character in this country."

Mr. Byng proceeded to relate that Sam had opened his house on behalf of the chosen candidate of the people. Seeing that Sam was likely to ruin himself by his generosity, Mr. Byng and some friends had waited on Sam and offered to supply a quantity of beer and spirits to recompense the publican for the quantity which had been drunk by the proletariat in proposing the health of Mr. Fox.

"What do you think was his answer?" asked Mr. Byng. "He simply said: 'You may be damned!'"

And so Sam, having achieved greatness and prosperity, congratulated by his friends, and having a brisk business, took his ease and drowned his cares in the flowing bowl.

On April 25th, a spring morning, not many weeks later, a crowd gathered beneath Soho's gilded signboard.

Sam was dead.

He had caught cold at the time of the election and had lingered until he had died of a complication of disorders.

APRIL 26TH

*David Hume*

DAVID HUME, historian and political economist, was 55 before he began to receive the honour due to him for his great literary ability.

A biographer remarks that it was not until his latter years that his circumstances improved.

Then "he enlarged his mode of living, and, instead of the roasted hen and minced collops, and a bottle of punch, he gave both elegant dinners and suppers, and the best claret; and, which was best of all, he furnished the entertainment with the most instructive and pleasing conversation, for he assembled whomsoever were most knowing and agreeable among either the laity or clergy.

"This he always did, but still more unsparingly when he became what he called rich. For innocent mirth and agreeable raillery I never knew his match."

Hume did not live long to enjoy his wealth. His health began to break down, and he died six years later.

David Hume was born in Edinburgh on April 26th, 1711.

His father spelt his name "Home." He was the proprietor of a small estate, called Ninewells, in Berwickshire.

David was the second son and, therefore, did not benefit from the family estates. In any case they were of little value, for the family had no money to keep up their position. David's early life was a struggle.

Intended for the law, he gave up his studies after having reduced himself to a condition of morbid nervousness by too much mental exertion.

He spent a short time in Bristol to be trained for a commercial life. This he found as uncongenial as the law.

When he wrote his famous history he included a sarcastic reference to Bristol in his story of Nayler, the Quaker fanatic who imitated Jesus by entering Bristol on a horse. "I suppose," Hume remarks, "there was difficulty in that place of finding an ass."

Hume wandered for three years in France, making his headquarters the Jesuit College of La Fleche.

In January, 1739, he produced the first and second volume of the "Treatise of Human Nature." For this work he

received £50 from a publisher. It excited no interest at the time, and it was some years before its originality claimed attention.

The third volume was published in 1740. Its bad reception almost persuaded Hume to give up literature. But a year later he brought out his "Essays, Moral and Political," in which he talked of the "liberty of the Press" and the "independency of Parliament."

But Hume was as far from fame and fortune as ever.

He applied to be appointed professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and was rejected.

Soon afterwards he accepted a post as companion to an insane nobleman, the Marquess of Annandale.

In his autobiography Hume refers to this period as follows: "I lived with him a twelvemonth. My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune."

But he makes it clear that it was a year of misery, spent in discussing absurdities with an uneducated and vulgar-minded man.

In 1746 Hume was appointed secretary to General St. Clair, and went with him on his expedition to the coast of France.

The object of the expedition was to make a surprise attack on Port L'Orient, then the depot of the French East India Company.

The venture was mismanaged, but the experience was useful to Hume in connection with his history.

Two years later he accompanied St. Clair on a mission to Turin. Meanwhile his "Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding" was published. It went over the same ground as the "Treatise," but met with a like fate.

The "Essays," however, were gradually becoming popular. By 1748 they had run to three editions.

In 1751 he produced the "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," and in 1752 political discourses which contained the germ of free trade and other revolutionary doctrines.

Of the discourses, Hume said that they were "The only work of mine that was successful on the first publication."

In 1754 appeared the first volume of his history, entitled "History of Great Britain, Containing the Reigns of James I

and Charles I, by David Hume, Esq." Two years later the second volume, which covered the period to the French Revolution, was published.

Then he went back, and wrote the history of the House of Tudor in two volumes. In 1762 he published two more volumes, "The History of England from the Invasion by Julius Cæsar to the accession of Henry VII."

In 1763 Hume became Secretary of the British Embassy to France under Lord Hertford, and became friendly with a number of famous Frenchmen, including the elder Mirabeau.

Much to his own surprise, Hume became the idol of the ladies. His time was spent in fashionable *salons*.

He took pity on Jean-Jacques Rousseau, then being persecuted for his opinions, and, with a number of friends, obtained for Rousseau a quiet haven away from his persecutors.

But Rousseau did not want solitude. He preferred notoriety and more or less revelled in persecution. Instead of thanking his benefactor, he returned to his old dangers and attacked Hume unmercifully.

Hume retaliated by publishing correspondence which exonerated him from injuring the Swiss.

In 1766 Hume returned to London and became Under-secretary of State for the Northern Department.

His ability was now recognized, and he set about to enjoy life. He had money and was high in political rank.

In 1769 he settled finally in Edinburgh, having an income of £1,000 a year.

He built a house at the corner of a street, now called St. David Street after him. Here the most cultivated society in Edinburgh was in the habit of visiting.

Hume was particularly kind to literary people, whether they were of his own views or not.

In the spring of 1775, Hume's health began to fail. He went to Bath to take the waters and improved temporarily, but on his return to Edinburgh he sank rapidly and died on August 25th, 1776.

APRIL 27TH

*Edward Irving*

EDWARD IRVING might have been a great man had he been able to keep a brake on his tongue.

"His enthusiasm was sanguine," says Carlyle, "he was so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted, and made all that approached him his.

"A giant force of activity was in the man. . . .

"But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means. He was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world or hope to find."

Irving was one of the greatest of pulpit orators. He drew crowds as no other preacher could. But his eccentricities and "erratic behaviour" caused the Church of Scotland to try him for heresy and to depose him from his ministerial office.

Irving thirsted for applause. His meetings were held in a fever of excitement. He was the centre of attraction in London for two years. His striking figure, quaint phraseology, extraordinary energy, and his denunciations of things civil or ecclesiastical made him a society vogue.

But society tired of him. His new church in Regent Square, which had been filled to capacity with two thousand people, saw fewer and fewer worshippers.

He went to great lengths to retain his congregations, and drifted into mysticism and prophecy. His sermons became intolerably long, and his prayers wearied his hearers. Often his discourses were so full of allegory that they were unintelligible.

Born at Annan in Dumfriesshire in 1792, the son of a tanner, Edward Irving was educated at Edinburgh University. In 1819 he was licensed as a preacher of the Established Church of Scotland. He had resolved to become a missionary when, following a sermon in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, he was appointed assistant in the parish of St. John's, Glasgow.

He spent three years in Glasgow, and was then invited to become pastor of a Presbyterian chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden.

He settled in the City in August, 1822, to minister to a handful of supporters.

In a few weeks the Scottish orator had caused a sensation.

People thronged to the dingy little chapel in Cross Street. Statesmen, philosophers, famous painters, authors, merchants, peers and fashionable women went each Sabbath to hear him.

Irving had been about a year in London when he published a volume of sermons under the title of "For the Oracles of God, Four Orations. For Judgements to come, an argument in nine parts." Three editions were sold in nine months.

The church in Hatton Garden began to prove too small. A new building was built for Irving in Regent Square.

The Church of Scotland could not stand Irving's unorthodox methods and declarations. He was deposed on April 27th, 1832, by the presbytery of London as the minister of the Scots Church in Regent Square. Three years later he was disowned by the presbytery of his native Annan.

Irving cared little. His people fitted him up a place of worship in Newman Street, and there he organized his congregations into a separate church.

The new community was ruled by Irving as "angel" of the Church.

In 1826 Irving produced a work entitled "Babylon and Infidelity foredoomed by God." In it he predicted the final overthrow of Popery, and fixed 1868 as the beginning of the millennium.

Though society lost interest in Irving, he built up a community which numbered about fifty thousand.

Irving had a strange figure. He was tall, gaunt, and wore dress of unusual cut, usually carrying his hat in his hand. His black hair grew in all directions like the bristles of a mop.

At 40 Irving's energy seemed to give way. Premature old age crept on. In 1834 his medical advisers recommended him to spend the winter in Madeira.

But some of his congregation who claimed to "speak with tongues" urged him to go to Scotland and do a great work there.

In defiance of the doctors he set out for Scotland.

He reached Glasgow completely exhausted, and there he died on December 8th, 1834, aged 42.

Irving left a widow and three children.

APRIL 28TH

*Thomas Betterton*

It is said of Thomas Betterton, the seventeenth-century actor, that when he played Hamlet he often frightened the ghost.

Betterton normally had a ruddy complexion, but this turned deathly white on the appearance of the spectre. Trembling all over he simulated a frightened man so successfully that spectators shuddered.

The first time that Barton Booth played the ghost to Betterton's Hamlet he was struck with such horror by the other man's acting that he could not speak his part.

Robert Wilks, too, was tongue-tied on the first occasion he appeared with Betterton. They were playing in "The Maid's Tragedy," and the dignity of Betterton was so awe-inspiring that Wilks was confused.

Noting his discomforture Betterton remarked: "Young man, this fear does not ill become you—a horse that sets out at the strength of his speed will soon be jaded."

Critics agree that up to the "seventies" of last century Betterton was second only to Garrick as the best English actor.

Betterton's ability as an actor overcame the handicap of a somewhat clumsy figure. He had a large head and short, thick neck and bent shoulders. His hands seldom rose above his waist, and he had little eyes set in a face marked by smallpox.

He was inclined to be corpulent, could never dance, and his natural voice was deep and grumbling.

"Yet he could tune it," writes a biographer, "by an artful climax which enforced universal attention even from the fops and orange-girls.

Thomas Betterton, who was born in Tothill Street, Westminster, in 1635, was a son of an under-cook in the household of Charles I, but appears to have received a good education.

Betterton's father was unable to put his son to a profession, and the lad was thus apprenticed to a bookseller named Rhodes, who had been keeper of the wardrobe to the comedians in the Black Friars.

In this way Betterton was brought into contact with the stage. He became an actor about 1656 in Sir William Davenant's company.



When, soon after the Restoration, stage plays were licensed, patents were granted to two companies called "The King's" and "The Duke's." The former played at Drury Lane and the latter at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Betterton belonged to the company of the Duke of York, and he acted so well that he was sent to Paris by King Charles II to study stage scenery and introduce theatre improvements into England.

In 1670 Betterton married Mrs. Saunderson, a player in the same company.

Twelve years later the two companies were amalgamated, and Betterton was now acknowledged as the best performer of his day.

He excelled particularly in Shakespearean parts, though some of his contemporaries declared that he was merely an imitator of some of the great actors he had seen in his youth.

Although always popular with the public, Betterton was not well treated by the patentees of the theatre at which he played. In 1695 he resolved to run his own company, and he opened a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This proved a bad speculation.

He also built a theatre in the Haymarket which was no more remunerative.

By the time Betterton had reached his 70th year his health was broken and he was poverty-stricken. London society pitied him and a movement was begun to give him a benefit.

At the benefit performance Betterton acted in "Love for Love," supported by many of his old colleagues who had gone into retirement.

This took place in 1709. A pathetic scene occurred on the stage when Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Barry clasped him affectionately round the waist, while Mrs. Barry recited an epilogue which began :

". . . So we, to former leagues of friendship true,  
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,  
To aid Old Thomas and to pleasure you."

A sum of £500 was raised by this benefit performance, and it was arranged that one should take place annually.

But before the next season came round Betterton had died on April 28th, 1710. The effort to appear in this production had been too much for his strength.

Betterton was buried in Westminster Abbey with appropriate pomp. Thus the humble lad was laid to rest within a stone's throw of his birthplace.

"I went to Westminster," writes Sir Richard Steele, "to see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose acting I had received more impressions of what is great and noble in human nature than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had ever read."

Betterton created one hundred and thirty new characters. He was not only the stage's leading actor, but he was the leader of the stage. No suggestion of scandal ever besmirched his name.

Off the stage he was a country gentleman in Berkshire, where he was as much respected as in London. He was good-natured and would perform for the benefit of his fellow actors, even though he were ill.

Betterton died poor, not because of his own indiscretions, but because even leading actors were poorly paid in his day.

He left behind some dramatic works which included and adaptation of "The Unjust Judge, or Appius and Virginia," "The Woman made a Justice," and "The Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife."

APRIL 29TH

### *John Cleveland*

JOHN CLEVELAND and Richard Lovelace were two Cavalier poets who met an entirely different fate through doing the same thing—advocating the Royalist cause.

Cleveland was abject in his apologies to the Protector Cromwell, and was forgiven. Lovelace stuck to his guns and was imprisoned, and died, it is said, in poverty. He had spent his whole fortune for Charles I.

Cleveland, who was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, offered determined opposition to the return of Oliver Cromwell as member of Parliament for Cambridge, long before Cromwell rose to eminence.

Cromwell was returned by a majority of one. Cleveland declared that a single vote had ruined the Church and Government of England.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Cleveland joined forces with King Charles, and accompanied the Royalist army, fighting with his pen rather than with his sword.

His rhyming quips and jests and satire against the Roundheads are supposed to have kept up the drooping spirits of the Cavalier soldiers.

After the defeat of Charles, Cleveland was a fugitive for years. In 1655 he was arrested as one dangerous to the interests of the Commonwealth, but by a cleverly worded petition appealing to the magnanimity of the Protector, he obtained his release.

Here is a sample of the flattery which Cleveland used :

“Methinks I hear your former achievements interceding with you not to sully your glories with trampling on the prostrate, nor clog the wheel of your chariot with so degenerous a triumph.

“The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesies. . . .

“I shall plead nothing in justification but your Highness’s clemency, which, as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast if you be graciously pleased to extend it to your suppliant in taking me out of withering durance, your Highness will find that mercy will establish you more than power, though all the days of your life were as pregnant with victories as your twice auspicious third of September.”

Cleveland, released, went to London, found someone to assist him financially and lived peacefully until the year before the Restoration.

In his time Cleveland’s poetry was considered superior to that of Milton. It has now sunk into oblivion, while Milton rose posthumously to fame.

Richard Lovelace was “the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld.”

The offence which caused him to be imprisoned in the Gatehouse was the organization of a petition from the inhabitants of Kent praying for the restoration of King Charles to his rights.

While in prison Lovelace wrote his famous lyric, “To Althea, from Prison.” He is known to have had an affection for Lucy Sacheverell. She was a frequent visitor to Westminster Gatehouse while Lovelace was there.

The couple carried on their love-making separated by the iron bars.

Lovelace was born at Woolwich in 1618, was educated at Charterhouse and Gloucester Hall, Oxford.

He came into possession of family estates at Bethersden, Canterbury, Chart and Halden, in Kent.

At the age of 16 he wrote a comedy, "The Scholar," and at 21 a tragedy, "The Soldier."

He was aged 28 when he was committed to the Gatehouse. It is said that he was liberated on bail of £40,000. Throughout the Civil War he was kept prisoner on parole, the money being kept by the Roundheads.

He succeeded, however, in providing money for his brothers to raise men for the Royalist cause. After Charles's surrender he raised a regiment for the service of the French king, and was wounded at Dunkirk.

He returned to England in 1648, and both he and his brother were imprisoned in the Petre House, Aldersgate.

During this second imprisonment he revised some of his poems for the press. They were published in 1649 under the title of "Lucasta," a name said to be a contraction of Lucy Sacheverell.

But by this time Lucy had married another under the impression that Lovelace had been killed at Dunkirk.

The last ten years of Lovelace's life were spent in obscurity. He was penniless and fell into "a consumption from despair for love and loyalty."

His biographer, Anthony Wood, writes: "Having consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants."

Lovelace is said to have died in lodgings in Shoe Lane on April 29th, 1659. He was buried without a commemorative tablet in St. Bride's Church.

APRIL 30TH

*Admiral Robert Fitzroy*

IN a report to the House of Commons dated February 10th, 1848, Sir Francis Beaufort, Hydrographer to the Admiralty, wrote that "from the Equator to Cape Horn, and from there round the River Plata on the eastern side of America, all that is *immediately* wanted has been already achieved by the splendid survey of Captain Robert Fitzroy."

But Sir Francis did not disclose the vital fact that Fitzroy had expended £3,000 out of his own private money in buying, equipping and manning small vessels so that he could carry out Admiralty orders.

Though Fitzroy's outfit had been denounced semi-officially as "shabby," the Admiralty appears to have turned a deaf ear to all criticism, and the extra cost to which Fitzroy was put was never refunded.

It is true that Fitzroy's surveys were only "immediately" valuable, for, with the advent of steamships not long afterwards his discoveries were far from sufficient.

Indirectly, however, they had an incalculable result, for the ship employed in the surveys was the *Beagle*, in which Charles Darwin, the naturalist, sailed as supernumerary.

Fitzroy was not only distinguished as a hydrographer. He was a meteorologist, and was one of the pioneers in weather research.

He was born on July 5th, 1805, and was a grandson of both the third Duke of Grafton and the first Marquess of Londonderry. He was the youngest son of General Lord Charles Fitzroy.

He entered the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, in February, 1818, and in October, 1819, was appointed to the *Owen Glendower* and afterwards to the *Hind*, serving two years in the Mediterranean.

At an examination at Portsmouth in 1824, he gained first place among twenty-six candidates, and was immediately promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

In 1825 he joined the *Thetis*, three years later was appointed to the *Ganges*, and soon afterwards became flag-lieutenant at Rio de Janeiro.

In November, 1828, he was made commander of the

*Beagle*, a small brig of about two hundred and forty tons which was then and had been for two years before, employed on the survey of the coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, under the orders of Commander King in the *Adventure*.

When the expedition returned to England in the autumn of 1830, Fitzroy brought home four natives with the object of educating them. One of them died of smallpox a few weeks after their arrival in England.

As to the others, Fitzroy found it a bigger task to civilize them than he had anticipated. They assimilated only a rudimentary knowledge of religion and acquired a few handicrafts.

As he had guaranteed to return them to their own country, Tierra del Fuego, he made preparations to take to take them back in a merchant ship bound for Valparaiso.

Almost simultaneously, however, he was reappointed to the *Beagle*, with orders to continue the survey of the coasts at the southern point of South America.

The ship sailed from Plymouth on December 27th, 1831, with Charles Darwin as passenger. The operations took nearly five years. The Straits of Magellan were surveyed and a great part of the coast of South America, and the vessel returned to England in October, 1836.

Meanwhile Fitzroy had been promoted captain, remaining in command of the *Beagle*.

Back in England, Fitzroy became a member of the Geographical Society and afterwards was awarded their gold medal for his discoveries.

In December of the same year he married Mary Henrietta, daughter of Major-General Edward James O'Brien. Next year he became fellow of the Astronomical Society and other scientific bodies.

In 1839, Fitzroy published in two volumes a record of the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, and a third volume was contributed by Darwin.

In 1841 he tried to enter Parliament for the borough of Ipswich, but was defeated. In the following year he was returned for Durham.

In his double capacity of Member of Parliament and Conservator of the Mersey, he obtained permission to bring in a Bill to improve the condition of officers in the mercantile marine.

The Bill was not proceeded with at the time, but some of its provisions were included in the Mercantile Marine Act of 1850.

In April, 1843, he was appointed Governor of New Zealand, which had then just been established as a colony.

Fitzroy found the country in a deplorable state. The settlers had been acquiring land unlawfully from the aborigines, and when he showed sympathy with the natives he was insulted and denounced as advocating a policy detrimental to the interests of the settlers.

Many petitions were presented for his recall to England, and at last the Government had to yield. He was then succeeded by Sir George Grey.

In 1848 Fitzroy became Acting Superintendent of Woolwich Dockyard, and in the following March was appointed to the command of the frigate *Arrogant*, then on trials.

In 1850 he was placed on half-pay owing to bad health. He was successively raised to the ranks of rear- and vice-admiral in 1857 and 1863.

Despite the fact that he was no longer officially employed by the Admiralty, he was appointed to the meteorological department of the Board of Trade with the title of "Meteorological Statist."

In 1863 he published a "Weather Book" giving information then far in advance of what was known. His storm warnings were particularly valuable and gave a good percentage of correct results. He soon became chief of the department at the Board of Trade, and his methods were continued long after his death.

He died on April 30th, 1865, at his residence, Lyndhurst House, Norwood, by his own hand, in a fit of mental derangement.

Fitzroy was twice married, his second wife being Maria Isabella, daughter of J. H. Smythe, of Heath Hall, Yorkshire.

**MAY**





MAY 1ST

*How They Spent May Day in the Old Days*

THE custom of dancing round the maypole was already beginning to die out when Washington Irving wrote in his "Bracebridge Hall":

"I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a maypole.

"It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester.

"I had already been carried back into the former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The maypole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion.

"The mere sight of this maypole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day."

The maypole was a no less picturesque feature of the day in London.

The church of St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Mary Axe, was so named because it was dominated on those occasions by the shaft of the huge maypole that was erected there annually.

This was one of the most famous maypoles of pre-Puritan days. Chaucer refers to it when talking of a braggart:

Right well aloft, and high ye beare your head,  
As ye would beare the great shaft of Cornhill.

Stow, the historian, records that it was higher than the church steeple.

When not in use this maypole was suspended upon iron hooks on the walls of neighbouring houses.

In the reign of Edward VI, someone preached a sermon against May Day observances at St. Paul's Cross. The occupants

of the houses on which the maypole hung took down the shaft, and sawed it in pieces—"Every man taking for his share as much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house, and they of the alley divided amongst them so much as had lain over their alley gate."

One famous pole stood in Basing Lane, near St. Paul's Cathedral, and was kept in a neighbouring tavern. According to Stow it was forty feet long and "fifteen inches about."

It was said to have been the jousting staff of Gerard the Giant.

May Day festivities were frowned upon by the Puritans, and maypoles disappeared temporarily. After the Restoration of Charles II one reappeared in the Strand.

An enactment of 1644 inflicted penalties for maypole dancing, and the ban lasted for seventeen years.

In 1661 the inhabitants of London determined to make up for lost time, and the Strand shaft was erected with elaborate ceremony.

It was one hundred and thirty-four feet high and was borne in triumph to a space outside Somerset House with the beating of drums and the waving of flags. The revellers made it the symbol of the return of a Golden Age.

The Duke of York, afterwards James II, had the pole erected by seamen and decorated with three gilt crowns. It was not moved until 1717, when it was bought by Sir Isaac Newton, taken to Wanstead, Essex, and used as a support to a gaint telescope.

There are still remains of ancient maypoles in some of the remote parishes of Britain. Some were afterwards used to support a weathercock.

The earliest evidence of a maypole appears during the time of Shakespeare when a gigantic shaft was known to exist near Stratford-on-Avon.

The Queen of May custom is a relic of heathenism. The Queen is supposed to have been a representation of the goddess Flora, worshipped by the Romans.

The May Queen herself took no part in the May Day revelries. Generally she sat in a bower close to the maypole, admired by the whole parish and covered with flowers.

Until recent years there was a May Day celebration in London in which chimney-sweeps took part. It included two or three men dressed in fantastic clothes, accompanied

by a gaily dressed woman, and another man completely covered by evergreens.

The party called at likely places and danced to the music of drum and fife, picking up coins for their pains.

At an earlier period milkmaids gave a somewhat similar demonstration. A cow would be decorated with flowers and paraded in the streets or roads by dairy-women decked in gay apparel. A dance was performed to the tune of a violin or clarinet.

MAY 2ND

### *Leonardo da Vinci*

LEONARDO DA VINCI has been described as "the first name in the fifteenth century."

He was extraordinary versatile. It has often been a matter of speculation to what heights he might have risen had he confined himself to painting. He, himself, would not admit that he was a painter, although he boasted that none could beat him.

When, at the age of 28, he applied for work to Ludovico Sforza in Milan, he wrote to that prince, "I will also undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra-cotta; likewise in painting I can do what can be done, as well as any man be he who he may."

According to Vasari, who is not always reliable, however, the "marvellous and divine Leonardo" might have made a great name in learning had he not been so fickle and capricious. He studied many things and gave them up. He gave a short time to arithmetic and made so much progress that in a few months he knew more than his master.

He studied music and soon could improvise and play on the lyre. He made many discoveries in science which stood as theories until they were confirmed a hundred years later.

As a youth he was chiefly interested in design and working in relief.

One day his father, Ser Piero, took some of the 16-year-old boy's designs to his friend Andrea del Verrocchio. Andrea was astounded. He took Leonardo into his own studio for tuition.

Within a year the youth had learned all that Andrea could teach.

Having been commissioned to paint a picture of St. John baptizing Christ for the monks of Vallombrosa, Andrea allowed his pupil to paint in the features of one of the angels. The result annoyed the master, for it was superior to his own work. According to Vasari, Andrea made a vow that he would never again paint.

Leonardo began work in sculpture and produced a number of heads of smiling women and children. Very few pictures reputed to Leonardo and executed during the next twelve years are still in existence. He began many but only a percentage were finished. One completed Madonna afterwards came into the hands of Pope Clement VII.

Leonardo had a weakness for grotesque and curiously shaped heads. Some of his productions were disgusting. He had a habit of following about men and women with strange features. A hairy head would attract his attention for a whole day. Then he would return home and reproduce it.

His uncompleted works were due to his interest in other affairs. He was always full of new ideas in mechanics, hydraulics, architecture and military and civil engineering, and he was the pioneer in some branches of science.

Once he was accused of immoral practices, but was able to clear himself.

Leonardo made no money out of his schemes. He was soon ready to leave Florence at the request of Ludovico Sforza of Milan. To obtain employment with this illustrious person, Leonardo wrote giving a long list of his qualifications. He emphasized chiefly his attainments and inventions in military engineering. His ability to paint he added as an after-thought.

But it seems that the prince was more captivated by Leonardo's ability to play the lyre and his ability to recite poetry.

Later Leonardo was commissioned to paint an altar-picture of the Nativity, which the prince sent to the emperor. A picture of the Last Supper was then produced for the Dominicans at Milan. In this the head of Christ was not finished because Leonardo believed that he could not do it sufficient justice.

Leonardo left Milan in 1499 and returned to Florence

where he was commissioned to paint one end of the council hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, the other end being entrusted to Michelangelo.

In 1507-9 he was again in Milan and while there was appointed official painter to Louis XII of France. In 1514 he went to Rome. The Pope gave him some work to do in the Vatican. But he soon left Rome in disgust as the result of a disagreement with the Pope and Michelangelo.

Later Francis I of France took him into his employ with a salary of seven hundred crowns a year. He accompanied the King to France in 1517 and there spent the rest of his life.

He died on May 2nd, 1520.

#### MAY 3RD

#### *Thomas Hood*

No amount of suffering or adversity could quench the indomitable spirit of Thomas Hood, the poet.

Misery seemed to put a finer edge upon his humour.

When he was told by the physicians that he had an enlarged heart, which was situated in a wrong part of his chest, he wrote his wife that if his heart were large he had more to give her.

To a friend he said: "If it is hung too low anatomically, the more need to keep it up. You shall always find it in the right place."

In a letter to another friend, Dr. Moir, he wrote: "I drop these lines as in a bottle from a ship waterlogged and on the brink of foundering, being in the last stage of dropsical debility, but, though suffering in body, serene in mind."

There are no striking incidents in the life of Hood. He was content to live a quiet domesticated existence, seeking solace by the fireside.

There were occasions when Hood failed to keep his engagements to produce a work by a certain time. The fact is that once he was so ill that his book was not even begun when the day advertised for its publication arrived.

As soon as he was able to take up his pen, he would work night and day.

Thomas Hood was the son of Thomas Hood of the

publishing firm of Vernor and Hood, of the Poultry, London. He was born on May 23rd, 1799.

The family consisted of four daughters and two sons. The father, a Scotsman, wrote several novels which were popular in their day.

James, the elder son, after having shown signs of genius, died of consumption.

When his father died Thomas Hood was apprenticed to an engraver. Before long his health was affected by the nature of his employment, and he had to relinquish it.

He went to Dundee to recruit his health, and there he wrote his first article, which was published in a local periodical.

No printer ever had any difficulty with Hood's manuscripts. They were always written in copper plate handwriting.

In 1821 Hood returned to London. He became a sub-editor on the *London Magazine*, which had fallen into the hands of some of his friends.

From this time Hood became known as a man of letters. He became intimately acquainted with Charles Lamb. With J. H. Reynolds, whose sister he married, Hood produced his first book, "Odes and Addresses to Great People."

His marriage took place in May, 1824. The couple went to live in Robert Street, Adelphi, where he wrote and published his "National Tales," "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and "Whims and Oddities."

In 1829 he was given the editorship of the *Gem* for which he wrote his poem "Eugene Aram."

He was persuaded to leave the Adelphi and go to Wanstead from which he drew the local colour for his "Tylney Hall," the only complete novel he ever wrote.

The book was dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, a patron of the struggling author.

In 1834 Hood's misfortunes began. A publishing firm failed and Hood was involved. His wife was taken dangerously ill after the birth of a child.

Following her long illness, Hood went to Germany with the object of making enough money to pay his debts.

The ship was buffeted for days in a storm, and by the time he reached Coblenz, where his wife and children joined him, he was exceedingly ill. From that time he was never free from illness.

Germany he found uncongenial.

In 1838 he went to Ostend with no better luck. Nevertheless, he never complained. He had a cheerful spirit and a good humour.

But when in 1840 hæmorrhage of the lungs became more frequent, he returned to England to try to regain his health.

He took modest lodgings in Camberwell. On making inquiries as to success of his earlier works he found that his publisher had taken advantage of his absence and appropriated the proceeds to himself.

Hood took the case to court, but got little satisfaction.

Meanwhile he was engaged to contribute to the *New Monthly*, in which his famous poem, "Miss Kilmansegg," appeared. On the death of Theodore Hook, editor of that publication, Hood took his place.

In the Christmas number of *Punch*, 1843, appeared Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The poem disclosed that Hood was something more than a punster. It did incalculable good in exposing the conditions under which women worked in those days.

In the following year Hood brought out a clever magazine of his own, with which he hoped to regain his lost fortunes.

But his health broke down, and though he was now producing some of the best of his works they were dictated between moments of delirium and periods of hæmorrhage.

In 1844 appeal was made to Sir Robert Peel to give Hood a pension. Instead, believing that the author had not long to live, he granted an income of £100 a year to Hood's wife.

This relieved Hood's anxiety about his family. He died on May 3rd, 1845, at the age of 46.

"I forgive all—all, as I hope to be forgiven," he muttered on his death-bed.

In 1852 a movement was started to commemorate Hood, and it was decided to place a monument over his grave at Kensal Green.

Hood was a great punster. His incessant use of puns annoyed many of his readers. In his own vindication Hood wrote :

However critics may take offence,  
A double meaning has double sense



MAY 4TH

*Lord Ferrers*

ONE of the most eccentric criminals hanged at Tyburn was Laurence, 4th Earl Ferrers, who was executed for the murder of his steward, John Johnson.

At Muswell Hill, where he lived, he made himself conspicuous by performing the oddest of tricks. He would drink coffee out of the spout of a kettle, put mud in his porter and stir it up. He shaved one side of his face only.

His landlady was in daily fear of his threats. "I'll do for you," he said on many occasions, and she believed him.

Once he was waiting for the key of the stable in which he kept his horse. When the ostler's wife suggested that he should have patience until her husband brought the key he knocked her down.

The scene of the murder was Ferrers's seat of Staunton Harold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Ferrers had dissipated the early years of his life. It was found necessary to put his estates in the hands of a Receiver.

Strangely enough, the Court of Chancery allowed Ferrers to appoint his own Receiver. Under the impression that John Johnson, who had been employed by his father, would be a tool in his hands, he gave the job to him.

But Johnson was not so pliable as Ferrers had anticipated. He opposed many of the whims and wishes of Ferrers and made it clear that he was not his man but the employee of the Court of Chancery.

Ferrers conceived a hatred of Johnson. He vowed that he would move heaven and earth to get his revenge.

At that time the household consisted of a housekeeper, her four daughters, and five servants. Johnson himself lived in a farmhouse about a mile from the Ferrers mansion.

On the morning of Sunday, January 13th, 1760, Ferrers strolled across the park to Johnson's cottage. It seems that an arrangement was made for Johnson to go to the mansion on the Friday following for a heart-to-heart talk.

It is probable that Ferrers until the meeting had hopes of being able to persuade Johnson to his way of thinking. Just before three o'clock, Ferrers asked the housekeeper to take the children out for a walk. On some pretext he also got the two

menservants out of the way, but he made no attempt to dispose of the three maidservants.

Johnson arrived and was admitted into Ferrers's private sitting-room.

No one else was present at the interview. According to an incoherent statement by Johnson afterwards, the facts were somewhat as follows :

The two men had talked for about ten minutes, when the Earl got up, walked to the door, and locked it.

He then demanded that Johnson should settle a certain account which he, Lord Ferrers, had incurred. Johnson refused.

Ferrers ordered Johnson to sign a paper which would make it appear that Johnson had committed indiscretions in the management of the estate. Johnson refused. Ferrers ordered him to go down on his knees.

The Earl then drew a loaded revolver from his pocket, and solemnly announced that Johnson's last hour had come.

The scared man dropped on one knee. Ferrers insisted on Johnson going down on both knees. This he did. Then Ferrers fired.

Though mortally wounded, Johnson had the strength to rise to his feet and call loudly for help.

Instead of firing a second shot, Ferrers appears to have had a wave of remorse. He unlocked the door and called the maidservants.

The Earl told one to go for a doctor, and another to help the wounded man to bed.

It was soon apparent that Johnson was dying. He asked to see his children. Ferrers lost no time in getting them to the mansion.

When Johnson's eldest daughter arrived she found Ferrers standing by her father's bedside, attempting to stop the flow of blood from the wound.

During the night Johnson was taken from the mansion to his own cottage. There he died early next morning.

At the inquest a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Ferrers, who was arrested and taken to Leicester gaol.

The Earl was brought to London in a landau drawn by six of his best horses. He wore clothes that resembled a jockey's—"close riding frock, jacked boots and cap, and a plain shirt."

He was brought before the House of Lords for a preliminary hearing and then committed to the Tower.

Two months later he appeared for trial before the Bar of the House. The case lasted three days and he was sentenced to be hanged on May 4th, 1760.

In view of his rank he was given a longer time than most criminals to prepare himself for the end.

The procession of Ferrers to Tyburn afforded considerable entertainment for the London mob. Again he was drawn in the landau with the six horses. He was dressed in his wedding suit.

The scaffold was surrounded by foot and mounted soldiers.

The landau which brought Lord Ferrers to Tyburn was never again used. It was housed in a coach-house at Acton and there it remained for years, rotting.

Ferrers was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard.

He was the last nobleman in England to suffer the death of a felon. He was born on August 18th, 1720.

## MAY 5TH

### *Joseph Baretti*

A CURIOUS case was heard at the Old Bailey in November, 1769. A certain Joseph Baretti, an Italian by birth, was indicted for the wilful murder of a man named Evan Morgan.

Considerable interest was created in this affair by reason of the fact that among the witnesses for the defence were Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and several other well-known men.

Baretti, who was born in Turin in 1716, was the son of an architect. He was left a small fortune on the death of his father, which he gambled away at faro. Thus he was reduced to living by his wits.

In 1750 he came to England, and soon learned the language, attaining a fluency which would have enabled him to pass for an Englishman.

He earned a subsistence by teaching Italian, and in 1753 he published a book defending the poetry of his native country, in reply to the criticisms of Voltaire. About the same time he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, with whom he was friendly for the rest of his life.

Johnson introduced him to many famous families, and he was often the Doctor's companion on his round of visits.

In his early days in London the Italian was often short of money, but he refused to accept charity. In the end he attained a reputation for his writings and was able to keep himself by his pen and with his teaching.

He decided to return to Italy and settle down. He remained for five years, but found himself the object of so much jealousy and so many vicious attacks that he came back to England.

He renewed his friendship with Johnson, and accompanied the Doctor and the Thrale family to France in 1769.

It was soon after this that the "murder" occurred which brought him before the Old Bailey justices.

The following story of what occurred is taken from Baretti's evidence in defence.

On Friday, October 6th, he spent the day revising his "English and Italian Dictionary." In the evening he went to the Royal Academicians' Club in Soho, but finding no one there, he went to the Orange coffee-house, where he had his letters addressed.

Leaving the coffee-house, he began to walk up the Haymarket. As he was about to pass a doorway near the corner of Panton Street a woman struck him, inflicting "great pain."

He retaliated by giving her a blow on the hand, at the same time using some angry words in Italian.

The woman flew into a fury, called him a "damned Frenchman," and raised the neighbourhood with her cries.

Baretti had almost turned the corner when a man came up, gave him a blow with his fist, and demanded why he had struck the woman. Other men appeared and Baretti was subjected to a vicious assault.

He was surrounded by a crowd and severely pummelled for being a "Frenchman."

At the corner of Panton Street there was a large puddle of water. To this his assailants attempted to drag him. Whereupon Baretti shrieked "Murder!" at the top of his voice.

He tried to break through the crowd, but was flung from one side of the circle to the other.

At last he saw an opening and dashed through.

"I could not run so fast as my pursuers, so that they were

upon me, continually beating and pushing me, some of them attempting to catch me by the hair-tail," continued Baretti in his statement.

"If this had happened I had been certainly a lost man. I cannot absolutely fix the time and place where I first struck. I remember, somewhere in Panton Street, I gave a quick blow to one who beat off my hat with his fist."

The blow referred to was done with a knife.

The crowd pursued Baretti into Oxenden Street, and there he stopped and turned on his assailants. Then, seeing a shop open, he dashed in.

Three men followed him, and one of them called upon him to surrender. This man was a constable who, at Baretti's request, took him to the magistrate, Sir John Fielding.

The injured man, Evan Morgan, was taken to Middlesex Hospital, whence a messenger was dispatched to ascertain his condition. On the evidence of a surgeon that the man's life was in danger, Baretti was committed to Tothill Fields, Bridewell.

He was finally acquitted, but it hastened his death, which occurred on May 5th, 1789.

## MAY 6TH

### *The Murders in Phoenix Park*

A FEW minutes after six o'clock on the evening of May 6th, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary of Ireland, left Dublin Castle to walk into Phoenix Park.

Only a few hours before the new Viceroy, Lord Spencer, and he had made a State entry into Dublin.

Cavendish was followed from the Castle by Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the Permanent Under-Secretary. At the entrance to the park Burke ordered a jaunting car, and gave orders to the driver to proceed to his house.

The car had reached the statue of Lord Gough when Burke saw the Chief Secretary striding along a few yards in front. He stopped the car and dismissed the driver.

The two went on on foot, arm in arm.

A short distance away murderers waited in ambush.

At about 7.15 the two British officials were met by a party of seven men.

At the moment of the meeting a jaunting-car with one passenger jogged by.

The seven men split their ranks and allowed the two Government officials to pass. But immediately the vehicle had reached a safe distance the men wheeled and hurried after Cavendish and Burke.

A ruffian named Brady accosted Burke. Gripping him by the shoulder, he pulled out a knife and stabbed him.

Burke fell. Cavendish rushed at the man with his umbrella.

Brady attacked Cavendish, wounded him in the arm, and following him into the road, stabbed him again.

Two cyclists then appeared on the scene. It was growing dark. In attempting to avoid the numerous loose stones the riders were compelled to steer an erratic course, and they actually pedalled through the body of men without realizing what was occurring.

After stabbing Cavendish, Brady walked across the road and cut Burke's throat.

The whole affair was over in a few minutes. The murderers had made no attempt to conceal their actions, and the crimes were actually seen by others.

But the onlookers were either afraid to interfere or did not understand the meaning of the fracas.

The crimes were committed at a time when there seemed every prospect of a better feeling between the Irish people and the British Government.

In the previous year there had been 4439 agrarian outrages, chiefly the mutilation of cattle. The Land League, which had ordered the Irish tenants to pay no rent, had been disbanded by proclamation, but with the release of Parnell, Dillon and O'Kelly, a few days before the murders, a different tone had been apparent.

England and Ireland were deeply shocked. Gladstone's Government were furious.

Lady Frederick Cavendish, in an attempt to restrain Ministers from further coercion of the Irish, wrote to Lord Spencer declaring that she had been ready to give up her husband "if his death were to work good to his fellow-men, which, indeed, was the whole object of his life."

When, on the following Sunday, a priest in a little Connemara church read those words to his congregation, they dropped upon their knees in shame.

To the cell of Brady, the murderer, went Burke's sister, a nun, carrying the ministrations of her religion.

The English people were ready to forgive, hoping that the tragedy would bring peace.

Not so the Government.

The comparative attitude of the people and that of the Government astonished the whole of Europe. A French newspaper wrote: "If a nation should be judged by the way in which it acts on grave occasions, the spectacle offered by England is calculated to produce a high opinion of the political character and spirit of the British people."

Despite the conciliatory mood of the public, the Government immediately rushed through what was described as another coercion Act. It was entitled the Crimes Act, and it gave power to British officials in Ireland to "third degree" likely witnesses of crimes.

As introduced into the House, the Bill abolished trial by jury and substituted three judges to try prisoners. It empowered secret inquisitions to be set up, and provided that trials might be held in England instead of Ireland.

Under pressure, the Government gave way on the question of no-jury trials, and created special juries.

All kinds of ruses were employed by the police to arrest suspected persons.

In connection with the Phoenix Park murders, a man named James Carey was arrested as a "material witness." He was put through a "third degree," and turned informer. This gave clues for the arrest of the men concerned in the murders.

Twenty people were arrested. Five were hanged, others sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Some time after the trial, Carey left Ireland for South Africa. He was murdered in the ship by Patrick O'Donnell, who was brought back to England, convicted, and hanged on December 17th, 1883.

The Crimes Act gradually reduced the atrocities. In 1883 the number fell to 834, and in 1884 to 744.

The celebrated Land League had been suppressed, but there was still in existence an organization called the Ladies' Land League, which tried to carry on the work of the banned organization.

It was controlled by Anna Parnell, the sister of Charles

Stewart Parnell. Though he had been president of the Land League, he soon lost all sympathy with the women's side after the Phoenix Park murders.

He was, in fact, afraid of the activities of his sister, who was mad and suffered from epilepsy. In one of her fits she walked into the sea off Ilfracombe in 1911 and was drowned.

Parnell was determined to stop the activities of the women and prevent further bloodshed. When he was approached for money to carry on the work he refused to grant it, and declared that the League should be disbanded at once.

His sister never forgave him, and ever afterwards declined to have any communication with him.

Anna sank into oblivion. She wrote a long statement of her grievances against her brother, but no publisher would have anything to do with it.

#### MAY 7TH

##### *The First Lord Brougham and Vaux*

THE popularity of Cannes as a holiday resort was due originally to an Englishman.

He was Henry Peter Brougham, first Baron Brougham and Vaux, a Lord Chancellor of England.

Searching for an ideal spot to which he could retire, he toured the South of France.

In 1838 his choice fell upon a tract of country near Cannes, then little more than a fishing village.

He died there on May 7th, 1868, at the age of 90.

Lord Brougham was one of the few politicians of the first half of the nineteenth century to escape the slander to which many others were subjected.

Nevertheless, towards the close of his public life he was disliked.

He was irritable and of an egotism which made it difficult for his colleagues to work with him. He had a habit of extolling his own virtues at public functions, and often alarmed the King because he would insist on interfering in other departments of the State.

The greatest blow to Brougham's pride was the appointment of Lord Cottenham to the Woolsack. He had fully expected to hold that high post.



It is said that numerous expedients were employed to keep Brougham's name before the public.

A false report of his death in a carriage accident was circulated in 1839. The rumour came from Westmorland, where Lord Brougham was then staying.

He was accused of being the author of the report.

All the newspapers except one printed an obituary.

At this period of his career his speeches in the House of Lords, though voluminous, were sarcastic and full of invective. They eventually caused an estrangement between him and his party.

Brougham was the eldest son of Henry Brougham, and was born in Edinburgh on September 19th, 1778. He was educated at the high school and the University.

He adopted law as a profession, and was admitted to the faculty of advocates in 1800. He had already by this time contributed scientific papers to the Royal Society.

On the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 he became a regular contributor.

While pleading a case of appeal in the House of Lords in 1807 he decided to qualify for the English Bar. Two years later he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the Borough of Camelford.

He made a vow that he would not open his mouth for a month, and he kept it—but only just. He never stopped speaking, thereafter, until the end of his life.

In the course of a few months he acquired such a commanding position in the House that he was regarded as a serious candidate for the leadership of the Liberal Party. But there was little chance of office. The Tories remained in power.

Brougham laid himself out to oppose all the political principles of Canning. When the dissolution came he fought against Canning at Liverpool, but was defeated.

During the eventful years 1812 to 1816 Brougham was out of Parliament, but other circumstances helped to keep his name before the public.

In 1812 the Princess of Wales, wife of the Regent (afterwards George IV), consulted Brougham about her private affairs. Caroline and George were leading a cat and dog life.

In 1814 Caroline left England against Brougham's advice, and the affairs of Prince and Princess ceased to create comment in the country.

Returned for Parliament in 1816, Brougham soon again asserted himself. He successfully opposed the continuance of the income-tax, fought for better education of the people, and advocated law reforms.

Brougham was in the chair of the Select Committee which inquired into the education of the London poor. Still he was no nearer the leadership of his party.

His Bar practice at this time was far from successful.

It was not until the death of George III and the accession of the Regent that Brougham received office, a somewhat doubtful one at that.

Queen Caroline immediately appointed Brougham her Attorney-General, and Denman her Solicitor-General, and they took these ranks in her Court. They were the only offices the Queen ever made.

In July Caroline returned to England from St. Omer to lay her claim to the Crown as consort of George IV.

A Bill was brought into the House of Lords for the deposition of the Queen and the dissolution of the marriage.

Brougham was called upon to conduct the Queen's defence. It was due to the magnificent manner in which her affairs were handled by her Attorney-General that the Bill was not carried through the Commons.

Brougham's final speech for the Queen was a remarkable plea. It is said to have been *vised* seventeen times, and it helped to sway the country in Caroline's favour.

It brought fame to the Attorney-General. His picture was displayed in every shop-window by the side of the Queen's portrait.

Thousands of poor citizens contributed their pennies to a fund to present him with a piece of plate.

The Queen offered him £4,000, but he refused to take more than the usual fees of counsel though his salary as her Attorney-General was never paid by her. He received it from the Treasury after her death.

Brougham's practice now increased fivefold.

For some years afterwards George IV refused to grant him the silk gown.

In 1825 Brougham took steps for the inauguration of a university in London free from sectarian disabilities.

Following the election of 1830 Brougham asked leave to bring in a Bill for the reform of Parliamentary representation,

but the Government were defeated on another measure before this could be discussed.

When Earl Grey formed a Government, Brougham was offered the office of Attorney-General, but refused. He was then given the option of the Lord Chancellorship.

It is said that Brougham hesitated. On November 22nd, however, he was given the Great Seal and raised to the peerage as Lord Brougham and Vaux.

The passing of the Reform Bill was due to Lord Brougham's admirable defence of the measure.

Having achieved authority, Brougham became an egotist and a dictator.

When Lord Grey resigned Brougham contrived a request to Lord Melbourne to form a Government. He apparently hoped that it would secure his own tenure of the office of Chancellor.

But his star was falling. He was disliked by the King and his own party were afraid of him.

He lost the confidence of the King, it is said, as the result of extravagant behaviour while in Scotland and a night of orgy with fellow-barristers at Lancaster. Once he mislaid the Great Seal.

MAY 8TH

### *John Stuart Mill*

JOHN STUART MILL had a poor opinion of the House of Commons.

When his friends tried to induce him to stand for Parliament he refused.

Under pressure he at last agreed to fight Westminster, if allowed to conduct the campaign in his own way.

He refused to canvass for votes or to pay assistants for the purpose, nor would he have anything to do with the local business of the constituency.

It was only with the greatest of difficulty that the heads of the party in Westminster could get him to show himself in the district, or make a speech in his own support.

He was, however, returned and represented Westminster for three years.

At the General Election he was rejected. The electors had

never understood him and made no attempt to try, though during his term in the House he had been far from a nonentity.

His feelings towards the Commons are shown in a letter he wrote to an erstwhile colleague :

*Helen (his stepdaughter) has carried out her long-cherished scheme of a "vibratory" for me, and has made a pleasant covered walk, some thirty feet long where I can vibrate in cold or rainy weather.*

*The terrace, you must know, as it goes round two sides of the house, has got itself dubbed the "semi-circumgyratory." In addition to this Helen has built me a herbarium, a little room fitted up with closets for my plants, shelves for my botanical books, and a great table whereon to manipulate them all.*

*Thus, you see, with my herbarium, my vibratory, and my semi-circumgyratory, I am in clover; and you may imagine with what scorn I think of the House of Commons, which, comfortable club as it is said to be, could offer me none of these comforts, or, more perfectly speaking, these necessaries of life.*

Though Mill was not instrumental in carrying any great measure, the Speaker once observed that his presence elevated the tone of debate. His first speeches were not well received, particularly one against the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland.

The main causes of his defeat in the election of 1868 were his attack on Eyre, the Governor of Jamaica, for his alleged maladministration, and his subscription to Bradlaugh's election expenses, Bradlaugh, at the time, having aroused hostility for his freethought principles. He was an advocate of British interference in Continental affairs.

He supported the Northern States of America in their fight for the abolition of slavery, and in the debates on Disraeli's Reform Bill sought to introduce votes for women.

He was one of the founders with Mrs. P. A. Taylor, Miss Emily Davies and others of the original woman's suffrage society which blossomed into the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

It is said that Mill's education was the most rigid on record, and was conducted entirely by his father at their home in Rodney Street, Pentonville.

At three he was learning the Greek alphabet. At eight had read many authors in the original Greek. He then began to learn Euclid, algebra and Latin, and was made the teacher of the younger members of the family.

At the age of 12 he was engaged on scholastic logic and Aristotle, and at 13 he began to study political economy.

In his 15th year he spent a period in the house of General Sir Samuel Bentham, in France, and on his return to England he began to study for the Bar.

At age 17, however, he was a clerk in the Examiner's Office at India House, and became assistant examiner in 1828.

During the years 1836 to 1853 Mill was practically in control of that company's relations with the native States, and three years later he became Chief of the Examiner's Office.

In 1858 it was Mill's duty to prepare the case for the company against the proposal to transfer the government of India to the Crown. He was strongly opposed to Palmerston's measure, and when the transfer was effected he accepted compensation and retired. He declined a seat on the new Indian Council.

In his younger days Mill formed a society of young men, which he called the Utilitarian Society, to debate philosophical subjects. About this time—1823—he wrote letters to the newspapers on the persecution of Richard Carlile, and began to contribute articles.

In 1826 he seems to have become uneasy as to the ultimate end of life. His literary work was affected, and his contributions grew fewer.

In 1828 he wrote a review of Whateley's logic in the *Westminster Review*.

When the *London Review* was started in 1835, Mill became editor. His work on Logic appeared in 1843, and in 1844 he published his "Essays on Unsettled Questions in Political Economy."

Mill was keenly interested in Irish affairs, and in 1846 he advocated peasant proprietorship as a remedy for the strife.

In 1851 Mill married Mrs. Taylor, the widow of John Taylor, a wholesale druggist in the City of London. She was an invalid and lived in the country.

For seven years he collaborated with her in his great contributions to political philosophy on liberty, on parliamentary reform, on the subjection of women, and on Utilitarianism.

In 1858 his wife died. In the same year he published his essay on liberty with a dedication to his wife.

He was born on May 20th, 1806, and died on May 8th, 1873.

MAY 9TH

*Johann Schiller*

"A BOOKSELLER is generally the last person to choose, as his son-in-law, an author. He has seen too much of the vicissitudes of an author's life, and the airy basis of an author's hopes in the future, to be flattered by the proposals of a suitor who finds it easier to charm the world than to pay the butcher."

That philosophy is from the pen of Bulwer (Lord Lytton), who was competent to offer an opinion on the prospects of a struggling writer.

When Johann Schiller fell in love with Margaret Schwann, daughter of a bookseller, he did not realize that such scruples as money could stand between himself and his loved one.

But old Schwann was more practical. He did not need to ask Schiller's prospects. He knew.

Schiller, now regarded as one of Germany's leading poets, was 26, and had made nothing out of his genius.

There was no immediate hope that Schiller would ever become rich enough to keep a wife.

The growing intimacy between his daughter Margaret and Schiller caused much misgiving in the mind of Schwann.

It was useless for Schiller to write in glowing terms of his prospects and to ask for Margaret's hand. Schwann refused consent and forbade the romance.

The couple met at Heidelberg many years afterwards when Margaret was the wife of another man.

Like Goethe, the great friend of his latter years, Schiller could fall in love very readily.

In Dresden he met an old acquaintance, Sophia Albrecht, by whom he was introduced to "a young and blue-eyed stranger named Julia."

Julia lived with her mother, a widow of questionable reputation.

Julia wove a spell round the poet's heart. His friends whispered to him of Julia's unenviable reputation. Schiller did not believe them.

At last he appears to have begun to doubt Julia's fidelity. He listened to the persuasions of his friends and broke off the affair.

He left Dresden and went to Weimar, where he had his third and final romance. He fell in love with Charlotte von Lengefeld. She readily understood Schiller's position as an impecunious genius, and agreed to wait for him. It was three years before the poet's circumstances had improved to make it possible for them to marry.

Johann Cristoph Friedrich Schiller was born in 1759 at Marbach, a small town of Wurtemberg. His father had been a surgeon and afterwards a captain in the Bavarian army.

At the time of Schiller's birth, his father was a kind of steward to the Duke of Wurtemberg.

He was sent to school at Ludwigsburg at the age of nine. Before this, however, he had shown poetical tendencies and a love of nature.

One day, in his seventh year, he disappeared from the house during a thunderstorm. After a search he was found sitting on the bough of a tree, watching the flashes of lightning, and "wondering where it came from."

The Duke of Wurtemberg took over Schiller's education. The boy chose to study law. He tired of this and changed to medicine, with no better result.

Schiller spent six years at this school, during which he appears to have acquired sufficient knowledge of medicine to get an appointment as surgeon in the army.

Two years before he had produced his celebrated tragedy "The Robbers," a highly revolutionary piece which attacked social conventions and advocated a wild life in the woods.

The play was published in 1781. His patron, the Duke, was annoyed. He maintained that it was inconsistent with good taste and Schiller's position as an army surgeon.

At its first performance, at Mannheim, Schiller was present without leave. The Duke ordered his arrest, and he was imprisoned for 14 days.

Schiller escaped from Wurtemberg and fell in with a musician named Streicher. Together they wandered from place to place accepting charity. At last the Duke repented and sent Schiller a message intimating that he would not be molested if he returned to Mannheim.

He took up his abode there, and was appointed poet to the theatre, then the most important in Germany.

He remained for two years and wrote two other dramas.

In 1785 he went to Leipzig, but his shattered romance with Margaret Schwann sent him to Dresden. There he wrote most of his poems and had the unfortunate love-making with Julia.

Following his marriage in 1790 he published his "History of the Thirty Years War." Soon afterwards he became seriously ill. His health was never restored, but he continued to work with almost undiminished activity.

From 1791 to 1799 Schiller lived mostly at Jena.

During his illness two Danish nobles gave him a pension of 1,000 dol. to enable him to seek all possible means for recovering his health.

He died on May 9th, 1805.

MAY 10TH

### *The Duchess of Kendal*

WHEN George, Elector of Hanover, landed at Greenwich to assume the throne of England, spectators on the landing-stage were amazed at the strangeness of his retinue.

His ministers were undistinguished-looking men, his servants were Turks; but most amusement was caused by his two mistresses.

One, Fraulein Ehrengard Melusina von der Schulenburg, was plain, tall, ungainly; the other, Baroness von Kielmannsegg, was so ugly that Horace Walpole is said to have shrieked with laughter at sight of her.

He recalls that she had "two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body."

Accompanying the party were the King's two "nieces," said, however, to be the children of Mme. Schulenburg.

George I did not get a good reception. The crowds followed the party with jeers and catcalls. They called Mme. Schulenburg the "Maypole," and the Baroness the "Elephant."

"Why you abuse us, goot peoples?" demanded Mme. Schulenburg, putting her head through the window of her carriage. "We only come for all your goots."



"And for all our chattels, too!" exclaimed a wit in the crowd.

But the "Maypole" in the end became the virtual ruler of the country.

Ehrengard was a member of one of the best families in Germany. At the age of sixteen she became maid of honour to the Electress Sophia of Hanover, whose son, George, promptly fell in love with her.

The Electress and the Court were amazed; his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell, was disgusted.

Most people gave George up, for he had already showed a strange taste by favouring the stout Baroness von Kielmansegg.

His wife sought solace elsewhere in an intrigue which resulted in thirty years' imprisonment.

Years passed away, and the two women remained at the Hanoverian Court. Then, when the Crown of England was offered to Prince George, Elector of Hanover, on the death of Queen Anne, it was expected that he would change the mode of his living.

But it was soon seen that he did not intend to leave his mistresses behind if he could help doing so. He invited them to come; both refused.

Ehrengard said she meant to stay in Hanover. England, she declared, was a country where beheading was the favourite pastime.

So the Prince prepared to come alone.

He had been twelve hours on the journey, when Baroness von Kielmansegg caught him up, to his great delight.

As soon as Ehrengard heard what her rival had done, she, too, hastily packed her bags, and went after them. She arrived just as they were about to embark for England.

Thus it was a complete retinue that arrived at Greenwich after all.

Firmly established at the English Court, Ehrengard proceeded to enrich herself. She detested the English, but made the most of her strong position, and soon it was known that, for a consideration, she would act as intermediary for anyone desiring favours from the King.

She sold pensions, appointments, patents and anything else that could be disposed of for money.

Walpole remarks: "She would have sold the King's honour at a shilling advance to the best bidder."

It is said that she sold dukedoms and even bishoprics, and for her own private purse she obtained a pension from the King of £7,500 a year.

She seems to have obtained as many titles for herself as she wished. They included four Irish peerages, and finally she became Baroness of Glastonbury, Countess of Feversham and then Duchess of Kendal. In addition she was made a Princess of Germany.

Meanwhile the Baroness von Kielmansegg lost favour with the King. London society, of course, did not approve of the Duchess. Nor did she approve of London society, and she showed her distaste by snubbing title-holders.

She is said to have been the instigator of the South Sea Bubble, and when it burst she retired with well-filled pockets. She had ingeniously contrived to save herself from harm. One man who could have told the truth about the Bubble was unceremoniously packed off to Antwerp and remained on the Continent under the protection of the German Empress.

The Duchess died on May 10th, 1743.

## MAY 11TH

### *Sebastian Cabot*

ON May 11th, 1553, three ships weighed anchor at Deptford, and sailed down the Thames on a voyage to discover a north-east passage to China.

Wonderful things were expected from this expedition. There were crowds on both banks of the river.

As the ships passed Greenwich the King's courtiers came down to the terraces of Greenwich Palace and waved their hands.

People of lesser degree crowded the battlements and towers and cheered.

"The ships discharged their ordnance," we are told by a chronicler, "shooting off their great pieces after the manner of war and of the sea, so that the tops of the hills sounded and the valleys gave an echo, while the mariners shouted in such sort that the sky rang again.

"But alas! the good King Edward, by reason of his

sickness, was absent from this show, and not long after the departure of these ships the lamentable and most sorrowful accident of his death followed."

The three ships were the *Edward Bonadventure*, *Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia*. They had been fitted out by The Mystery Company and Fellowship of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of Unknown Lands, the 240 members of which had subscribed £25 each.

Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer of North America, was the presiding genius of the scheme, but he did not sail.

Many famous adventurers offered their services to command the expedition. But, our contemporary historian tells us, "the Company of Merchants made greatest account of one Sir Hugh Willoughby, both by reason of his goodly personage, and also for his singular skill in war, so that they made choice of him for general of the voyage."

Willoughby was the hero of the defence of Lauder Castle, which, three years earlier, had been attacked by the French and Scots.

Cabot's instructions to the voyagers were full of details. Here is one rule that he laid down :

"That no blaspheming of God or detestable swearing be used in any ship, nor communication of ribaldry, filthy tales or ungodly talk be suffered in the company of any ship ; neither dicing, tabling, carding nor other devilish games to be frequented, whereby ensueth not only poverty to the players, but also strife, variance, brawling, fighting, and oftentimes murder, to the destruction of the parties and the provoking of God's wrath and sword of vengeance."

Prayers were ordered in the ships night and morning, but the explorers were barred from imposing their religion upon "any strange people" they might discover.

Soon after sailing the commanders of the ships appointed a rendezvous for Wardhuus, in Norway, in case of a separation.

The separation came sooner than expected. A storm drove them apart. They never met again.

Willoughby with the *Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia* was forced northwards and eventually discovered Nova Zembla. Buffeted by unfavourable winds, they landed in Lapland. Here Willoughby was compelled to winter in a bay near the mouth of the River Varsina.

The commander records in his journal :

“Thus remaining in this haven the space of a week, and seeing the year far spent, and also very evil weather—as frost, snow, hail, as though it had been the deep of winter—we thought best to winter there.

“Wherefore we sent out three men south-south-west, to search if they could find people, who went three days’ journey, but could find none ; after that we sent other three westward, four days’ journey, which also returned without finding people. Then sent we three men south-east, who in like sort returned without finding of people, or any similitude of habitation.”

The ships had not been fitted out for such severe weather.

Seventy men, including six merchants, two surgeons, and Sir Hugh Willoughby himself, were frozen to death.

The *Edward Bonaventure* made the best of a bad journey to Wardhuus, and there awaited in vain the arrival of the other ships.

Chancellor, the commander, at last decided to push on himself. Several Scotsmen living in the Norwegian town tried to dissuade him.

Chancellor refused to listen.

They arrived in the bay of the White Sea. Meeting some fishermen, he learned that he had reached a country called Moscovy, which was ruled by Juan Vasilivich.

Chancellor went on to Moscow, where he was well received by the Tsar.

In the following summer Chancellor returned to England where he was regarded as great a discoverer as Vasco da Gama or Columbus.

Willoughby’s ships were discovered later by Laplanders. The crews were dead. The information was sent to the Tsar, who ordered the ships to be brought to the Dwina.

The cargoes were put under seal and held to the disposal of the British owners.

Soon afterwards Chancellor made a second journey to Russia and heard of the recovery of the ships.

He returned to England and gathered crews for the purpose of manning the lost vessels. Eventually they were ready to be brought back to their home port. They never reached this country.

The three ships left Russia with the good wishes of the Tsar, loaded with merchandise.

The *Edward Bonaventure* was wrecked on the coast of Aberdeenshire, and Chancellor and the crew were drowned.

The only men saved were a Russian ambassador, the first ever to come to England, and two or three companions. The ambassador had been charged by the Russian Emperor to enter into formal trade relations with England.

MAY 12TH

### *St. Pancras*

TO-DAY in the Roman Catholic Church, is celebrated the martyrdom of St. Pancras, a saint who gave the name to many churches in Europe, and to a large district in London.

In the early days of the Christian Church, few saints, other than the apostles, had such a wide appeal as this 14-year-old Phrygian lad who is said to have suffered death in the Diocletian persecution.

It was only by chance, of course, that one of the flourishing boroughs of London grew around the little church that was dedicated to St. Pancras in north-west London.

Among the ecclesiastical establishments named after him was the priory of Lewes, Sussex. The parish of St. Pancras, London, had two churches to commemorate the saint. There was another in the city of London, which is now incorporated with St. Mary-le-Bow.

The saint was adopted in two parishes in Sussex, one at Chichester and one at Arlington. The counties of Kent, Dorset and Lincolnshire also have churches dedicated to St. Pancras.

The first church consecrated by St. Augustine at Canterbury was named after St. Pancras. One reason for this was that the monastery of St. Andrew on the Coelian Mount, of which Augustine was prior, was built on property belonging to the Pancras family.

The reverence for Pancras by the early fathers is difficult to understand, for little is known of his life. Nor is it to be expected in view of the fact that he was no more than fourteen when he died.

He is said to have been the son of Cleon and Cyriada, a wealthy couple of good family who lived in Phrygia. His

mother died when he was a baby, and Cleon soon followed her to the grave.

Before his death Cleon entrusted his son to the care of his brother Dionysius, who swore by all the gods that he would be a father to the boy.

Dionysius moved with his nephew to Rome and took a house on the Coelian Hill. A man of considerable substance, Dionysius became of some importance in the city. Uncle and nephew took part in civic life and were introduced to the Bishop of Rome, with whom they were soon on friendly terms.

After a time the Bishop induced them to embrace the Christian faith, and himself baptized them. A few days after his baptism Dionysius died, and it is assumed that he was murdered at the orders of Diocletian.

It was not long before Pancras, too, was denounced. Brought before his accusers, the boy had no chance to defend himself. He was condemned, and his head was cut off with a sword.

He is said to have been buried on the Aurelian Way by a woman named Octavella. Later his remains appear to have been transferred to the cemetery of Calepodius, which afterwards took his name.

His old church in that place was repaired in the fifth century by Pope Symmachus, and in the seventh by Pope Honorius I. Reference is made to the relics of St. Pancras by Gregory the Great, and St. Gregory of Tours calls him the Avenger of Perjuries, and adds that God, by a perpetual miracle, punished false oaths made before the saint's relics.

In A.D. 656 Pope Vitalian sent a portion of the relics to King Oswi of Northumbria.

All this is tradition with little foundation in fact, for even Roman Catholic reference books give two dates for the martyrdom of Pancras, one suggestion being that it took place during the reign of Valerian (257-58).

Nevertheless, in common with most of the saints, his relics were once held to have miraculous powers.

A church in Rome dedicated to him is supposed to stand on the spot on which he was martyred and to contain his bones.

He is always represented as a boy with an uplifted sword in one hand and a palm-branch in the other.

The saint is mentioned in Tennyson's poem "Harold," in which William, Duke of Normandy, is credited as saying :

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall;  
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratus  
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this.

The name of the saint has been apparently corrupted in the course of centuries. In Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" the following appears :

"From hence (Islington) I parted with reluctance to Pancras, as it is written, or Pancridge, as it is pronounced; but which should be both pronounced and written Pangrace."

The author then supports his argument by giving the derivation of the name, partly from the Greek and partly from the English.

He concludes : "However this be, if you except the parish church and its fine bells, there is little in Pangrace worth the attention of the curious observer."

That observation was made in 1794. With the passage of a century the parish has become one of the most important boroughs in London, with much to interest the "curious observer," such as the termini of Euston, St. Pancras and King's Cross.

It seems clear, however, that in the seventeenth century the district of St. Pancras was known as Pankridge, while a century earlier it was called Pancredege.

St. Pancras is mentioned in Domesday as belonging to the Chapter of St. Paul's, which also included the manors of Cantelows (Kentish Town) and Totenhall (Tottenham Court).

As to the church at Canterbury, ruins of which are still in existence, there is a legend that when St. Augustine said mass on the altar the devil flew away, leaving the impression of his claws on the stone. There is a fragment of wall containing this impression.

MAY 13TH

*Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany*

WHEN a woman has been called upon to direct the affairs of her country, she has seldom failed.

We think of such names as Elizabeth, Anne and Victoria in England, the two Catherines of Russia, and Maria Theresa of Austria.

For 40 years Maria Theresa was one of the central figures in the wars and politics of Europe. She had subtlety and a remarkable histrionic ability.

Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on May 13th, 1717.

Four years before, the Emperor Charles VI, her father, anticipating the extinction of the male line, had executed a deed, known as the Pragmatic Sanction, by which his own daughter, if any, should succeed in the place of the daughter of his elder brother, the Emperor Joseph I.

The Powers of Europe guaranteed this document, but when, in October, 1740, on the death of her father, Maria Theresa became Queen of Hungary, of Bohemia, and Archduchess of Austria, the approval was by no means unanimous.

In 1736 Maria Theresa had married Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany. Her coronation in June, 1741, caused demonstrations of joy in Hungary, particularly as she had taken the old oath of the great king, Andrew II, which confirmed many privileges since annulled.

The political situation was strangely complicated. Other rulers considered that they had a better claim to the succession than Maria Theresa.

The King of France was descended from an Austrian princess. The Elector of Bavaria was a descendant of Emperor Ferdinand I, and had married a daughter of Joseph I.

The Elector of Saxony, as the husband of the eldest daughter of Joseph I, had a strong claim to the Hapsburg possessions.

But the first attack upon the integrity of Austria came from none of these claimants. Frederick II, King of Prussia, visualized the disintegration of the Austrian empire and decided to be first at the division of the spoils.



In December, 1740, he marched into Silesia at the head of 30,000 men. The small Austrian army of occupation was driven into Moravia, and Frederick wrote demanding the cession of Lower Silesia.

Maria Theresa sent an indignant reply, raised 24,000 men, and sent them across the mountains into Silesia.

Desperate battles took place, which ended in the defeat of the Austrians.

This disaster caused other European countries to take a hand.

In England the attack of Frederick II had caused much sympathy for the Empress. Parliament voted £300,000 and a force of 12,000 men. A private subscription, towards which the Duchess of Marlborough gave £40,000, was declined by Maria Theresa. The only other country friendly to her was Holland.

The Empress stood her ground and refused to cede any territory to Frederick, or even to negotiate while a Prussian soldier remained in Silesia.

In June, 1741, Frederick made a secret treaty with France, and a French army marched towards Hanover.

Another French army joined up with the Bavarians and reduced the City of Linz. The Elector of Bavaria was made Duke of Austria.

The enemy were within striking distance of Vienna and the citizens were flying for safety.

The queen left the capital in the charge of her husband and his brother, Prince Charles, and went to Pittsburg to meet her council of advisers of the kingdom of Hungary.

The Hungarian nobles were moved by her dignity and sadness. Enthusiasm for her cause spread all over Hungary and let loose a flood of warriors.

Meanwhile the Elector of Bavaria abandoned his march on Vienna, took Prague by surprise, and was crowned King of Bohemia. He then went on to Frankfort and was crowned Emperor of Germany with the title of Charles VII.

In 1742 England voted another sum of money, and an army was sent into Flanders under Earl Stair. But the Dutch were unenthusiastic and this expedition was paralysed at the outset.

The Hungarians were more successful. The French and Bavarians were defeated in Bohemia. Entering Bavaria, the

Austrian general reached Munich on the very day the Bavarian king was elected emperor at Frankfort.

Just before this Frederick had dropped out of the fight owing to the attitude of the French Court, and had made a secret peace with Maria Theresa.

Frederick was not long satisfied, however. He resumed the offensive, entered Moravia and Bohemia, defeated Prince Charles, and forced Maria Theresa to make the Treaty of Breslau, by which Silesia was given up to Prussia.

In the following year England won the Battle of Dettingen and the French soon afterwards retired from Germany, leaving the so-called Emperor Charles VII to his fate.

Despite the Treaty of Breslau, Frederick again attacked and reduced Prague. The Austrians were driven out of Bavaria and Charles VII was reinstated.

There was a repetition of many of the previous events. Maria Theresa went to Presburg to appeal to the Hungarians, while Prince Charles of Lorraine hurried to Bohemia with his army, and before the winter of 1744 Frederick had to leave that country.

In 1745 Charles VII died, and the Duke of Lorraine, Maria Theresa's husband, was elected Emperor of Germany as Francis I. Peace was then concluded between Austria and Prussia at Dresden.

In 1748 a general peace was discussed at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Prussians demanded Silesia. Maria refused to concede this territory until persuaded by the British representative.

Maria Theresa harboured a desire for the return of Silesia and began to prepare for an attack on Prussia.

But despite her intrigues and diplomacy and another war with Frederick, she did not achieve her object.

She died on November 29th, 1780.

MAY 14TH

*Robert Owen*

WHEN Robert Owen, forerunner of English Socialism, first laid his ideals before the country, they were received with acclamation.

Why, then, did he fail ?

An employer of labour and a philanthropist, Robert

Owen began to talk in terms of an early Socialism in 1817. His ideals were communicated to a Committee of the House of Commons in a report on the Poor Law.

The long struggle with France had just ended. There was misery everywhere; trade was in a state of stagnation and the Government were at their wit's end to remedy the distress.

In Owen's view, machinery was one of the causes of pauperism. Human labour could not compete with the machine. The only panacea was the abandonment or subordination of machinery and the organization of labour on a collective basis.

His scheme included the settlement on the land of communities of persons of about 1,200 in number, the proportion being one human being to one acre. All were to live in one large building in the form of a square, with public mess-rooms and kitchens.

Each family would have their own private apartments. Children would belong to their parents until the age of three, when the community would be responsible for their care and upbringing, their parents having access to them only at suitable times.

The communities could be established by individuals, local authorities, or the State. Work would be done by all, and its profits enjoyed by all.

These townships would be mainly agricultural. As machinery could not be completely eliminated, it should be of the best and latest type.

"As these townships should increase in number," Owen said, "unions of them federatively united shall be formed in circles of tens, hundreds, and thousands."

In course of time, he added, the idea would extend all over the world.

Among the most zealous supporters of this scheme was the Duke of Kent, the uncle of Queen Victoria.

But Owen soon made a fatal mistake. Like many other social reformers, he could not leave the religious aspect out of the scheme. In a large meeting in London, called to hear him expound his doctrines, he declared his hostility to all forms of religion.

Immediately his ideals became suspect. Many who had been prepared to assist dropped out of the scheme.

But Owen was all the more determined to try the experiment.

In 1825 Abram Combe, one of his followers, inaugurated a community at Orbiston, near Glasgow, while Owen went to America and began another at New Harmony, Indiana.

The administration of the settlement was marked by disputes between Owen and his lieutenant, William Allen. At last Owen despaired of success, and came back to England in 1828.

He made London his headquarters, and continued to expound his doctrines.

He dabbled in spiritualism, maintaining that he was able to get into communication with the late Duke of Kent.

In 1832 he established a labour exchange system by which middlemen were to be eliminated.

About the year 1835 the word "Socialism" was first heard of in connection with the activities of Owen, when the Association of All Classes of All Nations was formed by him.

The attachment of Secularism to Socialism met with approval from certain sections of the workers, and it gained such influence that it was admitted by the Press that the majority of the working-classes had accepted it as a new creed.

Owen, however, had unusual views on marriage which alienated many of his supporters.

After ten years of agitation Owen was no nearer success, despite his numerous public meetings and literature. The Co-operative movement was the only scheme which seemed to have lasting possibilities, and even this collapsed for a time.

Owen was born at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on May 14th, 1771. His father was a saddler and ironmonger.

In 1794 he became manager and a partner in the Chorlton Twist Company, of Manchester.

While on a visit to Glasgow he fell in love with a Miss Dale, daughter of the proprietor of the New Lanark Mills. He persuaded his Manchester partners to buy the New Lanark Mills, and on his marriage in 1800 he settled down there as manager and part owner.

This establishment employed about two thousand people, a quarter of whom were children from the age of six upwards recruited from the poorhouses and orphanages of Glasgow.

Owen soon began to improve the conditions of employment. By building new houses he eliminated the squalid circumstances in which the people were living. A store was opened, and the workers were supplied with provisions at a little more than cost price.

The sale of intoxicants was placed under strict supervision, and Owen established infant schools, the first in Great Britain.

It was some time before New Lanark could accept Owen. He was a stranger, and his activities were viewed with suspicion. Though his schemes were successful, his partners at the mill did not approve of the money expended.

As a result of disputes with the other partners, Owen formed a new company, in which Jeremy Bentham and William Allen, the Quaker, collaborated.

The New Lanark experiment was viewed with approval all over Britain and Europe. Thousands of people from all countries made pilgrimages, and declared that the scheme was good.

Nicholas, afterwards Emperor of Russia, was one of the visitors.

The workers were contented, children were healthy, there was no drunkenness, and there was little or no illegitimacy. The business itself was a commercial success.

Owen's ultimate failure was due to the "isms" which he tacked on to his ideals.

Robert Owen died in his native town of Newtown on November 17th, 1858.)

MAY 15TH

*Thomas Munzer*

WHEN Martin Luther began his revolt against the Papacy, he had no illusions about the effect it would produce on the Pope or the German Emperor, Charles V.

But what Luther did not foresee was the reaction on the people. The exposure of priestly abuses exasperated the German peasantry, who had been oppressed for centuries.

They compared their drudgery and destitution with the prosperity of their landlords. They saw the great improvements that had been made in the lot of the people of the cities and when the Reformation came to teach them the

equality of all men, they demanded an improvement in their own conditions.

In the summer of 1524 the coming storm was heralded by a number of puny insurrections of peasants against their masters. But the outbreaks gathered force as the rage of the oppressed people increased. At last revolution burst like an avalanche over Germany.

The leader of the revolt was Thomas Munzer, a German fanatic, a professed mystic and disciple of Luther, who suddenly changed his views and charged Luther with establishing another Popedom through his ordinances and forms of religion.

Munzer was born at Stalberg in the Hartz Mountains in 1490, and obtained the degree of bachelor of theology at the University of Leipzig.

He was a restless and turbulent individual who appears to have been connected with various conspiracies from his youth. When Luther began his fight against Rome, Munzer joined him.

But Munzer was only concerned with the breaking of the power of the Papacy; he viewed with disfavour the substitution of the doctrines of the reformer.

Munzer first came under public notice in 1520, when his first sermon in the town of Zwickau caused a sensation and divided the citizens into two parties, for and against himself.

Soon he was engaged in violent controversies with everybody, including the monks, the magistrates, with his own colleagues and the officials of the diocese.

Acting the demagogue, he stirred up the various classes of workers. The clothworkers openly revolted, and the industry was restored only by the expulsion of Munzer from the town, and the imprisonment of some of his followers.

In 1521 he went to Bohemia, where Luther had a big following, and there he issued a manifesto the reactions to which caused him to leave the country.

Munzer left for Thuringia, where he obtained a pastoral appointment in 1523. Obtaining some printing presses, and keeping them away from observation, he issued thousands of pamphlets with the object of destroying the popularity of Luther, who was now the idol of Germany.

In 1524 Munzer was driven away from Alstedt, where he

was living, and went to Muhlhausen, where he formed an alliance with Heinrich Pfeiffer, a like-minded agitator.

It was now that the peasants began to revolt. The trouble spread to Thuringia, where the revolutionary soil had been well prepared by Munzer, and Muhlhausen became the centre of the Thuringian revolt.

Putting himself at the head of the insurrection, Munzer taught the doctrine of equality of rank and community of goods. Declaring that he had put on "the sword of Gideon," he advocated the mortification of the body, fasting, the wearing of simple clothing, and the growing of a long beard.

This eccentricity appealed to the uneducated peasants. They rallied round Munzer, until in January, 1525, they put their demands into the form of twelve articles.

They asked for the restitution of the free domains that had belonged to their ancestors, and rights of hunting and fishing which they had formerly enjoyed but which had recently been taken from them.

They demanded a reduction of taxes, and claimed the right to appoint their own Ministers. Each article of this document was supported by a Scriptural text.

In the main, these demands were reasonable, and the rulers of the country would have done well to grant them.

The revolution spread over the various provinces. In the Black Forest region the peasants were induced to revolt by John Muller of Bulbenbach, who tramped the country in a red gown and red cap, preceded by a flag of red, black and white. A herald read the twelve articles in each town and village through which they passed, and thus the peasant army was gradually reinforced.

This army became an infuriated host of plunderers and murderers. Crops were trampled under foot, barns and store-houses were rifled. Many castles of the nobility were wrecked and ecclesiastical establishments were burned to the ground.

Behind them they left a trail of slaughter. On April 16th, (Easter Day) they attacked the garrison of Weinsburg, commanded by Count Louis of Helfenstein.

When his wife fell upon her knees, her baby boy in her arms, and pleaded for the life of her husband, the mob jeered at her, and callously ran their pikes through the body of the Count.

It seemed certain that this revolution would go on until

there was no semblance of law and order left. It even spread to Alsace, Lorraine and Bavaria.

Bishops deserted their Sees, and nobles their castles. The rulers of the provinces seemed to have no collected scheme for overcoming the movement.

At last the princes recovered from their apathy. The first to take the field against the insurgents was the Count of Mansfield. He was joined by Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, the Elector of Saxony and the Duke of Brunswick.

They amalgamated their forces and on May 15th, 1525, they came upon the rebels at their camp at Frankenhausen which was under the command of Munzer.

It was soon over. The revolutionaries could not face the better equipment of their enemies. They turned and ran, Munzer being one of the first to bolt.

He took refuge in an attic where he was soon discovered, and handed over to the Duke of Brunswick. In this fight five thousand peasants were slain.

Munzer and Pfeiffer were subjected to torture by the rack and afterwards executed at Muhlhausen.

MAY 16TH

### *Edward Gibbon Wakefield*

THE annexation of New Zealand to the British Crown was brought about by a man who, ten years before, had spent three years in Newgate Prison for a criminal offence.

Edward Gibbon Wakefield was an extraordinary character. He was concerned in two cases of abduction.

The first turned out successfully for him, for he married the girl. The second, which might have finished the career of most men, helped him to become a famous statesman.

Wakefield was twenty at the time of his elopement with Miss Eliza Susan Pattle, the orphan daughter of an Indian Civil Servant.

To gain the confidence of the young lady's two uncles, who lived at Tunbridge Wells, Wakefield assumed an enthusiasm for cock-fighting, a pastime in which the said uncles freely indulged.

One sunny day in summer two carriages set out from Tunbridge Wells in opposite directions. In one were Edward



Gibbon Wakefield and the young woman ; in the other were two people dressed to represent the lovers.

It appears that the uncles followed the wrong carriage, Gibbon and his sweetheart arriving eventually at Edinburgh, where they were married. To make certain that the marriage was legal they went through the ceremony again in London.

Eliza was a ward in Chancery, and thus Wakefield risked a prosecution by the Lord Chancellor. Not only did he convince that high personage that he had acted with the best motives, but was able to secure the support of Eliza's mother.

Ultimately the relatives were reconciled to the match, and obtained for him an appointment as attaché to the British Legation at Turin.

Wakefield's wife died in 1820. [Though his original object in marrying her had been to secure a Government post, he was greatly affected by her death.

The trial of Wakefield for the abduction of Ellen Turner was one of the most sensational in the annals of English crime. Ellen was the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of Macclesfield, who was sheriff of the county.

Wakefield's family, always ambitious for the advancement of Edward, who was regarded as a sort of prodigy, were in the plot and actually carried out the preliminaries.

They secured an introduction to Miss Turner's father, and eventually Edward Gibbon and his brother William were invited to Macclesfield.

The next step was the drafting of a forged letter to the mistress of the school at which Ellen was staying conveying the news that the girl's mother was seriously ill and wanted her daughter home at once. The letter purported to be signed by a doctor.

The girl was allowed to go into a waiting carriage in which was Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

According to a candid statement made by Wakefield afterwards, he had much difficulty in persuading her to submit to the strange manner of taking her to her home. She knew neither Wakefield, his brother, nor the coachman.

If Wakefield's statement were true, the girl was strangely fickle. For no sooner did she see her uncle than she fell into his arms and declared Wakefield had carried her away by fraud.

In August, 1826, Edward Gibbon and William Wakefield appeared at the Lancaster Assizes. Edward was accused of

having "feloniously carried away one Ellen Turner, spinster, then a maid and heir-apparent unto her father, William Turner, Esq., for the sake of the lucre of her substance; and for having afterwards unlawfully and against her will married the said Ellen Turner."

William was also indicted, as were their stepmother and Thevenot, their servant.

A verdict of Guilty was returned by the jury against all the prisoners, who were committed to Lancaster Castle. Edward and William were brought up for judgment before the Court of King's Bench. Frances Wakefield was not brought up for judgment.

Edward received three years' imprisonment in Newgate and William three years in Lancaster Castle.

Eventually Edward and Ellen reached Gretna Green, and a marriage ceremony was performed over the celebrated anvil.

After the marriage the couple went to Calais.

Meanwhile there was consternation at the girl's home. A hue and cry was raised. The couple were traced to various towns, but the trail was lost in the end.

Then a letter which Wakefield had written at Carlisle was received. Bow Street officers picked up the trail, and the runaways were found at Calais.

Soon afterwards Ellen's father petitioned for the annulment of the marriage. It had not been consummated and it was dissolved by a special Act of Parliament.

While in prison Wakefield studied emigration. On his release he went to New Zealand, rose to great heights and was finally responsible for the annexation of that Dominion to the English crown.

He died on May 16th, 1862

MAY 17TH

### *Talleyrand*

CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, generally called Talleyrand, began life in an inauspicious way.

At the age of three he fell from the top of a chest of drawers and was lamed for the rest of his life. Though an eldest son, he never appears to have inspired any affection in his parents.

As soon as he was born he was put out to nurse, and he himself often declared in latter years that he never slept under his parents' roof.

It did not improve matters when Talleyrand injured his foot. As he would be unable to become a soldier in the French army, his parents promptly disinherited him entirely.

Thus young Talleyrand was forced against his wish to enter the Church, the birthright being given to his second brother.

At the age of 20 Talleyrand was a dissolute young abbé, supported by his grandmother and his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims.

As necessity had thrown him into the Church, Talleyrand was determined that he would never believe the doctrines he preached.

He turned for consolation to Voltaire, and imbibed all that free-thinker's theories. It is said that at the age of 22 the Abbé de Perigord received a mock benediction from Voltaire.

His own private opinions did not prejudice his advancement, for at the age of 26 he was appointed agent-general of the clergy, an important office.

Talleyrand was a capable administrator, but his attempts to improve the conditions of the minor clergy met with failure. He held the post of agent-general from 1780 to 1786, and for his good work was granted a special reward of thirty-one thousand livres.

Louis XVI disliked Talleyrand for his free-thought opinions, and kept him out of a bishopric until 1789 when he became Bishop of Autun, with an income of twenty-two thousand livres.

In this capacity he was a member of the States-General, the convocation of which in 1789 resulted in the outbreak of the French Revolution.

He was one of the first to throw in his lot with the revolutionaries. His first important act on becoming a bishop was to draw up a programme of reforms to be carried out by the States-General. It included the formation of a constitution designed to strengthen the monarchy, a scheme of local self-government on democratic lines, the reform of the criminal law, and the abolition of class privileges.

The schemes were sound and were endorsed by the clergy of his own diocese for presentation before the States-General.

It was, however, a programme to which the weak King Louis XVI could not agree, and it was soon obvious that no proposals of moderate reform would be acceptable to him.

When the National Assembly was formed Talleyrand had become definitely a rebel.

He was one of those chosen to prepare a draft of the new Constitution. He proposed the confiscation of the lands of the Church to the service of the nation. A month later Mirabeau forced through the Assembly similar proposals but much more rigorous.

On the Feast of Pikes, July 14th, 1790, Talleyrand celebrated his last Mass in public at an altar set up in the middle of the Champ de Mars.

Conditions in France were now becoming definitely anti-clerical, and conforming more to Talleyrand's own private views. Gradually he cut himself adrift from the Church, and the State obtained control of ecclesiastical affairs. He and three other bishops did not hesitate to take the oath of obedience to the new decree.

The greater number of the clergy throughout France refused to take the oath, and Talleyrand was now recognized as a renegade.

In January, 1791, he resigned his See, and in the following March was definitely banned by the Pope.

Though Talleyrand and Mirabeau, the "Tribune of the People," disliked each other, their views generally coincided. It is said that on his death-bed Mirabeau advised him to come to a closer understanding with England.

In 1792, when there were fears of England stepping in to break up the Revolution, Talleyrand was sent to London to endeavour to obtain a declaration of neutrality. The British Cabinet refused to give any such undertaking, and Talleyrand returned to Paris just as the second revolution broke out overturning the French monarchy.

Charged with having corresponded with the fallen King, Talleyrand escaped to London. The English Ministry regarded him as a Jacobin, and he was ordered to quit.

He took refuge in the United States while the reign of terror proceeded on its tragic course in France, with the establishment of the government by the Directory.

In 1796 Talleyrand was allowed to return to France, and he was made a member of the Institute. In July, 1797, through

the influence of Madame de Stael, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory.

Anticipating the collapse of the Directory, Talleyrand attached himself to Napoleon. He was awarded with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

His own aim now was to obtain a general peace and build up France. He was the influence behind the pacific overtures which Napoleon sent to England in 1800. He assisted in the concordat with the Pope, who released him from his former vows as Bishop of Autun. He was thus allowed to revert to the secular state.

He immediately married his mistress, Mme. Grand, a *divorcee* with whom he had been living for years, though he did not order the ceremony until forced to do so by Napoleon.

On the assumption of the imperial title by Napoleon in May, 1804, Talleyrand became Grand Chamberlain of the Empire, and received half a million francs a year. He was also created Prince of Benevento.

Talleyrand was one of the most important men in France from now onwards. He saw the coming end of Napoleon more readily than the Emperor himself.

When Napoleon was finally beaten he was employed by the Allies. In later years he was Minister to Louis Philippe.

He died on May 17th, 1838.

## MAY 18TH

### *The Mutiny of the Highlanders*

ON May 18th, 1743, about one hundred and fifty men of the Black Watch, who had been attending a military display in London, mutinied and, defying army discipline, began to march back to Scotland.

They carried their arms and fourteen rounds of ball ammunition each.

When this fact became known to the people of London and the towns through which the Highlanders would probably march, there was great consternation.

Londoners looked upon the men of the Black Watch as savage men of the mountains. What would happen, they asked, when these uncivilized soldiers passed through the

peaceful country places? They visualized the crimes these men would commit; they saw the inhabitants of the villages fleeing for safety, shops looted, houses broken into and a trail of death behind the marchers.

As soon as the men were missed dispatches were sent to the officers commanding the northern districts. Various proclamations were issued, one of them offering a reward of forty shillings for every deserter captured.

For seven days London waited anxiously for news of the deserters. There was no telegraph, and the fastest means of communication was on horseback. It was not until seven days after the "retreat" from London that authentic news was brought to the City.

There is an amusing as well as a tragic side to this affair. The Black Watch, famous in Scottish songs, were then known officially as Lord Sempill's Highland Regiment. They were formed in 1739 into a regiment, after the men had done service as a local force policing the northern parts of Scotland against robbers.

In 1743 they were marched to London purely, it would seem, for show purposes. The men disliked the idea of being subjected to the curious gaze of Londoners, but were persuaded to remain until after the King's birthday.

The inactivity of the following days annoyed the Highlanders, who either wanted to go abroad or back to Scotland.

On the night of the 17th, the regiment decided to march back, and before dawn next morning one hundred and fifty of them set off.

The march was organized and in command of Corporal Samuel Macpherson, who, says a contemporary report, "exhibited considerable military skill and strategy."

They marched generally by night, avoiding the two great north roads. If they proceeded in the daylight, they managed to keep under cover of woods or other natural screens.

The authorities were thus perplexed, and for some days had not the least idea where the men were.

On the evening of May 21st, Captain Ball, in command of a body of cavalry from the north-eastern district, heard that at three o'clock in the afternoon of that day the deserters had crossed the River Nen, near Wellingborough.

Believing that they were making for Rutland, he took up a position at Uppingham, in that county. At Stamford, on the

borders of Lincolnshire, General Blakeney, the commander of the north-eastern district, had already posted himself.

That night the Highlanders encamped on a hill surrounded by a thick wood, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire.

Early next morning a country magistrate named Creed entered the Highlanders' camp and tried to induce them to surrender.

They refused to do so without the assurance of a pardon.

At last terms were arranged. Creed undertook to write to the Duke of Montague, Master-General of the Ordnance, intimating that the Highlanders would return to duty on promise of a pardon. They, on their part, agreed to remain where they were until a reply was received from the Duke.

In addition, Creed arranged to write to the officer commanding the district asking him not to molest the deserters for the time being.

While the men were awaiting the reply from the Duke, Captain Ball appeared on the scene. He demanded their surrender, but they told him of the arrangement that had been made with Creed, and referred Ball to the magistrate.

They sent a verbal message declaring that they would die to a man rather than surrender, or on any other terms than those arranged.

The reply was not what they expected. Creed advised them to surrender, adding that he would use his good offices afterwards.

The position which the Highlanders occupied was a strong one. When Captain Ball came up with his men he found that it could not be taken with cavalry, and decided to wait until General Blakeney's troops arrived.

Meanwhile, Macpherson sent a message to Ball asking for an interview. Ball told the Highlanders that it was not in his power to grant a pardon. To which the men replied again that they would fight to the last man.

Macpherson took the captain to their encampment and showed him how well they were entrenched. According to Ball's description later, it would appear that the Highlanders had posted themselves behind an old Roman earthwork.

Ball told the Highlanders that if it came to a fight his men, too, would not be wanting in courage. A guard was appointed to conduct the captain out of the wood.

And now Ball showed remarkable diplomacy, which in the end prevented a clash between the two forces.

He prevailed upon two of the men belonging to the guard to return to duty. One of them went back with him, and the other agreed to try to persuade his comrades to surrender.

It was not long before a message was received by General Blakeney that the Highlanders were ready to submit on any terms.

London, which had been fearful of the consequences of this mutiny, heard with relief that the men had surrendered.

Thus fright was turned into admiration, and the deserters became heroes in the minds of the people.

MAY 19TH

*James Boswell*

It has been said that Boswell was immortalized by his connection with Dr. Johnson.

That is hardly fair to Boswell.

It was he who immortalized Johnson.

But for his "Life" of the author, detailing Johnson's idiosyncrasies, his witticisms and weaknesses and strange affections, Johnson's claim to a niche in history would rest solely upon his writings.

Thus it may be said with much truth that Boswell put Johnson on the map.

On the other hand, there is reason to believe that Boswell might have become famous without Johnson.

He could have had a distinguished career either in politics or literature had he not given so much of his time to Johnson.

Even so, his "Life of Johnson" stand alone. There is probably nothing to equal such a complete living picture of a man and an age.

James Boswell was born at Edinburgh in 1740, and was the only son of Alexander Boswell, afterwards Lord Auchinleck. Intended for a career in the Law, young Boswell seems to have been in no hurry to take up serious work.

He studied at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and visited London in 1760, where he soon became friendly with the "quality."

The Earl of Eglintoun took him to Newmarket, and he wrote a poem called "The Cub at Newmarket."



He contemplated joining the Guards, but was rescued from a gay life in London by his father. He gave up his idea of the Guards on condition he was allowed to study law on the Continent.

In April, 1763, he set out from Scotland on horseback with a servant, each dressed in a cocked hat, brown wig, brown coat, made in Court fashion, red vest, corduroy small clothes and long military boots.

On May 16th, Boswell met Johnson in the back shop of a bookseller in Covent Garden, and was snubbed.

Eight days later Boswell called on Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. This time he appears to have made an impression and was asked to stay to tea. After a second visit Boswell was invited to come at any time.

They became so friendly that someone once remarked: "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?"

"He is not a cur," Oliver Goldsmith replied, "he is only a bur. Tom Davies (the bookseller) flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

Johnson was then aged 54 and Boswell 23.

Neither man was fond of hard work; Johnson preferred talking and Boswell listening.

Boswell arranged meetings for Johnson, prepared subjects for him, obtained a verbatim report of Johnson's interview with the King, and accompanied the irritable old fellow on his various peregrinations.

Once Johnson said to him: "You appear to have only two subjects, yourself and me, and I am sick of both."

On his Continental tour Boswell travelled over many of the countries of Europe, and met some of the chief celebrities of the time, including Rousseau and Voltaire.

Finally, he joined the Corsican insurgents under General Paoli in their struggle against Genoa.

He returned home in 1766, and passed as Advocate in July of that year. At this time he was known to his friends as Paoli Boswell.

England at the time was fascinated by the famous Douglas case, and Boswell published a pamphlet in defence of the claimant, who said he was the son of Lady James Douglas, and was ultimately recognized as such by the House of Lords.

This effort suggested that Boswell had resigned himself to a legal career. Events proved otherwise.

He next wrote "An account of Corsica, with memoirs of General Paoli," and in the following year appeared "British Essays in favour of the brave Corsicans, by several hands."

Johnson advised Boswell to empty his head of Corsica. To do so he went to Ireland for a holiday. On his return he married his cousin, Margaret Montgomery, at Lainshaw, Ayrshire.

For some years thereafter his visits to London were of short duration. On April 30th, 1773, he was admitted to the Literary Club on the recommendation of Johnson.

In the same year Johnson visited the Boswell family in Scotland. They were not impressed with the old man. Lord Auchinleck remarked that his son, James, had gone mad.

Boswell's wife objected to Johnson's habits. It was hardly a joke when he turned the candles upside down to make them burn the better.

Meanwhile Boswell was making barely £100 a year by his profession, and his relations with his father were continually strained.

In 1775 Boswell began to live at the Inner Temple. He brought about a meeting between Johnson and the notorious John Wilkes.

On August 30th, 1782, Boswell's father died and left him an estate worth £1,600 a year.

In June, 1784, the two "inseparables" met for the last time. They had attended a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and Boswell accompanied Johnson to his home in Bolt Court.

Johnson died the same year, and Boswell published his journal of their tour in the Hebrides.

He died at his house in Great Portland Street on May 19th, 1795, and was buried two weeks later at Auchinleck.

MAY 20TH

### *The Mutiny of the Nore*

THE mutiny of the Nore, which began on May 20th, 1797, was the sequel to a revolt that had occurred two months before in the fleet at Spithead. It was, however, far more serious, and was caused by different circumstances.

It is necessary to go back to the early days of 1797 for the origin of these mutinies, in which 40,000 men took part.

There had long been complaints by the men of the Navy that their pay was poor. The prices of commodities had risen enormously, but the pay had remained stationary. The seamen also complained of the rigorous discipline on the ships of the Fleet and the unequal distribution of prize-money.

During February and March the Admiralty received many letters and petitions from the ships composing the Channel Fleet. Admiral Lord Howe had inquired at Portsmouth whether there was any truth in this dissatisfaction, but was told there was nothing amiss. When the petitions continued to pour in, Admiral Howe had no option but to send them to the Admiralty.

Meanwhile a mutiny had occurred in the fleet commanded by Lord Bridport, but this was dealt with so secretly that nothing appears to have leaked out at first at headquarters.

The Admiralty soon discovered what had occurred, and it was found that a determined spirit of mutiny still remained in the ships of the Channel Fleet.

The ships were ordered to port, but the seamen decided that not one should sail till the grievances had been removed. When, therefore, Lord Bridport gave the order on April 15th, the command was disobeyed.

Neither peaceful persuasion nor stern authority had effect. At last two delegates were chosen from each ship, and they met Lord Howe in his cabin. As a result of the discussions certain officers were sent on shore, and petitions were sent to Parliament and to the Admiralty with a list of complaints.

Parliament was alarmed, and the Board of Admiralty was transferred to Portsmouth to inquire into the circumstances of the mutiny. The Lords of the Admiralty finally concluded that the demands of the men were just, and it was hoped that after this the men would return to duty.

But the mutineers would agree to no terms that had not been sanctioned by Parliament and by King's proclamation.

They hoisted the flag of mutiny, loaded the guns and showed their determination in other ways.

Lord Bridport, who was a great favourite in the fleet, made a last attempt to settle the dispute. He promised the King's pardon and a redress of their grievances.

On this the men returned to duty.

As, however, some of the men still harboured a distrust of officialdom, Lord Howe addressed them feelingly and

promised that Parliament would guarantee the men's terms.

On May 8th, William Pitt, in the House of Commons, moved an appropriation of £436,000 for additional pay and allowances for the seamen and marines. The Bill was rushed through both Houses with unusual speed.

It was now hoped that the trouble would not recur. But Fate ruled otherwise, and the mutiny of the Nore began on May 20th.

On May 22nd, Admiral Duncan, who was about to resume his watch on the Dutch fleet off the Texel, found himself being deserted by several of his ships. As soon as he discovered the mutiny he called his own ship's company together and made one of the most moving speeches ever delivered by a naval officer.

By the time he concluded with the phrase, "God bless you all," all the ratings were in tears.

Four ships of the line, however, and one sloop left the squadron, and proceeded to join the mutineers at the Nore.

The grievances of the men at the Nore had, of course, been ventilated concurrently with those of the Channel fleet, but their demands were greater.

The Spithead mutiny had no leader, but that at the Nore was led by Richard Parker, a man of better education than the average seaman. The officer in command of the station was Admiral Buckner.

A message was sent by the Admiralty instructing the Admiral to refuse the demands of the men, who then proceeded to stop ships passing up the river.

The Government retaliated by moving the buoys from the mouth of the Thames to stop the mutineers from putting to sea.

The men replied by mooring their vessels across the estuary, thus cutting off all communication between London and the sea.

Parliament decided on drastic action. A Bill was passed making it a capital crime to seduce either soldiers or sailors from their duty.

Meanwhile many naval officers were detained in their ships, powerless to stop the revolt. Among them was the Earl of Northesk, whom the men decided to release on his undertaking to carry a petition to the King.

The petition was presented, but no reply was forthcoming.

The Government showed less alarm over the Nore

mutiny than was the case with the affair at Spithead. It was thought that if the men were given enough rope they would hang themselves, and that a disagreement among them was inevitable.

A dispute arose when some of the mutineers suggested that they should put to sea and deliver the ships into the hands of the Dutch.

Parker, who was in favour of this course, soon saw that he was losing his popularity when others flatly refused to be a party to the scheme.

The breach between Parker and the men gradually widened and his management of the mutiny was hotly contested.

It was argued that they could not put to sea in any case in view of the absent buoys. Moreover, the whole of the nation was against them.

When news was brought that a strong force was getting ready to attack them, several of the ships deserted, and soon afterwards the red flag was hauled down.

Parker was now completely deserted by his companions, and he surrendered without resistance.

MAY 21ST

### *D'Eon de Beaumont*

In the year 1777 the English courts were asked to decide a most remarkable dispute.

It was an action to determine the sex of Charles Genevieve Louise Auguste André Timothée D'Eon de Beaumont, commonly known as the Chevalier D'Eon.

The young bloods of London gambled extensively on the sex of the Chevalier, while policies of assurance to a large amount were effected.

When the various parties wanted to collect the companies replied that it was "not proven."

The plaintiff in the case was a certain Dr. Hayes, and the defendant Jaques, a broker.

Over a considerable period Jaques had received premiums of fifteen guineas per cent, engaging to pay £100 whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier was a woman.

A French surgeon, Louis Le Goux, and de Morande, the editor of a French newspaper, swore that D'Eon was a woman.

It was on the deposition of these two witnesses that Dr. Hayes took the case to court.

The defendant's counsel argued that the plaintiff at the time the wager was made was aware of the sex of D'Eon. Thus the wager was unfair.

The judge, held, however, that the wager was fair, but had much to say to both parties on the propriety of the dispute.

No attempt appears to have been made to contradict the evidence of the two Frenchmen, and Hayes obtained a verdict with costs.

The case was again argued in the King's Bench before Lord Mansfield, when the defendant pleaded protection under a recent act against betting and won. As a result of this decision none of the "insurers" received his money.

Meanwhile the Chevalier, who wore the clothes of a man at this time, was accused of conspiracy in these gambling transactions. He was the object of repeated attacks in the newspapers. He replied to the newspapers denying that he had taken part in any fraud. He argued that he had publicly warned people against wagering on his sex.

He then returned to France, stating that he was ready at any time to come back to England and controvert the evidence given at the trial if required to do so.

But when he arrived in France he reverted to female dress as he had done before in that country. So far as England was concerned that appeared to clinch the matter. In excuse for this, however, the Chevalier declared that he had assumed female dress because it was insisted upon by the French Court.

The Chevalier was one of the most mysterious and eccentric persons of the mid-eighteenth century.

At times he was a "man"; at other times a "woman."

When he died in London on May 21st, 1810, a post-mortem was held and he was found to be "a perfect male."

D'Eon de Beaumont was born at Tonnere, France, on October 5th, 1728.

He was the son of a barrister and was himself intended for the Bar. At the age of 25, however, he drifted into politics, and two years later was sent on a secret mission to Russia by Louis XV.

He is said at this period to have borne a feminine appearance and it is believed to have been the idea of Louis XV that he should go to Russia as a woman.

He became companion to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, and is said to have persuaded the Empress against her contemplated alliance with Prussia and England to one with France and Austria.

In 1756 the D'Eon of the previous year—a woman—returned to Russia as a man, figuring as the brother of his former self. He became an officer of the dragoons, fighting the battles of Russia.

In May, 1762, he appeared in London as secretary to the French Ambassador, and took part in the delicate negotiations preceding the Peace of Paris.

For his services in this connection he received the Cross of St. Louis.

Later he was appointed Minister-Resident and then Plenipotentiary of France at the English Court.

At the height of his popularity with the French Court he incurred the jealousy of Mme. de Pompadour, Louis's mistress, and she resolved to get rid of him.

Through her influence the Count de Guerchy was sent as Ambassador to London, and D'Eon was instructed to act as secretary under him.

The Chevalier refused to be subordinate to the Count, declaring that the instructions had been forged.

There followed a feud between the two men, first one and then the other appearing in court to answer charges of assault. Then D'Eon published some important secrets of the French Court, including libels on Count de Guerchy.

The Chevalier was prosecuted and convicted in the Court of King's Bench. In return he declared that attempts were being made on his life by individuals sent over from France.

He wrote four letters complaining of these conspiracies, one to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the second to the Earl of Bute, the third to Earl Temple, and the fourth to Pitt. Declaring that he had injured no man, he asked permission to kill the first person who should attempt to arrest him.

In 1764 D'Eon prosecuted Count de Guerchy for conspiracy against his life, but it came to nothing, and as he had not surrendered himself to the King's Bench for judgment for the libel on the Count he was declared an outlaw.

Meanwhile society was getting interested in the Chevalier.

His previous activities were gradually becoming known, and heavy bets made as to his sex.

He was now regarded as a dangerous person by the French Court. On the accession of Louis XVI, Beaumarchais was sent to London to negotiate with D'Eon with a view to stopping his publication of important secrets.

He was offered a large sum of money if he would give up his secret papers, wear female dress, and acknowledge himself a woman.

After the action to decide his sex, he accepted Louis's terms, and returned to Versailles.

He remained in France until 1784, when he received permission to return to England to collect his library and other effects. He appeared in London in the guise of a woman, and, with the outbreak of the French Revolution, he lost his pension.

Why the French Court insisted on D'Eon wearing female dress has never been cleared up. It has been suggested that they had a pecuniary interest in the wagering.

MAY 22ND

### *King James the First*

JAMES VI of Scotland was so pleased at the invitation to come and take the throne of England as James I, that he could not contain his jubilation. When he began his celebrated journey from Edinburgh to London, he did not expect such an enthusiastic reception from his various halting-places.

He was overcome by the feasting, both mentally and physically.

There were occasions when the contents of the wine cup were too much for the redoubtable James.

At those times he oozed with good feeling, and felt it incumbent upon him to make some return to his new and loyal subjects.

He had no money, but he had power. So he began to create knights. During the month of his progress from Scotland to England, he knighted about 100 men. He added to this number considerably during the early years of his reign until the knightage became swollen.

But the creation of knights brought nothing to James's private purse. They were now ten a penny, and he could not sell knighthoods had he been disposed to do so.



James, being hard up, consulted the Earl of Salisbury as to the best way of extorting money from his rich subjects.

After some reflection, Salisbury suggested that James should create a higher honour than a knight.

The King fell in with the suggestion, and he and Salisbury decided that two hundred baronets should be created at £1,000 each.

Having decided upon this course, the King almost went back on the arrangement. There was a possibility that it might offend many gentry.

"Tush, Sire," replied Salisbury. "You want the money, it will do you good. The honour will do the gentry very little harm."

At the same time precautions were taken that the baronets should all be rich men, having at least £1,000 a year.

Naturally, in announcing his project, James did not disclose the fact that money was the chief object. Instead he gave as an excuse the raising of a powerful band of men for the saving of the province of Ulster, each baronet maintaining thirty soldiers for the purpose.

Among the first batch of eighteen baronets created on May 22nd, 1611, was Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn, Lancashire, to whom the £1,000 was returned in "consideration of his father's great sufferings in the cause of the King's unfortunate mother" (Mary, Queen of Scots).

The first baronets, therefore, had a distinct connexion with Ulster. They were allowed to include in their armorial bearings the open red hand once borne by the O'Neills, the famous red hand of Ulster.

This heraldic device on the escutcheons of baronets has sometimes had a different interpretation, namely, that it was obtained by less virtuous means than the fact that the original holder had paid James £1,000 for the honour.

In a painted window of Aston Church, Birmingham, is a coat of arms of the Holts, baronets of Aston. It has the usual red hand, but there is a sinister story regarding it which apparently has no foundation.

It was said that a certain Sir Thomas Holt, nearly three hundred years ago, murdered his cook in a cellar by stabbing him with a spit.

The story continues that although the alleged murderer was forgiven his bloody deed, he and his descendants were

compelled to include the red hand in the family coat of arms.

The picture in question is minus a finger, and this is accounted for by the legend that successive generations of Holts were allowed to remove one finger from the hand as a symbol of the gradual elimination of punishment from their escutcheon.

A "red hand" upon the monument in the church of Stoke D'Abernon in Surrey had a similar application. In this case the story was as follows :

A certain gentleman who had been out all day shooting with a friend had but a poor "bag." He therefore made a resolution to shoot at the first living thing he met. It proved to be a miller. He fired, and the poor miller was killed.

There are similar red hands at Watringbury Church, Kent, and on a table in Church Gresley, Derbyshire. These have similar explanations.

There is hardly a baronet's coat of arms in which the "red hand" of Ulster has not produced a sinister story of some kind or other. Generally it has to do with a murder, and the gradual reparation for the crime.

MAY 23RD

### *Savonarola*

No pre-Reformation martyr suffered such intensive persecution as Girolamo (or Jerome) Savonarola.

Neither bribes, threats, bodily assaults, nor indignities which the crafty Pope Alexander VI instigated had any effect upon the determination of Savonarola to denounce the abuses of the Church and the guilt and corruption of the clergy.

Following the denunciation of one of the Pope's crimes Alexander offered Savonarola a cardinal's hat if he would stop his attacks.

Savonarola replied : "No hat will I have but that of a martyr, reddened with my own blood."

It was prophetic. The Borgia was now determined to get rid of the prior whose accusing finger was eternally pointing in his direction.

Within a few years Savonarola was martyred in circumstances which made other cruelties of Alexander seem quite commonplace.

Savonarola was born at Ferrara on September 1st, 1452, of a noble Spanish family.

At the age of 23 he secretly left his home and joined the Dominicans at Bologna.

He was soon disillusioned with the life of a convent. Sensuality, ambition and selfishness were the prevailing vices of the monks.

He began to preach, confining himself at first to delivering tirades against both ecclesiastical and civil abuses.

While preaching at a provincial chapter of Dominicans at Reggio, he was brought to the notice of the famous Lorenzo de Medici, who invited him to go and live at Florence.

After a period of two years Savonarola accepted the invitation, and in the great Dominican convent of San Marco preached to large congregations in the garden of that establishment.

On the death of the prior in 1491 he was appointed to the vacant post.

Eventually the large church of San Marco and even the cathedral itself were inadequate to hold the large number of people who came habitually to hear Savonarola.

He had become more powerful than Lorenzo himself, who found it necessary to propitiate Savonarola to save his own exposure.

The monk, however, was too disinterested to be bribed by wealth. Neither could Lorenzo induce Savonarola to modify his attacks on the clerical order and the vices of Rome.

On the other hand, it is to his honour that he continued to treat the monk with respect, and when he lay on his death-bed he sent for him and asked for his prayers and blessing.

In the subsequent upheaval in Florence, Savonarola's patriotism made him its most revered citizen.

When Charles VIII invaded Italy and was menacing Florence the prior was chosen as the chief spokesman of the delegates sent to confer with the conqueror.

He entered the presence of Charles wearing his vestments, refusing to cringe. With the open Gospel in his hand he addressed the great man in a tone of authority rather than compliment.

Charles listened with astonishment. Instead of taking offence, he agreed to favourable terms of peace which left the citizens of Florence to frame their own form of government.

In the rebuilding of national affairs Savonarola was chief counsellor. Often he was called upon to pacify the numerous disputants.

At last a constitution was drawn up on the lines of Savonarola's recommendations.

From that time Florence wore a new aspect. Savonarola was dictator. The laws were paraphrases of his own sermons.

The Florentines were stung to a pitch of great emotion—which never before had existed ; nor was it seen after the days of this great prior.

Meanwhile, however, events were taking a hostile turn against Savonarola among the heads of the church.

Pope Alexander VI was getting tired of the activities of the prior. Having failed to bribe him with a cardinal's cap, he bided his time, awaiting an opportunity of disposing of him.

In July, 1495, a Papal brief, couched in courteous tones, invited Savonarola to Rome.

Equally courteous, the prior declined the invitation, and even rejected a second.

A third invitation came which contained a threat of an interdict on Florence if Savonarola disregarded the command. The prior took no notice and went instead to preach in other Tuscan towns.

Again he urged the necessity for the reform of the Church, preaching rebellion against Alexander, at the same time trying to reconcile it with fidelity to the Holy See. In other words, Alexander was not fitted for his office.

All Italy was now beginning to take notice of the prior, and Alexander's determination to crush him was intensified.

By cleverly rearranging clerical offices, Savonarola was dispossessed for a time of his authority.

Personal attacks on him were now frequent. His pulpit was defiled with an ass's skin spread over the cushion. Sharp nails were fixed in the board on which he was wont to strike his hand. This outrage was discovered in time.

Then followed a bull of excommunication against the prior.

It made no impression on Savonarola. The sentence, he declared, was null and void. It had no power against a mission that was divinely inspired ; that Alexander, laden with crimes, was no true Pope.

Nevertheless the reading of the bull made a great impression on the Florentines.

Savonarola was banned from preaching in his own convent and was again summoned to Rome.

Again the mandate was disobeyed, and he defied the interdict by celebrating Mass on Christmas Day.

At last the order went forth from the Pope that the Florentines must either stop Savonarola themselves or send him to Rome to be judged.

He was seized, and day after day tortured in prison. On May 23rd, 1498, he was burned to death.

MAY 24TH

*Jonathan Wild*

JONATHAN WILD, the famous thief-taker and police spy, is said to have been responsible for the execution of one hundred and twenty malefactors.

In the end he was executed himself.

Wild was one of the cleverest rogues who ever lived. He was a more expert thief than the criminals he arrested. He had more craft than a fox, and more subtlety than a snake.

He was a criminal by instinct from an early age, and had a brazen effrontery which enabled him to carry on his crooked business within the protection of the law.

With the aid of a woman of the underworld Wild became acquainted with all the gangs of crooks in London. He ascertained their methods, knew when they were about to bring off a coup, and where they disposed of their ill-gotten gains. For a time he worked with them on a partnership basis.

When the Act of William III was passed making "receiving" a penal offence, it was Wild who devised a scheme for frustrating the law.

As soon as an important robbery was committed Wild received intelligence of it through his spies. He then went to the thieves and ascertained to whom the property belonged.

The next step was a visit by Wild or his mistress, Mrs. Milliner, to the victims, announcing that they were able to recover the booty for a consideration. In nearly every case an arrangement was made. It was much safer than acting the part of a receiver of stolen goods.

In course of time Wild attained the reputation of an honest citizen. He was recognized as a friend of justice,

and was actually given encouragement by the police and magistrates.

To make his position secure Wild found it necessary occasionally to inform against some of the criminals, and, being paid for every arrest for which he was responsible, his business flourished.

It is a testimony to the vast extent of his business that he was responsible for the execution of so many rogues. An addition to his income were the bribes he received from criminals to save them from arrest.

Sometimes owners of stolen property suspected that Wild was not such a public benefactor as he appeared. When questions were asked as to his methods, Jonathan replied :

“Do I not do the greatest good when I persuade these wicked people who have deprived them of their properties to restore them again for a reasonable consideration ?”

“And are not the villains whom I have so industriously brought to suffer that punishment which the law, for the sake of its honest subjects, thinks fit to inflict upon them—in this respect, I say, does not their death show how much use I am to the country ?”

“Why then, should people asperse me, or endeavour to take away my bread ?”

This candid admission kept Wild safe from molestation by the law for many years, and yet, practically every move he made was deserving of the gallows as the law then stood.

There were times when thieves were inclined to revolt against the regime of Jonathan Wild. In such a case he took opportunity to deliver a homily on the penalties of breaking the law. Threats of the gallows usually brought such crocks to heel.

After a time it was never necessary for victims of robberies to be visited. They came to Wild's office to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of stolen goods.

Before Wild would agree to make any investigations he hinted that a crown would lubricate the machinery. The money was generally forthcoming, and the client went away in great hopes of receiving back his property.

Occasionally it necessitated the client calling two or three times at Wild's office. Each time he paid money which Wild received with the utmost grace and apparent reluctance.

Though Wild's activities were often exposed by criminals

in the court, his effrontery carried him through. In January, 1723, when he was betrayed by three unfortunate wretches he had apprehended, he made the following statement :

“When someone came to me about the robbery, I made it my business to search after the prisoners, for I had heard that they used to rob about Hampstead. I went about it the more willingly because they had threatened to shoot me through the head.

“I offered £10 a head for any person who would discover them; upon which a woman came and told me that the prisoners had been with her husband, to entice him to turn out with them, and if I would promise he should come and go safely he would give me some intelligence.

“I gave her my promise, and her husband came and told me that Levee and Blake, two of the party, were at that time cleaning their pistols in Fetter Lane. I went thither and seized them both.”

At last Wild committed a crime which the police could not gloss over. He was arrested on a charge of assisting a prisoner to escape from prison.

An additional information on the warrant read :

“For many years past he has been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, housebreakers, shoplifters and other thieves.

“He has often sold human blood by procuring false evidence to swear persons into facts of which they were not guilty.”

He was brought to trial on May 15th, 1725, was found guilty and executed at Tyburn on the 24th.

MAY 25TH

### *Caroline Ryley*

ONE of the most interesting cases in the records of Bow Street Police Court is that of Caroline Ryley, who succeeded in convincing London society that she was Donna Caroline Isabella Isidora de Reveleyez, the Comtesse de Chautal.

A good-looking woman with a latinized air, speaking in broken English, she told a pathetic story of the misfortunes she had undergone.

She was, she said, the daughter of a Spanish grandee.

She had been plundered of her property by the captain of a ship, and put ashore without a penny to her name.

For some time she was in a convent at Liège, where she fascinated the Comte de Chautal, who married her. Her husband was beheaded for supporting the Loyalists after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and she lost her property. She made her way to England and supported herself as best she could.

That was the story she told to sympathetic people in this country to obtain money, and she maintained its truth when she was charged before Sir Richard Birnie, at Bow Street Police Court on May 25th, 1822.

Caroline had a vivid imagination. Her story was circumstantial, but a little too tragic for belief. Yet fashionable people began subscriptions for her, and she was received everywhere as "the interesting Comtesse" and the Society of Foreigners in Distress registered her name on their books as the holder of a pension in perpetuity.

Caroline Ryley was the daughter of a couple living at Cowes, Isle of Wight. Although they were only working people they gave their daughter a good education, and she became a teacher in several schools and private families in the island.

She acquired languages and the manners of a well-bred woman, and was received into Isle of Wight society. When she left the island is not known, but about the year 1816 she was known to have been a teacher at a school at Chichester, using the title of Comtesse de Chautal.

Afterwards she came to London, and about the year 1819 she had an introduction to the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress from whom she took a pension for three and a half years. At last someone gave her away. Hence her appearance at Bow Street.

Caroline's attitude before Sir Richard Birnie was cool and matter-of-fact. At the outset she asked that she might have a French interpreter as she could not speak English.

"No doubt you have English enough for your purpose," said Sir Richard, with a dry smile. But she was welcome to have an interpreter, nevertheless.

The principal witness for the prosecution was a Mr. Buckle, a dentist of the Isle of Wight. He swore that he had known the defendant for over nine years as Miss Caroline



Ryley, during which time she had visited his house, sometimes for several days together. He had, moreover, extracted four of her teeth.

Both Buckle and his wife tried to call certain things to her remembrance, but she stoutly maintained that she did not know them.

Another man from Cowes reminded Miss Ryley of the pleasant walks they had had together among the picturesque ruins near the town. But Caroline flatly refused to remember these episodes in her life.

Her confidence did not forsake her for one minute. She was under examination for two hours, and it was not until she came out with a long explanation in perfect English, in reply to a different question, that she realized she had upset her own case.

At last she had to admit that although she claimed to be a Spaniard she knew nothing of the language. The statement that she had spent ten years in a French convent was ridiculed because of her bad French.

A few days later Caroline made her second appearance at Bow Street. She was still calm, and in no way disconcerted by what had occurred at the previous hearing. She even demanded that a chair should be brought for her.

Witness were produced who swore to her identity, and then the argument centred around a mole which witnesses from the Isle of Wight declared Caroline had on her upper lip. Buckle, before coming up to London to give evidence, had described the mole, and the long hairs growing on it.

When detectives had visited her in town the mole had been partly eradicated, but the mark of it was still to be seen.

To this evidence, the "Comtesse" replied that she had been treated "rudely." "They even removed my bonnet," she said, "for which there could have no occasion, if *that there* mole was on *this here* lip."

Sir Richard Birnie smiled and observed that foreigners who came to England and learned the language by mixing in polite society, as she was represented to have done, did not acquire vulgarisms such as "this here" and "that there."

Then, addressing the witnesses, he said: "You appear before me as the exposers of imposture, and in that character I trust you have completely succeeded.

"But I am desired to say, on behalf of the Society immedi-

ately concerned, that whatever may be their opinion of the lady before them, and bad enough it is, no doubt, still they decline to prosecute her. They are too frequently imposed upon, but they hope this exposure may operate to prevent it in future. You are therefore discharged, Madam." ■

"Sare Richard!" exclaimed the "Comtesse." She immediately swooned into the arms of Bleksley, the Bow Street police officer, who carried her out of the court into the library, and there she was revived.

MAY 26TH

### *The Prince Who Fought a Duel*

WIMBLEDON COMMON was cold and cheerless. The furze and brambles which almost covered the deserted heath were enveloped in a ground mist.

There was no sign of life. In fact death was symbolized by a gibbet on which hung the skeleton of a highwayman. The chains suspending this gruesome relic creaked faintly as it swung gently to and fro.

Suddenly there was a movement on the heath. Two post-chaises drove up, and two men got out of each, and walked to a screen of tall bushes.

One of the four was an attractive-looking young man with delicate features, who wore ordinary morning costume of a man about town. Another was about the same age, but had a more commanding figure. He wore a long brown coat, the cocked hat of the period and riding-boots.

The other two also wore fashionable overcoats and cocked hats. They walked a few paces away and began to talk together. Then one of them paced off a length of turf.

This done they glanced round the heath as if expecting someone else. Soon two other men arrived on horseback, dismounted, bowed and then sat on the grass, each holding a mahogany box. Their pale faces and black garb indicated their profession. They were surgeons.

The two young men were respectively Frederick Duke of York, son of George III, and Colonel Charles Lennox, the nephew and heir to the Duke of Richmond.

They had come to Wimbledon Common with their

seconds, Lord Rawdon and the Earl of Winchilsea, to settle an affair of honour.

This dispute between the two men began through gossip in D'Aubigny's Club. It was said that an offensive speech had been made by a member against the Duke of York and George Prince of Wales. It was brought to the notice of the Duke, who upon hearing that Colonel Lennox was in the clubroom at the time and had taken no notice of the offence, remarked to a friend that such conduct was "unworthy of an officer and a gentleman."

The Duke and Lennox were officers in the Coldstream Guards. At a field day, which took place soon afterwards, Lennox asked the Duke what were the words supposed to have been said in D'Aubigny's Club, and who had said them.

The Duke replied by ordering the Colonel to his post. After the parade, Lennox repeated his demand in the orderly room. The Duke declined to give his authority for the alleged words, and retorted that he was ready to give satisfaction if Lennox desired to carry the matter further.

Lennox, it appears, at first refused the duel on the ground that the Duke was a son of the King, but the prince replied that he wished to be treated as a private gentleman.

Colonel Lennox then wrote a circular to every member of D'Aubigny's Club, asking whether words derogatory to the Duke had been spoken in his presence. But no one would admit having heard them, and Lennox thereupon felt justified in concluding that they had never been spoken.

He therefore called on Lord Winchilsea to convey to the Duke his demand that he should give the name of his false informant, or "afford the satisfaction usual among gentlemen."

The sequel was the appearance of the two men on Wimbledon Common on May 26th, 1789.

Duels often developed into tame affairs. This one was unusually tame.

Lord Rawdon was amused. Beaming all over his face he walked up to the prince and whispered: "Your Royal Highness, I see, is cool—beautifully cool; but don't be in a hurry."

The men were placed in their positions; the seconds walked away, the doctors opened their boxes. The principals stood twelve paces from each other, waiting for the signal.

Colonel Lennox stood grim and determined. It had been

said in the clubs and at dinner-tables that "The Lennoxes won't fight." He was prepared to show London that he would shoot to kill, whether his opponent were a private gentleman or a prince.

The Duke regarded him indifferently. Nevertheless he was uneasy.

"Fire!" cried Lord Rawdon.

Only one shot rang out.

The surgeons rushed forward. The seconds were on their toes.

Nothing happened except that one of the prince's curls shook as if disturbed by a breeze.

Lennox had fired; but the Duke stood still with loaded pistol in his hand.

"Enough!" exclaimed Lord Rawdon, his face beaming more than before.

"But His Royal Highness has not fired!" protested Lennox.

"It was not the Duke's intention to fire," his second replied. "My illustrious friend never had any feeling of animosity against Colonel Lennox, and came out at his invitation with no other desire than to give him satisfaction.

"I hope His Royal Highness will fire," said Lennox. But the Duke coldly refused.

Lord Winchilsea, who had hitherto said nothing, now remarked: "Perhaps His Royal Highness will not object to say that he considers Lieut.-colonel Lennox a man of honour and a gentleman."

"I shall say no such thing," retorted the Duke, with typical Hanoverian arrogance. "I came here to give Colonel Lennox the satisfaction he demanded, and did not intend to return his fire. If he is not satisfied, he can have another shot."

As it was evident that the Duke would not fire, Lennox refused to take another shot.

It was an unsatisfactory position for Lennox but he had no alternative but to allow his opponent to be led off the common by the jovial Lord Rawdon.

The surgeons now departed, also dissatisfied. They were soon followed by Lennox and Lord Winchilsea.

MAY 27TH

*Dante*

THE exquisite love romance of Dante and Beatrice has been the theme of painters and authors for centuries.

It is a pity that it cannot be told—if it really existed.

The truth is that there are so few facts that biographers have filled in the blanks from their own imagination.

It is on the authority of Giovanni Boccacio, born half a century after Dante, that the great Italian poet is credited with having fallen in love at the age of nine.

Beatrice Portinari was a year younger when they first met at a function at the house of her father. It seems inconceivable that a childish affection should have dominated the life of Dante.

According to Boccacio, "young as Dante was, her image was at once engraved so deeply upon his heart, that from that hour to the end of his life, never was it effaced."

When she died "he suffered an affliction so profound, and shed so many and such bitter tears, that his friends believed they could end only in death."

Dante's first book the "Vita Nuova," written when he was about 27 years of age, tells in mystical fashion his love for a woman, said to have been the same Beatrice. It closes with the suggestion of "a wondrous vision" and the intention to say of her "what was never said of any woman."

As few facts are known of Dante's early life, there is reason to believe that Beatrice was a figment of the imagination. Even the friends which he mentions in the "Commedia" are individuals as obscure as Beatrice.

A few years after the death of Beatrice, Dante married Gemma Donati, by whom he had five sons and one daughter, named Beatrice, who took the veil. Three sons died young, but Peitro and Jacopo lived to edit Dante's great poem.

Alighieri Dante was born at Florence on May 27th, 1265, of a noble family whose ancestors had fought in the crusades. He served in the Florentine cavalry at the battle of Campaldino in 1289, and from 1295 he began to take part in political life. He was a member of the Signoria, the chief magistracy of the republic of Florence.

It was a time of unrest for Florence, and continual strief

with the Papacy. Dante took sides with the constitutional party which resisted the aggression of the Pope.

In October, 1301, he was one of a deputation of three which went on an embassy to Boniface VIII.

All Italy was divided between two factions, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The former were the supporters of the priesthood, and the others were the nationalists.

In addition, two powerful Florentine families were at loggerheads.

It was decided that the Pope should invite Charles de Valois to march against Florence, to put an end to the disputes and restore a stable government. The suggestion was Dante's.

The Pope, uncertain as to the strength of each warring faction, at first refused to call upon Charles de Valois. Later he gave permission, but Charles took the town on his own account.

Dante was made the scapegoat of the whole business. A document was forged and he was charged with extorting money. He was sentenced to make pecuniary reparation and to two years' exile. His house was raided and his lands devastated.

He refused to pay the fine or justify himself, and after waiting three months his enemies condemned him to be burned to death.

Now forced to escape, his life became little better than that of a tramp. He appears to have wandered all over Italy, and to have visited Paris.

In dire poverty he travelled on foot from "province to province, from city to city, from court to court, to see if among the heads of parties, among warriors of renown, he might find a man who could or would save Italy, and he found no one."

The rescue of his country was his one great passion, an obsession which amounted almost to lunacy. He describes himself as having been tossed about like a ship without a rudder or a sail, driven through every port, harbour and shore, by the bleak wind of grievous poverty.

When he was offered permission to return to Florence in return for a public apology Dante refused and continued his wanderings.

During this period of ostracism he composed the greater part of the "Divina Commedia," which he called "the sacred

poem, to which both heaven and earth have lent a hand."

The poem chronicles the destiny of the human race and Dante's own struggles. It is an allegory of human life in the form of a vision in which Dante is conducted by Virgil through Hell and Purgatory to the Earthly Paradise. There he is met by Beatrice who becomes his guide through Paradise.

The poem embodies the best thought and aspirations of the Middle Ages, and yet is a model for any age. This gigantic work would take volumes to describe.

Once during his wanderings Dante knocked at the door of a monastery.

"What seek ye here?" asked a monk.

"Peace," replied Dante.

He never attained it. His ideals were wrapped up too much with the destinies of Italy.

It was eight years before the situation at home seemed likely to bring about a change in affairs to which Dante could subscribe.

In September, 1310, Hendy of Luxembourg arrived in Italy. He had been chosen German King and Roman Emperor Henry VII. The event brought Dante back to politics with visions of a greater Italy.

But when Henry died three years later it dissipated Dante's hopes.

In 1315 the Florentine Government adopted a more moderate policy and began to invite return of exiles. Dante was included, but he refused to accept the invitation unless his innocence was recognized.

Dante died and was buried at Ravenna on September 14th, 1321.

MAY 28TH

### *Admiral Lord Sandwich*

ON June 10th, 1672, the following appeared in the *Gazette* :

"This day the body of the right honourable Edward, Earl of Sandwich, being, by order upon his coat, discovered floating on the sea, by one of His Majesty's ketches, was taken up and brought into this port (Harwich), where Sir Charles Littleton, the governor receiving it, took immediate care for its embalming and honourable disposing, till His Majesty's

pleasure should be known concerning it, for the obtaining of which, His Majesty was attended at Whitehall, the next day, by the master of the said vessel, who, by Sir Charles Littleton's order, was sent to present His Majesty with the George found upon the body of the said earl, which remained, at the time of its taking up, in every part unblemished, saving some impressions made by the fire upon his face and breast.

"Upon which His Majesty, out of his princely regard to the great deservings of the said earl, and his unexampled performances in this last act of his life, hath resolved to have his body brought up to London; there, at his charge, to receive the rites of funeral due to his great quality and merits."

About three weeks later, the *Gazette* made a further announcement. It related to the funeral of the Earl and recorded that his body had been landed at Deptford, and laid "in the most solemn manner, in a sumptuous barge."

Proceeding by water to Westminster Bridge, it was attended by the barges of the Duke of York and many of the nobility, the Lord Mayor and the City of London companies. Trumpets and other music "sounded the deepest notes."

The guns of the Tower and at Whitehall were fired, and on reaching Westminster Bridge the body was removed and a solemn procession formed to the Abbey.

Among the mourners were eight earls and most of the nobility of London.

The coffin was deposited in the Duke of Albemarle's vault, in the north side of Henry VII's chapel.

Better known to the public as Admiral Montague than as the Earl of Sandwich, this distinguished officer met his death in one of the most heroic episodes in the annals of naval warfare.

On the outbreak of the third and last Dutch War, Lord Sandwich was in command of the blue squadron. The fleet was at sea at the beginning of May.

At the end of that month it anchored in Southwold Bay to take in water. On Whit-Monday, the 27th, the fleet gave itself up to merrymaking, and many officers and seamen were allowed to go ashore.

Later in the day the weather became hazy, and a wind blew inland.

At a council held in the evening, Lord Sandwich warned the others that the Dutch were likely to attempt a surprise.



At this the Duke of York (afterwards James II) ridiculed the Earl's fears. But the admiral was right.

On the following day, between two and three in the morning, news was brought of the approach of the Dutch fleet. The Duke gave the order to weigh anchor and proceed to sea.

The blue squadron was the first to obey the order; Lord Sandwich was in his great ship the *Royal James*, which carried one hundred guns and about eight hundred men.

The *Royal James* was the first to engage the enemy. It attacked the squadron of the Dutchman, Van Ghent, with the object of giving the rest of the fleet time to form in battle order. In this Lord Sandwich was successful.

Several of the Dutchmen were disabled by the *Royal James*, which, however, received terrible punishment. Soon most of the ship's crew were killed, and the hull so badly damaged that the vessel could not sail.

By this time the Duke of York had got himself into a fix, and Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph Jordan had to go to his assistance. In doing so, he passed the sinking *Royal James* but dared not stop to help.

"There is nothing left for us now, but to defend the ship to the last man," said Lord Sandwich.

Three fire ships grappled, and the *Royal James* began to blaze. When a fourth fireship was made fast, the Admiral cried out to his captain, Sir Richard Haddock: "Get into the boat and save yourselves."

Most of the officers took this advice, but many of the seamen remained behind to help the Admiral fight the flames.

The official record of this battle does not agree with Dutch writers, who say that the Earl and one of his sons were killed in the long-boat when the crew jumped down upon them.

If this had been true, it is thought that the Earl's body would have been found earlier. Actually it was nearly a fortnight after the battle that it was recovered.

Thus ended a distinguished career at the age of 47.

Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich, was born on July 27th, 1625, and was the son of Sir Sidney Montague. In 1643 he raised a regiment and fought for the Parliament under Lord Essex.

He was present at the storming of Lincoln, fought with

distinction at Marston Moor, and was in the Battle of Naseby, and the fights at Bridgwater and Bristol.

He was a Member of Parliament for Huntingdonshire. After the first Dutch war Montague received a command under Admiral Blake in the war against the Spaniards. Later he was appointed to command the fleet in the Downs engaged upon watching the Dutch. Montague received his earldom from Charles II. He died on May 28th, 1672.

MAY 29TH

### *The Gordon Riots*

ON May 29th, 1780, the following notice was inserted in the newspapers and posted on hoardings :

“RESOLVED : That the whole body of the Protestant Association do meet on Friday next in St. George’s Fields, at ten o’clock in the morning, to consider the most prudent and respectful manner of attending their petition, which will be presented the same day to the House of Commons.

“RESOLVED : For the sake of good order and regularity, that this association, in coming to the ground, do separate themselves into four distinct divisions, viz., the London division, the Westminster division, the Southwark division and the Scotch division.

“RESOLVED : That the London division do take place of the ground towards Southwark ; the Westminster division second ; the Southwark division third ; and the Scotch division upon the left, all wearing blue cockades, to distinguish themselves from the papists, and those who approve of the late act in favour of popery. . . .”

The petition referred to in the notice was one for the repeal of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. The notice was signed by Lord George Gordon, who declared that if less than twenty thousand of his fellow citizens attended him on that day he would not present the petition.

On Friday, June 2nd, the crowd appeared in St. George’s Fields. They marched to the Houses of Parliament fifty thousand strong. All wore blue ribands on their hats, and banners were carried with the words “No Popery.”

The streets were packed by the throng, which, at the outset, was orderly.

At half-past ten the mob began to riot in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Sardinian Minister's chapel was entered, the seats being thrown into the streets to make a bonfire. The altar plate was stolen, only two chalices being saved by the Minister. The Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, Golden Square, suffered a like fate.

On the Monday Sir Charles Savile's house was ransacked. The furniture and pictures were burned.

On the following day the rioters attacked the house of Sir John Fielding, the magistrate in Bow Street, and burned his furniture in the street. They then went on to Newgate and demanded the release of their companions who had been arrested. They demolished the Newgate while they waited for an answer to their demands.

The keeper of the prison replied that he had no authority to release the prisoners, and would consult the Sheriff. When he returned from his visit to the Sheriff the prisoners were free and the prison was ablaze.

Crabbe, the poet, described this scene in his journal. "I saw," he says, "about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and conducted through the streets in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday. You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. Newgate was at this time open to all, anyone might get in; and what was never the case before, anyone might get out."

The house of the judge, Lord Mansfield, in Bloomsbury Square was pulled down, and his library was burned. It is said that Lord Mansfield was more concerned at losing a speech he had prepared than all his treasures.

On the Wednesday the rioters proceeded to the Fleet Prison, broke it open, and released the prisoners. So far nothing had been done to stop the rioting, and the mob appears to have had a free hand in forcing other prisons such as the Marshalsea, Wood Street, Compter and Clerkenwell, Bridewell. They concluded a day of destruction by setting on fire the Fleet and King's Bench Prisons.

Dr. Johnson records: "The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened. Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself." He adds that it was a time of terror.

Fleet Market, Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane were in flames. The premises of a wealthy distiller, named Langdale, in

Holborn, were sacked and many of the rioters drank themselves to death.

Barnard's Inn suffered from fire. Seven districts were alight at one time.

Money was extorted from people under the threat of burning them as Catholics. The Duke of Gloucester, who went disguised in a hackney coach to Fleet Market, was stopped and robbed.

About five thousand of the crowd began a march to Caen Wood, Lord Mansfield's residence, but were driven back by a militia regiment.

On the same night the Bank of England was attacked by the mob, but Guards saved the situation.

The King sent a message to each of the twelve judges asking whether they desired a military guard. One of them, Judge Gould replied: "I am grown old under the protection of the English laws; and I am persuaded, however much some persons may be misled, the people in general love and respect the laws; and so great is my attachment to them that I would rather die under them than live under the protection of any other laws."

The rioting lasted for a week. Troops numbering eleven thousand were posted in and near London, and were ordered not to fire on the mob but to keep them back with their bayonets. Several people, however, were killed by gunfire.

On June 9th, Lord George Gordon was arrested and committed to the Tower. This brought the rioting to an end.

MAY 30TH

### *The Legend of King Arthur*

SOME historians, Milton among others, declare that King Arthur never existed.

The Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle," believed to be the work of the Augustinian monks, omits reference to Arthur, although it details the progress of the Saxon invasion of Britain from the time of Hengist and Horsa.

From A.D. 519 to 552, there is a blank in this history of Britain, and it is assumed that it was during these years that King Arthur flourished. The story of his career has necessarily to be taken from other sources.

King Arthur is said to have been born at Tintagel Castle, Cornwall. His mother was Ignera or Eigra, wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, and his father was the Pendragon, Uthyr Postumus, who died in his 90th year in London in the year 500.

Some historians record that Arthur was 15 years of age when he succeeded his father ; others that he was 20. He immediately declared war on the Saxons in the North of England, and defeated them so severely that they had to take refuge on the sea.

Soon after the Saxons landed in Devonshire, where they were again attacked by Arthur. The poets relate how he slew nearly five hundred of them with his own sword.

The war against the invading Saxons lasted for about twenty years, during which time Arthur is said to have inflicted on them twelve decisive defeats. The final battle at Mont Badon, near Bath, was so crushing that the Saxon confederation was completely destroyed and no foreigner gained a hold on the island until after Arthur's death, when Ida landed in Northumbria in 550.

To combat the pagan Saxon hordes, Arthur initiated the Order of Christian Chivalry, known as the Order of the Round Table. Its members were drawn from Christians of every race. They made a vow to oppose the progress of paganism, to be loyal to the British throne, to protect the defenceless, and to show mercy to the fallen.

Doubts as to the actual existence of King Arthur would appear to be dispelled by the fact that his valour was known all over Europe and Asia. A chronicler of the Middle Ages writes : "Arthur is known in Asia as in Britain. Our pilgrims returning from the East and West talk of him. Egypt and the Bosphorus are not silent. Rome, the mistress of cities, sings his actions. Antioch, Armenia, Palestine, celebrate his deeds.

"Not only our own countries, but the Spaniards, Italians, Gauls and Swedes beyond the Baltic record to this day in their books the illustrious actions of this most noble King."

After dealing with the Saxon invaders, Arthur conquered Gaul. He was crowned at Paris.

Old Saxony, Denmark, Frisia, North Germany, and all Scandinavia, it is said, fell to Arthur's sword. That this is not altogether tradition is shown by a statement of Johannes

Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, the Denmark historian, who declares that Arthur ruled these Northern countries with unnecessary rigour.

For about six years Arthur's empire is supposed to have extended from Russia to the Pyrenees.

On returning from these conquests he married Guenever, or Ginevra, reputed to be the fairest lady in the land.

Arthur now appears to have had a second coronation, at which all the tribute kings were present.

Soon afterwards the Romans demanded tribute from Arthur. With his Order of Chivalry, he crossed into Gaul, defeated the Romans in a great battle and then decided on a campaign against the Goths for the liberation of Italy.

He left England in charge of Modred, the eldest son of his sister Anna or Morgana, and Lotho, King of Scotland. Arthur had reached the Alps when news was received that Modred had rebelled and with the aid of Saxon levies had seized the throne.

Arthur returned to England with his army, and defeated the rebels at Dover and Winchester. Another battle that took place at Camelford, near Tintagel, lasted three days. About one hundred thousand of Arthur's knights were killed.

Arthur was wounded and taken to the Isle of Avalon (Glastonbury) where he died. His last words to his knights were :

"I go hence in God's time, and in God's time I shall return." His death is said to have occurred on May 30th, 542.

It was believed for many years afterwards that he was not dead, but had been raised to Paradise like Enoch and Elijah, and that he would return at some future date and assume his seat on the throne of Britain. This belief persisted even in the fifteenth century. Wynkyn de Worde writes in his chronicle: "Of the death of Arthur, men yet have doubt, and shall have for evermore, for as men say none wot whether he be alive or dead."

MAY 31ST

*Frederick William I*

FREDERICK WILLIAM I, King of Prussia, had a strange fad. It was a mania for tall soldiers.

It very often got him into trouble with the other European nations and caused consternation in Asia.

Frederick loved military display. He was the actual founder of the Prussian army.

But his methods of recruiting his eighty thousand troops were hardly likely to meet with the approval of foreign Governments.

He had agents all over Europe and in Egypt and Syria, recruiting the tallest men they could find. Though Frederick exercised rigid economy in other Government services, he would pay almost any sum to get a tall soldier.

Thus the operations of his agents were accompanied by every species of corruption and fraud.

London was a happy hunting-ground for the activities of these men. Even the Prussian Ambassadors were instructed to look out for likely material for Frederick's army, and it is said that an Irish giant living in London was given £1,300 to "join up."

At this time many of Frederick's envoys at foreign Courts were living in poverty through the King's parsimony.

The salaries of his officials were so low that many accepted grants from foreign Powers, while members of his own family were forced to eat food unfit for the merest beggar.

In the end his army was composed of a strange mixture of various nationalities, including coloured men of abnormal height, though it was none the less efficient.

Frederick William had many good points. When he succeeded to the throne of Prussia at the age of 25, on February 25th, 1713, he immediately began to make a clean sweep of the limpets who were receiving pay for sinecures.

He cut down the number of Court officials, reduced their salaries and instituted economies in his domestic affairs.

He threw himself into the conduct of public matters and dealt with a mass of detail. Very soon the financial condition of his kingdom was on a satisfactory footing.

Though not among the greatest of the Prussian kings,

principles which he laid down in internal politics were followed long after his death.

He was unsuccessful in his foreign policy, though the empire extended its domains during his reign.

At the peace of Utrecht in 1713, following the war of the Spanish succession, Frederick obtained the greater part of the Duchy of Gelderland, while by a treaty with Russia, Prussian influence was gained over Swedish Pomerania. Five years later he signed an alliance with Russia, and a year later entered into relations with the opposition, England and France.

In the war of the Polish succession against France in 1734, he lent the Emperor of Austria ten thousand men, and when the peace of Vienna was signed, which led to a reconciliation between France and Austria, Frederick was almost isolated in the counsels of Europe.

During his reign Prussia secured for the first time a centralized and uniform financial administration. At his death the income of the State was over £1,000,000. He was able to pay off the debts incurred by his father, Frederick I, while his son, Frederick the Great, began a reign with a well-filled treasury.

He turned the private estates of the king into the domains of the Crown, and freed the serfs in Royal employment.

In 1739 Frederick William recalled the banished Wolf, and recommended the study of his works.

He was responsible, too, for the establishment of village schools, and a law which compelled Prussian parents to send their children for education.

He more than doubled the Prussian Army, raising the country to the third military power in the world, next after Russia and France. For efficiency there was no other force to equal the Prussians.

The Potsdam Guard was all composed of giants, and one of his chief pleasures was to review this regiment, regarded as a freak force by other countries.

Frederick William was the son of Frederick I, and was born in 1688. At the age of five he was sent to Hanover to be brought up under the care of his grandfather, the Elector of Hanover, together with the latter's son, who afterwards became George II of England. In 1706 Frederick William married the Princess Sophia Dorothea of Hanover.

Frederick William died on May 31st, 1740.





**JUNE**



JUNE 1ST

*Johann Friedrich Oberlin*

IN the middle of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche, in Alsace, were in a precarious condition as a result of the persecution during the Thirty Years War and the reign of Louis XIV.

The Ban de la Roche contained only two parishes, lay in a deep secluded valley, difficult to approach, and containing about nine thousand acres—only a quarter of which was capable of cultivation.

About a hundred families lived on the meagre production of these acres. The outside world knew little of the condition of the people.

At last a sympathetic clergyman undertook the charge of the valley. His name was Stouber.

He worked unceasingly for fourteen years, at the end of which time he had achieved much towards the emancipation of the inhabitants.

When he was appointed to another district there was still a great deal to be done.

Anxious to see an efficient substitute, Stouber searched everywhere for the right man. At last he heard of one living in Strasbourg. Stouber went to that city and sought out the address. It was in a mean street in the worst part of Strasbourg.

He climbed three flights of stairs and opened a door. The first thing he noticed was a small bed, covered with sheets of brown paper.

He approached the bed and found there a young man suffering from the pain of a bad tooth.

That young man was Johann Friedrich Oberlin, who was studying to obtain a chaplaincy in a French regiment. There was a conversation in which Stouber teased Oberlin about the novelty of his bed-coverings.

Stouber then inquired the use of a little pan which he saw suspended above the table.

“That,” said Oberlin, “is my kitchen. I am accustomed to dine at home every day with my parents, and they give me

a large piece of bread to carry back with me in my pocket. At eight o'clock in the evening I put my bread into that pan, and, having sprinkled it with a little salt and water, place my lamp beneath it and go on with my studies until ten or eleven when I generally begin to feel hungry, by which time my slice of bread is nicely cooked and I relish it more than the choicest luxuries."

This was the type of man Stouber required. He told Oberlin of the Ban de la Roche and the misery and ignorance of the people. He promised to go at once.

The chaplaincy which had been allotted to Oberlin was filled by another man, and in April 1767 Oberlin, at the age of 27, became pastor of the Ban de la Roche.

A year afterwards Oberlin married Madelaine Witter, a woman of good family, who was attracted by the work that he was doing.

Many other men would have been dismayed at the poverty of the valley. But not Oberlin. He immediately began to devise plans to civilize the inhabitants.

His first idea was to bring them into contact with the people of the neighbouring towns, believing that if they saw the condition of those citizens they would at once desire improvement in their own condition.

The chief difficulty was the method of communication. All the roads connected with his parish were impassable for the greater part of the year. Landslips and the rushing torrents from the mountains tore them up as soon as a path had been made. Thus the people could not market their produce or obtain implements for farming.

Oberlin saw that the only solution was to open up communication with the high road to Strasbourg. To do this it would be necessary to blow up the rocks and construct a wall to support a road which would have to be carried for a mile and a half along a mountain stream. Then a bridge would have to be built at the little town of Rothau.

He called the parishioners together and told them his plan. They were amazed. "The new pastor is mad," they declared to one another. They had thought him strange for some time, now they were certain that he was not in his right mind.

They would have nothing to do with the scheme, despite the benefits which Oberlin said would accrue to them.

Impatiently Oberlin obtained a pickaxe and exclaimed,

"Let those who see the importance of what I have stated come and work with me."

It had the desired effect. Men came forward and each was appointed to a task. Soon he had more helpers than implements. But his scheme reached the ears of the people of Strasbourg, and implements and funds were sent to him.

The valley soon resounded with the sound of the blasting operations. Rocks were removed, and the torrents that had inundated the meadows were diverted. Walls were built and the road was soon completed as far as Rothau. At this place a wooden bridge was thrown across the river Bruche.

Twelve months later the whole scheme was finished and communication was opened up with Strasbourg.

While this was going on Oberlin did not neglect the moral and spiritual side of his work.

His next move was to improve the potato crop. New seed was obtained, the mode of sowing and planting was improved. So successful were these innovations that in a few years the valley, once a wilderness, was able to send potatoes to Strasbourg market.

The great progress in the valley was brought to the notice of the Royal Agricultural Society of Paris, which in 1818 awarded Oberlin its gold medal with the acknowledgment that "by his extraordinary exertions he had averted from his parishioners the horrors of approaching famine, and that his life had been devoted to agricultural improvement and the diffusing of useful knowledge among the inhabitants of a wild and uncultivated district."

The more promising of the boys in the valley were apprenticed as masons, carpenters, shoemakers, farriers and cartwrights, so that in a few years skilled artisans were introduced into the valley.

Oberlin built a new schoolhouse out of his meagre salary of £40 a year. When Strasbourg heard of this they built three more at their expense.

During the French Revolution, when public worship was prohibited, he was chosen as orator to enforce the principles of "Liberty." Oberlin's discourses were not quite what the revolutionaries expected from him.

He spoke of the true principles of liberty and exhorted the people to "rise" against "the tyrants of hatred, impurity, selfishness and impiety in their own hearts."

Thus he was performing the double functions of orator

and preacher. He was called upon to show how he was aiding the revolution. He replied that he was endeavouring to make his people good, patient, brave and exemplary. As to his surplice, he was only too pleased to lay this aside, for he declared he disliked such vain distinctions.

His congregation continued to meet at the church on Sundays under the name of a club.

Oberlin was 86 when he died, on the morning of June 1st, 1826.

## JUNE 2ND

### *Thomas Howard—Fourth Duke of Norfolk*

THE judicial murder of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was one of the most discreditable incidents in the reign of Elizabeth.

Strictly according to law, the duke may have committed treason in his attempt to place Mary Queen of Scots back on her throne, and to marry her. But Elizabeth herself was not consistent throughout the affair.

The duke had reason to believe that the English queen was favourable to the union, particularly as she held out a long time before she would give way to those who clamoured for Mary's head.

It is said that Elizabeth more than once spoke to the duke in such a way that he could not be sure whether she was trying to discover his supposed secret views, or desirous to promote them.

When he was questioned about the scheme to marry Mary, he replied cautiously that the project did not originate with him, nor was he in favour of it.

To which Elizabeth said: "But though you now dislike of it, yet you may perhaps be induced to like of it, for the benefit of the realm, and for mine own security."

What was the duke to infer from this? Presumably, that there might come a time when his marriage with Mary would be a solution to the problem of stopping the plots on her behalf.

But the duke knew the disposition of his Royal mistress and her insinuating manner. He replied to her question by saying he would rather be committed to the Tower than marry Mary.

Elizabeth appeared satisfied with this declaration.

The duke's enemies were conspiring for his downfall. Pretending to be friendly to the cause of the Scottish queen, several of Elizabeth's courtiers advised the Duke of Norfolk to continue his correspondence with Mary privately. When he did so all his letters were shown to Queen Elizabeth.

One of the conspirators fell ill and confessed the plot. No action was taken against him, but Norfolk received a reprimand and he promised to drop the matter.

He went into the country to get away from the Court, but was invited back by Elizabeth. On the way to London he was arrested and sent to the Tower, on the grounds that fresh discoveries of his treason had been made.

While he was in the Tower an insurrection by the Catholics broke out, headed by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland.

Although Norfolk was not connected with this revolt, he was held to be implicated.

The duke, it appears, had been writing again to Mary. Moreover, he had been induced by an intriguing Florentine banker named Ridolfi to apply to the Duke of Alva for assistance in a scheme for the restoration of Mary.

The Duke of Alva promised to assist in the following spring with ten thousand men. Letters to that effect were found on Baily, the Queen of Scots' courier from France. The duke was also entrusted by Mary to forward to her friends in Scotland a sum of two thousand crowns.

Higford, the Duke of Norfolk's servant, gave the money to a man named Brown, telling him that it was silver for the duke's private use, and asked him to deliver it to Banister, the duke's steward.

Brown deliberately took it to the Queen's Council. The bag was opened and the letters in cipher were found.

Elizabeth now proceeded to get evidence against the duke. Barker and Banister, both servants of the duke, were arrested, and Elizabeth instructed her agents to apply torture to the unfortunate men to get a confession.

The desired confessions were ultimately wrung from Higford and other servants. They were shown to the duke, who exclaimed, "I am betrayed and undone by mine own people, for not knowing how to distrust, which is the only sinew of wisdom."

The Duke of Norfolk, however, denied having any evil



intentions against Elizabeth. He admitted that he had disobeyed her commands, but he would have died a thousand deaths rather than have suffered her to be harmed.

The Duke of Norfolk was duly condemned in January, 1572, but Elizabeth was not anxious to give the command for his execution. He lay in the Tower while many petitions were made for his life.

At last Elizabeth issued the necessary warrant, and then revoked it. The duke was allied to the queen by blood, and she had misgivings as to his execution.

She was urged time after time to bring an end to the matter and she signed another order for his execution. Next morning, however, she cancelled the warrant. Other orders were made and revoked in this way.

In view of the queen's reluctance to bring the duke to the block a strong representation was made by the duke's enemies. This resulted in an address from Parliament assuring her that she was not safe on her throne until he was executed.

This gave her a legitimate excuse for carrying out the sentence.

On June 2nd, 1572, the duke was beheaded.

JUNE 3RD

### *The Empress Josephine*

*"You will marry a fair man. Your star promises you two alliances. Your first husband will be born in Martinique, but will pass his life in Europe, with girded sword. An unhappy lawsuit will separate you. He will perish in a tragical manner.*

*"Your second husband will be a dark man, of European origin and small fortune; but he will fill the world with his glory and fame. You will then become an eminent lady, more than a queen.*

*"Then, after having astonished the world, you will die unhappy."*

THE day was June 3rd, 1814.

Outside the church of Ruel, a short distance from the Palace of Malmaison, a large crowd had assembled.

From the uttermost limits of Paris, from the rural areas of the provinces, thousands of poor French people had come

to pay their last tribute to the memory of the Empress Josephine.

Their sympathy was more profound, of a different quality from that of the great ones of France and Europe who were present more as a duty.

For Josephine had won the esteem and affection of the poorer people, who remembered with sorrow her fall from high estate.

So they mingled with the marshals of France, the senators, ecclesiasts, *préfets*, *maires*, and the distinguished foreigners, and the men doffed their hats, and the women hurriedly brushed away their tears as the body of Josephine passed slowly on to its last resting place.

Josephine *had* died unhappy, as the old mulatto woman had foretold.

Her second husband, the "dark man," had consigned her five years previously to the little Court of Malmaison, where she had lived in retirement cultivating the flowers she loved.

There she was often visited by important personages of many countries of Europe. The allied monarchs, following the defeat of the French, had paid her homage at Malmaison, and Alexander of Russia was walking in the gardens while Josephine lay on her death-bed.

There was a conspicuous absentee from Josephine's funeral. It was the husband who had divorced her, the great Napoleon. No longer great, for he was at Elba.

Josephine's horoscope, cast by the mulatto woman, contained a remarkably true forecast.

Marie Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie was born at Trois Ilets, in Martinique, on June 24th, 1763, the day on which England restored that island to France.

Her father was manager of a plantation after retiring from the French Naval service.

At the age of 13 the little Creole was already fascinating, and at 15 was taken to France with the words of the old fortune-teller ringing in her ears.

By an arrangement between the two families, Josephine was married to the Comte de Beauharnais, a native of Martinique. The young people disliked one another.

In France they took their respective ways, both being attracted to their own particular pleasures.

It was not long before Beauharnais was overcome with

jealousy. He returned to Martinique to secure evidence as to his wife's conduct before marriage. He returned to France, and succeeded in getting a separation, Josephine going back to Martinique.

There were two children of the marriage. One, Eugene, became Viceroy of Italy, and the daughter, Hortense, married Louis, King of Holland, and became the mother of a later Emperor of France.

When Martinique was disturbed by political troubles she revisited France and became reconciled to her husband.

A separation of a different character occurred. The couple were embroiled in the Revolution; Beauharnais took sides with the Constitutionals, and both were thrown into prison by Robespierre and the husband executed on the guillotine.

In prison Josephine became acquainted with Mme. Tallien, and when Robespierre fell she was released, and the two women led a new society which came into existence at the end of the Reign of Terror.

The young and rising Bonaparte fell a victim to her charms. On March 9th, 1796, they went through a civil marriage ceremony. A few days afterwards Napoleon went on his Italian campaign.

Bonaparte had good reason to be suspicious and jealous of his wife. She was among the gayest of French women, and when news of her doings reached the French commander his letters to her, though couched in affectionate terms, were not without reproach.

At last she was induced to join him at Milan, where she was treated like a queen and spent money with even more abandon than Royalty.

While away in Egypt stories of her infidelity were renewed, so that Napoleon determined to separate from her on his return to France.

Soon after his triumph over Austria in 1809, he caused the news to be broken to her that for reasons of State of the most urgent kind he was compelled to divorce her.

On November 30th there was an affecting scene between them.

Though moved by Josephine's heart-broken sobs and reproaches, Napoleon remained firm.

She knew what was contemplated—a marriage between him and Marie Louise of Austria, an alliance, as everyone told her, for the good of France.

She protested that no other woman should usurp her place, but when she saw that her husband was inexorable she gave a reluctant consent to the divorce.

So with a brief "Good-bye" Napoleon left her half-swooning and tearful in her distress.

JUNE 4TH

*Marguerite, Countess of Blessington*

ONE day in the summer of 1849 a fashionable crowd gathered at famous Gore House, Kensington.

The regular attendance of the "quality" at this establishment of the "gorgeous" Countess of Blessington had been an ordinary occurrence. But the circumstances on this occasion were unusual.

Each magnificent article of furniture had a number upon it. And each number was preceded by the ominous word "Lot."

In short, the famous Lady Blessington, the great hostess, the woman who had entertained kings and princes over a period of many years, was being "sold up."

Among that gaily dressed throng were individuals who had been glad to accept her hospitality. They laughed and joked and passed criticisms on the ornate articles displayed to public view. But there was one at least who shed a tear. It was the author, Thackeray.

"Vanity Fair" had been written, but here there was material for another.

Lady Blessington, with an income of £4,000 a year, had become improvident. Her liabilities are said to have exceeded £100,000. At this point her creditors decided to take action.

But when a sheriff's officer demanded admittance to the mansion, there was no Lady Blessington. The house was completely deserted.

Many of the effects were sold for a "song." Notwithstanding, a sum of £12,000 was raised.

A few months later Lady Blessington died of a broken heart in Paris. Needless to say, her butterfly admirers had deserted her in her distress.

For nineteen years the Countess had maintained a position second to none in the social world. First in Seamore Place

and then at Gore House, the best circles of London had flocked to partake of her generosity as a hostess.

To her drawing-rooms came the eminent men and women of England. Her functions had never been surpassed for brilliance.

Dukes kissed her hand; the great ones of the army, navy, and in letters attended her dinners. Among them Lord Melbourne, the statesman, Bulwer (Lord Lytton), Sir Henry Holland and hundreds of others. Once Lord Rodney, the admiral, was "laid up for repairs" at Gore House.

Among the poets, "Tommy" Moore sang his mournful Irish ballads of "The Meeting of the Waters" to the distinguished company.

It was here, too, that Prince Louis Napoleon, wearing his famous black satin handkerchief with its large fastener of a spread eagle in diamonds, boasted that they should dine with him in Paris a year hence.

Alas! Poor Prince Louis, a few days afterwards, was a prisoner following an abortive landing at Boulogne.

But, like the proverbial penny, he escaped and came back to tell the story to Gore House with his usual aplomb.

The rise of ugly little Marguerite Power, the Irish colleen, from obscure circumstances in County Tipperary to be the leader of London's fashion, is one of the romances of London's history.

Marguerite was the daughter of the Irish squire, Edmund Power. Her father despaired of the ugliest of his three daughters. She had no gifts, no good looks, no attractions. Inevitably she would be "on the shelf."

But when Marguerite passed her fourteenth birthday, roses came into her cheeks. The willowy frame assumed attractive contours. Suitors began to pay their respects, much to the surprise of Power senior.

There was Captain Murray, young, handsome, with good prospects. To him she lent a sympathetic ear, but marriage, she said, was out of question, for she was too young.

Then came Captain Farmer, old enough to be her father; a man with a vile temper and a dusky past.

She hated him. But her father was attracted by his wealth and position.

He ordered Marguerite to marry Farmer, and the girl was led to the altar with tears running down her cheeks.

The honeymoon was barely over when the character of

Farmer was disclosed. Kicks, oaths and imprisonment for days on end reduced the child to a shadow.

When Farmer was ordered to a foreign station she flatly refused to go with him. To which Farmer retorted by saying that he was "glad to get rid of the brat."

For twelve years Marguerite's movements were a mystery. At various times she appears to have been heard of at Dublin, and in England.

It is known, however, that at the age of 20 her portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In 1816 she was living in London with her brother. A year later the "gallant" captain, her husband, took his death leap from the window of the King's Bench prison, where he had been placed following an assault in a drunken quarrel.

Then one day the widowed Earl of Blessington came to the house and fell a victim to her beauty.

A few months after the death of Farmer, Marguerite became Countess of Blessington, the wife of a man with a rent roll of £30,000 a year.

Taken to his ancestral home in Mountjoy Forest, Ireland, the bride had all the luxuries that money could buy.

It was not long, however, before Marguerite pined for London and social distractions.

Within six months from her wedding day she was the mistress of an establishment in St. James's Square, and the centre of a fashionable circle.

In August, 1822, the Earl and Countess made a triumphal tour through Europe, during which many celebrities capitulated before the beautiful eyes of Marguerite.

The Count d'Orsay, a youth of 19, threw up his army commission, and trailed with the party, lured by her fascinations. All the time the squire's daughter revelled in her immense popularity, and gorgeous palaces were thrown open for her entertainment.

Walter Savage Landor, the poet, was another to fall under her spell.

At Florence the party was joined by Lady Harriet Gardiner, the daughter of her husband. Count d'Orsay saw in her a substitute for the countess, and married her.

Six years later, on the way home, they stopped at Paris, and Lady Blessington was installed in the mansion of Marshal Ney. Here she slept on a silver bed, bathed in a bath of white marble and reclined on a silver sofa.

This was the most lavish and expensive demonstration of the Earl's affection for his wife. It was fated to be the last.

No sooner were they back in England than he died suddenly. When his affairs were examined it was found that the Countess would get nothing but her own jointure of £2,000 a year. Blessington had spent his all on his wife.

Lady Blessington's death occurred on June 4th, 1849.

JUNE 5TH

*St. Boniface*

BONIFACE was one of the most persistent and zealous of missionaries of pre-medieval ages.

He was an Englishman, and he remained so until his death, although the greater part of his life was spent abroad.

His real name was Winfrid or Winfrith, a son of a West Saxon chieftain, and he was born at Crediton, Devon, about the year 680.

At the age of seven he was sent to a monastery at Exeter.

About the year 710 he was ordained a priest and was chosen by the West Saxon clergy to represent them in a mission to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In one of his audiences with the archbishop he suggested an attempt to convert the pagan Germans of Central Europe.

He appears to have received no official encouragement at that time, but, being obsessed with such a mission, he left England in 716 and went to Friesland. The disturbed state of that country soon brought him back to England.

In 718 he journeyed through France to Rome where he met the Anglo-Saxon princess-nun Eadburga. It resulted in a lasting friendship, the nun accompanying him on some of his missionary wanderings.

Winfrid was given an audience by the Pope, who gave his approval to the monk's schemes for the conversion of Central Europe, and gave him authority to begin with Thuringia.

This country was not an easy proposition, and very few converts were made. Winfrid left for France, hoping to resume his labours in Thuringia at a later date.

In 723 the Pope invited him to Rome, and there he was ordained a bishop. He was also given further orders to convert the Germans.

He thereupon returned to Germany and established himself as the Bishop of the Hessians.

In showing favour to Winfrid, whose name was now changed to Boniface, the Pope had an ulterior motive. The Pontiff was not so much concerned with the conversion of the German heathens as he was with consolidating his own authority.

For some years missionaries had been operating among the German tribes. But they were unorthodox and did not admit the full authority of Rome.

They were Irish monks, the followers of Columbanus and St. Gall, who took their stand with the Frankish clergy in a passive resistance to the orders of Pope Gregory.

Gregory saw in Boniface a powerful ally. The activities of the Bishop, who was zealous and orthodox, might bring back the German Christians to Rome.

At the outset of his mission, therefore, Boniface confined himself to contending with the clergy already established in Germany. He was as much opposed to the unorthodox Christians as he was to the pagans, and the Pope sometimes found it necessary to restrain his messenger's zeal which often got beyond the bounds of propriety.

Nevertheless, Boniface overcame all obstacles. The schismatic clergy were brought to heel and agreed to collaborate with Boniface in his mission work.

In 732 the new Pope Gregory III ordained Boniface Archbishop of Germany. Boniface built two principal churches, that of Fritzlar, dedicated to St. Peter, and that of Amanaburg, his first headquarters, dedicated to St. Michael.

The number of churches among the German tribes rapidly increased.

In 740 he began a campaign for the conversion of the Bagoarii or Bavarians. He divided their territory into four dioceses, and ordained four bishops to take charge.

About this time Boniface was called upon to enter the sphere of politics.

The throne of the Franks was occupied by a feeble dynasty, a race of insignificant individuals, whose authority was being challenged by Charles Martel.

Martel was a thorough supporter of Rome, and it was the object of the Pope to confirm his claim to the throne.

In 741, however, Charles Martel died, and his sons, Karlomann and Pepin were led to carry on the attempt to



supplant the real rulers. They began by acknowledging the Pope and asking his assistance.

For several years councils were held, presided over by Boniface, for the purpose of reforming the Frankish Church. Meanwhile the conversion of the Germans went on apace.

In 746 Karlomann gave up his aspirations to the throne of the Franks and went into a monastery, leaving his brother Pepin to make his own claim.

Immediately the design to change the Frankish dynasty was revived. Many councils took place, and in the end King Childeric was deposed, condemned to the cloister, and Pepin received his reward for his loyalty to Rome.

Boniface was now getting old and infirm. Throughout the whole of his career he had kept in mind the Frieslanders who had been the original objects of his missionary activities.

He determined, though over 70, to make an expedition and begin their conversion. His first attempt was successful.

He returned to Germany satisfied with his work, and next year went back to Friesland with a large company of priests to consolidate what he had done there previously.

On the night of June 4th, the party encamped by the river Bordau, where a number of converts were to be baptized.

Friesland was still in a state of unrest. It was full of wild tribes who lived by plundering one another. One of these tribes, believing that the ecclesiastics carried with them great wealth, determined to attack.

On the following morning, June 5th, the wild men made their appearance. Some of Boniface's armed attendants went forward to resist the attack, but the Archbishop promptly called them back. They were too weak numerically.

The pagans rushed upon them, and the whole party was massacred, including Boniface.

Thus perished one of the earliest English missionaries.

JUNE 6TH

### *A London Reign of Terror*

A REIGN of terror that had swept London for years was finally suppressed on June 6th, 1712, when Sir Mark Cole and three other men were charged at the Old Bailey for riot, assault, and beating the watch.

Certain districts of London had been infested with gangs

of hooligans who plundered and assaulted without hindrance from the police authorities.

The fact was that officialdom was too scared to take action.

There appear to have been several rival gangs. Some of them were composed of young men of rank and fashion, who assumed the name Mohawks. This particular crowd held London in terror for two or three years. Others had been operating over a longer period.

Sir Mark Cole and his companions were alleged to be Mohawks. It was said that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, "slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm with a penknife so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in a barbarous manner by setting them on their heads, and upset several coaches and chairs with clubs specially made for the purpose."

The defence of Cole was that they were not Mohawks. They argued that they were Scourers, and had a magistrate's permission to go out and arrest Mohawks and other offenders against the law.

On the night of the offence for which they were charged they had entered a gambling-house and removed thirteen men.

While engaged in this "meritorious" proceeding, Cole said they had learned that the Mohawks were in Devereux Street. Cole's gang hurried to that thoroughfare and found three men lying wounded in the road.

The Mohawks had disappeared. The watchmen, under the impression that Cole and his companions had been responsible for the fray in Devereux Street, attacked them.

There was no option—Cole said in evidence—but to defend themselves from the assaults of the watch.

It was further disclosed that the watch themselves had been acting beyond their powers. On the same night they had actually arrested Lord Hitchinbroke for no apparent reason.

Much emphasis was also laid on the fact that the watch had been going their rounds accompanied by savage dogs, a precaution which it seems was justifiable in view of the deplorable night conditions in their area.

Cole and the others were found guilty, and fined *three shillings and fourpence each*.

The arrest of these men was effected after the Government had at last issued a proclamation offering £100 reward for the apprehension of any one of the Mohawks.

The declaration by Cole that his gang were Scourers and not Mohawks may have been true, for the Scourers had been formed to deal with the Mohawks through the failure of the Government to take action.

Various hooligan gangs had been in existence since the Reformation.

It had been the favourite recreation of dissolute young "bloods" to form themselves into clubs for the purpose of fighting among themselves.

Soon their activities became dangerous to the general public.

The gangs were known by various names, but the last and most dangerous were the Mohawks.

They were in the habit of tattooing and slashing people's faces. They began by a carousal of their clubs. Then, inflamed by drink, they went out, sword in hand.

They thrust their rapiers between the legs of pedestrians, who were thus thrown to the ground.

The criminal state of London in those days was such that nervous people and those given to mysticism believed that the end of the world was about due.

That belief was fostered in a pamphlet, whose author was probably Pope, or his bosom friend Jonathan Swift. It was entitled: "An argument proving from History, Reason and Scripture, that the present Race of Mohawks and Hawkubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations; and therefore that this vain and transitory World will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution.

"Written by a reverend Divine, who took it from the Mouth of the Spirit of a Person who was slain by the Mohawks."

The "Spirit" in question declares in a preamble that: "I am the porter that was barbarously slain in Fleet Street. By the Mohawks and Hawkubites was I slain, when they laid violent hands upon me. They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils assunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their destruction."

St. James's Park was one of the frequent resorts of the Mohawks. Swift records in March, 1712, that he "walked in the park and came home early to avoid the Mohawks."

A few days afterwards a female servant in the employ of Lady Winchilsea was attacked while standing at her mistress's

gate by a gang of ruffians who slashed her face and "beat her without provocation."

The expeditions of the Mohawks usually began with a "view hallo!" They ran down a victim, surrounded him and formed a circle with the points of their swords.

The unfortunate man received a puncture in the rear. This caused him to wheel round, when he received another prick with a sword. And so the game went on, with the victim turning as if on a swivel, until his shrieks brought the watch on the scene.

The poet Dryden is said to have been waylaid and beaten by the Mohawks at the corner of Rose Street and King Street Covent Garden.

JUNE 7TH

### *The Dunmow Flich*

ALTHOUGH the famous burlesque trial for the Dunmow flich has a history going back to the Middle Ages, the first authenticated trial seems to have taken place on June 7th, 1701, when an Essex butcher named William Parsley and his wife appeared to claim the side of bacon.

On the Court Roll of Dunmow is the following record :

"At a Court Baron of the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas May, Knight, there holden upon Friday, the 7th day of June, in the thirteenth year of the reign of our sovereign Lord William III, by the grace of God, etc., and in the year of our Lord, 1701, before Thomas Wheeler, gent., Steward of the said Manor. It is thus enrolled: Be it remembered, that at this Court, in full and open court, it is found, presented and adjudged that William Parsley, of Much Easton, in the county of Essex, butcher, and Jane, his wife, have been married for the space of three years last past, and upward.

"It is likewise found, presented and adjudged, that the said William Parsley and Jane, his wife, by means of their quiet, peaceable, tender and loving cohabitation for the space of time aforesaid, are fit and qualified persons to be admitted by the court to receive the ancient and accustomed oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the bacon of Dunmow delivered unto them according to the custom of the Manor.

"Whereupon at this Court, in full and open Court, came the said William Parsley and Jane, his wife, in their proper

persons, and humbly prayed they might be admitted to take the oath aforesaid.

“Whereupon the said Steward, with the jury, suitors and other officers of the Court, proceeded with the usual solemnity to the ancient and accustomed place for the administration of the oath, and receiving the gammon aforesaid (that is to say) the two great stones lying near the church door, within the said Manor, when the said William Parsley and Jane, his wife, kneeling down on the said two stones, the said Steward did administer unto them the above-mentioned oath, in these words, or to the effect following :

“You do swear by custom of confession,  
That you ne’er made nuptial transgression ;  
Nor since you were married man and wife,  
By household brawls or contentious strife,  
Or otherwise, in bed or at board,  
Offended each other in deed or in word :  
Or in a twelvemonth’s time and a day,  
Repented not in any way ;  
Or since the church clerk said Amen,  
Wished yourselves unmarried again,  
But continue true and in desire  
As when you joined hands in holy quire.

“And immediately thereupon the said William Parsley and Jane, his wife, claiming the said gammon of bacon, the court pronounced the sentence for the same in these words, or to the effect following :

“Since to these conditions, without any fear,  
Of your own accord you do freely swear,  
A whole gammon of bacon you do receive,  
And bear it away with love and good leave :  
For this is the custom of Dunmow well known ;  
Tho’ the pleasure be ours, the bacon’s your own.

“And accordingly a gammon of bacon was delivered unto the said William Parsley and Jane, his wife, with the usual solemnity. Examined per Thomas Wheeler, Steward.”

The trial is attested by five spinsters, Elizabeth, Henrietta, Annabella and Jane Beaumont, and Mary Wheeler.

Applications for the flitch by “loving” couples were made from time to time over three centuries, but no official record of the trials appear to have been made.

In 1445 Richard Wright, of Badbury, Norfolk, applied,

satisfied the examiners and received the fitch. In 1467 Stephen Samuel, of Ayston-parva, Essex, a husbandman, made the proper oaths before Roger Bulcott, prior, in the absence of the convent, and he, too, went away with the bacon on his shoulders.

The third recorded applicant was Thomas le Fuller, of Cogshall, Essex, who was also successful.

From the few recorded cases of success, it must be admitted that many applications were as much "gammon" as the bacon. In other words, they were refused because they were fictitious.

The origin of the fitch trial is believed to have been a joke on the part of the priors of Dunmow. These celibates knew more about the pitfalls of married life than they ought to have done.

At all events they did not believe it was possible for a man and wife to live in harmony for a full twelvemonth. To test their beliefs they instituted the fitch.

It soon got round that the priors of Dunmow were prepared to award a juicy gammon to any couple who would take an oath that during the whole of their marriage they had never quarrelled. Any couple who had been wedded a year were eligible.

It is said, without authentication, that Robert Fitzwalter, King John's favourite, was the cynical author of the custom.

Fitzwalter was the man who revived the Dunmow Priory in the thirteenth century.

It is more likely, however, that the priors themselves were responsible.

At various periods the offer of the fitch seems to have died out probably through lack of interest by the priors of the time. Now and again the custom was revived by inmates with a sense of humour.

Just before Richard Wright's application for the fitch in 1445, a poet wrote that he could

. . . find no man that will inquire  
The perfect ways unto Dunmow,  
For they repent them within a year,  
And many within a week I trow.

Wright did not intend to allow this condemnation to stand and immediately hied himself to Dunmow to defend connubial bliss.

When the Priory of Dunmow was suppressed by Henry VIII, the ceremony of the flitch was transferred to secular control. The new proprietors of the "joke," however, treated the trial much more seriously than the priors.

Claimants for the bacon were put through a rigid inquisition and ritual, and made to understand that the oaths they were taking were solemn declarations.

There is record that in 1751 John Shakeshaft, woolcomber, of Weathersfield, Essex, convinced the court that he and his wife had lived in perfect harmony for the specified period. He received the bacon and the couple were chaired through the town.

Shakeshaft sold the bacon in slices, and made a good sum out of the 5,000 people present.

This trial was one of the most popular in the history of the flitch. A picture of the procession was painted and is still extant.

JUNE 8TH

### *General Andrew Jackson*

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, twice President of the United States, earned for himself the title of "the conqueror of the conquerors of Napoleon," and was responsible for the American boast that "the Britishers licked all the world, and we licked the Britishers."

General Jackson was the man who inflicted a heavy defeat on the British troops at New Orleans in the war of 1814-15, when, in fact, the war was actually over; unknown to the combatants, a treaty of peace had been signed a month before.

Jackson was born at Waxhaw, South Carolina, on March 15th, 1767. His father was a North of Ireland Scotsman, a Presbyterian by religion, who had emigrated to America with his wife and children.

The small location which Jackson senior acquired was still undeveloped when he died, and his wife had to struggle to keep the family as best she could.

Andrew Jackson was born after his father's death in a lowly South Carolina log-hut. He had a scanty education.

As a boy he fought as a volunteer on the American side when South Carolina was involved in the War of Independence

This experience turned the boy of 15 into a reprobate.

There was no one to reclaim him, but Jackson himself seems to have made a successful effort at reformation at last, for he began the study of law.

In time he settled down as an attorney at Nashville, Tennessee. He rose to be District Attorney. At first many fees were paid in land, which was then almost worthless.

When the value of property increased Jackson found himself a rich man.

By 1796 Tennessee had become a State, and, towards the close of Washington's final Presidency, Jackson became a member of Congress.

He was made Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and many stories are told of his rough-and-ready justice, and his decisions, which were more remarkable for their shrewdness than for eloquent summings up.

Adopting a military career, he was elected a Major-General in the Tennessee militia by a single vote, and when the war broke out with England the Central Government at first refused his services. It was only his energy in raising a volunteer force that eventually gave him the rank.

In 1813-14 he distinguished himself against the Indians, and next year he received an appointment as Major-General in the United States army.

At the close of 1814 Jackson gained great fame for his capture of Pensacola, and by his great defence of New Orleans.

After the peace with the Creek Indians, Jackson had taken up his quarters at Mobile, the capital of the Alabama territory.

As commander in the South he complained to the Spanish Governor of Pensacola of his giving shelter to the English. The Spaniard ignored his representations, and on November 7th, 1814, he stormed the town and compelled the British to evacuate Florida.

Returning to Mobile, he learned that the English were preparing for the invasion of Louisiana. He hurried to New Orleans and found the town in a state of terror and confusion.

He restored order and confidence, collected the militia and organized fortifications. Every man who could carry a spade was set to work, and every man who could carry a musket was drilled and regarded as a soldier.

The British expedition landed on the bank of the Mississippi about eight miles below the city. On December 24th, the day after the English arrived, Jackson made a furious assault on their camp.



There was much loss of life, but the English advance was merely checked.

From Christmas Day onwards fighting went on incessantly, the English gradually gaining ground.

On February 17th a special messenger arrived from Europe with a treaty of peace which had been signed at Ghent, in the month of December.

The Englishman who took out the ratification of the treaty was chaired by the citizens of New York, which indicates that it was a war of misguided Governments and not of the people.

In 1818 Jackson was engaged in the war against the Seminole Indians when, it was said, his treatment of Indians, Englishmen and Spaniards was violent and lawless.

In 1824 he became a candidate for the Presidency, but one of his rivals, Adams, was elected.

Four years later, however, he was duly elected President, and again in 1832. In carrying out his duties he was firm, sometimes unscrupulous and always a politician.

He almost made a clean sweep of the American Civil Service, displacing his political antagonists and filling the posts with men of his own party.

At the close of his second Presidency, Jackson withdrew into private life, and he died on June 8th, 1845, at his country seat, the Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee.

JUNE 9TH

### *The First Alexandra Palace*

A FEW days of breath-taking prosperity, the merry clicking of admission gates, the marvelling of many thousands of visitors, and then, in a few hours, a scorched and blackened ruin.

That was the brief career of the first Alexandra Palace, the great pile at Muswell Hill, London, that had been built to rival the Crystal Palace.

It was midday on Monday, June 9th, 1873, that a wisp of smoke was seen to be coming from a crevice at the base of the dome where workmen had been repairing the roof. In a few minutes the smoke increased in volume, and flames began to consume the ornamental woodwork.

The impossibility of reaching the fire in time to prevent

it spreading was soon realized by the authorities. Visitors were ushered out as glass began to crack and splinter and drop to the floor below.

There was no panic. Thousands of people stood in the park and watched the destruction of the leviathan of North London.

The Palace as it blazed was a beacon that could be seen for many miles around.

Before night only a melancholy ruin, still smouldering, threw a faint glow on the northern sky.

It was never known what had caused the outbreak. Workmen were blamed for dropping lighted tobacco in the crevices of the roof.

During the period of fourteen days that the Palace was open to the public, it was visited by 124,124 people, and there was every reason to hope that the venture would be a great success.

The first Alexandra Palace came into existence because of the popularity of the Crystal Palace. It was argued that the latter was too far away for the great mass of people of North London, who would be certain to support something of a similar kind in their own vicinity.

It was not long before a site was found in North London. It was obvious that there could be no better spot than the beautiful Muswell Hill.

For the Palace itself, it was decided to buy some of the materials of the International Exhibition held in Hyde Park in 1862. The Palace was totally different from the exhibition buildings. It had one dome in the centre transept and two octagon towers at each end. It has a nave and three cross transepts.

The building was elaborately decorated in the Renaissance style, and round the columns which supported the dome were groups of statuary surrounded by flowers.

There were various courts in a variety of names—glass court, china court, furniture court, courts for French goods and American goods, and some for the products of other nations.

At the north end of the centre transept was a great organ and in front the orchestra. In another part of the building was a large concert-hall, and there was also a theatre, capable of holding two thousand people with a stage as large as that of Drury Lane.

The building of Alexandra Palace—named after Princess Alexandra—proceeded under great difficulties.

There were subsidences of soil which made many people dubious about the foundations. One of the contractors' foremen declared that the hills around Muswell during the winter had "been slipping about like anything."

This was not all exaggeration. It was proved that the hills had actually moved in various directions. They were composed of gravel and were affected by the heavy rain.

The Palace, on the other hand, showed no signs of moving. The foundations had been well and truly laid. Yet within a few yards a landslide of about three and a half acres occurred during one night. Another hill moved three inches.

The Palace, which took nearly seven years to build, was opened to the public on May 24th, 1873. Most of London's important people were present at the inaugural ceremony. Then came the fire—and the end of the Alexandra Palace.

The remarkable popularity of the place during its brief period of opening encouraged the directors to build another.

The new building, which was opened on May 1st, 1875, occupied an area of seven acres, and was constructed in a much more substantial way. It included a grand hall, seating twelve thousand, an Italian garden, a large court with asphalt paths, and a concert room to seat three thousand five hundred.

Included in the Palace grounds were, and still are, ornamental lakes, and a racecourse over a mile long. At the time of the inauguration of the Alexandra Palace, the racecourse grandstand was one of the most substantial buildings in the country.

There was also a trotting ring laid out on the American principle, a cricket ground of ten acres, a Japanese village, a circus, an open-air swimming bath and other features that were novelties in those days.

There was also a charming nook in the grounds called the Grove, which bordered on the Highgate Road. In a house here, Dr. Johnson's brewer friend, Thrale, is supposed to have lived. Often Johnson himself paid a visit, one of the shaded pathways being named after him.

JUNE 10TH

*The Old Pretender*

ONE of the most fascinating mysteries in English history was that surrounding the birth of the Old Pretender.

Was the individual who described himself as James III and was known as the Old Pretender, merely an impostor like Perkin Warbeck ?

If it were so then many a Highland hero laid down his life for a myth, and the massacre of Culloden was a blacker spot on the history of Scotland.

James's birth is recorded thus by the official historian :

The 10th (June 1688), being Trinity Sunday, between nine and ten in the morning, fifteen minutes before ten, the Queen was delivered of a prince at St. James's, by Mrs. Wilkins, the mid-wife, to whom the King gave five hundred guineas for her paines. 'Tis said the Queen was very quick, so that few persons were by.

As soon as known, the cannon at the Tower were discharged, and at night bonfires and ringing of bells were in several places.

The bonfires were lighted on orders from the Court and the merry peals rung half-heartedly at the behest of the King's Ministers.

For the people of England had looked forward with satisfaction to the end of the Stuart dynasty, and the accession of a Protestant monarch.

When, therefore, the young prince arrived, the rejoicing was confined to those who sought to keep James on his throne.

But the Court was delighted. "His birth was as a miracle calling for devoutest gratitude," one loyal historian writes.

The bulk of the nation sulked. Attempts were made to cast doubt as to the legitimacy of the birth. The story was circulated that the child had been introduced into the Queen's chamber in a warming-pan.

Weeks before the birth the news had been circulated that a happy event was expected. The King's enemies responded that it was all moonshine.

Mary Beatrice treated the rumours with contempt. The fact was that the Queen's health was in a precarious state. There were recurrences of feverish symptoms as late as May 29th. She was, therefore, too weak to retaliate.

On the other hand she was anxious to dispel the rumours and decided to come to St. James's Palace for the birth, where it could be the more readily substantiated than at Windsor.

The Princess Anne (afterwards Queen) seems to have been one of the chief authors of the rumours. "The great bustle," she wrote in a letter, "that was made about her lying-in, at Windsor! And then resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in."

If Anne suspected a subterfuge, it seems strange that she should go to Bath at the time instead of remaining at St. James's to expose any fraud.

It is more than likely that she left London purposely so that she should not be present at the birth of a brother who would stand between her and the throne.

The birth of the Prince took place a few days after that piece of folly on the part of James in committing the Archbishop of Canterbury and the six bishops to the Tower.

There was indignation throughout the whole of the country and the people were ready to believe anything of the King and his consort.

Every preparation was made to prove the authenticity of the birth of a child. Such an interesting invalid received all possible attention. The room was kept at an appropriate temperature; care was taken to keep the Queen warm. A warming-pan was taken into the room at eight o'clock, filled with live coals.

The child is said to have been born at ten o'clock.

In a short time, eighteen members of the Privy Council stood at the foot of the bed.

With such a large company present, it seems impossible that there could have been any subterfuge.

On the other hand, out of all those supposed to have been present, very few would come forward and testify as to the legitimacy of the child.

The allegation by the King's enemies was that the child was born dead and that another had been substituted.

The story, of course, reached the Continent, but was emphatically denied by the English Court.

Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated Whig doctor, whom Burnet quotes as the authority for saying that there was lack of evidence, denied it in a letter to Sophia, Electress of Hanover.

At the end of a month the Queen was sufficiently recovered to leave St. James's Palace and go to Whitehall. A display of fireworks was fixed for the following day, but was postponed.

"The young Prince is ill, but it is a secret. I think he will not hold," said an official well behind the scenes.

The illness was so dangerous that the Princess Anne sympathetically described the baby as her "dear brother, the Prince of Wales."

Then it was rumoured that the Prince had smallpox.

In the course of a week, however, the child was sufficiently recovered to permit of the firework display, which was on a grand scale.

Among the firework devices were two figures representing Loyalty and Fecundity.

The latter included a hen with a brood of chickens, which, as one historian points out, was hardly applicable to Mary Beatrice and her feeble infant, who was the only survivor of five births.

Reports of the Prince's death were frequent, so that it became necessary from time to time to exhibit him in public.

Instead of placing the Crown more firmly on the head of James II, the birth of a Prince had a contrary effect. It actually precipitated the revolution.

At midnight on December 9th, 1688, a wet, dark blustery night, the Queen with her ailing child in her arms furtively left the palace at Whitehall, guarded by one swordsman, St. Victor, a Frenchman.

They got into a boat and rowed across to the Surrey side. At Lambeth Church a hackney coach was waiting and they were taken to Gravesend where a yacht was obtained to take them to France.

For seventy-seven years, from the age of six months to the day of his death, James Stuart lived in exile, the Jacobites continuing to live up to the fiction that he was King as James III. But he was nothing more than was implied in his nickname—Mr. James Misfortunate.

JUNE 11TH

### *John Constable*

SIXTEEN years is a long time to wait for a wife. To John Constable, the landscape painter, it was an eternity.

It nearly ruined his career, and turned him into a misanthrope.

Maria Bicknell was a tantalizing young woman. She loved

Constable well enough, but she was not the type to leave a comfortable home to marry an impecunious painter.

Charles Bicknell, Maria's father, would not hear of the match. He himself was Solicitor to the Admiralty, a post which gave him a social standing, and he had other ideas as to a husband for his daughter.

Moreover, there was the old and peppery Dr. Rhudde, Maria's maternal grandfather and Rector of East Bergholt, Suffolk, a man rolling in wealth and with no one to leave it to but Maria.

"Bah! A miller's son!" the Rector retorted, when Constable's proposals were discussed.

So like a dutiful granddaughter Maria tearfully told John that she would bear "painful duties with resignation."

Constable refused to be put off. As his circumstances improved he renewed his suit.

Once he wrote to Maria: "Be assured, we have only to consider our union an event that must happen, and we shall yet be happy."

He adhered to his resolution through disappointment and ill-health.

There came a day when John Constable believed that his earnings were sufficient to keep a wife.

"My price for a head is fifteen guineas . . . and I am tolerably expeditious," he wrote.

He again approached Mr. Bicknell. This time the answer admitted of no further argument. No communication must take place between them.

John's reply to Maria was: "I look forward to many happy years with you, but we might have been spared a world of pain."

Meanwhile the years rolled away. John Constable was now nearly 40, and Maria about 27. It was fourteen years since he had fallen in love with the girl of 13 who attended her grandfather's church.

Maria hoped that Constable's increasing popularity would take him into society and thus break down all barriers. But the painter preferred the calm and serenity of the little village of Essex.

When in 1814 Constable wrote to Maria and again mentioned the subject of marriage, she reproached him for not going to London to see "our illustrious visitors" the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and others.

She concluded with the significant remark that "People cannot live now on £400 a year. It is a bad subject, therefore adieu to it." She hoped, she said, to see him in London in the summer.

But John did not go to London. Instead he remained in rural surroundings in East Bergholt and Flatford. And there he painted his first masterpiece, "Boat Building," which depicts a barge on the stocks by the River Stour on a hot day of summer.

Of this picture a critic wrote: "Such is the atmospheric truth, that the tremulous vibration of the heated air near the ground seems visible."

Constable himself was pleased with the effort. In October, 1814, he wrote to Maria: "It is many years since I have pursued my studies so uninterruptedly and so calmly, or worked with so much steadiness and confidence. I hope you will see me an artist some time or other."

A month or so later enthusiasm has waned. The continued anxiety has produced morbid despair.

Winter is approaching and the trees around the old hillside rectory at Bergholt have shed their leaves. The flowery creepers no longer cling to the picturesque red-brick stable walls.

The terraced walk in which John had often spied upon his Maria is bare and uninteresting.

The winding lane leading from Bergholt to the Stour and the old mill, now run by his brother, has lost its autumnal attraction.

It is all symbolic of declining years.

His Maria has no longer the bloom of youth upon her cheeks, and he, himself, is approaching middle age.

He wrote to Maria telling her that he was no longer seeking honours in art. "Four or five years ago I was a little on tiptoe for fame."

Maria's reply to this depressing letter was sharp and reproachful.

"It appears strange to me," she wrote, "that a professional man should shun society. . . . Why you should be no longer anxious for fame I cannot comprehend. It is paying me a very ill compliment. If you wish to remain single it will do very well."

She made an appointment to meet him in St. James's Park, London.



"You will then please make your defence," she added. "I must have no more of this propensity to escape from notice. I must have you known."

The result of that interview is evidenced from a later letter from Maria, which begins :

"When I took leave of you, my dearest John . . ." and then apologizes for taking him away from his painting. "The genius of painting will surely one day or other rise up against me for keeping one of her favourite sons from a study that demands his exclusive attention."

A year later the paternal ban was removed. Perhaps Charles Bicknell had noticed the fading features of his daughter and was relenting.

Not so the old rector. He discovered that Constable had been paying visits to the Bicknell's home in London, and wrote a letter which made Maria "tremble with having heard only a part of it read."

"The kind doctor (Dr. Rhudde) says he considers me no longer his granddaughter," Maria wrote. "Papa says if we were to marry and live at Bergholt he thinks the doctor would leave the place."

The patience of John Constable was now exhausted. In a peremptory communication to Maria he said that he was free from debt and that the sooner they were married the better. He threatened to come to London, and hinted that he would take her by force.

It was now Maria's turn to be depressed. A woman with such poor health as herself would only be a burden and get him into debt.

When Constable told of the new development to his friend Archdeacon Fisher, nephew of the Bishop of Salisbury, that cleric advised him to "hurry up and marry the lady."

He offered to marry them and invited them to spend their honeymoon at his place in Osmington, Dorset.

At last the couple were married on October 2nd, 1816, at St. Martin's Church, London.

A year or two afterwards fortune beamed brightly upon them. Constable's father left him £4,000. The old Rector, at last reconciled, bequeathed them another £4,000, while in 1828 they received the fortune of Maria's father, which amounted to £20,000.

Constable, who was born on June 11th, 1776, died March 31st, 1837.

JUNE 12TH

*The Rev. Thomas Arnold*

IN "Vivian Grey," Benjamin Disraeli makes his hero object to going to Rugby School because "It was too low."

It was true that the school had an unsavoury reputation at the time ; nor was the system of education at the other great schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester and Westminster—an example for other countries.

Religious people condemned these establishments, alleging a demoralizing influence on the boys.

When Dr. Thomas Arnold went to Rugby as headmaster, it marked the beginning of a new era for that school.

Abuses were removed, discipline became more rigid, and in the end, despite much criticism, Rugby became a model for other schools to follow.

Arnold did in fact fulfil the prophecy of Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, that "he would change the face of education, all through the public schools of England."

It was this eulogy in a testimonial by Dr. Hawkins that decided the selectors to appoint Arnold to the vacant office though there were many whose credentials appeared more attractive.

Arnold was born at East Cowes, Isle of Wight, on June 13th, 1795. His father was Collector of Customs at the port.

He was educated at Warminster and Winchester, and went to Oxford in 1811, after obtaining a scholarship for Corpus Christi College. In 1814 he took a first-class degree and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in the following year.

His friends at Corpus Christi included Coleridge (afterwards a judge) and Keble.

In Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold, there is a letter from Judge Coleridge which gives an insight to Arnold's activities at Oxford. He is described as a thin light figure, but daring, taking a definitely democratic side in the University debates, and adopting Toryism only on the powerful representations of the seniors.

At Oriel he became acquainted with many men who were afterwards to become noted in Church and religion, and who were able in later years to use their influence on Arnold's behalf.

Arnold remained at Oxford until 1819, studying and

eaching pupils, when he settled at Laleham, Middlesex, with the intention of getting married.

His wedding to Mary Penrose, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, Notts., took place in August, 1820.

Though Arnold had been ordained deacon, he was troubled by a conscientious objection to subscribing to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and to certain parts of the Athanasian creed.

With these doubts in his mind he deferred taking priest's orders until 1828, and when he did so made clear his opinions to the Bishop, who, however, did not consider them serious enough to prevent Arnold's ordination.

Whatever Arnold may have thought of the Thirty-Nine Articles at this early stage of his career there is no evidence that his doubts recurred afterwards. At all events, he had something else to think about, for he was appointed to Rugby in the same year.

Meanwhile his circumstances were not enviable. At Laleham he supported himself by preparing private pupils for the universities. Among them were Archdeacon Ormerod and Dr. Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

During his stay at Laleham of nine years, six children were born.

Arnold might have remained an inconspicuous and impecunious tutor to the end of his days had it not been for his friends. They saw in the struggling scholastic a virile brain destined for greater things.

When the headmastership of Rugby fell vacant they urged him to apply for the post. The modesty of Arnold did not reach to such heights. He argued that there were many better fitted for such an honour.

But his friends of Oriel came forward in a body to back him, and armed with such glowing testimonials Arnold at last made his application.

He took over the position in August, 1828, and until his death in 1842 his one object was to perfect the system of education at Rugby.

He resolutely tackled the evils at the school. In order to bring the boys under more severe discipline he gradually dispensed with the old boarding-houses which then existed in the town, and arranged that the boys should live in the houses of the various under-masters.

A system of fagging was in operation in which the sixth

form of the school was allowed to exercise authority over the boys of the junior classes. Thus it was the sixth form to which Arnold gave most of his attention. It came under his own immediate instruction, for he could see that the minds of the juniors were pliant in the hands of the seniors.

Soon after his arrival at Rugby Arnold induced the trustees to appoint him chaplain, at the same time refusing the salary attached to the post.

Thus Sunday after Sunday the boys listened to discourses to which they had never hitherto been accustomed. He concentrated on the moral evils which affected every public school, and his language was simple enough to be understood by the youngest in the school.

He also claimed the right of removing from the school boys whose influence was calculated to be detrimental to the others, and those who, it was obvious, would never derive any benefit from the system at Rugby.

As a result of this new departure in the control of Rugby, Arnold was frequently criticized, particularly by the parents of the boys affected. He stood firm, however, and in the end the justice of the scheme was recognized.

Arnold died on June 12th, 1842.

JUNE 13TH

### *Cricket Outlawed*

Two centuries ago cricket was regarded as a vulgar game.

Only the London apprentices and a low class of sportsman were interested in it because it was a medium for gambling.

In a periodical of 1756 there is a reference to a certain Mr. Tony Bumper "drinking purl in the morning, eating black puddings at Bartholomew Fair, boxing with Buckhorse (a prize-fighter), and also as frequently engaged at the Artillery Ground with Faukner and Dingate at cricket, and considered as good a bat as either of the Bennets."

Cricket was played at Eton as far back as 1688, but was not encouraged by the authorities.

The game is much older than that, however, though its beginnings were more in the nature of rounders.

The first picture of a game of cricket depicts a game in the middle of the 13th century. It shows two men playing with a stick and a ball.

A century later fielders are included in a game between two teams of monks. The bat is curved and held upright with the handle downwards.

In 1365 Edward III complained that the young men of England were forgetting their archery because of "vain plays which have no profit in them." He included cricket, or what at that time represented England's great summer game.

Over a century later the fourth Edward made a like complaint. The game was then called "Hand in and Hand out," and consisted of bowling, batting and fielding.

He passed a law making the game illegal, anyone allowing it to be played on his premises being liable to three years imprisonment and a fine of £20, while the players received two years imprisonment and a fine of £10.

The word cricket first appeared about the year 1550. At that time there was a piece of waste ground at Guildford which had been unlawfully enclosed by a parishioner. In the evidence given at the subsequent proceedings, one of H.M. Coroners for Surrey said that "when he was a scholar in the free school of Guildford he and several of his fellows did run and play there at 'crickett' and other plays."

Stow, the London historian, makes no reference to the game of cricket, although he remarks: "The ball is used by noblemen and gentlemen in tennis courts, and by people of the meaner sort in the open fields and streets."

Sir William Dugdale, writing of Oliver Cromwell, says that in his youth, the Protector "threw himself into a dissolute and disorderly course and became famous for football, cricket, cudgelling and wrestling."

There are various other isolated references to the game variously spelt "cricket" or "krickett."

In 1748 it was decided by the Government to lift the ban against the game. The King's Bench held "that it was a very manly game, not bad in itself, but only in the ill use made of it by betting more than ten pounds on it; but that was bad and against the law."

Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, died in 1751 of internal injuries caused by a blow from a cricket ball. At this time games were played for high stakes.

At the old Artillery Ground in Finsbury "in the days when they skated on Moorfields in winter, and shot snipes in Belgravia," the attendance was so large that complaints

were made of the idleness of the City apprentices, who never failed to put in an appearance at the 'ground on a big day.

All the laws against gaming were broken and matches were often advertised for £500 or £1,000 a side.

In 1750 there was an action in the King's Bench to recover a bet of £50 which had been laid on a match—Kent *v.* England. This match took place on June 18th, and it was the first cricket at which full scores were kept after the fashion of to-day.

Cricket became "genteel" about the year 1780, when a club was founded in White Conduit Fields. It sprang from the Old Artillery Ground Club. Soon afterwards a new factor appeared in the game. It was Thomas Lord, "a canny lad from the north country."

He approached Lords Darnley and Winchelsea, Sir Horace Mann, the Duke of Dorset, and others interested in the White Conduit Club, speculated in a ground of his own, and succeeded in getting the club moved to the original "Lord's," which was on the site of the present Dorset Square, Marylebone.

The club took the name of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and it was this organization which brought the game of cricket to perfection.

It was inaugurated on June 13th, 1787.

Thomas Lord died on a farm at West Meon, Hampshire, in 1832.

## JUNE 14TH

### *Sir Henry Vane*

"SIR HARRY VANE, Sir Harry Vane—the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

It was in a voice trembling with emotion and bitterness that Oliver Cromwell delivered these historic words as the dismissed members of the Long Parliament filed out of the Chamber.

Sir Henry Vane, one of the last to leave, had vainly striven to check the ambitions of Cromwell.

It would have been a more appropriate remark if the Protector had said: "Lord deliver me from the conscience of Sir Harry Vane."

For Vane's conscience had been a big factor in American and English politics.

Vane had a poor opinion of Cromwell. During the sittings of the Long Parliament his chief aim had been to keep the autocrat from gaining complete control of the country's affairs. Parliament was actually considering Vane's scheme for settling the representation of the country on a democratic basis when Cromwell descended upon them and dramatically ordered the dissolution.

A man with Vane's scruples could never be an ally of a dictator. Charles II, after the Restoration, feared him as much as Cromwell.

But Charles had a more effective way of dealing with those whom he disliked. Immediately after he was crowned he had Vane arrested and cast into the Tower. Two years later the knight was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Sir Henry Vane stands out in seventeenth-century politics in much the same way as Hampden. Both were more conscientious than the general run of Stuart and Commonwealth notabilities.

He was the son of Sir Henry Vane, a statesman who also took a prominent part in public affairs during the reign of Charles I, and who was led into the revolutionary camp by the younger man.

Young Vane was born in 1612 and was educated at Westminster School. At the age of 15 he appears to have come under the influence of the Puritan Party.

It changed his whole character. From a gay youth he became a quiet meditative follower of the austere new sect.

His father disapproved of this course and sent him to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he hoped that his stupidity would be knocked out of him.

Vane did not like college life and took the earliest opportunity of quitting it and going to the Continent.

In Geneva his religious views became even more definitely Puritan, and according to Clarendon, the historian, young Vane brought back with him to England "a full prejudice and bitterness against the Church, both against the form of government and the liturgy."

Old Vane renewed his reproaches, but finding them of little effect, he induced Laud, Bishop of London, to take the young man in hand.

Henry refused to mend his ways, and finding that he could not maintain such an intolerable position in England, he left the country to settle in the American colonies.

"It will help to preserve faith and a good conscience," he said.

He landed at Boston in New England in 1635, and he soon attracted the attention of the colonists. Soon after his arrival he was admitted to the freedom of Massachusetts, and in 1636, when he was still only 23, he became governor of the colony.

Vane found it a difficult matter to reconcile opposing interests. The chief men of the colony were always at loggerheads, as they were later in Pennsylvania in the days of Penn.

The inhabitants, most of whom were religious exiles, could not agree in religious matters, and only the firmness of the young governor kept a crisis at bay.

Before long occurred a clear-cut fight between Governor Vane and the Boston Church on the one side and Deputy-Governor John Winthrop and the country magistrates and churches on the other.

It led to a trial of the strength of the parties and at the election Vane was beaten.

He resolved to return home and in August, 1637, sailed for England, leaving behind him a reputation which, after the heat of the controversy had subsided, was venerated by friends and foes alike.

Winthrop himself admitted that "though he might have taken occasion against us for some dishonour which he apprehended to have been unjustly put upon him here, yet both now and at other times he hath showed himself a true friend to New England, and a man of noble and generous mind."

Vane lived in retirement until 1640, when he became Member of Parliament for Kingston-upon-Hull. In the Long Parliament he took sides with the Liberal Party and was prominent in the proceedings against Lord Strafford.

In connection with this famous trial, which led to Strafford's execution, Vane appears to have committed one of the few mean actions of his career.

From a cabinet in his father's home he took the notes of a council meeting at which Strafford had recommended the introduction of an army from Ireland to subdue England.

The paper was produced at Strafford's trial, and proved to be the chief evidence against him.

In most of the important measures passed by Parliament Vane took a leading part, particularly in the impeachment



of Archbishop Laud. He became a member of the assembly of divines which sat at Westminster, and supported Pym and Hampden in the fight against Charles I's arbitrary rule.

When the Civil War came, Sir Henry Vane surrendered his post of joint treasurer of the Navy, and was reappointed sole treasurer by Parliament.

Though he was a strong opponent of the Presbyterians, he fought against the expulsion of the Presbyterian members by the army. He was also against the execution of the King, and retired to the country in order that his name should not be associated with it.

Soon afterwards, however, he was induced to take a seat in the Council and in 1652 held the office of President. He showed unusual talents in the committee chosen to manage the affairs of the Navy.

Meanwhile, Vane had endeavoured to put a brake on the increasing ambition of Cromwell, and was chiefly responsible for the Long Parliament's opposition to him.

The result was the dissolution of the Parliament.

In 1656 Vane published "The Retired Man's Meditation" and a political treatise called "A Healing Question Propounded and Resolved," which so angered Cromwell that he had Vane imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle.

He soon secured his release, and after Cromwell's death was elected a member of the Parliament summoned by Richard Cromwell. On the abdication of Richard, Vane supported the reopening of the Long Parliament. He was appointed a member of the Committee of Safety in which the affairs of the country were vested for a short period.

He was also chairman of a Committee of State which controlled the military and naval forces.

Immediately after the Restoration, Sir Henry was imprisoned in the Tower, and when the Act of Indemnity was passed Vane was not included, through the influence of the Earl of Clarendon. He received an undertaking from the King, however, that his life would be spared.

He was kept in prison for two years on one of the Scilly Isles, and at last was brought to trial before the King's Bench on June 2nd, 1662.

The trial of Vane was conducted in a scandalous manner, and though he defended himself skilfully and proved that the charges against him were illegal, he was found guilty.

He was executed on June 14th, 1662.

JUNE 15TH

*Thomas Campbell*

THERE are many anecdotes concerning Thomas Campbell, the poet, which disclose his sympathetic character.

He was once walking up Regent Street with Southey when they were accosted by a poor woman with a sick infant in her arms and a grubby urchin by her side.

She asked pathetically for a copper. Neither man had any change, but, attracted by the face of Campbell, she continued her pleading.

At last Campbell remarked that it was his duty to assist the poor. He told the woman to wait and, taking a sovereign from his pocket, he hurried into a mercer's shop to get change.

Campbell had an excitable temperament. The shopkeeper was serving several customers and he had to wait. He became impatient, and demanded change at once.

It led to an altercation. The irate mercer jumped over the counter, seized Campbell and tried to thrust him out of the shop, alleging that he had come there deliberately to create a scene for a dishonest purpose.

Campbell, on his dignity, demanded an apology for this insult, but the shopkeeper continued to push him to the door.

"Thrash the fellow!" shouted Southey.

"You will not go out, then?" demanded the mercer.

"Not till you apologize," retorted Campbell.

The mercer thereupon sent for two constables, who took hold of Campbell and Southey.

Campbell was too exasperated to speak. Southey explained what had happened, and added, finally, "This gentlemen is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet, a man who would not hurt a fly, much less act with the dishonest intention that person has insinuated."

One of the policemen stepped back and regarded Campbell with awe. "Guidness, mon," he exclaimed, "is that Maister Cammell, the Lord Rector o' Glasgow?"

The identity of the poet having been established to the satisfaction of police and shopkeeper, there was a pretty scene of reconciliation.

The mercer was profuse in his apologies.

"My dear fellow," said Campbell. "I am not at all offended." They shook hands long and vigorously.

Campbell was in the front rank of living poets for forty-five years, and earned his repose in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

He was born on July 27th, 1767, the son of Alexander Campbell, a Virginia merchant who had settled in Glasgow.

Campbell senior had great expectation of this, his youngest child, who had been born to him, as he declared, in his old age. He lived, however, to see his son become a famous poet.

During a vacation from the university, Campbell formulated the idea of his poem "The Pleasures of Hope." The theme soon took shape, and Campbell did not rest until it had been published.

Meanwhile he supported himself at college by private tuition, and living, as he described it, "out of my inkstand."

Though still a youth, he was a keen politician, and at the debating clubs he attended he was treated with deference. He could have made a name and a fortune in other spheres; he chose poetry and writing because of an inferiority complex.

He took a post as a private tutor and retired to the banks of Loch Fyne. Here he wrote "Love and Madness," "Caroline," and added further episodes to "The Pleasures of Hope."

At the age of 20 he went to Edinburgh with his manuscript and sold it for £60 in money and books.

No sooner was it published than it was said of him that he was in the first flight of poets of the age.

He went to Germany and wrote his "Exile of Erin." He then went to the seat of war and saw many of the great military operations, including one encounter between the Austrians and French which inspired "The Battle of Hohenlinden," "The Soldier's Dream," and other poems.

In 1801 he sailed for England, and the ship he was travelling in was chased a shore by a French privateer. For a few months he was the idol of London Society. Then he had to return to Edinburgh because his father had died.

Returning to London in the following spring, he became private secretary to Lord Minto, who introduced him to many of the leading people of the day.

In September, 1803, he married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair. He was content to marry on "fifty pounds in his writing-desk," and the prospect of making more money.

He sat down to work hard, but was pestered by people wishing to make his acquaintance. He therefore left Pimlico and went to live at Sydenham.

He spent his mornings in London and the rest of the day at home.

In 1806 the King granted him a literary pension of £200 a year. Three years later Campbell published "O'Connor's Child," "Battle of the Baltic," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and other poems, all of which had their share of popularity.

He read lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution and in the provinces.

When his favourite child died, Campbell appears to have lost all his energy. On the advice of his doctor he left Sydenham, and went to live at Hyde Park. At this time he edited the *New Monthly*.

His house was frequently full of a brilliant literary circle, and he became identified with many schemes of public and private benevolence. Sometimes he was charitable to excess in his support of talented individuals.

In his declining years Campbell had fewer friends. Many of them had died, and the newer generation had something more to think about than poetry. He died on June 15th, 1844.

JUNE 16TH

### *The Legend of the Black Ribbon*

It is not a new thing for an individual to make a compact with another to return after death and describe what lies beyond the grave.

There are several reputed instances in history of this having occurred, even long before spiritualism had its beginnings.

The story of one of these manifestations is known as the Legend of the Black Ribbon, and is referred to by Sir Walter Scott in one of his ballads :

For evermore that Lady wore  
A covering on her wrist.

The tradition of the Black Ribbon relates to the family of Waterford, and the three people immediately concerned were Sir Tristram Beresford, his wife, and John, second Earl of Tyrone.

Before her marriage Lady Beresford was Nicola Sophia Hamilton, the daughter of Hugh Lord Glenawley.

According to the legend she was educated with the

Earl of Tyrone, and they appear to have been taught that there was no future life after death.

Years passed and they kept up a correspondence occasionally visiting each other even after Nicola's marriage to Sir Tristram Beresford.

One morning in the middle of October, 1693, Lady Beresford appeared at the breakfast table in a somewhat distraught condition, and wearing a black ribbon round her wrist.

Naturally curious, her husband inquired the meaning of the ribbon, but she refused to explain.

After breakfast she asked if the post had arrived. Her anxiety for a letter made Sir Tristram still more curious. He began to suspect an intrigue until at last she declared that she expected to hear of the death of the Earl of Tyrone.

Sir Tristram received this statement with amusement. "How can you know of such an event beforehand?" he asked. He ridiculed her fears and advised her to think of something pleasant.

"Nevertheless," replied his wife, "the Earl of Tyrone died on Tuesday last at four o'clock."

Less than an hour afterwards a letter was received from the Earl's steward reporting his master's sudden death exactly at the time mentioned by Lady Beresford.

Lady Beresford then made a further prophecy. "I can tell you more," said she, "and it is a piece of intelligence which I know will prove welcome. I shall ere long present you with a son."

This prediction, too, was fulfilled.

The affair remained a mystery to Sir Tristram. He died without an explanation of the Black Ribbon which his wife continued to wear during the remaining years of their union.

Some time after Sir Tristram's death, on June 16th, 1701, Lady Beresford married a second time a certain Colonel Gorges, by whom she had four children. It appears to have been an unhappy marriage.

Barely a month after the arrival of the fourth child, its birth was celebrated at the house, a number of friends being present. It was also Lady Beresford's birthday.

Among the guests was the clergyman of the parish, who told Lady Beresford that he had made the remarkable discovery that she was a year younger than she had thought. He had been examining parochial documents, and he could assure her that she was 47 and not 48.

"Then you have signed my death warrant," she replied. "If I am only 47 to-day I have but a few hours to live, and these I must devote to settling my affairs."

Soon afterwards the company departed in an atmosphere of gloom, leaving one intimate friend of Lady Beresford behind. To this friend she told the whole story, which explained her reasons for believing that she was about to die and the wearing of black ribbon.

On the night before her strange behaviour at the breakfast table, she was suddenly awakened to find a man standing by the bedside.

She tried to scream, for, although the light was dim, she could see that it was not Sir Tristram. But she seemed unable to open her mouth. Becoming more accustomed to the darkness, she recognized the figure of Lord Tyrone.

He stood silently staring at her, and made no attempt to speak until she had sufficiently recovered her composure to put a question to him.

"Why have you come here at such a time?" she demanded.

The Earl then reminded her of their compact, and concluded: "I departed this life on Tuesday at four o'clock. I am permitted to give you assurance of another world. I can also inform you that you will bear a son to Sir Tristram, after whose death you will marry again, and have other children and will die in the 47th year of your age."

"And how shall I be more certain that my seeing you now, and hearing such important intelligence, are not mere dreams or illusions?" asked Lady Beresford.

The ghost replied by waving his arm. Whereupon the bed curtains raised themselves and were drawn through a large iron hoop which suspended the tester of the bed.

She was still not satisfied, for, as she explained, in the morning, finding the curtains removed, she would merely come to the conclusion that she had raised the curtains herself.

The ghost took her pocket-book from the table, and wrote his name on one of the pages. She still argued that this would be no proof, for, knowing his signature, she might have written it herself.

The ghost then asked her to hold out her hand, and when he took her wrist between two fingers she found his grip as cold as ice. Where his fingers pressed upon the flesh appeared a dark mark, and the wrist itself began to shrink.

When she awoke again in the morning, she knew it had

been no dream, for the mark and the shrunken wrist were plain.

Before going down to breakfast she carefully covered her wrist with black ribbon.

Within a few minutes of telling this story to her friend, Lady Beresford was dead.

When the ribbon was removed the black mark was seen. No one had before seen it but Lady Beresford herself.

JUNE 17TH

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon*

TO-DAY is the anniversary of two events in Methodism, the birth of John Wesley and the death of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

Both gave their lives and fortunes in promoting the great religious revival of the eighteenth century. But, failing to agree on a matter of dogma, they chose to carry on their work in a different way.

Selina was a daughter of Washington Shirley, Earl of Ferrers, and her sisters were Lady Kilmorey and Lady Elizabeth Nightingale.

In 1728 she married Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1746, leaving his wife in control of a fortune sufficient to keep her and her children in a style compatible with her rank.

She regarded her money, however, as a trust, kept her personal expenses down to the lowest limits, and began to use her income in philanthropic concerns.

When the two leaders of Methodism, Wesley and Whitefield, parted company on points of theology, Lady Huntingdon favoured the Calvinism of Whitefield.

Whitefield was too modest to take the lead in founding a religious community, and when Lady Huntingdon began to spread the doctrines of Calvinism she found him ready to give his powerful aid.

The Countess thus became the head of what was termed "The Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion."

In 1770 a building was opened in Spa Fields, Clerkenwell, as a place of public amusement. It was called "The Pantheon," and it soon became disreputable.

It was a large, round building crowned by a statue of

Fame. Inside were two galleries, and there was a garden with walks, classical statues, boxes for tea-parties and drinking.

Six years afterwards, presumably with the object of closing what was considered a plague spot of Clerkenwell, the Countess of Huntingdon tried to buy the place. The company controlling the concern had gone bankrupt, but there was a prospect that it would be reopened for similar purposes.

The Countess, however, was forestalled, and it was opened as a Church of England Chapel. A dispute between the incumbent and the owners of the building on who should have the pew rents caused it to be closed.

The Countess then bought it, but the incumbent of the parish brought an action against her, and obtained a verdict which stopped her from holding Church of England services in the building.

The Countess thereupon turned it into a Dissenting chapel and two of her curates left the Established Church and took oaths of allegiance as Dissenting ministers.

The Gordon rioters in 1780 were about to destroy the building when they heard that it belonged to the "good countess," and refrained from attacking the place.

Shrubsole, the organist of the Spa Fields Chapel, was the composer of the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The building held two thousand people, and for many years it was one of the most influential Dissenting chapels in London.

The Countess established the Spa Fields Charity and built new schoolrooms.

She herself lived in a large house covered with jasmine, once a part of the Pantheon's tea grounds.

Lady Huntingdon, because of her religious activities, was not popular in society. Her husband often tried to stop her work on behalf of the Dissenters, but she would never listen to what he described as "reason."

Lady Mary Montagu, in one of her letters, illustrates the feeling of society against the work of Lady Huntingdon. "I have seen very little of Lady Huntingdon, so I am not able to judge of her merit. If I wanted to paint a fanatic I should desire her to sit for the picture. I hope she means well, but she makes herself ridiculous to the profane, and dangerous to the good."

The Countess opened her house in Park Street for religious services before she acquired the Spa Fields Chapel. Here



Whitefield often preached to fashionable gatherings, most of the individuals of which came to scoff.

She built chapels at Brighton, Bath, Tunbridge Wells and other places, and established a training college in South Wales.

Altogether she built, or assisted to build, sixty-four chapels and is said to have given away £100,000 in charity. This munificence necessitated her living on a small income.

For a long time the irregularities of the Methodist ministers were allowed to go on. At last the Church authorities had to take action and threaten expulsion. This resulted in many of the ministers returning.

It is recorded that Lady Huntingdon was a descendant of English kings, and she became connected with others through her marriage.

She was born in 1707, and died on June 17th, 1791.

## JUNE 18TH

### *Battle of Waterloo*

THE morning of June 18th, 1815—the time about eleven.

Napoleon and his lieutenants stood upon the low ridge by the farm of Belle Alliance.

About a mile and a half away the thin red line of the British could be seen on the hillside of Mont St. Jean.

Napoleon, with his veteran troops, seventy-four thousand strong, were massed on less than a three-mile front in a favourable position to attack.

Wellington's Anglo-Dutch troops had taken up a position across the two high roads Nivelles-Brussels and Charleroi-Brussels. In front there was no cover; to the right lay a farm orchard and copse. Other farms, dotted here and there, were occupied by British Guards, a detachment of the German Legion, and the Nassau Brigade.

Napoleon glanced across the valley and smiled with satisfaction. Sheer force of impact would easily break the Allied line.

But his commanders—Soult, d'Erlon, Reille and others—were not pleased with the arrangement.

They recalled the column tactics employed in the Spanish battles. They were not a success against the two-deep formation.

Soult suggested that an impetuous attack might well prove fatal.

"You were beaten by Wellington, and so you think he is a great general," Napoleon angrily replied. "I tell you that Wellington is a bad general, and the English are bad troops. They will merely be a breakfast for us!"

Reille, asked his opinion of the British infantry, replied that in a good defensive position they were equal to any frontal attack. Flank movements only could be successful.

Napoleon said nothing. He had already determined upon a frontal attack.

11.30 a.m.—The French army began a forward movement following a short cannonade, the objective being the farm of Hougoumont, which lay between the two armies and was held by a small detachment of Prussian troops.

The copse and orchard were soon occupied, but the farm buildings held out, though regiment after regiment was thrown against them.

This assault was merely a preliminary to a heavy attack half a mile to the east.

At this spot d'Erlon's corps awaited the order to advance on the British left-centre. It was in four columns, each containing eight battalions, one behind the other.

As Napoleon was about to order d'Erlon to attack, his attention was drawn to a mass of troops that could be seen on the heights of Chapelle St. Lambert about six miles away.

No doubt a fraction of the Prussian army which had been massed at Wavre, thought Napoleon.

But when more and more gradually came into sight, it was obvious that it was Blucher in strength.

The arrival of the Prussians would change the situation. Wellington had calculated on the arrival of Blucher before noon, and had made arrangements for them to take up a position on the extreme left.

But it was well past noon, and the Prussians were yet six miles away.

Napoleon, hoping to break the allied line before Blucher could become effective, gave the order.

1.30 p.m.—The 1st French Corps crossed the valley which separated the armies. They began to mount the opposite hill, one brigade going to attack the farm of La Haye Sainte, and the rest moving straight at Wellington's left-centre.

They pressed forward under a hot musketry fire, and

contacting with a Dutch-Belgian brigade, the latter fled in disorder.

Immediately afterwards the French met the two brigades under Picton. Though d'Erlon's troops outnumbered the British five to one, they were unable, owing to their mass formation, to bring more muskets to bear than the British.

The air was thick with smoke as the two forces blazed away at close quarters.

In the thick of the fight there was a sudden attack on the French flank. Under cover of the smoke two brigades of British cavalry charged into d'Erlon's men.

Caught napping, the French were thrown down the hillside, and forced back into their original position, leaving behind three thousand prisoners, and several thousand dead and wounded.

But the impetuosity of the British cavalry took them right into the French line, where they were subjected to a counter attack which drove them back with terrible loss.

Of the two thousand five hundred cavalymen in the charge, one thousand were killed or disabled. The commanders, Ponsonby and Picton, were among the slain.

3 p.m.—In the distance, now getting perilously near, Napoleon could see the corps of the Prussian Bulow approaching the right flank of his army.

The 6th Corps, under Lobau, and two brigades of reserve cavalry were sent to intercept the Prussians, thus reducing Napoleon's attacking force by ten thousand men.

At this point the Emperor might have retreated and saved his army, but time was short and Wellington had to be defeated that day. The attack must go on with all speed.

3.30 p.m.—Napoleon placed the command of the French line in the hands of Marshal Ney and ordered the attack.

Further assaults were made on Hougoumont while the battle was resumed on the British centre.

4 p.m.—No progress having been made at either point, Ney decided to send cavalry against the British front, in all five thousand veteran horsemen.

Immediately Wellington's right-centre took up a position in squares to withstand the impact.

For the next two hours the battle went on with whirlwind cavalry charges on both sides. The French attacks were renewed again and again, while their artillery dropped projectiles in the squares.

Notwithstanding this, not one of the squares was broken, although the round-shot from cannons inflicted much damage.

At last Ney called up five thousand reserve cavalry. The riders fell upon the squares badly depleted of men, and actually rode through to the rear of the British position.

Still the squares held.

One battalion of the German Legion, in process of making a deploy, was caught by the cavalry and decimated.

Meanwhile, Bulow, with thirty thousand men, had engaged the French troops on their right, but had been badly defeated. He had made little difference to the battle, for Napoleon had been able to hold him at bay with fourteen thousand of his reserves.

6 p.m.—Bulow's reserves were now used up and Napoleon was able to use further troops against the British front.

At this point another Prussian corps arrived. Long before this, however, Napoleon had made his last attacking move. Ney had tried to force the British line with infantry.

They were new troops, but they were repulsed by men who had been fighting for three hours. Time after time they ran to the assault but were mowed down by the muskets of the double line of British.

While this was going on the French secured a success a little further to the right. The farm of La Haye Sainte was carried. The German Legion, who had held the ruins so gallantly, had run out of ammunition.

There was now a breach in the allied front line, but the French were too exhausted to follow up the advantage.

Meanwhile Ney was being hard pressed and asked for more infantry.

"You want more infantry?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Where do you think I can get them? Would you have me manufacture them?"

For more than half an hour Ney was unable to receive help. The only movement Napoleon made was to send two battalions of the Old Guard to hold up the advance of the new Prussian corps under Pirch.

The tide was now beginning to turn. The third Prussian army under Ziethen arrived and took up a position on Wellington's right. The English general was now able to relieve two brigades of cavalry which had been badly depleted. Other parts of the line were strengthened.

Napoleon was still in a position to retreat, but the political effect of a retirement would have been enormous.

He decided upon a last throw.

7 p.m.—The last French assaulting column left the French position in charge of Ney. It included six battalions of the Middle Guard, in hollow squares—an unusual formation for offence. Behind were two battalions of the Old Guard, five other battalions being held in reserve.

There was a terrific shock. Wellington was present at the very point of attack.

The Guards, who had been lying down covering from the French artillery, were ordered to rise and attack.

Their first volleys mowed down the French ranks. They followed it with others. The French squares faltered.

At the same moment the battalion under Colonel Colborne wheeled round and placed themselves at right angles to the French and fired into their flank.

In a few minutes the attackers had become a disordered mob. They turned and retreated down hill, carrying with them two battalions of the Old Guard.

It was the beginning of the end. Ziethen's Prussians had broken into the French line and their cavalry was in full cry after the fleeing enemy.

Three squares of the Old Guard stood firm for a time to protect Napoleon, but these veterans soon had to retreat and mingle with the rest of the disordered army.

8 p.m.—The struggle was over. The great battleground a mile south of Waterloo was covered with dead and wounded.

The French had lost thirty thousand killed and wounded, while Wellington's army had lost over thirteen thousand men, including seven thousand British. The Prussians lost six thousand.

JUNE 19TH

### *Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico*

IN the year 1864 a handsome royal couple packed up their belongings, left their pretty villa on the Adriatic, and sailed to Mexico, attracted by the glamour of an imperial crown.

They were Ferdinand Joseph Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, a shining light of the House of Habsburg, and Carlota, his wife, daughter of Leopold I of Belgium.

Mexico had been having one of its frequent revolutions, and meddling Europe was concerned about the restoration of order in that unhappy country.

The voices of Britain, France and Spain were dominant in European councils, and each country believed she had a good reason to interfere. But the voice of the egotistic Napoleon III was heard loudest of all.

When the clerical party of Mexico, expelled by the new dictator, the Indian Benito Pablo Jaurez, appealed to Napoleon to find a Roman Catholic emperor, he saw a great opportunity to further the interests of France.

He talked it over with his wife, the Empress Eugénie, who thought it a pity that they had no relatives suitable for placing on the Mexican throne.

At last they remembered Maximilian who, after a season of doubts and fears, agreed to take on the job if Napoleon would support him with men and money.

Maximilian, who was born in Vienna, was a vice-admiral of the Austrian fleet, and an ex-Governor of Lombardy-Venetia. In 1859 he retired, cherishing the hope of finding a field for his enterprise.

But it would be difficult to find a more foolish gamble than the "conquest" of Mexico. America was against him, and Napoleon failed him owing to the unwillingness of the French to support at great cost a throne for which they cared nothing.

Moreover, he proved to be a bad administrator. He could not even satisfy the demands of the clerical party who had invited him to Mexico.

There were not enough French troops in the country to enforce his control, and Juarez, who was fully recognized by the United States, maintained a guerilla warfare against the foreign usurpation.

Finally Napoleon repented of his adventure. The French people demanded the recall of their troops, and Maximilian was left to fight his own battles.

Carlota came to Europe to plead for help. She attempted to see Napoleon but was put off with an excuse. European nations, and particularly France, had more vital matters to consider than the trumpety crown of Mexico. For France Bismarck was looming on the horizon.

She left France without gaining satisfaction, and went to Rome and demanded to be admitted to the palace of the

Pope. Members of her suite tried to poison her, and she was a sick woman when at last she gained an entrance to the palace.

Meanwhile Maximilian had determined to give up the struggle in Mexico. He ordered his belongings to be collected, and he set out for the coast. A ship with steam up was ready to take him to Europe.

But a crafty priest arranged a huge demonstration in favour of Maximilian, and he was induced to stay.

The fight between the Emperor and Juarez was renewed with greater energy.

Then Europe heard the news that the forces of Juarez had captured the Emperor of Mexico.

A combined request by the European nations was sent to President Jackson of the United States to take action against Juarez. He wrote a letter to Juarez couched in friendly terms, asking him to treat Maximilian in a humane way.

Juarez took this as a tribute to his importance. He was now somebody whom the whole world was willing to placate. In effect, he told them that he would do as he pleased with his prisoner.

There was the farce of a trial and the Emperor Maximilian was condemned to death. While awaiting his execution, false news was received of the death of his wife, to be denied a few days later.

The morning of the execution arrived, and Maximilian was taken through the empty streets of Queretaro, though many eyes watched the procession from behind closed curtains.

He was taken to the spot outside the city where he had actually been taken prisoner. Here a firing squad was already drawn up.

Maximilian stepped up to the men and drawing some coins from his pocket he distributed them among the soldiers.

"Shoot well, but do not aim at my head," he said.

There was some emotion among the men, and even apologies from the officers.

Then stepping back, Maximilian exclaimed: "I die in a just cause. . . . Long live Mexico!"

Almost immediately the shots rang out, and Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, fell wounded. A further single shot went through his heart as he lay on the ground.

On that day Maximilian's brother was crowned King of Hungary.

The execution took place on June 19th, 1867.

JUNE 20TH

*Edward the Martyr*

"THERE has never been among the English a worse deed done than this. His murderers would blot out his memory, but the Avenger on High has spread his fame in heaven and earth. Those who would now bow to his living body now humbly bend their knees before his dead bones."

The writer in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle derives some satisfaction from the remorse of those who would not lift a finger to save the unfortunate young Saxon King Edward.

But it is doubtful whether the sorrow was as great as the old chronicler would lead his readers to believe.

It was quite a common thing for a claimant to the Throne to remove a rival from his path, and the murder of King Edward need not have resulted in any demonstration of affection for him, but for a carefully engineered campaign by the Church.

The ordinary people, who generally knew nothing that was going on unless their homes were laid waste by the various contending parties, may never have heard of Edward until after his death, for he reigned only three years.

Edward's predecessor, Edgar, had been King for about sixteen years and had succeeded in restoring a semblance of order to the country.

Edward, on the other hand, ruled during a period of strife. Before a year had passed since his accession the big men of England were at loggerheads, and it is hard to tell why.

Edward appears to have had little to say in the various disputes, which seem to have been the outcome of enmity between the monks and the secular canons.

When Edgar died he left no heir old enough to take the Throne. By his first wife, Aethelflaed the Fair, he left Edward, then 13 years of age. By his second wife, Queen Aelfthryth, he had two children—Edmund, who died an infant, and Aethelred, who was seven at his father's death.

Edward should have been King in the ordinary course, but his stepmother immediately began to conspire on behalf of her own son.

Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the most important man in the kingdom, hastened to crown the young Edward,



and the boy's coronation took place at Kingston-on-Thames in the year 975.

Soon afterwards a comet appeared which, according to the astrologers, foretold an evil reign for Edward.

History has little to say of the events of the next three years.

First one side and then the other tried to get the guardianship of the King. Attempts were made to settle the various differences in Church and State.

Two Parliaments were held; one at Kirtlington and the other at Calne. At the latter place a strange incident occurred. According to the Anglo-Saxon chronicler: "All the chief Witan of the English nation fell from an upper chamber, except the good Archbishop Dunstan, who remained supported on a beam, and there were some grievously maimed, and some did not escape with life."

Of course, Dunstan's escape was a miracle. The Church lost no opportunity in making capital out of it, and when the Archbishop was canonized it was duly recorded to his credit.

Edward tried to conciliate his stepmother by conferring on her numerous favours, including a grant of Dorsetshire. But she continued to plot on behalf of her own son, Aethelred, who was yet only ten years old.

Edward was hunting in the forest of Dorset, and being anxious to see his half-brother, Aethelred, he left his followers and went to Corfe Castle.

His stepmother received him with demonstrations of affection. She offered him a cup to drink. While he was drinking, one of the Queen's underlings stabbed him with a dagger.

He turned his horse and galloped away, but soon fell from his mount. His foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged along until the animal was stopped.

The corpse was taken into a cottage. There it was found the next day by the Queen, who had it taken and thrown into an adjacent marsh.

The body was recovered and buried at Wareham; but a year later was exhumed and reinterred at Shaftesbury.

The monastic party regarded him as a martyr, and made him a saint.

In the Middle Ages it often happened that a saint's reputation was increased by miracles performed at his tomb. It was proper in such cases that he should be removed to a more salubrious burial place.

When this was done it was called translation of the body. Such a saint was given two dates in the calendar, the date of his death and the date of his translation.

In the case of King Edward his death is commemorated on March 18th and his translation on June 20th. It was on the latter date, three years after his death, that his body was ultimately placed to rest in Salisbury Cathedral.

There was no particular sanctity about young Edward, and it is remarkable that the date of his translation was allowed its place in the reformed Church of England calendar.

JUNE 21ST

### *Inigo Jones*

IN the accounts of the Royal Household, about the year 1620, appears the following entry :

“To Inigo Jones, surveyor of the works done at the King’s houses, 8*s.* 4*d.* per diem, and £46 per annum for house rent, a clerk and other incidental expenses.”

This is an example of the munificence of James I. Jones was commissioned to build, among other things, the “very strong and stately Banqueting House at Whitehall.”

Queen Elizabeth’s old Banqueting House had burned down a year previously, and James intended to replace it with a splendid monument of his reign, a palace that would defy comparison.

Inigo Jones’s original plans provided for a building eight hundred and seventy-four feet on the east and west sides, one thousand one hundred and fifty-two feet on the north and south, and there were to be seven courts within.

The King was pleased with the design, and instructed Jones to proceed with the work. But even the modest scale of allowance was too much for James. In the end the scheme was abandoned when only the Banqueting Hall was finished.

The policy of architects in those days was to rob Peter to pay Paul. Stone was difficult to obtain, and it was customary to pull down other buildings and use the material in new works.

Jones appears to have had permission to pull down any building he pleased. If there were a church with a likely quantity of material he did not hesitate to take it.

In his renovations of old St. Paul’s, for instance, he

removed the parish church of St. Gregory. After the fall of Charles I, the Commonwealth, in dragging up all Jones's past sins to punish him for his loyalty to the King, made this one of the charges.

But it was not James who had the stone. The Duke of Buckingham borrowed it for his Strand Palace, after the King had failed to raise enough money for the renovation of St. Paul's.

Inigo was born in 1572, and was the son of a clothmaker who lived near St. Paul's. It is said that the boy was brought up by a joiner, but this version of Jones's humble beginning originated with Ben Jonson, who satirized the architect as "In-and-in-Medley, the joiner of Islington."

Keenly alive to the value of publicity, Jones got his name known all over Europe, and in 1604 he was appointed architect to the King of Denmark.

The next step was easy. He secured an introduction to the Queen of England (Anne of Denmark), who made him her architect.

Jones showed no originality in his early designs, but followed the deplorable Elizabethan style then in vogue.

A later visit to Italy changed his ideas, and he returned to England a convert to the refined type of architecture known as the Palladian.

In 1616 he was made surveyor to the King, and was soon employed on important work—the erection of Government buildings.

Jones was under no delusions as to the poverty of James, and when asked to prepare plans for the magnificent Palace of Whitehall, which was to be in the Italian style, adorned with statues and vases, he arranged for it to be built in sections.

Finally only one part of the scheme was carried out; namely, the Banqueting Hall. In 1727 the original plans for the Palace were published, when it was seen that Jones had prepared a design that transcended anything of the nature then in existence. It gave the architect the title of the father of modern English architecture, and many of the ideas incorporated in it have been adopted by latter-day builders.

In the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral he introduced a lofty Corinthian portico. It was the first erected in England and one of the largest built in recent times.

Other buildings for which he was responsible were a part of old Somerset House and the Church of St. Paul's,

Covent Garden, described as "the handomest barn in Europe." He laid out the first of the London "squares"—Lincoln's Inn—and built the piazza at Covent Garden.

The Queen's House, Greenwich Park, was built to his design, and the northern portion of Greenwich Hospital. Among country houses were Coleshill, Berkshire, Amesbury, Wilts, and the Grange, Hants, belonging to Lord Chancellor Henley. One of his best was the garden front of St. John's College, Oxford, built at the cost of Archbishop Laud. Several buildings in Scotland are also attributed to Jones.

On first coming to England Jones was employed in the preparation of the Court masques. He was responsible for their presentation, while Ben Jonson wrote the poetry.

Jones was thus engaged during the remainder of the reign of James I, and until 1640 in that of Charles I. Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles, was obsessed with dramatic performances, and a capable producer was bound to find the perquisites of the post quite considerable.

Jones and Jonson could not agree. The architect was vain and the poet irritable. The cause of the trouble is said to have been the placing of the poet's name first on the title-page of a masque to be published.

Jonson wrote a collection of verses in which Inigo was made to look small, and when the architect threatened Jonson with reprisals, the poet went further and pilloried him as the leading character in his "Tale of a Tub," and in his "Bartholomew Fair."

The King took the side of Jones, and Jonson had the mortification of knowing that he had offended his Royal master. After this dispute neither man appears to have been the same. The dramatist was completely embittered, while Jones was poverty-stricken.

The architect's salary was seldom paid, and when the King's trouble with the Parliament began, his remuneration ceased altogether.

Inigo Jones died on June 21st, 1653, worn out and poverty-stricken.

JUNE 22ND

*Thomas Day*

THOMAS DAY, the author of "Sandford and Merton," decided at an early age the type of woman he would wed.

She must have a taste for literature and science. Her dress, her diet and her manners must be as simple as those of a girl of the mountains. At the same time she must be as fearless as a Spartan woman, and as intrepid as a Roman heroine.

Day was a schoolboy when he made this resolution. During the years that followed he had a good look round, but by the time he came of age, he had to confess that such a paragon was not to be found.

He was not discouraged. If his ideal did not exist, he would create one.

Therefore, soon after he had reached his 21st birthday, he and his solicitor went to Shrewsbury, where Day produced his credentials to the head of a foundling hospital, and was allowed to take away two girls aged 12.

Both were beautiful. One, with flaxen locks and bright blue eyes, he called Lucretia. The other was a brunette with dark auburn hair and brown eyes. He named this one Sabrina.

A document was drawn up containing conditions on which Day adopted the girls. He undertook that within a year he would apprentice one of them to a reputable tradesman, and to give her a dowry on her marriage or to start her in business.

The other he intended to educate with a view to her ultimately becoming Mrs. Day.

It was a formidable task he had undertaken.

Sabrina and Lucretia had quarrelsome dispositions. They often descended to fisticuffs.

He took them to France, where they contracted small-pox. Day had to remain perpetually by their bedside as they refused to have any nurse who could not speak their language.

One day, while they were crossing the Rhone, the boat overturned and Day, an excellent swimmer, saved his two wards, not without considerable danger to himself.

Day was glad to return to England after eight months so that he could separate the girls.

By now Sabrina had become his favourite and the fair Lucretia was apprenticed to a milliner.

In 1770 he took Sabrina to Lichfield, and rented a mansion in the valley of the Stowe. Here he tried to inoculate her with the virtues of the great women of history, without success.

In attempting to make her impervious to pain, he dropped melted sealing-wax on her arms. But Sabrina could not endure this torture without flinching. He fired at her pistols with blank cartridges, but Sabrina could not get out of the habit of jumping and screaming.

After a year of this sort of thing Thomas Day became discouraged, and he sent her to school at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. Here she remained three years, became accomplished and amiable, and finally married the solicitor who had accompanied Day to Shrewsbury.

Day now began to look round for an ordinary wife. The beautiful Honora Sneyd of Lichfield was his first objective. He offered her marriage, but Honora, although she respected his knowledge and attainments, gracefully declined.

He transferred his affections to her sister, Elizabeth, who declared that she could have loved him if he had the accomplishments of society instead of the rather gloomy outlook on life which he always affected.

On the principle that it is never too late to mend, Day decided to reform. He went to Paris, received dancing and fencing lessons, and studied how to become a gentleman.

He returned to Lichfield, wearing foppish attire and carrying the polish of a man about town. He was surprised at his reception by Elizabeth.

She confessed that she preferred Thomas Day, blackguard, as he styled himself, rather than Thomas Day, gentleman.

That was the end of this romance.

He went to the Continent, stayed a year and returned to live in London.

Then he met Miss Esther Mills, who came from Derby.

By this time Day distrusted all women, and when Esther deliberately made herself agreeable to the philosopher, Thomas gently but firmly made it clear that he was not in the marriage market.

But Esther, who was, in fact, nearer to Day's ideal than any other woman he had previously met, had set her heart on obtaining him for a husband.

They met each other frequently during the years that followed, Esther continuing to show her devotion.

At last Thomas put the question, with a lot of "ifs."

Could Miss Mills for his sake renounce all the pleasures, all the luxuries, all the ostentation of the world? Could she, after she had bought her clothes and modest luxuries, employ the remainder of her fortune in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry?

Could she bury herself in the country with him, shunning the taint of society?

Miss Mills did not hesitate. Had she not loved him for years? Her reply was a decided "Yes."

Day further insisted that her fortune should be settled upon her, so that he could not touch it, and that she might leave him whenever she pleased.

So Miss Mills became Mrs. Day and retired with him to his estate at Stapleford in Essex. She had no carriage, no servant, no luxury of any kind. She loved music, but Day considered it a waste of time to listen to it. Thus, away went her harpsichord and music books.

Day often tested her temper and fidelity, but Esther came through all these ordeals with credit.

About this time Day began his history of "Sandford and Merton," which was eventually adopted by parents and teachers for the instruction of youth. Before this he had written two poems, "The Devoted Legions," and "The Dying Negro."

Day was a victim to system, for he was killed on September 28th, 1789, while trying to break in a foal.

He believed that if a horse were vicious or unruly it was due to previous ill-usage. Having bred a foal, he decided to forgo the assistance of a professional horse-breaker.

He mounted the animal, which threw Day to the ground and kicked him on the head.

Esther was deeply affected by her husband's death.

Finally she died of a broken heart.

To-day is the anniversary of Day's birth, which took place on June 22nd, 1748.

JUNE 23RD

*James Mill*

ON June 23rd, 1836, died a man of whom it may be said : "He put India on the map."

He was James Mill, the son of a shoemaker, and the father of the more famous John Stuart Mill.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Britons had only the vaguest idea of the conditions and character of the people of India.

That India was somewhere in the east, that it was inhabited by dark people, and was a country from which was exported valuable merchandise was about all the ordinary people of country knew or cared about that great territory, with its enormous potentialities.

Matters concerning India were treated with indifference by Parliament. Anyone who wanted to know about the land of the Rajas had to delve into numerous books and documents. There was no connected story of India's history, and little was known of the Hindu civilization.

Then, in 1818, Mill published his work, "History of India," which effected a change in the whole method of governing that country.

Unfortunately, the uneducated reader found the work laborious and dull. It lacked human interest, but, as a work of reference, it was valuable for its precision and accuracy.

It marked an era in the history of British India, for, in it, Mill advocated the application of his own utilitarian theories, and thus became the pioneer of Indian reforms.

Although Mill exposed the activities of the East India Company, yet the directors of that concern were so impressed with his work that they appointed him to handle their finances and afterwards their entire affairs with India.

The "History" was, in fact, the first nail in the coffin of the "Company," although it did not cease to exist until after the Indian Mutiny.

Mill was connected with India officially for the last seventeen years of his life, during which time he was responsible for many reforms.

James Mill was born at Montrose on April 6th, 1773. His mother was Isabel Fenton, a member of a good family which had identified itself with the Stuart Rebellion of 1745.



Biographers are not unanimous about who was responsible for his education. It is said that young Mill was sent to college by his father at great sacrifice. It is also related that at an early age he was taken in hand by Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, who sent him to Edinburgh University for the purpose of making him a minister in the Scottish Church.

Mill did not take kindly to the pulpit. He preferred literature and philosophy, and although he was licensed as a preacher and appeared for a short time in that role, for some years afterwards he attempted to earn a living as a tutor.

In 1802 he concluded that Scotland offered few opportunities and he came to London in company with Sir John Stuart, then Member of Parliament for Kincardineshire, and began to take up literary work.

He accepted the editorship of a periodical called the *Literary Journal*. He also edited the *St. James's Chronicle*, belonging to the same owner.

In 1804 he produced a pamphlet on the corn trade, in which he argued against a bounty on the export of grain.

The failure of the two periodicals he was editing threw him on to the free-lance market, where he remained for twenty years, earning his living in the best way he could.

There must have been times when Mill was near starvation, for according to Jeremy Bentham, who took a fancy to the grave young Scotsman, he befriended Mills at a crucial point of his career.

In 1805 Mill had married Harriet Burrow, whose mother, a widow, ran an establishment for lunatics in Hoxton. He took a house in Pentonville, and it was here that his son, John Stuart Mill, was born.

Between 1806 and 1818 Mill wrote for the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, the *British Review* and the *Electric Review*. He also contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* until 1813. He wrote on many subjects and disclosed a remarkable insight into political and foreign affairs.

Meanwhile he was preparing his "History of India" which, when published in 1818, settled his career for the rest of his life.

Mill played a great part in English politics. More than any other man he founded what was known as "philosophic Radicalism." Having a strong influence with the Radical politicians, he was instrumental in causing a change of feeling on the matter of the French Revolution.

Radicalism was drifting towards the French idea of the rights of man, which meant force. Mill, on the other hand, argued for an extension of the franchise for the purpose of bringing about reforms.

In 1829 Mill published his "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind." This was another difficult work to understand, and appealed only to scientists and students of philosophy.

When James Mill died on June 23rd, 1836, there was none to say a bad word for him.

JUNE 24TH

### *Knights of the Garter*

THE Most Noble Order of the Garter is the highest honour in the world.

Yet it is said to have originated in a peculiar way, according to the well-known legend.

The story goes that Edward III was holding one of his magnificent tournaments when a garter belonging to one of the women became unfastened and fell to the floor.

As might be expected, there was a titter among the courtiers. The women, particularly, were amused, for the fair owner of the garter is said to have been the Countess of Salisbury, for whom the King had a passion.

Anyone but the Countess might have had a severe reprimand. But, instead of adding to her discomfiture, the King calmly picked up the garter, placed it round his own knee, and remarked in a tone of voice that immediately stopped the giggling, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

When this incident occurred is not known. It is doubtful if it occurred at all. But the Order of the Garter was instituted in 1347 or 1348.

The latter is a likely year for its inception, and June 24th is one of the dates mentioned.

Some years before this time Edward III had formed an Order of the Round Table, in commemoration of the legend of King Arthur, and in January, 1344, his knights had supped at a table of two hundred feet diameter constructed in Windsor Castle.

This was apparently the beginning of yearly tournaments at which his knights attended, and although the Order of the

Garter may not have been definitely founded before June 24th, 1348, the garter was a symbol at the Court some months earlier.

At a tournament held in honour of the King's return from France in the previous autumn, "garters with the motto of the Order embroidered thereon, and robes and other habiliments, as well as banners and couches, ornamented with the same ensign, were issued from the great wardrobe at the charge of the sovereign."

It would appear that Edward was by this time interested in the garter. In 1348 a surcoat was made for him for a tournament at Canterbury, which was covered with garters. At the same time the young Prince of Wales presented twenty-four garters to the knights of the King's society.

The anniversary of St. George in 1349 seems to have been the first gala day for the Knights of the Order of the Garter. Twenty-five knights, headed by the King, walked in solemn procession, amid visitors from all nations, and "laid their honours and their arms at the feet of the Most High, in the College or Free Chapel of St. George" that had been founded at Windsor specially for the new Order.

That first festival of St. George was a gorgeous one, with its jousts, tournaments, dances, carols and banquets. The knights issued challenges to the champions of all nations. The great ladies of the land were present, headed by Queen Philippa, and were attired in the habit of the Order, wearing the garter round the left arm, and were called "Dames of the Brotherhood of St. George."

Thus it would appear that women were admitted to membership of the Order, the honours being conferred on certain distinguished women, until gradually this fell into disuse. Charles I attempted to revive the women's section of the Order, but was prevented by the Civil War.

For a long time the dress of the knights was distinguished by its blue colour and by garters embroidered at various points on the costume.

Henry VIII was responsible for the introduction of the collar and the medallion of George killing the dragon. The blue riband which, to-day, seems to be the most significant symbol of the Order, was instituted by Charles II.

The complete dress now includes a blue velvet mantle, a mode of crimson velvet, a heron and ostrich-plumed cap, the gold medallion, the blazing star, and the gold-lettered garter.

Richard II was the second sovereign of the Order of the Garter. During his reign the revels went on at Windsor. It was at this time, too, that Geoffrey Chaucer was made clerk of the works for the repair of St. George's Chapel, at two shillings a day.

The chivalric character of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has continued ever since.

Although there may have been a frivolous inception to the Order, there was nothing frivolous about its dedication to the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St. George of England and St. Edward the Confessor.

Until the reign of George I, it included the king and twenty-five knights, when, however, princes of the Royal house and illustrious foreigners were included.

Among the twenty-five are seven dukes who, almost automatically, become members as an hereditary honour.

At the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837 a difficult problem arose. Where should she wear the Garter?

Portraits of Mary Tudor, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne were consulted, but none showed a Garter.

Then it was decided to inspect the statue of Alice, Duchess of Suffolk, in Ewelme Church, Oxfordshire. It was found that the Duchess, who had belonged to the Order, wore the Garter buckled around her forearm.

There are, however, other effigies of women showing the Garter. Towards the close of the fifteenth century Lady Harcourt was a member, as is shown by her tomb at Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire. She is depicted as wearing it on her forearm.

The institution of a Knight of the Garter is an elaborate ceremony. There is an Admonition to the candidate to be "not only strong to fight but also to offer himself to shed his blood for Christ's Faith the liberties of the Church and the just and necessary defence of the oppressed and needy."

He then takes the following oath :

"You being chosen to be one of the honourable Company of this most noble Order of the Garter, shall promise and swear by the Holy Evangelists, by you here touched, that wittingly, and willingly you shall not break any Statute of the said Order, or any articles in them contained, the same being agreeable and not repugnant to the Laws of Almighty God and the laws of this realm, as far forth as to you belongeth and appertaineth. So help you God and his Holy Word."

JUNE 25TH

*Charles Jean Marie Barbaroux*

PARIS was in a ferment. Revolutionary leaders, lacking inspiration, ran hither and thither consulting their fellows. "What shall we do?" they cried. "The country is in danger."

For Louis XVI had had the audacity to veto the Revolution. The Patriot Ministry had been turned out.

The Revolutionaries sat in counsel—session after session. Petitions and denunciations were sent to the King without effect.

Only one man acted.

He was Charles Jean Marie Barbaroux, deputy for the Department of the Rhone.

"Send six hundred men who know how to die," he wrote to the Municipality of Marseilles.

Marseilles lost no time. On July 5th, 1792, a fortnight after Barbaroux's request, the men were mustered. They were a solid, determined party who had been recruited from homes and workshops.

They began their march on Paris.

Preceding them, as they marched through town and countryside, were rumours of their strength and ruthlessness. They were galley-slaves, murderers, the refuse of the Mediterranean—men who would slay for a *son*.

But as town after town opened the gates to them, and they marched through without thought of plunder, "perfectly civil," but perhaps a little hilarious, the townspeople breathed with relief.

And so through Lyons, where the affrighted populace shuttered their shops, and on to Paris, singing the "Marseillaise," actually composed on the route by Rouget de Lisle.

It was on July 29th that the people of Paris first sighted the Marseillaise Brethren, as they were called. Barbaroux and some of the others went to meet them and greeted them with affection.

Paris turned out to welcome them. The streets were crowded as the men marched triumphantly to the Town Hall. At night there was a great feast, cheering and the waving of banners, while the Swiss Guards at the Tuileries cleaned their muskets and looked to their swords, ready to defend their master, Louis XVI.

The dinner was barely over when a party of Grenadiers came from a tavern near by. Slightly muddled by liquor, they began to sing and wave their sabres.

The people in the streets misunderstood. They thought it was an attack on the Marseillaise.

"Help, Marseillaise!" cried the populace.

Immediately the doors of the tavern in which the marchers were supping were thrown open, and out poured those men who "knew how to die."

Sabres were soon at work, and the Grenadiers were forced back. They took to their heels and began to run, with the Marseillaise in full cry. Soon they were in sight of the Tuileries, where the Grenadiers escaped across the drawbridge.

The incident served merely to show that the soldiers of the King were not invincible.

So events move on to August 10th, the insurrection of the armed population of Paris and the forcing of the Tuileries Palace.

The proclamation of the Republic soon followed.

When an insurrection in support of the King occurred at Avignon, Barbaroux helped to suppress it, as well as an ultra-Jacobin movement at Marseilles.

Elected deputy to the Convention by seven hundred and seventy-five votes out of seven hundred and seventy-six, Barbaroux from the first opposed the party known as the Mountain. He charged Robespierre with having aspirations to a dictatorship. He also attacked Marat and proposed the break-up of the Commune of Paris.

He did, however, get the accusation against Louis XVI adopted, and in the trial voted for his death "without appeal and without delay."

When the final struggle between the Girondists and the Mountain occurred, Barbaroux refused to resign as deputy. He succeeded in escaping, first to Caen, where he organized civil war, and then to Bordeaux.

Here, in various hiding-places, he lived until the summer of 1794, during which time he wrote his "Memoirs," which were published in 1822 by his son.

Carlyle records that Barbaroux shot himself when, as he thought, he was about to be taken, and died from the wound. Actually he was discovered and taken to Bordeaux, half dead, where he was guillotined on June 25th, 1794.

Barbaroux played an important part in the murder of

Marat by Charlotte Corday, for it was he who gave her a note of introduction to Marat, not knowing that her real intention was to assassinate him.

Like many of the Girondists, who were of a milder revolutionary type than the Mountain or Unlimited, Barbaroux was of a good family.

He was born at Marseilles on March 6th, 1767. He was called to the Bar in that City at an early age, and soon distinguished himself as an advocate.

He was young, handsome, energetic, and impetuous when he subscribed to the revolutionary doctrines at the beginning of the strife.

He edited a journal called the *Marseillaise Observer*, and did much through it for the revolutionary cause.

In 1792 he was one of a deputation to the States-General from his native city, and he formed a close connection with the Gironde party, and Mme. Roland and her husband who were among the chief directing spirits of the party. In the same year he was returned as deputy for the Rhone, and then definitely joined the Girondists.

JUNE 26TH

### *Samuel Crompton*

It is a sad reflection on a country which has made millions out of cotton that the inventor of one of the most important devices in that industry should have been robbed of his reward.

When it was noised abroad that Samuel Crompton had produced a gadget that would spin silk to an astonishing fineness, his humble cottage was besieged by those who made no secret of the fact that they were out to steal his invention.

All sorts of devices were adopted to get a sight of Crompton's spinning-mule, which was so simple in construction that a novice in mechanics could copy it easily.

The young man was at his wits' end to keep pirates at bay. In time it made his life miserable.

At first they knocked on his door and demanded to see the model. When Crompton refused they peeked through the windows on the ground floor. Failing to see the spinning-mule they obtained ladders to look into the upper rooms.

Crompton dared not leave the house for fear of his invention being stolen.

Crompton had no money, and the manufacturers knew it. He had spent every farthing he possessed during the five years that he had been working on his model, and had nothing left with which to get a patent.

It was merely a question of waiting, and Crompton would come to heel.

He did. His shy and unbusiness-like temperament could not stand the notoriety. After much importuning Crompton gave way to the blandishments of a Bolton manufacturer, who told him that it was his duty to give his secret away to the trade.

An added inducement was the offer to get up a subscription to make him a handsome present.

The subscription amounted to £67 6s. 6d., which was nothing like the sum he had already spent on his experiments.

This treatment made him determined that he would start in business on his own. But by the time he had saved enough money to begin, his competitors were already hard at work producing yarn with Crompton's spinning-mule.

He opened a business near Bolton, but found it impossible to make up the leeway.

Crompton's invention was called the "mule" because of its mixed nature. In other words, it combined the "jenny" invented by Hargreaves in 1764, and a method of dragging out the yarn by rollers revolving at different speeds.

The amazing growth of the industry in the ten years between 1781 and 1791 was due to Crompton's invention. Business actually increased over three hundred per cent.

In face of this remarkable achievement, the manufacturers appear to have had a certain amount of remorse. When a subscription was raised for Crompton by his biographer, Kennedy, about £450 was handed to him.

In 1812, however, when the industry had made a further big spurt, there was a national move to procure Crompton a reward, but all he obtained was about £5,000.

His business had not prospered, and he had given it up some years ago. After receiving the £5,000 he began a bleaching business at Over Darwen, and then became a partner in a cotton firm. Both these concerns failed.

Reduced to poverty, he was glad to accept an annuity of £63, on which he lived to the end of his life. He died on June 26th, 1827.

Crompton's was the most popular of all the spinning



machines. In 1811 it was estimated that there were 4,600,000, spindles working on his principle, while there were only 310,000, of Arkwright's and 155,000, of Hargreaves'.

A monument was placed over his grave, and in 1862 a bronze statue of him erected at Bolton.

Thus Crompton, one of mankind's greatest benefactors, died in poverty after he had made many millionaires.

Crompton, who was born at Firwood, near Bolton, on December 3rd, 1753, was the son of a small farmer. Like his father, the boy was brought up to the farm and the loom.

His mother was a stern, uncompromising woman, who, when her husband died and left her with the boy and his two sisters, refused all aid, and worked hard to give the children an education, the best the district could afford.

Young Crompton assisted with the farm, and earned a little money playing the violin at a Bolton theatre.

He also helped his mother to do weaving at home. The breaking of cotton yarn during the course of weaving was common at the time, and young Crompton was often irritated at the difficulties of getting the yarn to weave.

There was no better spinning-wheel in existence than his mother possessed, and he determined to apply himself to perfecting it.

Night after night for five years he sat up trying first one idea and then another, and resuming his ordinary occupations in the morning.

At last, in 1779, his labour was rewarded by success.

But he might just as well have left the invention alone for all the good it did for him. During the five years spent on experiments and in later years Crompton, with his ideas, should have built up a considerable business.

The spinning-wheel was his obsession, and while he, in his somewhat timid way, was trying to get justice, he was losing other opportunities.

Crompton, not unnaturally, became a misanthrope.

In his time rural villages were ruled by officers appointed by county justices. One of the officials was the surveyor of highways whose duty it was to get occupiers of land to perform their annual service of six days a year repairing and maintaining the roads. He was also responsible for levying the highway rate.

Another official was the overseer of the poor who had to

look after the poverty-stricken, and obtain funds for the purpose from his neighbours.

Crompton would accept neither of these jobs, and when it was intended to force him to take the position of overseer, he left the parish to escape doing so.

The offices were unpaid and usually fell in turn to the eligible parishioners, according to a system of rotation. Subject to a few exemptions service was compulsory.

Sometimes a woman was appointed, and it is recorded that Mrs. Crompton had to serve her time as an overseer.

Crompton died on June 26th, 1827.

JUNE 27TH

### *Charles IX of France*

WHEN the boy King Charles IX ascended the throne of France on the death of his brother Francis in 1560—he was then only ten years old—the affairs of the country were in a sad state.

It was the springtime of French Protestantism, and the Huguenots were becoming a powerful factor.

What could be expected from a boy of ten?

One of the most ludicrous spectacles was that when, in the year of his accession, he stood upon his feet at a meeting called the Colloquy, assembled at Poissy, and stuttered a few halting words that had been put into his mouth by the Queen-Mother Catherine de Medici.

The assembly took little, if any, notice of him. Behind him, they knew, was the sinister figure of Catherine, who had succeeded in getting herself appointed Regent.

The assembly had been summoned to inaugurate an era of peace. The national debt of £48,000,000 was to be reduced, and, at the same time, a compromise was to be found between the Catholics and the Huguenots.

It was a brilliant gathering. Everywhere, as the eye glanced around the chamber, it was met with a blaze of colour from the magnificent official robes—the stars, crosses and other insignia of distinction, military and academic.

A proposal had been made that the property of the Church should be put up for sale, and the proceeds divided—one-third to go to the support of the Church, one-third to the payment of the national debt, and one-third to the revenues of the crown.

Such a scheme might get over the financial difficulty, but it would certainly increase the religious trouble, particularly as it was also proposed that the ministers of the Reformed Church should be given equal status with the Roman Catholic clergy.

Needless to say, this proposal did not emanate from the Roman Catholics ; it was a Huguenot idea.

When the Council sat down to begin the session, therefore, members had already determined upon the line to take.

After the King's few words, which really amounted to nothing, the Chancellor Michel de l'Hopital, rose and made a speech which astonished the Chamber.

He called for reform according to the Bible, and added : "The Bible is enough. To this, as to the true rule, we must appeal for the decision of the doctrine. Neither must we be so averse to the Reformed, for they are our brethren, regenerated by the same baptism, and worshipping the same Christ as we do."

Immediately there were angry murmurs from the cardinals and bishops, but only the Chancellor's firmness prevented an early breakdown of the conference.

It was then proposed that the Protestant deputies, who had so far been excluded from the proceedings should be allowed to enter.

The doors were thrown open, and Theodore Beza, followed by ten Protestant pastors and twenty-two lay deputies, entered the hall.

It was expected that John Calvin would be present. He had been invited by Catherine, but the magistrates of Geneva could see through the subterfuge, and, failing to obtain hostages of high rank for his safety, they refused to let him leave the city.

The Reformed clergymen wore the habits of the Geneva Church, simple gowns that contrasted oddly with the uniforms of the Council.

They had come to plead their cause with calm dignity, and expected to mingle on equal terms with the rest. But when they reached the barrier they were stopped. They must be made to appear that they were at the Bar to be judged.

But Theodore Beza would not remain on such terms, and he was at last allowed to approach and made obeisance to the young King.

The oration which the cardinals and bishops heard from

the lips of Beza contained the most eloquent statement of the Protestant cause they had listened to. His speech at an end, Beza presented on bended knee a copy of the Confession of the French Protestant Church.

The poor child King was called upon to silence Beza, and expel from France these men who were imperilling the faith of the "most Christian King."

The boy did not move. No doubt it was all beyond him. Nor did Catherine de' Medici give any indication that she approved of the demands of the clergy.

So Beza continued to the end, to the discomfiture of the ecclesiastics.

A week later a second meeting of the Colloquy was held, when it was intended that the Church would reply to Beza.

The task was committed to the hands of the Cardinal of Lorraine. His oration was as eloquent as that of Beza, and when it was finished it was clear that although the Cardinal could not hope to shake the beliefs of those who had already subscribed to the Reformed doctrine, it won over those who had been sitting on the fence.

The clergy crowded round the King and cried: "He has extinguished Beza. That, sire, is the true faith, which has been handed down from Clovis; abide in it."

An edict was issued to prevent the preaching of the Reformed religion, and the Huguenots took up arms.

The Protestants were led by Prince Condé and the Admiral Coligny; the others by the Constable Montmorenci, the Duke of Guise, and the Marshal St. André, who were called the Triumvirate.

The atrocities that followed frightened the King and the Queen-Mother, who fled to Fontainebleau, but were forced to return to Paris by the Duke of Guise.

All Huguenots were ordered to quit Paris within twenty-four hours

Those left behind were killed.

A large proportion of the atrocities could not be blamed on the Catholics. Mob rule was responsible, as was the case during the French Revolution. If one had a grudge against a man it was only necessary to cry "Huguenot!" and one's enemy was soon disposed of.

It was a war of province against province, and city against city, with no real method in the military operations.

At last the Protestant Prince of Condé made himself master

of Orleans, and this city became the Huguenot headquarters.

Rouen, on the other hand, was besieged by the Royalists. Catherine was present in the attacking camp with her maids of honour.

After an interval of five weeks' siege Rouen capitulated. The country was now split almost equally between the Royalists and Huguenots, and the only alternative was a peace of compromise.

The Huguenots obtained certain concessions, but new edicts were soon issued, and in 1567 Condé and Coligny attempted to seize the King. It gave rise to the second religious war, with Catherine using all her influence against the Huguenots.

Another short peace followed the Battle of St. Denis, in which Montmorenci was killed. But the war was immediately renewed on the King issuing an edict ordering all the Protestant ministers to leave the kingdom.

In 1569 occurred the Battle of Jarnac, with the defeat of the Protestants, Prince Condé being killed. The command of the Huguenot troops was now in the hands of Coligny, and through his efforts a further peace was patched up which resulted in the Protestants being allowed to worship according to their theories.

Charles was born on June 27th, 1550.

#### JUNE 28TH

*King Henry VIII ; Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn*

*June 21st, 1529. Black Friars Hall*

THE anxiously awaited day had come.

Wolsey and the Papal Legate were seated upon a rostrum ; Henry VIII on their right, and Catherine of Aragon with four bishops on their left.

The King's name was called by an usher, and he answered in a firm voice : "Here I"

Then the Queen's name was called. There was no response.

The long citation was read, and read again before the Queen stirred.

Then she jumped to her feet, crossed herself, and fell at Henry's feet.

She let flow a moving appeal ; but the King was irresponsive.

Catherine then arose and walked out of the Hall.

The farce of her trial was continued day by day. The judges had no taste for their task. At last Campeggio adjourned the court.

The King's friends were disappointed at the delay, and the Duke of Suffolk displayed irritation. He struck the table with his fist and cried: "Never did cardinal bring good to England."

Wolsey made an insulting reply. It sealed his own fate.

Catherine died on January 8th, 1536. There was a suspicion that she was poisoned.

. . . . .  
*July, 1535. Westminster Hall*

THOMAS MORE, Lord Chancellor, had refused the invitation to attend the Coronation of Anne Boleyn, and had returned the £20 which Henry had sent to him for a new suit for the occasion.

That was the beginning of More's fall. He now stood charged with an offence against the Act of Supremacy. He had refused to swear that the King was the head of the Church.

Dressed in a coarse woollen gown, instead of the Chancellor's robes, a wreck of his former self, More faced his accusers.

Weakened by long confinement in the Tower, he had to lean upon a staff. Pale, emaciated, he awaited the end which seemed inevitable.

A murmur of sympathy from some of those present. The proceedings began in the very hall in which Thomas More had been the presiding judge.

Asked to swear fealty to the King, More declined. The legal verbiage of the indictments confused nearly everyone but the accused himself.

Allowed to speak on his own behalf, More declared that he had never spoken against the King's marriage to Anne Boleyn, nor had he said anything against the King's supremacy in religious affairs.

His judges affirmed that his silence was treason. Sentence was pronounced. Death.

More thereupon broke into an oration. The oath of supremacy was unlawful; his conscience would not permit of any other definition.

"And may God preserve you," he concluded, addressing the judges, "especially my lord the King, and send him good counsel."

As More walked through the streets of London back to the Tower, with the axe borne before him, his daughter met him at Tower Wharf and fell upon his neck and wept.

The scene moved even the guards who surrounded the doomed man.

Gently, with a blessing, he withdrew his daughter's arms and went on his way.

When later he heard that the King had commuted the hanging, drawing and quartering into one of simple beheading he said :

"God preserve all my friends from such royal favours !"

*May 2nd, 1536. A barge on the Thames. Tower of London*

THE barge was leisurely pursuing its way from Greenwich to Westminster. Anne Boleyn sat in the prow.

Suddenly, out of the shadows, appeared another barge. In it were the Duke of Norfolk, Anne's uncle, Chancellor Audley and Thomas Cromwell.

They told her that she was under arrest for adultery.

"O Lord, help me," she cried, "as I am guiltless of that whereof I am charged."

She was taken to the Tower, where she wept and laughed by turns.

"Good Master Kingston," she asked the Lieutenant of the Tower, "wherefore am I here ?"

Asked when last he had seen the King, Kingston did not reply.

"I shall die without justice," she declared.

At which Kingston laughed and said : "There is justice for the meanest subject in England."

As the days passed Anne knew that there was no hope of fair play.

She wrote to Henry : "Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. . . ."

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoyment of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin. . . ."

She went on to plead that even if she lost her life he would spare the men who were accused with her in adultery.

Henry ignored the letter. He chose his judges. One of them was Norfolk, who had wept when Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was sentenced to be executed for treason. But having sat on other similar tribunals since that day, he was becoming used to the "bloody business."

There was no tear as he condemned his niece to the scaffold.

On the third day of the trial Anne sent for Kingston.

"I hear," she said, "that I shall not die before noon, and I am very sorry, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain."

"There will be no pain," replied Kingston; "it is too subtle."

"I have heard say," said Anne, despairingly, "that the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck."

Cranmer—the man who was to be executed in his turn—prepared her for her fate.

The nobility and the city companies were there to witness her execution.

And when they were assembled the doomed woman cried: "A gentler or more merciful prince was there never. To me he was ever a good, gentle, and sovereign lord."

After this outburst of sarcasm, she submitted and murmured: "Christ have mercy on my soul!"

Away in Epping Forest was her lord and master waiting to begin the hunt. The signal gun boomed the news.

"It is done!" he shouted gleefully. "The business is done. Uncouple the dogs, and let us follow the sport."

JUNE 29TH

### *Lord Raglan*

FEW campaigns took such a toll of the British Army as that of the Crimea.

The horrors experienced by the British and French during the winter of 1854 were indescribable.

The following summer brought no respite from disease, which had infested the troops as a result of the rigours of excessive cold.



Among the officers to fall was Fitzroy James Henry Somerset, Lord Raglan, a nobleman with an ancestry going back to the fifteenth century.

Raglan displayed the most remarkable courage in the field, but before the end of the struggle, with the siege of Sebastopol still unbroken, he died when victory was almost in sight.

His death caused great sorrow in the allied camp. He had led his men through the greatest perils, had won the Battle of Alma and earned a Field-Marshal's baton, and had placed the allied armies in a position to make the final assault on the great Russian stronghold, Sebastopol.

He died on June 29th, 1855, and four days later his remains were put on board the *Caradoc* and brought to England.

When the coffin arrived at Bristol, the crowds turned out to pay their last respects.

The *cortège* passed slowly on its way through the villages to Badminton, the country seat of the Somerset family, and the honest, simple country folk lined the route and demonstrated their sorrow.

The dead warrior lay in state in the ducal mansion, and was consigned with pomp to a grave in the church of Great Badminton.

At the funeral ceremony there was an affecting scene when Raglan's son placed upon the coffin a wreath sent by Marshal Pélissier, the commander of the French troops.

Had Raglan come home alive a few months earlier his reception would have been different. He would have arrived in England with no one but his own personal friends to welcome him. Stories had reached England of the hardships and sufferings of English soldiers owing to the failure in the commissariat.

Food and clothing were almost impossible to obtain, and Lord Raglan and his staff were severely criticized by the Press and the Government.

But it was the people at home who had actually failed in their duty. Perhaps Lord Raglan had represented the situation in a more favourable light than was warranted at the time, but allowances should have been made, for Raglan was a confirmed optimist.

When battle after battle was lost, an attitude of despair settled over the allied camp. Only Raglan was a shining example to the other commanders.

The censures were afterwards shown to be unfair to a great extent, but they hastened his death.

Raglan was the eighth and youngest son of Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, by Elizabeth, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Edward Boscawen, and was born on September 30th, 1788. His elder brother distinguished himself in command of the Household Cavalry Brigade at Waterloo.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset was educated at Westminster School and entered the Army in 1804. A few years later he was promoted to commander of a company in the forty-third Regiment of Foot, and accompanied Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) to the Peninsula as aide-de-camp and assistant military secretary.

He attended his senior in every action, and showed himself as one of the best of Wellington's officers.

He received his first wound at the Battle of Busaco, and at Fuentes d'Onoro acted with conspicuous gallantry in carrying orders from Wellington to his lieutenants. His reputation was increased at the Battle of Badajoz where he led the soldiers through the breach in the walls.

It was Somerset's ingenuity which led to the surrender of the fortress of Pampeluna. The place was besieged but was expecting succour from Marshal Soult.

One day Wellington and Somerset were riding through a mountain pass when they were accosted by a muleteer who, mistaking Wellington for the French commander, handed him a paper, which he had received from the governor of Pampeluna.

On it was written a message in cipher. Said Wellington to Somerset: "If we could unravel this, we might learn some vital information."

Lord Fitzroy took the document and succeeded in deciphering it. The message said that unless help was received by a certain date Pampeluna would have to surrender.

Wellington took immediate action and the town capitulated. This success gave the British general an entry into France, and victory after victory followed until the peace of 1814.

When the war dogs were again unleashed on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, Somerset accompanied the Duke as military secretary, and was again conspicuous at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

Lord Fitzroy was appointed secretary of the English

Embassy at the Court of Paris. He became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1815, and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath and extra aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent, with the rank of full colonel.

In 1852, the year Wellington died, Lord Fitzroy was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Raglan.

On the opening of hostilities with Russia Raglan was appointed to the command of the British Army.

It was expected that the campaign would last a fortnight. The Russians, it was argued, could not stand the combined assaults of the British and French.

The prophecy looked like being fulfilled, for a landing was effected on the Crimea and a camp pitched without any trouble. But the Russians had retired, burning the villages behind them.

The British followed into the interior, but it was a long march before they could camp again.

Eventually they came in contact with the Russians entrenched on the heights of Alma. The British were joined by the French under the command of Marshal St. Arnaud, who regarded Sebastopol as already in the hands of the allies.

It was to be many months before that stronghold fell.

Alma had to be the first objective. The opposition here was stronger than expected. The allies were subjected to the most murderous fire that an army up to that time had had to face.

For a long time it seemed as if defeat was certain. A battery of British guns on which the allies were relying to break the Russian squares was in turn bombarded by the enemy guns.

The gunners were mowed down by scores, and almost immediately a horde of Russian infantry began to descend the heights.

It was now or never.

"Can we get a couple of guns to bear on those masses?" shouted Lord Raglan.

The answer was "Yes," and in a few minutes two guns were concentrating on the advancing Russians. The enemy wavered, broke and then fled. The English continued to scale the hill, and with the French guns turned on the retreating Russians the battle was won.

Soon after the battle of Alma the French Marshal died, and he was followed a few months later by Raglan. The campaign had carried off both allied commanders.

JUNE 30TH

*Thomas Edmondson*

IN the early days of the railways the duties of a stationmaster at a wayside station were not arduous. Prejudice existed against the new form of locomotion and passengers were few.

When, exactly a hundred years ago, Thomas Edmondson was appointed to the little station of Milton, fourteen miles from Carlisle, he found his work so uneventful and boring that he turned to mechanics as a hobby.

Milton Station belonged to the newly formed Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, and Edmondson had obtained the post out of a number of applicants, one of the directors remarking that he "would prove a credit to them."

In this one-man-staff job there was only one duty that called for the exercise of more than elementary intelligence, and that was the filling-in of tickets for the journeys of the passengers.

People had the habit of arriving just as the train was about to leave. This meant delaying its departure while he wrote out their passes.

Edmondson set to work to devise a better system. One day, while strolling the fields, the idea came to him to check passengers by numbers instead of names.

He began by making a small wooden block, in which he set up in printers' type the name, class and other details of the type of ticket mostly used. Then obtaining strips of cardboard he used a mallet to put an impression of the type on the cardboard.

He numbered the tickets by hand, cut them up with scissors, and kept them in a little cabinet made by himself.

But there was a problem he had not yet solved. That was how to check the tickets.

Up to that time the railway companies had no real check on the passes issued to their passengers, for it was easy for a dishonest clerk to falsify the consecutive numbering, which was done by hand.

To overcome this—though in Edmondson's case it was hardly necessary, for he had strict Quaker principles—he invented a tube with a loose bottom. On this he stacked his printed tickets in numerical order, the first number, of course, being at the top.

Inside the tube was a device which, when a ticket was removed, brought the remainder to the top of the tube.

Edmondson still found it necessary to date his tickets with pen and ink. For a long time he pondered over this defect in the system.

The solution came while he was using a pocket comb, an old-fashioned type in which the teeth could be enclosed in the handle by means of a swivel. The opening and closing of the comb suggested jaws which could be forced together on the ticket and thus print the date. The principle was similar to that of the ticket-issuing machines of to-day.

He built a wooden model of a machine, and used a strip of inked ribbon similar to that used in a typewriter for inking the type.

Thus Thomas Edmondson became the pioneer in the system of ticket-issuing.

The first tickets issued by Edmondson gave the issuing and destination stations of the passenger, the class and actually the number of seat in the carriage, as well as the date. Only the amount of the fare was written in by hand.

Each night Edmondson checked his tickets with the money in the till. Then, on forms invented by himself, he entered the amount of the day's business, the traffic to each station, and when it was necessary to send the money to headquarters he was able to account for every halfpenny received.

One would have thought that this foolproof method of discovering dishonesty or carelessness would have met with the approval of the big-wigs. It did nothing of the kind.

When Edmondson tried to get a recognition of his method, the directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway thought it was an amusing plaything.

They told him that he could play with it for hours if he liked, but they would have none of it themselves.

Edmondson thereupon approached the Manchester and Leeds Railway, who had a go-ahead general manager in Captain Laws. Laws made a trip to the little wayside station of Milton, saw the inventor and had the process described to him.

Laws was impressed, and signed up Edmondson at double his salary to go to Manchester and introduce the system.

During the next ten years, Edmondson's scheme was adopted on all the railways.

Some years later Edmondson went into business with his

brother Joseph. They floated a business for the supply of machines and tickets to railway companies. They were remunerated in a curious way, a fee of 10s. being paid to them for every mile of road worked each year.

The ticket-issuing machines were now made in metal in collaboration with Blaylock, an ex-watchmaker from Dublin. Some of these machines bearing the name of Blaylock and Edmondson are still in use on the Southern Railway.

Edmondson was not so unlucky as many of the inventors of his period. He made a comfortable fortune out of his method, and for some years he toured the country instructing clerks how to handle his machines.

When Edmondson died on June 22nd, 1851, hand-written tickets were still being issued at some of the outlying railway stations, thus disclosing a deplorable lack of enterprise by railway companies which, fortunately, is not to be seen to-day.

Little is known of the early life of Edmondson, but it is known that he was born at Lancaster on June 30th, 1792, of a Quaker family.

As a boy he dabbled with inventions, and is said to have produced a device "whereby the busy housewife could churn the butter and rock the cradle at the same time."

It would appear that young Thomas was the bane of his mother's existence, for he would insist upon leaving pieces of wood and other articles all over the house.

To restrain this propensity she made him take up knitting, hoping to keep him quiet. Very soon he was a better knitter than his mother.

When he left school, he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. At the end of his time, he entered Gillow's furniture works at Lancaster.

The enterprising youth decided to begin business for himself and he entered into a partnership at Carlisle. The business failed, Edmondson went bankrupt, and had to take employment as a grocer.

He met with no better success in this line, and it was lucky for him that when he was out of a job, he was successful in obtaining the post of stationmaster at Milton.

Towards the end of his life, when he was in affluent circumstances, he made it a point to pay off the debts incurred at the time of his bankruptcy.



JULY





JULY 1ST

*Lord Holland*

IN the year 1744, London was much amused by the romance of Henry Fox and Lady Georgiana Lennox.

Fox, who afterwards became the first Lord Holland, of the new creation, was a dashing politician, who laid siege to the heart of Lady Georgiana and won.

But her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, had other views, and they declined to entertain his suit. To prevent the affair going any further, they arranged to introduce their daughter to another, and more eligible, young man.

Lady Georgiana decided to avoid this interview at all costs ; but how to do so was a problem.

The day for the reception of the man of her parents' choice arrived. Georgiana was instructed to put on her best, as regards clothing and behaviour, and to give unusual attention to her toilet.

It was this last injunction that gave her an idea. One can imagine the horrified shrieks of mortification, simulated, of course, with which she attracted her mother's attention to the fact that she had accidentally cut off her eyebrows.

Of course, it was impossible for her to be seen in that condition. So Georgiana was told to go to her own room. When inquiries were made for her after the departure of the disappointed young man she was not to be found.

While the Duke and Duchess were doing their best to entertain the young man a romantic scene was being enacted elsewhere.

About eight o'clock that evening a coach drew up outside the old Fleet Prison. Out of it stepped Henry Fox. He assisted Lady Georgiana to alight and they picked their way together through the decaying refuse that littered the street, and entered the prison.

In a quarter of an hour they returned to their coach, man and wife, having been married by one of the clergymen prisoners.

Horace Walpole has recorded this elopement in one of his letters as follows :

The town has been in a great bustle about a private match ; but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline (Georgiana) Lennox (eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond), asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman, her great-grandfather a king.

Walpole adds that "all the blood royal have been up in arms."

A son of this union was the famous Charles James Fox.

Henry Fox was the youngest son of Sir Stephen Fox, a distinguished politician during the reigns of Charles II, James II, William III, and Queen Anne.

Sir Stephen had numerous offspring by his first wife, and, having married another at the age of 76, he had three more children, two of whom founded the noble families of Holland and Ilchester.

Why Walpole should call Sir Stephen a footman is not clear. It is said, however, that as a boy he was a chorister in one of the cathedrals. At all events, Lord Holland never attempted to disguise his "very humble origin."

Henry Fox was born in 1705 and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. It is said that as a youth he was notorious for his dissipation, losing the greater part of his fortune by gambling and, in consequence, had to spend some time on the Continent.

His abilities and social qualities, however, were brought to the notice of Lord Sutherland, and he became, in 1735, Member of Parliament for Hindon. He joined Sir Robert Walpole's party, and in 1737 he became surveyor at the Board of Works.

In 1743 he became Lord of the Treasury, and next year his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond increased his political influence. In 1746 he was Secretary for War.

Despite his rapid promotion, however, he was not popular in the country. Lord Chesterfield declares that he was a man who "had not the least notion of a regard for the public good or the constitution, but despised these cares as the objects of narrow minds."

In 1754 Fox was offered the lead of the House of Commons, under conditions which made him refuse, but he continued in his office of Secretary for War. After collaborating a short time with Pitt, Fox entered the Cabinet as Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons.

One of the offices which Fox held was that of Paymaster of Forces, in which he is said to have enriched himself, according to Leigh Hunt, "to a degree which incurred a great deal of suspicion."

Fox was holding this office at the time of Admiral Byron's engagement in the West Indies, when there was an outcry about the quality of the ammunition served out. Soon afterwards Fox fought a duel with a certain Mr. Adam, and was hit by his adversary's bullet, which, however, had little effect. "Egad, sir," remarked Fox, "it would have been all over with me if we had not charged our pistols with Government powder."

Later Fox was denounced in the City as the "defaulter of unaccounted millions."

In 1763, while he was leader of the Commons, the Peace of Paris was concluded by Prime Minister Bute. It is said that Fox undertook to obtain a majority in favour of this peace, and that he spent £25,000 in one morning in this traffic.

Intimidation was used as well as bribery, and many hundreds of people who held offices under the Crown in all parts of the country were dismissed for having contrary opinions to the Government.

Bute, however, was forced out of office, and Fox retired at the same time, receiving as reward the title of Lord Holland.

Lord Holland died on July 1st, 1774.

## JULY 2ND

### *Nostradamus*

ONE of the most famous of the old-time astrologers was Michael Nostradamus (or Notredame). From the middle of the 16th century, when he first began to make his startling prophecies, to a hundred years or more after his death, both France and England held him in high esteem.

Although a Frenchman, Nostradamus did not confine himself to forecasting events in his own country. He is said to have indicated, among other things, the tragic end of Charles I and the Great Fire of London.

His first efforts in astrology were the popular almanacs of the day, and so successful were they that many imitations of them were published. In later years it was difficult to separate the genuine from the fictitious.

Even during the lifetime of Nostradamus the bogus almanacs brought him much discredit.

In 1555 he published a collection of his prophecies, which attracted the attention of Henry II of France, who sent for him to ask his advice about his children.

One of them, when he occupied the throne as Charles IX, paid a visit to Salon to visit Nostradamus, who was empowered to make an official greeting on behalf of the town.

On another occasion the prophet was asked to go to the Court, when he was hospitably received by the King and his mother, Catherine de' Medici. He was given a valuable present in gold and appointed physician to the King.

Though the rank and file laughed at the old man's prophecies, society was greatly impressed.

The forecasts of Nostradamus were written in verse form. He claimed divine inspiration.

"I am but a mortal man, and the greatest sinner in the world," he said. "But being surprised occasionally by a prophetic humour, and by a long calculation, pleasing myself in my study, I have made books of prophecies, each one containing a hundred astronomical stanzas."

These books were called the "Centuries," and the first collection appeared at Lyons in 1555.

Nostradamus was sincere enough in believing that coming events cast their shadows before, and no doubt he firmly believed his own prophecies.

Many stories are told of the reputed second sight of Nostradamus. The following is a sample.

While at the castle of Faim, in Lorraine, attending the mother of the Lord of Florinville during her sickness, he made a tour of the farmyard.

There were two little pigs, one white and the other black. To test the powers of Nostradamus, Florinville asked: "What shall become of these two pigs?"

"We shall eat the black," said the seer, "and the wolf shall eat the white."

The lord was determined to make him look a fool, and ordered the cook to dress the white pig for supper.

The white one was killed and prepared, and was ready on the spit to be roasted, when the cook was called out of the kitchen.

While the cook was away, a young tame wolf came in and

began to eat the white pig. There was little left by the time the cook returned.

The scared domestic went outside and killed the black pig, and it was this one which was served at supper.

"Well, sir," said the lord, as they sat eating at table, "we are now eating the white pig and the wolf shall not touch it."

"I do not believe it," said Nostradamus. "It is the black one that is upon the table."

The cook was sent for and confessed to the substitution. Whereupon the lord was as pleased as Nostradamus that the prophecy had been fulfilled.

Michael Nostradamus was born at St. Rémy on December 14th, 1503, and died on July 2nd, 1566. Before becoming an astrologer he had a reputation as a doctor. He married twice and had several children.

In his latter years he lived at Salon, a town between Marseilles and Avignon.

Believing that this could improve his medical work, Nostradamus studied astrology and, it is to be presumed, found it more remunerative.

A copy of his prophecies was published in London in 1672 with English translations and notes by a refugee French physician named Theophilus de Garencières. This man was a doctor of Oxford University and a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Garencières was a firm believer in the astrologer, and took much trouble in introducing the prophecies to the English public.

In the year 1697 Nostradamus is supposed to have appeared at Salon in spirit form. The apparition, which was seen by a man of humble class, gave him instructions to go to the King and obtain a private audience.

What he was to say to the monarch would be revealed to him at an appropriate moment. Meanwhile, the apparition enjoined the strictest secrecy.

The poor man was in such a state of fright that his wife insisted on knowing what had upset him. In the end he was forced to tell her. He had barely disclosed the circumstances when he died.

The "ghost" appeared to another inhabitant of the town, who was also so indiscreet as to tell the story to another. He too died suddenly.

Up to now the spectre had had rather bad luck.

It now appeared to a farrier who lived at an adjacent house. The farrier had heard the story of the fate of the others and determined not to disclose the visit of the ghost of Nostradamus.

He went to the governor of the town and asked for an audience of the King. He was refused, and being taken before a magistrate as a lunatic he said: "I can easily conceive that in your eyes I must be playing a ridiculous part; but if you would be pleased to order your sub-delegates to inquire into the hasty death of the two inhabitants of Salon, who received the same commission from the ghost as I, I flatter myself that Your Excellency, before the week be out, will have me called."

Francis Michel, the farrier, was right.

He was given money to defray his travelling expenses and eventually arrived at Versailles.

It is said that on the eve of the audience the ghost again appeared and gave Michel a message to give to the King. At the same time he was threatened with death if he gave away the secret.

The nature of the communication to the King has never been disclosed.

The story is a long one but, briefly, it would appear that the King was much impressed, and when his courtiers made impolite remarks about the farrier and his message they were severely rebuked.

JULY 3RD

### *When Euston was Young*

WHEN the question of building a big railway terminus at Euston came before Parliament there was an outcry.

The noise of the engines, it was argued, would frighten the horses in the streets!

The nearest terminus was then at Chalk Farm, near the north-east corner of Regent's Park. It had been in use for several years, when it was considered that it was not near enough to the centre of London.

Railways, generally, were looked upon with suspicion by an ignorant public. One reason was that there had been considerable speculation in railway stocks. Many mushroom companies had been formed, and thousands had lost their money.

The public, being unable to decide between the good and the bad, condemned both.

The London and Birmingham Railway—afterwards the London and North-Western—was the first really long line of railway from London that was opened for passenger traffic.

In 1835 a Bill was brought into Parliament and carried on July 3rd, after great opposition, to enable the line to be brought as near to London as the spot then called Euston Grove.

But it was ten years before a train actually ran into the new terminus. The London people were not going to have a nasty-smelling engine polluting the atmosphere of the Euston Road.

Thus, up to the year 1845, the engines came no nearer to London than Chalk Farm, where the engine was detached from the train. The carriages were then joined on to an endless chain which took them into Euston. The chain was worked by a stationary engine at the Chalk Farm end of the line.

In those days the building of Euston Station was a grandiose scheme, and the Doric portico was considered the grandest part of the whole lay-out.

There seems to have been no particular reason for building the magnificent arch. It served no useful purpose, except as a symbolic gateway to the north.

It was criticized in latter years when King's Cross Station was built, the builders of that station declaring that they had spent no more on their project than the London and Birmingham Railway had spent on the arch.

The portico cost £30,000, and was built from a design by the architect Hardwick. It is said to have been one of the largest in the world. Some of the blocks used in its construction weighed thirteen tons.

The hall of the station, also designed by P. C. Hardwick, was 140 feet in length and 60 broad, with a gallery around three sides. In the hall was placed a marble statue of George Stephenson.

A writer of the 'seventies records that about 100 trains ran in and out of the station daily, while the total length of the platforms was over a mile. The original part of the station was what is now No. 6 platform.

An interesting feature of the early days of Euston was the Admiralty messenger who dashed up regularly before the departure of the Irish mail and handed the guard a watch which had been set to correct Greenwich time.



The guard carried the watch to Holyhead, gave the time to the captain of the Kingston boat, and then sent the watch back with the guard of the mail departing for London.

This, of course, is now no longer necessary, but in accordance with tradition a watch is still handed over at Holyhead to be brought to London.

The Lost Luggage Office at Euston Station in the old days was an interesting novelty to Londoners.

One compartment is chock-full of men's hats, another of parasols, umbrellas and sticks of every description [an observer writes].

One would think that all the ladies' reticules in the world were deposited in a third. How many smelling-bottles, how many embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables, how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained, we felt that we would not for the world have tried to ascertain.

One gentleman had left behind him a pair of leather hunting breeches, another his boot-jack. A soldier of the 22nd Regiment had left behind him his knapsack containing his kit. Another soldier of the 10th, poor fellow, had forgotten his scarlet regimental coat. . . .

But what astonished us most of all was that some honest Scotsman, probably in the ecstasy of seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful Jenny, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bagpipes.

The line was opened throughout in September, 1838.

## JULY 4TH

### *James Monroe*

JULY 4TH is not only the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by America, but it is also the anniversary of the deaths of three of the famous Presidents of the United States.

They were John Adams, the second President, Thomas Jefferson, the third President, and James Monroe, fifth President.

Of this trio James Monroe has a right to an important page in history as the author of what is known as the "Monroe Doctrine."

Years before Monroe, Washington had advocated a policy of non-interference in the politics of Europe. But the

American attitude towards world affairs gradually assumed a double-edged aspect, for, as the influence of the United States increased, that nation was able to demand non-interference by Europeans in the politics of the whole of the American continent.

In Monroe's time there was a combination of European Powers known as the Holy Alliance, whose main object was to restore to Spain her lost colonies, which had declared their independence.

The "Doctrine" was devised to check this movement.

President Monroe, in his message to Congress in December, 1823, made the following statement :

In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence.

He went on to say that the United States "would consider any attempt" to interfere in South America "as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Monroe said a good deal more than this, but this was the gist of his message.

In effect it was : we have no intention of interfering in Europe, and we will not tolerate interference in the American continent—north<sup>1</sup> or south.

At the time no legislative sanction was given to this policy. A mere statement of what the United States was prepared to do was sufficient.

The Monroe Doctrine needed no ratification by European nations. There was not even a "scrap of paper." Yet it has been proved time and again that this manifesto by an American President is as virile a policy as any that was ever signed, sealed and delivered.

It was enforced against Maximilian, the puppet emperor of Mexico, a Habsburg, who was pitchforked into the country against the will of the people.

Europe has several times been reminded that the islands, such as Cuba and the Hawaiian Islands, are included in the scheme.

In 1895 there was a dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela about the boundary line. The Monroe Doctrine

was applied by President Cleveland when he intervened to propose a commission of inquiry. In the end the matter was submitted to arbitration, and Britain got practically all she had demanded.

James Monroe was born on April 28th, 1758, on Monroe's Creek, a tributary of the Potomac, in Virginia. His father was of Scottish and his mother of Welsh descent. He fought in the War of Independence, and took part in several battles.

In 1780 he began to study law under Thomas Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, and in 1782 he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates. He served in Congress from 1783 to 1786 and then began to practise law at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Three years later he became a member of the United States Senate, and although he was a keen opponent of Washington, the latter nominated him as Minister of France.

It was known that Monroe had French sympathies, and it was thought that he would be well received by the French revolutionaries. America had little to complain about his treatment in France, but they complained bitterly about his advanced Republicanism and his tendency to favour French interests against those of the United States.

Thus two years later he was recalled to America. In his defence he published a pamphlet of 500 pages entitled "A View of the Conduct of the Executive in the Foreign Affairs of the United States."

Washington never forgave Monroe for this.

In 1799 Monroe re-entered the Virginia Legislature and became Governor of the State.

About this time there was much uneasiness because of Spain's restoration of Louisiana to France by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, and Monroe was sent to France to help the resident Minister to buy the territory at the mouth of the Mississippi, including the island of New Orleans. At the same time he was entrusted to help in the negotiations with Spain for the cession of East and West Florida.

On April 18th, 1803, Monroe became Minister to Great Britain, where he discussed the rights of neutrals, and even negotiated a treaty with the British Government which President Jefferson, however, refused to ratify.

Monroe himself had claims to the Presidency, but when he returned to America he found that he had been ignored in favour of Madison, who, however, made Monroe his Minister of State.

He retained this post until the war with England, during the last six months of which he was in charge of the War Department.

In 1817 Monroe was elected President, and in 1821 he was re-elected.

Among the events of his presidency were the Seminole War of 1817, the acquisition of the Floridas from Spain, and, of course, his enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine.

On the expiration of his second term he retired to his home at Oak Hill, Loudoun County, Virginia.

In his later years Monroe suffered considerable financial embarrassment as a result of neglecting his private affairs, and had to ask Congress to reimburse his expenses in the public service.

In 1826 Congress granted him \$30,000. After his death another appropriation was made for the purchase of his private papers.

Monroe died in New York on July 4th, 1831, while visiting his daughter.

## JULY 5TH

### *Daniel Mendoza*

THE rise of Daniel Mendoza, the great Jewish exponent of the art of fisticuffs, was synonymous with the fall of the "basher" and the "slugger".

Mendoza was the pioneer of the sparring exhibition tour, the first to commercialize boxing and to introduce brains instead of brawn as the dominant factor in the ring.

He headed a long line of great Jewish pugilists which included Elisha Crabble, 1788; Solomon Sodisky, 1789; Youssop, 1790; Ikey, the Pigg, 1790; Aby Belasco, 1797; Barney Aarons, 1800; Ikey Bittoon, 1801; Dutch Sam, 1804; and Ugly Borak, 1816.

All these fighters, following the precepts of Mendoza, gave away weight up to three stone and beat the best of the old school.

The traditions of Mendoza are maintained to this day, and many of the present champions are Jews or of Jewish extraction.

Mendoza's agility was amazing. It is said that it was acquired through dodging bricks thrown by prejudiced Gentiles in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel Road.

Daniel Mendoza was the son of an Oporto wine-merchant who was exiled from Portugal during the revolution of 1758. The family settled in Whitechapel Road, London, in complete obscurity and poverty.

Daniel was born at No. 93 in that thoroughfare on July 5th, 1764.

Although Mendoza senior stinted himself to give his boy a good education, he died before his plans for the boy could mature. The family were reduced to poverty, and Daniel, at an early age, was forced to go out to work to support his widowed mother, his brothers, and his sisters.

At the age of 13 he was errand boy at a Stepney foundry, but soon, owing to his admirable physique, he was taken into the anvil department. This work developed his biceps, and his strength was envied by the rest of the hands.

They taunted him about his religion, but he subdued them all with his fists.

He left the foundry at the age of 14, and became apprenticed to a glass-cutter. His employer was often drunk and seldom at his business, so that his son, a bully, had to take charge.

Mendoza records that this son forced him to do all kinds of menial tasks. One day the young Jew was sweeping out the shop when his employer's son began to abuse him. Daniel promptly gave him a hiding, and that ended his sojourn at the glass-cutter's.

By now, however, Daniel was beginning to get a thrill out of his conquests and, despite his mother's opposition, he went to various low-class boxing establishments, where he fought bouts for a few shillings a time; always Mendoza came out with flying colours.

At last he determined to become a professional boxer. He was an attractive-looking youth with an olive complexion and jet-black hair. He was welcomed at the boxing booths and was known by the name of "Frenchy" because of his foreign appearance. He always wore boxing gloves.

After a time he attracted the attention of the "Fancy." Once, in a club frequented by Mendoza, a coal-heaver challenged "any Jew" in the place to a fight. Mendoza accepted, and they fought for a purse of 20 guineas. Mendoza won.

After a series of unimportant fights the young Jew went to Northampton, where he opened a confectioner's shop.

Here he had occasion to give another bully a good hiding and his reputation was still further enhanced.

The business did not prosper and Daniel went back to London. Soon afterwards he was matched with Tom Tyne. The fight took place at Leytonstone for five guineas a side, and Mendoza met with his first reverse. He was 19 at the time and his opponent 22. The fight took an hour and a quarter, and when it seemed that Daniel was getting the worst of it his friends forced him to retire.

Mendoza was never satisfied with this fight. He declared that he would have won had his friends allowed him to go on.

The Prince of Wales (afterward George IV) now began to take an interest in the Jewish boxer. The Prince matched him against Sam Martin, the Bath Butcher, who had a great provincial reputation. The fight drew a big crowd at the Barnet racecourse in April, 1787. It took only half an hour to beat the Bath Butcher.

This was the fight which made Mendoza famous, for around the ringside were all the "Quality."

All the moneyed Jews in London began to back their hero and Mendoza had as many opponents as he could handle.

One of the most scientific boxers of the time was a certain "Gentleman" Humphries. Humphries had defeated the Bath Butcher in 105 minutes. A match was arranged between him and Mendoza and on paper it looked a good thing for the Jew.

The fight took place at Odiham, Hampshire, on January 9th, 1788. Never was a prize-ring so highly patronized. Sportsmen from all over the country travelled by coach to the ringside, and the "Bloods" plunged heavily on their respective champions.

Humphries when he appeared in the ring looked like a tailor's dummy. He was a past master in exhibiting the human figure to the best advantage. He had, however, a weakness—he guarded with the left and always struck with the right.

For a few minutes both fighters seemed paralysed. Neither was willing to make an opening. At last Mendoza sent in a right which, had it connected with Humphries's jaw, would have meant a knock-out. Unfortunately for Mendoza, he slipped and fell. He was soon on his feet, and the second blow had better luck. Humphries was sent to the ground, but recovered in time.

For a quarter of an hour Mendoza sent in sledge-hammer

blows, and the betting odds, which had been two to one against him, now turned to odds in his favour.

It was evident that Humphries was getting the worst of it, and when Mendoza was about to deliver a blow that would have ended the fight Humphries's second stepped in and received Mendoza's fist on his ribs.

There was an immediate cry of "Foul!" But the umpires ruled that the second was justified.

Humphries now took off his shoes because of the slippery ground, and put on a pair of woollen stockings. The fight continued with Mendoza slipping all over the place. Once he fell with his leg under him. Thereafter he continued the fight in great pain.

After 29 minutes it was obvious that Mendoza could not continue with a sprained ankle, and he was carried off the stage and taken to bed.

As an instance of the prejudice against Mendoza, it is necessary only to give two lines in a poem written about the fight. They were :

Down dropped the pallid Jew, and breathless sunk  
A battered mummy—an exhausted trunk.

The two men met again at Stilton, Huntingdon, on May 6th, 1789. This time Mendoza won.

At Doncaster they met for the third time on September 29th, 1790. Five hundred guinea tickets were sold, and Humphries was again beaten.

In 1791 Mendoza toured Ireland, and in May of the following year he was matched against William Warr, of Bristol, at a venue near Croydon. In the fourteenth round Mendoza was knocked down violently, but came up again to win in the twenty-third.

The same two antagonists met at Bexley Common on November 12th, 1794, when Warr was defeated in 15 minutes.

The Duke of Hamilton, Lord Delaval, and many other famous people were present at Hornchurch on April 15th, 1795, when Mendoza lost to John Johnson in the ninth round. Johnson caught Mendoza by the hair and swung him round and the Jew was not able to continue.

On March 21st, 1806, he beat Henry Lee in 53 rounds.

On his last appearance, in July, 1820, Mendoza was defeated

by Tom Owen, a much younger man. In the same year he took a public benefit and retired to his public-house, the "Admiral Nelson," in Whitechapel.

Mendoza died in Horseshoe Alley, Petticoat Lane, London, on September 3rd, 1836. He left a wife and eleven children.

JULY 6TH

*Alexander Wilson*

Bury me in a rural spot where the birds may sing over my grave.

THAT pious wish of Alexander Wilson, Scottish poet and American ornithologist, was carried out. When he died on August 23rd, 1813, at Philadelphia, all the scientific men of the city, clergy of all denominations, and the members of the Columbian Society of Fine Arts followed the coffin to a leafy glade where he was laid to rest.

Biographical dictionaries have little to say of Wilson. Of his early struggles in Scotland they are conspicuously silent. Yet Wilson produced a work, *The American Ornithology*, which ranks among the finest works on natural history of any age or nation.

Like his great countryman, Burns, Wilson was satisfied to work "for the glorious privilege of being independent." He began life in an obscure way, and left it merely a humble man of art.

Wilson's life was a struggle against adverse circumstances.

He was born at Paisley on July 6th, 1766, and apprenticed to a weaver. Having worked his time, he began the wandering life of a pedlar with a miscellaneous assortment of articles of dress in demand by the peasants and farmers.

Tramping the dusty roads he composed lines of poetry—like Burns at his plough. In course of time these fragments took definite shape, and by the time he was 23 he had written enough to make a volume.

The idea then occurred to him that he might sell his poems as well as his goods.

Thus, in September, 1789, Wilson walked to Edinburgh, in order, as he relates, "to make one bold push for the united interests of pack and poems."

He had the prospectuses printed, and in his new role of pedlar-poet he set out for the east-coast towns soliciting orders



for the book which was to be produced as soon as the subscription was sufficient.

He met with many interesting experiences. People liked the sample of his poems that he exhibited, but few were rich enough to place an order.

One customer was a schoolmaster who, having ordered the book, insisted that half the purchase price should be "offered up at the shrine of Bacchus."

Wilson met with plenty of rebuffs, but he was not discouraged. At length he got a number of subscribers and returned to Paisley, where he induced a bookseller to produce the volume.

He now had to deliver the copies. Unfortunately the majority of his customers had refused to pay until the book was delivered, and he found many delinquents.

The result of the expedition was discouraging. He returned to Paisley and once more settled down at the loom.

One day he was told that a debating society at Edinburgh, called the Forum, was about to discuss poetry. He determined to take part. He worked extra time at the loom and saved the necessary funds.

Arriving just in time to take part in the debate, he distinguished himself, and was allowed to recite several of his poems.

Once more came the urge to popularize his efforts. He produced a second edition of his poems, and again went on the tramp, but with no better success than before.

About this time Wilson opened a correspondence with Burns and afterwards paid him a visit in Ayrshire.

In the year 1792 luck seemed to change, and a new poem, "Watty and Meg", was well received.

When, however, a dispute occurred between the manufacturers and weavers at Paisley, Wilson wrote an offensive satire called "The Shark or Lang Mills Detected," and was imprisoned.

He had, moreover, to burn his own poem on the steps of the gaol.

This incident, and the fact that he was known as a supporter of the French Revolution, led to his leaving Scotland.

He embarked at Belfast in a ship bound for Newcastle, Delaware, on July 14th, 1794. He arrived without a shilling in his pocket. His sole possession was a gun, which he shouldered and marched towards Philadelphia.

After a time he obtained casual work as a weaver, and then took to peddling, travelling over most of the State of New Jersey, but meeting with no more success than he had in Scotland.

His next enterprise was to open a school, and subsequently he was appointed headmaster of a State school near Philadelphia.

At this time he met a man named Bartram, who had a botanic garden near Wilson's residence. Through him Wilson became interested in ornithology as a hobby. Soon his house was filled with all sorts of wild life.

Wilson now conceived a plan to make an extensive tour on foot to Niagara, to gather knowledge of bird life. He studied drawing and colouring and the art of etching on copper.

Meanwhile, however, his scholars were getting fewer, but the trustees of the school, on hearing of the state of his affairs, subscribed for a sufficient number of pupils to maintain him.

His expedition to Niagara was not a success owing to bad weather. Later he was employed in the production of a cyclopaedia. The publisher of this work undertook to publish *The American Ornithology* so soon as it was ready.

This was the inducement that Wilson required. He spent many months writing, and in September, 1808, the first volume made its appearance.

The design and execution of this work have been described as magnificent. It was, however, so badly patronized that Wilson had to go on tramp again canvassing for orders.

He toured the Southern States for six months, obtaining few orders.

Nevertheless, the second volume appeared in January, 1810. A further tour was necessary, including a sail of 720 miles down the Ohio, which he accomplished unattended, suffering the utmost hardship and much illness.

Returning to Philadelphia he undertook the third volume. Early in 1813 the work had reached seven volumes.

It was a gigantic effort for one man, for Wilson even etched the plates and coloured the engravings. But it brought him no money. The only payment he received was for colouring his own plates!

He died through illness brought on by exposing himself in a swamp while in search of specimens.

Philadelphia mourned him and wore crape for thirty days.

JULY 7TH

*Earl of Arundel*

THOMAS, EARL OF ARUNDEL, was the first man in the country to form an important art collection.

While travelling in Italy he took a fancy to a large number of pieces of ancient Italian sculpture, medals, and other beautiful objects.

It has been said that the Earl was not really a lover of art, and Clarendon, the historian of the Civil War, says that he was illiterate.

But no other motive than love of art could have caused him to go to the expense of bringing over so many objects of art. Fortunately, at that time, they were abundant and could be obtained at moderate prices.

Lord Arundel employed many of the leading connoisseurs to assemble his collection, and the works of art were stored in and about his mansion, Arundel House, near Somerset House in the Strand. Among them were what have since become known as the Arundelian Marbles, which have had a curious history.

This collection, in its complete state, comprised 37 statues, 128 busts, and 250 inscribed marbles, besides sarcophagi, altars, gems, and fragments of ancient art.

A descendant of Lord Arundel, the then Duke of Norfolk, by Act of Parliament was empowered to let part of the site of Arundel House. The Royal Society, who held their meetings in the mansion, moved to Gresham House and took with them the library which the Duke presented to them.

As a part of the house was about to be pulled down, many of the marbles and statues were given to the University of Oxford, and they became known as the Arundel (or Oxford) Marbles. The cabinets and gems ultimately found their way into the Marlborough collection, and the pictures and drawings were sold and the coins and medals dispersed.

Many of the broken statues which were then thought to be useless were begged by Boyder Cuper, who had been gardener to the Arundel family, and were used by him to decorate a piece of garden which he had taken opposite Somerset House water-gate in the parish of Lambeth.

Cuper's garden was a holiday and evening resort, and the broken statues were greatly admired by visitors. A certain

Mr. Freeman, of Henley, and Mr. Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield, were struck with the beauty of the marbles, which were ultimately bought by Waller for £75.

There appear to have been many broken fragments of these marbles which eventually found their way to different parts of the country.

What would have been today's value of the Arundel collection is a matter of speculation. In 1700 it is known that the wife of the seventh Duke of Norfolk had a collection of cameos valued at £10,000.

Twenty years later another part of the collection was sold at Stafford House, and nearly £9000 was made. In 1831 the British Museum received a number of manuscripts that had been in the collection, and the famous bust of Homer came into the Museum's possession after passing through various hands.

Thomas Howard, second Earl of Arundel, and Earl of Surrey and of Norfolk, was formerly styled Lord Maltravers, owing to the attainder of his father, Philip Howard.

On the accession of James I, he was restored to his father's earldoms of Arundel and Surrey, and to the baronies of his grandfather, Thomas, fourth Earl of Norfolk.

He travelled extensively until the year 1615, when he joined the Church of England—the family had been Catholics—and was appointed a Privy Councillor. For five years he was an active member of the Government, but in 1621 he was sent to the Tower by the House of Lords for using violent language to Lord Spencer.

In 1624 he was again in trouble owing to his opposition to the war with Spain and his part in the Duke of Buckingham's impeachment. When his son married Lady Elizabeth Stewart without the approval of the King, Arundel was again imprisoned in the Tower by Charles I.

He was released at the instance of the House of Lords in June, 1626, but was confined to his house for two years.

Arundel, while supporting the demands of the Petition of Right, insisted upon the retention of certain of the King's powers. This appears to have reconciled him to the King, for he was again made a Privy Councillor.

Meanwhile Arundel had held many important offices. In 1621 he was appointed Earl Marshal, and two years later Constable of England. In 1625 he was made Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, and in 1635 of Surrey.

In 1638 Arundel supported the King in his demands from the Vintners, and was entrusted with the charge of the forces on the Border. He was alone among the peers in supporting the war with Scotland. He was made general of the King's forces in the first Bishops' War, and in August, 1640, became captain-general south of the Trent.

In 1641 Arundel was Lord High Steward at the trial of Strafford. Soon afterwards he became again estranged from the Court. He escorted home to France Mary de' Medici, and remained abroad for the rest of his life.

He took up permanent residence at Padua, but, nevertheless, contributed £34,000 to the King's cause when the Civil War broke out.

He died at Padua on June 6th, 1644, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, Henry Frederick.

Lord Arundel, who was born on July 7th, 1585, married, in 1606, Lady Aleathea, daughter and heiress of Gilbert Talbot, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury.

In 1849 the Arundel Society for promoting artistic knowledge was founded in his memory.

The earldom has since been merged in the Dukedom of Norfolk.

## JULY 8TH

### *Mr. Joseph Chamberlain*

THERE is not the same fire in Parliamentary debates as once was the case.

In the days of Burke, Fox, Pitt, and later Disraeli and Daniel O'Connell, the proceedings were enlivened by language which now would not be considered parliamentary.

Of recent years one of the most notable stormy petrels of the Commons was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He figured in many dramatic scenes in the days when the Boer War, Colonial Preference, Home Rule, and Chinese Labour were subjects that were exercising the minds of the people of the country.

On one occasion the Government's conduct of the Boer War was being criticized, and the Irish Members were in a particularly recalcitrant mood.

A demand had been made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for an estimate of the progress of the war. At the same

time the opposition leader had objected to the epithet of pro-Boer which had been levelled at his followers.

"The progress of the war," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is to be read in the daily papers and in the telegrams which are constantly coming in."

He went on to explain that many Boers were now fighting on the side of the British, and that one of them, General Vilonel, had written a letter to De Wet or Botha declaring that the enemies to their own country were those who were continuing the useless struggle against the British troops.

"Yes, but he is a traitor!" shouted Mr. Dillon, the Irish Member.

"No," replied Mr. Chamberlain. "The honourable gentleman is a good judge of traitors."

The furious Irishman, addressing the Speaker, said, "I want to know, sir, whether that is a parliamentary expression."

The Speaker replied that Mr. Dillon himself had interrupted by calling traitors those Boers fighting on the British side.

"I deprecate interruptions," continued the Speaker, "I deprecate retorts. If the honourable gentleman will not interrupt he will not be subjected to retorts."

"Then," Mr. Dillon exclaimed, "I desire to say that the right honourable gentleman is a damned liar."

The Speaker ordered Mr. Dillon to withdraw, but he refused.

He was named, the motion was put, and the honourable Member for East Mayo withdrew, with a low bow to the Chair.

This is an example of many such incidents in which Mr. Chamberlain was the assailed party.

During the progress of the Boer War, from 1899 to 1902, Mr. Chamberlain, as the statesman who had represented the Cabinet in the negotiations which led up to it, was constantly attacked by the Radicals, whom he called "Little Englanders" or pro-Boers.

If he was the bugbear of the Radicals, however, he was the hero of his own side. He was the backbone of the party in power, and his South African policy was amply justified by the City of London, who presented him with an address in a gold casket.

The Boer War over, Mr. Chamberlain introduced his Tariff Reform policy. It was another excuse for his opponents

to return to the attack. It was an idea which occurred to him following a tour in South Africa during which he arranged with leading Transvaal financiers for the floating of a loan. It had enabled him to look at the Empire from a new angle, and to contemplate a scheme for imperial commercial federation.

The movement grew quickly. There was a demand for an inquiry. Income tax was 11*d.* in the £1, and many believed that this form of taxation had reached saturation point.

Other forms of taxation were necessary, and Tariff Reform was worth consideration.

The result was the resignation of firm Free-traders from the Government and also that of Mr. Chamberlain himself, and Tariff Reform became a policy without a definite political label.

He opened his campaign at Glasgow. His proposals were (1) no tax on raw materials, (2) a small tax on food other than imported from the Colonies, and (3) a 10-per-cent. general tariff on imported manufactured goods. To meet a possible increase in the cost of living he advocated reduction of duties on tea, sugar, and other articles.

Although Mr. Chamberlain was now 67, nothing like such an intense campaign had been projected since the days of Gladstone's great Midlothian assault.

The bulk of the Unionists rallied round him. On the other hand, the country generally seemed unable to understand what Tariff Reform implied.

Moreover, he had lost a certain amount of popularity by resigning from the Government; he had split the Unionist Party and actually united the Liberals.

Having placed the scheme before the country, Mr. Chamberlain was anxious to test the nation's feeling, but, at the same time, did not want to embarrass Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Government.

In the end, however, he won over to his cause the Liberal-Unionist organization after the Free-traders had resigned. With this adjunct of strength it was suggested that a dissolution should be forced, but Mr. Chamberlain himself disagreed in view of the fact that Mr. Balfour was ready to adopt Tariff Reform at the new election.

It came in January, 1906, and wrecked the Unionist Party, the country having been stampeded by the "dear loaf" cry.

Mr. Chamberlain was returned for West Birmingham, while all the other divisions of that city voted solidly for Tariff Reform.

Mr. Balfour, the Premier, lost his seat, and had to be given the City of London.

Mr. Chamberlain was now taunted with having twice wrecked his party—first the Radical Party under Mr. Gladstone and now the Unionists under Mr. Balfour—but there were other policies beside tariffs which had undoubtedly contributed to the debacle. Questions such as Chinese slavery, resistance to the education proposals, and the Taff Vale judgment all had their share.

The failure to put over his policy was no doubt a contributory cause to a breakdown in health. He had a stroke and never spoke again in public. At the General Election of 1910 he was returned unopposed for West Birmingham again, while in the following February he made his last appearance in the House, when the Roll was signed for him by his son.

He died at his house at Highbury, Birmingham, on July 2nd, 1914, having been born on July 8th, 1836.

## JULY 9TH

### *Henry Hallam*

HENRY HALLAM, the famous historian, worked hard at Christ Church, Oxford. But having a small fortune of his own, when he left the University he was content to dabble.

He read law in chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted a member of the Middle Temple, being called to the Bar in 1802.

Moreover, he had the rare honour of being elected a bencher, though he was a non-practising barrister. Still dabbling, Hallam went in for literature, and was content to allow his political friends, the Whigs, to confer on him appointments, among them the sinecure of Commissioner of Stamps.

In this way Hallam continued to dabble until he was forty. Then he published his great work *View of Europe during the Middle Ages*.

At once Hallam jumped into prominence. He was created a D.C.L. and elected a fellow of the Royal, the Antiquarian,



and other societies. He also became a trustee of the British Museum, in which institution he took a keen interest.

It was ten years before Hallam again broke the silence with the *Constitutional History of England*, which was published in July, 1827. Described as the work of a "calm, conscientious Whig of the old school," it became a standard authority, was referred to in Parliament, and became a text-book at the Universities.

It had an important political influence, and even resulted in a better feeling between the rival parties.

The period included in the *Constitutional History* covered the time from Henry VII to George II.

A similar interval passed, and Hallam brought out the third and last of his important works, *Introduction to the Literature of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. As was the case with the others, this entailed an immense amount of labour and research.

All three works have passed through numerous editions.

Except for several bereavements the life of Hallam was without incident. He was retiring, and he had no money cares. He was fond of travel and the society of cultured people, who respected him highly.

His wife was the daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, of Clevedon, Somersetshire, and theirs was a happy union.

He was devotedly attached to his wife and children. But there appears to have been a physical weakness in the family, for only four of his many children survived early life. One of them died in Vienna. He was Arthur Henry, the subject of *In Memoriam*, a work that will preserve his name.

Arthur Henry had gone to the Continent in search of health, accompanied by his father. A pathetic picture has been painted by biographers of these two men, father and son, wandering from place to place, while the frame of the younger became more feeble, and the anxiety of the elder more profound.

In a publication of 1860, following the death of Henry Hallam, appeared the following story of the last hours of Arthur Henry and the grief of his father :

The travellers were returning to Vienna from Pesth. A damp day set in while they were on their journey. Again intermittent fever attacked the sensitive invalid, and, suddenly, mysteriously his life was ended.

It was the 15th September, 1833, and Arthur Hallam lay dead in his father's arms.

The tragedy of the father bringing home the corpse of his son is a moving episode. Arthur was buried in the old church at Clevedon at a spot that overlooks the Bristol Channel.

In 1834 Henry Hallam printed for private circulation among friends the *Remains* of his gifted son, together with a memoir of their author.

Like Edmund Burke, who also lost a favourite son, Hallam blamed Fate. He referred to himself as one "whose hopes on this side of the tomb are broken down for ever."

Yet there was more sorrow to come. In 1840 his wife died, and ten years later Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, another son, died abroad in almost similar circumstances. Just before this one of Hallam's daughters had died.

Henry Hallam lived another nine years, finding a little consolation in hard work. He lived with his remaining daughter, the wife of Colonel Cator of Pickhurst, Kent, until his death on January 21st, 1859. He was buried with his wife and children in Clevedon Church, in a still and sequestered situation on a bare hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel.

A statue was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1862.

Today is the anniversary of his birth, which took place in 1777.

JULY 10TH

### *Don Pantaleon Sa*

A CASE that has been considered a precedent in all matters concerning the privileges of ambassadors came to a close on July 10th, 1653, when a Portuguese nobleman named Don Pantaleon Sa was beheaded on Tower Hill.

This man was a brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, and on these grounds he claimed immunity from prosecution by the civil authority.

There were some remarkable circumstances connected with the affair as well as a peculiar coincidence.

In the days of the Commonwealth there existed on the south side of the Strand, London, a bazaar called the New Exchange. The site of this bazaar is now taken up by the buildings of the Adelphi.

One morning in November, 1652, a certain Englishman of good family named Gerard was walking in the Exchange, considering how best he could dispose of Oliver Cromwell, when a quarrel arose between him and a party of Portuguese.

The dispute at the outset was trivial, but it quickly developed. The Portuguese were speaking in French when Gerard, either by accident or design, bumped into one of them.

A Portuguese angrily remonstrated with Gerard, when the latter turned on him and charged him and his friends with speaking treason against England.

In a flash swords were out and Gerard and one of the foreigners were soon in the midst of a duel.

The fight attracted a crowd. The situation looked dangerous, when two Englishmen stepped forward and, placing themselves between the combatants, stopped the fight and ordered them to sheathe their swords.

Both sides attempted excuses. Gerard renewed his charge of treasonable utterances, while the Portuguese denied saying anything of the kind.

The foreigners were ushered out of the Exchange, one of them with a gash across his face. Gerard had a wound in his shoulder.

Next day a party of fifty Portuguese entered the New Exchange determined upon revenge. They were led by Don Pantaleon Sa. They paraded the walks looking for Englishmen, but there were few about at the time.

Those who were there, however, came in for a hot time. Four were badly wounded by the Portuguese, while a man named Greenaway, walking with his wife and sister, was mistaken for Gerard and shot through the head.

The New Exchange soon filled with an infuriated crowd. The Portuguese were driven out of the place and into their embassy, where they remained while the crowd surrounding the building began to throw missiles at the windows and threaten an attack on the inmates.

A company of the Horse Guard was called out under the command of Colonel Whaley and proceeded to disperse the mob. The soldiers forced their way into the embassy and were about to arrest the Portuguese, when Don Pantaleon declared that they enjoyed immunity from arrest as the embassy was a sanctuary which could not be violated.

Colonel Whaley was doubtful as to the law on the point and decided to submit the matter to Cromwell.

Cromwell's reply was characteristic. He said that if the criminals were not given up to the civil authority at once he would withdraw his soldiers and let the mob do their worst.

The Ambassador had no option but to hand his brother and the others over to the soldiers, who took away with them three Portuguese besides Pantaleon and an English boy. They were taken to the Guard House for the night and next day lodged in Newgate Prison.

The Portuguese colony in London soon began to take action to secure their release. They succeeded in getting the trial postponed time after time, until the justices lost patience and the offenders were brought before the Court on July 6th in the following year, charged with the crime of murder.

When asked to plead Don Pantaleon refused. He claimed immunity as an ambassador. He declared that he had authority to represent Portugal in the absence of his brother, the official Ambassador.

He was told that he would have to plead. In the event of his failing to do so he would be put in the press. This was a device in which a malefactor was clamped while weights were placed on his body until the agony caused him to give way.

Don Pantaleon thereupon pleaded not guilty.

The jury was a mixture of Englishmen and foreigners, but the verdict of guilty was unanimous and the execution of the accused men was fixed to take place on July 8th.

Meanwhile the Portuguese and other ambassadors took steps to prevent the hanging.

They pleaded, abused, and threatened in turn, but to no effect. The only answer that Cromwell would give was "blood has been shed and justice must be satisfied."

A respite of two days, however, was granted to Don Pantaleon. It was further agreed that he should be spared the disgrace of being hanged, on his brother, Don Guimarez, the Ambassador, declaring that he would rather kill his brother with his own sword.

While Don Pantaleon was in Newgate awaiting his trial, Gerard, the cause of the whole trouble, had proceeded with his conspiracy for the assassination of Cromwell.

He was discovered, arrested, and condemned to be hanged. In his case, too, as he was of gentle birth, the sentence was changed to beheading.

Thus on the morning of July 10th, Don Pantaleon, attended by a large number of Portuguese residents, was taken in a mourning-coach to Tower Hill. As the six horses with their burden arrived before the scaffold Don Pantaleon received a shock. Standing on the scaffold about to place his head on the block was Gerard!

It was no doubt a source of temporary satisfaction to Don Pantaleon to see the head of his enemy cut off with the axe, but this feeling of exultation was soon dispersed when the full realization of his predicament was brought home to him.

The three other Portuguese were eventually allowed to go free, but the English lad, about whose offence little is known, was hanged at Tyburn on the same day.

## JULY 11TH

### *Jack Cade*

ON Trinity Sunday, 1450, news was received in London that the people of Kent had risen in insurrection and that a large army was marching towards the City.

The leader of the revolutionaries was John Cade. He was also known as John Aylmer, a physician.

The man himself declared that his name was John Mortimer, and that he had been a captain under the Duke of York.

Matters in England were precarious. Most of the counties were ready to revolt against Henry VI.

His ministers were hated by the common people. It was said that some of them had taken bribes to release Orleans from the English; that Normandy had been lost through treason.

Trade with France had been stopped, and thus the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Sussex, and Oxford were badly hit.

Already a number of risings had been reported in Kent. Riotous meetings were being held everywhere.

In London seditious handbills were put on church doors. As a result five men died as traitors at Tyburn. One of them had declared that "London shall put the King from his Crown."

Parliament was sitting at Leicester when it heard that Jack Cade was marching on London. He was supported by many yeomen and squires.

They were coming to London, not as a revolutionary army but as a party of commoners with a petition. They themselves did not believe themselves to be rebels. On the other hand they were determined not to go back to their homes without some satisfaction.

Cade had issued a proclamation giving a list of their grievances, and had signed it "Captain of Kent."

Their statement included some curious complaints. They alleged that the lords of the blood royal were kept away from the person of the King; that the law was not used impartially.

A demand was made for the removal of "evil counsellors," the punishment of those who had been concerned in the recent murder of the Duke of Gloucester and the loss of the French possessions, the suppression of purveyance and the extortion of the tax-gatherers, and the repeal of the Statute of Labourers.

Most of the House of Commons were in favour of the proclamation. Not a few of the peers were in sympathy with the followers of Cade. It was almost a restatement of the articles drawn up in 1399 against Richard II.

The Court refused to concede any of the demands of Cade. The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Rivers were sent to London with a large force of soldiers prepared for war.

Behind them came the King, gathering another army as he made for the City.

In the meantime Jack Cade's crowd were assembling at Blackheath.

When the King arrived in London he sent a herald from Clerkenwell to request Cade and his people to return to their homes. They replied that they were there "for the King's right and the land."

The King thereupon ordered the Earl of Northumberland to march against the rebels.

The first brush between them went ill for the King's party. Cade was strongly entrenched at Blackheath.

Some of the King's advisers were in favour of compromise with the rebels, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham.

The King determined to ride against Cade on June 16th, but the Council advised a little delay, and the Bishop of Manchester rode out to Blackheath to discuss the matter with Cade.

"The Captain" declared "that his coming to the heath was not to do any harm, but to have the desires of the Commons in the Parliament fulfilled."

He was not against the King, but against "divers of his Council, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, suckers of his purse and robbers of his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to their enemies."

He named several Court officials including Lord Saye. He was given a patient hearing, and was promised that the abuses should stop.

They undertook, also, to bring the King's acceptance of the demands by a certain time.

But they did not return, and Cade began to get ready to fight. He ordered his men to fall back to Sevenoaks, taking their weapons with them.

When the King's men arrived they found Blackheath deserted. Some pushed on in pursuit of the rebels, but fell into an ambush, many of the leaders of Henry's army being slain.

The King heard of the failure of this encounter and halted at Greenwich until the Lancashire and Cheshire archers arrived.

They were the only standing army at the King's disposal. They reached Greenwich during the night, and Henry gave the order for Cade to be pursued.

Shakespeare, in the second part of "Henry VI," pictures Cade as a desperado. He was not quite that.

His demands were reasonable enough, and the atrocities committed by his men could not be laid at his door. He had insisted upon moderation, but when his mob reached the City they got out of hand.

The citizens of London then rose against Cade. The Tower garrison joined them in an attack on the rebels in Southwark.

The fight lasted all night. The contestants surged to and fro on London Bridge. Houses on the bridge were set alight. When morning dawned the bridge was clear with each side in occupation of one end of the bridge.

The Archbishop and the Bishop of Winchester arrived to obtain a compromise. They offered a free pardon to John Mortimer and to his followers if they would at once leave for home.

With this promise the rural army began to march back to Kent and Sussex.

When the danger was over the King's counsellors advised that the pardon to Jack Mortimer could not apply to Jack Cade.

A proclamation was issued offering 1000 marks reward for the arrest of Cade. On July 12th he was found in a garden in Sussex.

A fight took place between Cade and his pursuers. It ended with a sword being thrust into his side.

At Heathfield, in Sussex, a monument was erected, bearing the following inscription :

Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel, Jack Cade, by Alexander Iden, Sheriff of Kent, A.D. 1450. His body was carried to London, and his head fixed on London Bridge.

This is the success of all rebels, and this fortune chanceth ever to traitors.

## JULY 12TH

### *Desiderius Erasmus*

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS laid the egg of the Reformation but lacked the courage to hatch it.

He frankly admitted: "Let others affect the glory of martyrdom, I do not think myself worthy of that honour. . . . It was never my design to maintain truth at the danger of my life."

Although Luther actually carried out the principles which Erasmus had advocated, the latter would never take an active part in the movement. Perhaps age had something to do with his timidity. It has also been suggested that Pope Paul III flattered him with success.

A cardinal's hat was dangled before Erasmus, and though he refused it, the honour implied in the offer caused a lukewarm attitude to the Reformation.

Erasmus, in fact, had been as bitter towards the abuses in the Church as was Luther.

The Reformation can be directly traced to the writings of Erasmus, but when someone else achieved the very result that he had for years advocated, he was just as critical of the reformers as he had been of the monks.

Desiderius Erasmus was forced to become a monk at an early age. He was a son of unmarried parents, and when his father died, when young Erasmus was 13, his father's



family conspired to obtain the money which had been left to him in trust.

The trustees forced the boy into the convent of Bois-le-Duc, in Brabant. He was there three years, during which time he was treated with the utmost cruelty.

Steps were next taken to induce him to become a friar, but neither threats nor bribes were successful. Further periods at two other monasteries broke his spirit and he agreed to enter on a year's probation.

At the end of the time, he refused to go farther, but continued cajoling brought the desired result and he took the vows of an Augustinian monk.

In 1490, at the age of 23, he broke away from monastic control and became private secretary to a bishop. Two years later he took holy orders, entering, as he explained, "the glory of the priesthood and the shame."

A visit to Paris threw him upon his own resources. Apart from a miserable existence of bad food and vermin, the only incident in his life at this period was his friendship with Hector Boece, afterwards principal of King's College, Aberdeen, and his tutorship of the young Lord Mountjoy.

In 1497 he had to leave Paris because of the plague. He went to Orleans and then returned to Rotterdam, his birthplace.

A year later he came to England and became friendly with many eminent scholars, including Thomas More and Latimer. In his autobiography he mentions the pleasant manners of English women.

He studied at Oxford and taught at Cambridge, and soon earned a reputation as a man of great learning.

His *Adagia* published in 1500 astonished the literary world. In it he attacked the abuses of the Church, as well as other vices of the age both of priests and kings. This and another work were soon condemned by the Church.

In 1504 Erasmus was in Paris and two years later he was back in England, staying at Cambridge under the patronage of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

A visit to Italy—receiving a degree of Doctor of Divinity at Turin—a journey to Bologna and Florence were other incidents.

He then went to Rome, where he was well received by Pope Julius, who flattered him and released him from his monastic vows; but being unable to find a home in Rome he came back to England.

He took up his abode in the Augustinian convent at Canterbury, where he wrote other tracts against ecclesiastical manners and absurdities, which caused the wrath of the Church. He might have fared badly had it not been for Thomas More, who defended him against his assailants.

He dedicated some of his works to Henry VIII, and was appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity and afterwards Professor of Greek at Cambridge.

He was given the living of Adlington, near Ashford, Kent, but he resigned because "he could not feign to feed a flock whose tongue he knew not."

Dean Colet consulted Erasmus when founding his famous school of St. Paul's.

Erasmus, tiring of England, accepted an offer to go to the Court of Charles, Archduke of Austria, but soon resigned this post.

Basle was next his headquarters, and here he began his translation of the New Testament. He also translated into Greek a part of Revelations from the Latin version.

When the Reformation broke in Germany no man was more astounded than Erasmus. Though he had no love for the monks, the lengths to which the revolt was moving filled his heart with abhorrence.

He regretted the part he had played in bringing it about. He had anticipated a peaceful revolution, not the spilling of blood. He had visualized a stronger and more powerful Church of Rome, shorn of the abuses.

The attitude of Erasmus towards the activities of Luther was one of caution. He himself had been more fiercely assailed than Luther; when the attacks were transferred to the German he was relieved.

Asked for his opinion on Luther's movement, he gave no decided answer. Indeed, he advised him to compromise.

But Erasmus could not preserve neutrality. Having been the instrument which projected the revolution, he had either to condemn it or support it.

Erasmus was in a quandary. He was branded as a sneaking hypocrite, as a man without courage, by both parties.

At last he made up his mind to attack Luther. He replied to the reformer in two or three books, and when one of his followers was burned at the stake, he was even more anxious to propitiate the Church.

When the Mass was abolished at Basle he was called upon

to make a confession of his faith. He decided instead to retire from that city, and when the diet of Augsburg met in the following year to inquire into the activities of Luther, Erasmus pleaded ill-health and old age.

His health had been getting worse for some time, and racked with the pains of gout he was confined to the house.

On July 12th, 1536, he died at the age of 70, and was buried with great pomp in the cathedral at Basle, where a monument was erected to his memory by his friends.

## JULY 13TH

### *Buckingham Palace*

It used to be said of Buckingham Palace that it was the cheapest of all the royal residences.

It was "built for one sovereign and furnished for another."

This joke arose from the fact that William IV, in whose reign it was made ready for occupation, did not like either the situation or the building.

Queen Victoria, therefore, was the first monarch to reside there. But certain improvements and alterations had to be made before she was satisfied.

The present Palace occupies the site of what was known as the Mulberry Garden during the reign of Charles I and Charles II. It was then a fashionable resort and was named after the mulberry trees planted there by James I, one of whose many activities was the encouragement of silk-growing in Britain.

In furtherance of this scheme, King James imported many shiploads of young mulberry trees, some of which were planted in various parts of London. A few exist today.

But this speculation proved a failure, despite the appointment of Lord Aston as "Superintendent of the Mulberry Garden, near St. James's."

Mulberry Garden did not long remain popular, for on one part of it was built a mansion called Arlington House which was occupied by Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who is noted for having brought from Holland the first pound of tea imported into England, which cost him sixty shillings.

In 1703 Arlington House was demolished and the site

bought by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who built on it a red brick mansion called Buckingham House.

Here the Duke used to entertain frequently. He held an annual dinner at which he gave his spendthrift friends a good feed, and invariably proposed the toast: "May as many of us as remain unchanged until next spring meet here again!"

The Duke died in the house, but his widow, Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II by Catherine Sedley, continued to reside there after his death. Horace Walpole refers callously to her last hours:

Princess Buckingham is either dead or dying. She sent for Mr. Anstes and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before the pomp was come home. She said: "Why don't they send a canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though all the tassels are not finished."

But yesterday [continues Walpole] was the greatest stroke of all. She made her ladies vow to her that, if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead.

She was buried with great pomp in the Abbey by the side of her husband.

The house then came into the hands of Charles Herbert Sheffield, the Duke's natural son, on whom he had entailed it after the death of his legitimate heir.

George II was the next owner. In the second year of his reign he bought the place for £21,000, and went to live there. The King and Queen were so satisfied with their residence that they gave up St. James's Palace, which was kept for use only on Court days and other ceremonial occasions.

In 1775 the property came into the possession of Queen Charlotte in lieu of Somerset House, and it was thereafter known as the "Queen's House."

During the first two nights of the Gordon riots, George III sat up all night with several general officers in the Queen's Riding House. Messengers arrived every few minutes to report on the activities of the mob.

Meanwhile there were about 3000 troops in the Queen's Gardens and surrounding Buckingham House. On the first night the alarm was raised so suddenly that it was found impossible to obtain straw for the troops to lie upon. George III was told of the difficulty; whereupon he walked

between the lines of the men and said : "My lads, my crown cannot buy you straw tonight ; but depend upon it I have given orders that a sufficiency shall be here tomorrow forenoon. As a substitute for straw, my servants will instantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, to make your situation as comfortable as possible."

The King kept the men company until morning, walking in the garden and occasionally visiting the Queen and the children in the palace.

On being told that some of the mob were trying to get into St. James's Palace he forbade the troops to fire. The rioters caught hold of the bayonets of the soldiers, but were treated so good-humouredly that they actually dispersed for the night.

In one angle of the old house was an apartment in which were kept the cartoons of Raphael. These were later transferred to Windsor Castle and afterwards to the South Kensington Museum.

The saloon was fitted up as a throne-room, and here Queen Charlotte held her receptions.

Thus the "Queen's House" remained nothing more than a dowdy, red brick, unattractive building until the reign of George IV. Among the Queen's occasional visitors were Dr. Johnson and Josiah Wedgwood, the inventor of pottery, who was commanded from time to time to bring his best wares.

The present Buckingham Palace was begun in 1825 to the design of John Nash, by command of George IV. It was finished in the reign of William, but not occupied until the accession of Queen Victoria.

At first it was intended only to repair and enlarge the old building. Thus the old site was retained, tentative advances to Parliament for money to build a new palace being without result.

After Queen Victoria formally occupied Buckingham Palace on July 13th, 1837, many additions were made. An important improvement was the private chapel, which was built on the site of the old conservatory. This was consecrated in 1843. Four years later a sum of £150,000 was spent in further extensive additions.

In front of the central entrance to the Palace stood the Marble Arch, now at Hyde Park, whence it was removed in 1851.

JULY 14TH

*Storming the Bastille*

"To the Bastille!"

From sun-up on the morning of July 14th, 1789, this cry had been heard in the streets of Paris. At first it was half-hearted, but as the little scattered parties of citizens formed into larger contingents, joined others, and became a howling mob, it was a louder and more menacing roar.

"To the Bastille!"

Soon it was taken up by 150,000 throats.

Though few of the men were armed with anything more than sticks or brickbats—here and there a pike—they began their disorderly march towards the eight-turreted building symbolic of the power of the tyrannous Bourbons.

The grim old fortress lost a little of its sinister aspect in the morning sun.

The premeditated attack by the populace was no secret from the governor, Delaunay. But, standing on one of the pinnacles and looking down on the enormous crowd, Delaunay quaked.

Yet, hopefully, he thought of his pensioners and Swiss Guard, meagre though the garrison was. Could this unled, unarmed, misguided mob take the mighty Bastille? Absurd!

But the crowd were not all fools. "Arms!" they cried. "We must have arms!"

"Where are they to be found?" Someone discovered the secret. There were muskets at the Hôtel des Invalides!

So the National Volunteers, as they called themselves, flowed south-westward; for, if the guns were the King's, they were also the nation's. Nothing could be fairer than that.

At the Hôtel des Invalides there was no resistance. The Volunteers forced their way through the doors. Down in the cellar were the muskets, packed in straw.

There was a great scramble. Citizens fought one another for possession. The weaker patriots were trampled beneath the feet of the others. Those who triumphed marched gleefully into the street, their muskets at the slope.

"To the Bastille!"

It was a much different scene. The unruly crowd had become an army, marching four by four, the sun glinting on the barrels—28,000 of them.

Looking down, Delaunay was not sure of himself now. But he comforted himself with the thought that he had cannon; that on the battlements there were heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and other missiles.

The attackers were ready to parley. Would Delaunay surrender and save bloodshed? He replied that he would rather burn the place down.

Such defiance was not to be tolerated. There was a report of muskets, answered by the defenders. The attack on the Bastille had begun.

Down in the dungeons the seven prisoners heard the commotion. Two of them were insane and could not appreciate what it meant. The others did not care; they had looked death in the face long enough.

The seventy-four defenders of the Bastille made a gallant stand. In the first assault, when the first drawbridge was cut, 150 citizens were killed and wounded, while the besieged lost only one.

Thus the battle went on with tremendous casualties among the populace, until the arrival, with four field-pieces, of a contingent of troops who had gone over to the revolutionaries. These turned the tide of conflict.

Meanwhile, Delaunay attempted to blow up the fortress, but was stopped by one of his officers. There being no alternative, he gave the order for the second drawbridge to be lowered.

The crowd rushed in. Delaunay was thrown to the ground and killed. The fight had raged for four hours, and now the mystery of the great State prison was about to be revealed for the first time.

Bolts were broken, iron doors burst in, the dungeons and subterranean passages explored. From the deepest foundations to the battlements the mob surged on their tour of inspection.

On the walls they saw the names of prisoners who had lived and died in the fortress. But, contrary to general belief, the dungeons were almost empty.

The Volunteers had looked upon themselves as the deliverers of hundreds of poor victims of the monarchical régime. It was a hollow victory, for there were but seven.

They broke into the archives, and read the records of the many prisoners who had been shut in the Bastille. But they found no evidence to incriminate Louis XVI, for the monarch had already cleaned up the fortress. If there was

anything sinister there it was merely the spectres of the past.

The seven prisoners were brought out. Two were grey-headed men who had suffered punishment legitimately through the ordinary courts of law. They blinked as they looked with surprise at the sun and the mob.

One of the prisoners was Count de Solages, who had, thirty-two years before, been thrust into the Bastille by his father. Whether he was guilty of any crime was never known.

Four others had been confined in the prison for four years. They had been convicted of forging bills of exchange, and had been arrested in Holland on the demand of the bankers whom they had defrauded.

These seven prisoners were regarded as heroes by the populace. They were carried shoulder-high through the streets. Seven heads of the defenders were stuck on pikes, and included in the procession together with the keys of the fortress.

Paris slept peacefully on the night of July 14th. "All is over," said one citizen to another. It was the beginning of a golden era for France. But was it?

At the Court of the King there were whisperings of terror. The King himself was in ignorance of what had occurred.

It was late at night when the Duc de Liancourt arrived at the palace and gained access to the royal apartments.

He told the King the whole sordid story—the Bastille had fallen.

Louis XVI could not believe it. "But," said he, "that is a revolt."

"Sire," replied Liancourt, "it is not a revolt—it is a revolution."

## JULY 15TH

### *The Legend of St. Swithin*

SWITHIN, Bishop of Winchester, lay dying.

"Bury me in the churchyard—not in the church," he directed.

They complied with this request, and for a hundred years the rain from the church roof fell upon the modest grave and the feet of passers-by trampled over his bones.



In the year 964 the Winchester clergy became filled with remorse. Surely it was not right, they argued, that such a distinguished member of their fraternity should lie in almost a nameless grave. The matter must be put right at once.

On July 15th, therefore, the monks assembled to exhume the dead St. Swithin and carry the remains to the cathedral for reinterment beneath the high altar.

But no sooner had the ceremony begun than the heavens opened and the rain came down in torrents. The monks stampeded to shelter, and there they remained for forty days, not daring to leave the monastery.

Meanwhile the grave of the pious man was washed incessantly by the stream of water from the eaves.

There was much heart-searching in the refectory as the monks sat down to their meals by the light of candles, while the wind shrieked and the rain peppered and cleaned the grimy window-panes.

It was clear that the storm was a visitation which had prevented them from carrying out a particularly blasphemous act.

At the end of six weeks, when the storm had subsided, they proceeded to build a chapel over the grave, and it was here that many remarkable miracles were performed.

From this story—which, of course, is apocryphal—was built up the tradition :

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain :  
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Contrary to this fiction, there is evidence that the saint had no objection whatever to being translated to a more salubrious resting-place than the corner of the church wall.

Instead of a failure, the ceremony was conducted in the most propitious circumstances, and with the utmost pomp.

A magnificent shrine was built behind the high altar of Winchester Cathedral, and in it the bones were laid.

Swithin, or Swithun, was born near Winchester about the year 800. He became a monk of the Old Abbey of Winchester, and was gradually elevated to the position of prior.

It is said that he was the tutor of Ethelwulf, the son of Egbert, King of Wessex.

One of the few authentic records of Swithin is a charter granted by King Egbert in 838, bearing the signatures of Elmstan, bishop, and Swithin, deacon.

When Ethelwulf succeeded to the crown of Wessex, Swithin was appointed counsellor to the King, and on the death of Elmstan he received the See of Winchester. Through his energies great improvements were made in the city. Several churches were built, and the River Itchen was spanned by a stone bridge.

Swithin accompanied Alfred (the Great), son of Ethelwulf, on a pilgrimage to Rome, and also acted as mediator between the King and his other son, Ethelbald, who had rebelled against his father.

Swithin enlarged and decorated his cathedral, and drew up and edited the Latin annals of his See.

His death is believed to have been brought about by the ravages of the Vikings.

In 860 a large fleet of ships under the sea-king Vœlund sailed up Southampton Water, and the soldiers marched on Winchester. Taken by surprise, the city was sacked. The Vikings loaded themselves with plunder and gave themselves up to an orgy of murder, arson, and drunkenness.

But as the Vikings lay in a comatose condition not far from the walls of the smoking city, Ethelwulf fell upon them, chased them into the sea, and recovered the plunder.

Serious damage was done to the cathedral. Two years later, after strenuous efforts to restore the building and compose his scattered flock, Swithin died of a broken heart.

It is authenticated that Swithin chose the churchyard for his burial place. There was at the time a superstitious prejudice against being buried in that part of the enclosure, and it is said that he gave the order to dispel superstition.

Fictitious stories were circulated as to the wonderful miracles that were being done by the dead Swithin. It was said that a poor smith had been visited by his ghost, and instructed to go to the then Bishop Ethelwold to plead for the removal of the bones.

Meanwhile wonderful miracles took place at the tomb. A deformed man was cured, a blind man received his sight, and many others were relieved of their ailments.

The miracles were duly reported to King Edgar, who immediately gave instructions for the translation of the relics of St. Swithin to the interior of the cathedral.

The church had been dedicated to the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, but a few years later St. Swithin became the patron saint, and continued in that capacity until the time of Henry VIII, who ordered, instead, the substitution of the name Holy Trinity.

On the occasion of the translation of the relics on July 15th, 971, a great feast took place.

Swithin was never officially canonized, and he is therefore one of those pious ecclesiastics known as "home-made saints."

There is good reason to believe that it was a particularly fine day when the ceremony was held. Thus it is difficult to understand how the St. Swithin's Day story originated.

It has been suggested that a storm did take place at about this time, and it became associated with Swithin. The tradition is not confined to England. Two French saints have a similar application.

## JULY 16TH

### *Anne Askew*

OF all the executions that took place during the reign of Henry VIII, the burning of Anne Askew, or Kyme, the young wife of a Lincolnshire landowner, was the worst of the whole series.

It was on the morning of July 16th, 1546, that a large crowd assembled at Smithfield, beneath the shadow of the church of St. Bartholomew, to witness the burning of Anne Askew and three other martyrs.

The distinguished nature of the company, who were accommodated with a good view of the proceedings from a specially erected gallery, indicated the importance attached to the death of this poor woman, whose offence was declared to be heresy.

But there was much more behind the affair than a refusal to conform to the dogma of the Church. The interminable domestic strife of Henry was working up again into another crisis—this time with Catherine Parr.

The crackling of the faggots at Smithfield as they consumed the body of the woman who had held the Reformed faith were in the nature of a warning to the Queen.

For the supposed connection of Anne Askew with

Catherine had caused her to be singled out for the purpose of forcing her into a confession that the Queen, too, held heretical views.

The torture on the rack of Anne Askew has been disputed, but it is substantiated by her own story and contemporary chroniclers. She endured these inflictions without implicating the Queen, and she went to her death subsequently condemning no one.

Anne, who was born at Stallingborough, about 1521, was the second daughter of Sir William Askew, of South Kelsey, Lincoln. Her elder sister was betrothed by her parents to Thomas Kyme, a Lincolnshire Justice of the Peace.

When she died before the marriage could take place, the younger Anne was forced to take her place.

Anne is said to have had two children by Kyme, but she and her husband quarrelled on the question of religion.

She was beautiful, intellectual, and high-spirited, and no doubt adopted an independent attitude on the subject. Eventually her husband turned her out of doors, and she came to London to sue for a separation.

She appears to have known many influential women in London, and she became a friend of Catherine Parr, who was almost (if not quite) a convert to the views held by Anne.

Anne distributed books and tracts issued by the Reformers, and Catherine was caught reading some of these by her lord and master.

Henry had actually ordered Chancellor Wriothlesley to come with forty men of the guard and arrest his wife, but she, being craftier than his previous wives, got round him. Thus, when Wriothlesley appeared with his guard, he was called knave, fool, and beast for his pains.

Wriothlesley did not forget this indignity, and determined to be avenged on the Queen in some way or other.

His opportunity came when Anne Askew was arrested, for it was he who applied the rack in the Tower to extort a confession from Anne, in the hope that she would name the Queen.

Anne was tried at Guildhall at the instance of Bishop Bonner.

Bonner, the Bishop of London, drew up a form of recantation for Anne which he entered in his register. This

fact has led Catholic historians to declare that Anne did recant, but it seems clear that she refused to sign the form.

During her examination, Anne was asked how she had obtained food in prison. The question was designed to implicate others.

She replied: "My maid bemoaned my wretched condition to the apprentices in the streets, and some of them sent me money, but I never knew their names."

Pressed as to whether any of the ladies of the Court had sent her money, she said: "My maid once told me that a man in a blue coat had given her ten shillings for me, saying that they came from Lady Hertford; and at another time that a man in a violet coat had given her eight shillings for me, saying that they came from Lady Denny.

"Whether these accounts are true I have no knowledge."

She also denied that any member of the Council had secretly supported her.

With Anne there went to the stake two gentlemen of the Royal Household, William Morice, the King's Gentleman Usher, and Sir George Blagge, of the Privy Chamber.

The male victims were not tortured. Their offence was solely a matter of religious faith. Anne Askew's death was as much political as religious. It was brought about by the parties who had hoped to make her an instrument in their attacks on the Queen.

Among those present to see the end of Anne were Wriothesley and Bishop Bonner, who had State seats near St. Bartholomew's Gate.

These men were most uncomfortable during the tragic scene; not because of remorse, but because they were afraid that the gunpowder hanging on the necks of the victims would injure them when it exploded!

JULY 17TH

### *Charlotte Corday*

It was a hot afternoon in July. As the Paris stage-coach rumbled its noisy way over the uneven road from the Norman town of Caen, the passengers alternately fanned themselves and dozed.

Sometimes they roused themselves sufficiently to enter into a conversation on the political situation of France. Most

of them praised the Mountain, that sinister party of the Left, which had ousted the moderate Girondins and established the Reign of Terror in Paris.

These patriotic travellers were indignant. Behind them, within the walls of Caen, were some of the Girondin deputies who had fled thither to escape the gory embrace of "The Maiden."

To think that Caen should have offered harbourage to such traitors!

"Long live the Mountain!" "Long live Marat!" And so to sleep again.

There was one in that drowsy diligence who refrained from taking part in the conversation.

Gazing steadily out of grey eyes that never wavered, Marie-Ann-Charlotte Corday d'Armand let them go on with their talk.

It would soon be "Down with Marat!" if she had her way.

Like Joan of Arc, this twenty-five-year-old daughter of France had had her visions. Sitting alone in the pretty garden of the provincial house in which she lived, she had steeped herself in the wisdom of the classics and absorbed the philosophy of the ages down to Voltaire.

In Caen she had got to know the escaped Girondin deputies, more particularly the hawk-nosed but debonair Barbaroux.

They had told her of the mighty struggle in the Convention between their own party and the Mountain led by Marat, the "Keeper of the People's Conscience."

They had emphasized the horrors of October 30th, when many Girondins had been guillotined and others had committed suicide to save themselves from the vengeance of the mob.

Although Marat had recently been unable to attend the meetings of the Convention, he still contrived to force his opinions on the populace through his writings as editor of *L'ami du Peuple*.

Sitting in his queer-shaped bath of tepid water, the only relief he could find for his ulcerated body, he continued to clamour incessantly for "heads" by means of his pen.

Charlotte had followed the activities of the various revolutionary parties, and her conception of a republic was on the lines of the moderate Girondins.

When the "Left" triumphed, she was convinced that liberty had been submerged in anarchy, and that Marat was the embodiment of evil.

"So long as Marat lives there will be no peace for France," she had declared.

And so, on this hot July day, Charlotte had emerged from her seclusion, leaving no word as to her real intentions. Her aunt could merely speculate as to her sudden departure, and wonder why Charlotte's Bible lay open at the story of Judith and Holofernes.

None saw her off. Her father would later receive a letter saying that she had gone to England, and that he must pardon but forget her.

At noon on Thursday, July 11th, the black spires of Paris came into view. Within an hour Charlotte had taken a room in a modest hotel. She went to bed and slept until the following morning.

"How fares Citoyen Marat?" she inquired of the concierge next day.

She was told that he was no longer able to go to the Convention. She spent the day attending the Convention and saw the Mountain at work condemning offenders to the guillotine.

Early on Saturday morning she bought a sheath-knife, ordered a hackney-coach, and drove to the home of Citoyen Marat.

Marat could not be seen; he was too ill. Anyway, what was her business with the "People's Friend"?

So Charlotte returned to her hotel and wrote a letter to Marat, which she sent by messenger.

She was from Caen, she said, where the Girondists were plotting revolution. She had news of them.

She wrote a longer message—a message to the people of France justifying what she was about to do.

I break no law in killing Marat. He stands condemned by the whole world, and so outside the pale of the law. . . .

Oh, friends of humanity, you will not regret a ravening beast who has drunk your blood! And you, sad aristocrats, so hardly treated by the Revolution, you will not regret him, for no bond existed between you.

Oh, my country, thy misfortunes rend my heart! . . .

Let my head, carried through Paris, be a rallying-point for all those who respect law. Let the Mountain—shaken already—

see its fall written in my blood. Let me be their final victim, so the avenging universe may declare that I have deserved well of humanity. . . .

Frenchmen, should my endeavour fail, I at least shall have pointed the way. You know your enemies—rise up, march and strike.

On the evening of July 17th she stole out of her hotel and was again driven to Marat's dingy apartment.

She was answered by the same disreputable servant, who would have turned her away.

But hearing her voice, Marat from inside exclaimed: "It is the Citoyenne from Caen! Admit her!"

Sitting in his slipper-bath with a three-footed stool by its side, Marat was reading the proofs of one of his manifestos clamouring for more slaughter.

"Be seated, my child. What of the traitors at Caen? Who are they?"

Charlotte gave some of their names.

"Ah! Barbaroux and Pétion!" he cried, writing their names on a tablet. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight."

Charlotte's hand was in her corsage.

"And the others?" demanded Marat.

There was no need for Charlotte to reply. With the speed of a tigress, she leaped and plunged the knife into the heart of the "People's Friend."

"Help!" he cried with his dying breath. But when the housekeeper arrived in the room Marat was dead. . . .

It is Wednesday—three days later.

The Palais de Justice is crowded. The mob have come to see the beautiful girl from Caen, the murderess of Marat.

A murmur of surprise is heard as she steps forward to be interrogated.

"All these questions are needless," she says impatiently. "I killed Marat."

"Who instigated you to do so?"

"No one," is the reply. "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country."

It is enough. Charlotte is led out.

On the same evening the dreaded tumbrel issues from the Abbaye Prison. Seated upon a form is Charlotte in the unmistakable red smock of the murderess.



There is no sign of repentance on her face. She is as calm as she was in the Paris coach.

The cart rumbles over the cobbles to the Place de la Révolution. The atmosphere is oppressive; away in the distance there is a clap of thunder. A few drops of rain herald the approach of a storm.

"Do not bind my feet," she implores the executioner. But, being persuaded, she submits.

It is soon over, and the executioner raises the head by the hair.

JULY 18TH

*Francesca Petrarch*

As Dante was inspired by his Beatrice, so Petrarch was inspired by his Laura.

But Laura had even less substance than Beatrice. She is shrouded in a veil of mystery, and one wonders whether this beautiful, golden-haired girl ever existed outside the poet's own imagination.

Petrarch's yearning for Laura is the theme running through his Italian poems. She seems to have been an ideal rather than an individual.

The only authenticated Laura in Petrarch's life was a married woman, who fell very short of the paragon of whom he writes.

Nevertheless, there is Petrarch's own story that this lady altered the whole tenor of his life.

The following is substantially the story of the romance.

On Good Friday, April 6th, 1327, Petrarch sat in a pew in the church of St. Clara, Avignon, when he first saw his vision of loveliness.

He was then 23 years of age and impressionable.

He was first attracted by her eyes, then her voice singing so sweetly the church music.

Petrarch was enthralled. Every characteristic of Laura is set down by the poet—her exquisite hands, the dainty glove, the melodious voice and the rippling laughter.

He notes her paleness, and her shimmering golden hair.

A love-lorn swain, he lingered near her house, hoping to catch a glimpse of her in her garden. Even the washing of her veil by a servant gave him a thrill.

Once he saw his beloved with a party of other damsels. It resembled a sun surrounded by stars.

Attempts have been made to identify Laura. One writer declares that she was the daughter of Audebert de Noves, syndic of Avignon. But, alas! this Laura was a married woman, the wife of Hugh, son of Paul de Sade.

Petrarch's own story of the romance is full of inaccuracies and inconsistencies.

He records that it was on Good Friday, April 6th, 1327, that he first saw Laura. This was impossible as Good Friday did not fall on that date. It was Monday in Holy Week.

It was a strange coincidence, too, that she should die of the plague on April 6th, 1348.

The girl may have been nothing more than an ideal which the poet made use of for 21 years and then decided to bury in oblivion.

The only evidence that a flesh-and-blood Laura existed is an effigy in stone which is supposed to have been placed in the Casa Peruzzi at Florence. Inscribed on the back were words attributed to Petrarch.

For all his heart-burnings and pining for Laura, however, he lived for some years with a mistress.

Petrarch was one of the four most distinguished of Italian poets and was born at Arezzo in Tuscany on July 20th, 1304. Like many other important families, that of Petrarch was among those which made up the Bianchi faction sent into exile in 1302. Thus Petrarch was born away from his native land. In 1312 the family moved to Avignon, where under Clement V the papal Court was held.

The boy Francesco was sent to universities, and afterwards studied law. On his father's death he gave up a profession that was distasteful.

At the age of 22 he began to study for the Church and was introduced to the corrupt gaieties of the Court of Pope John XXII.

Petrarch, however, took little part in the frivolities. What inclination he may have had to do so was dispelled by the meeting with Laura. When she came into his life, it changed his whole outlook.

It is said that between the years 1330 and 1334, his passion for her was such that he had to make frequent excursions into Italy in an attempt to drown it.

In 1336 Petrarch left Avignon and went to Rome, where he

stayed a short period exploring the Eternal City. Returning to Avignon, he remained for a few months and then took a house at Cacluse. Here he began the Latin poem "Africa," detailing the exploits of Scipio in the second Punic War.

For this he was awarded the laurel crown.

In August, 1340, he received an invitation from the Senate of Rome to go and be crowned Poet Laureate. On the same day he received a letter from the Chancellor of the University of Paris, offering him a similar honour in France.

He could not accept both honours, so he preferred the first.

In March, 1341, he arrived at the Court of Robert, King of Naples and Jerusalem, to give an exhibition of his powers. For three days he was examined on poetry and science and declared worthy of the laurel.

On Easter Day following, Petrarch delivered a flowery oration, after which he was crowned with the laurel wreath before a huge crowd of Roman citizens.

In 1342 Petrarch was sent as Ambassador to France by the Roman Senate, to congratulate Clement VI on attaining the papal crown. Next year Clement sent him on a mission to Queen Giovanni of Naples.

In 1348 plague broke out over nearly the whole of Europe, and Laura fell a victim, exactly 21 years to the day, year, and hour that Petrarch had first seen her in church.

The poet records that he was at Verona when he received news of her death, and for a long time afterwards he is represented as being unable to open his mouth to speak, refusing meals unless pressed by his friends.

After her death he composed the second part of his "Canzoniere."

In 1370, Petrarch retired to Arquà, a village in the Luganean hills.

He made his last public appearance in 1373.

On July 18th, 1374, he was found dead, with his head resting on a book in his library.

JULY 19TH

*St. Vincent de Paul*

**THERE is nothing like personal experience of a horror to make a man wishful to carry out reforms.**

Two years' experience of slavery in a pirate galley was enough for Vincent de Paul to appreciate the terrible life endured by galley slaves.

When he rose to eminence in France, he it was who was responsible for carrying out a change in the conditions of these victims, although he was unable to abolish altogether the pernicious system.

Punishment in the galleys was the worst that could be inflicted on anyone. In the days of Vincent de Paul many thousands of French Protestants were doomed to this torture as well as the ordinary criminals.

It was while on a visit to Marseilles that Vincent de Paul first learned how the French were treating their religious, political, and criminal prisoners. Recalling what he had had to undergo he determined to ameliorate their condition.

The galleys were to be found all round the coast of France, but those at Marseilles had the worst reputation.

Offenders convicted in Paris had to walk to Marseilles, and the journey was so hazardous that three-quarters died on the road.

They were marched in gangs, carrying heavy irons, and sleeping at night in sheds, stables, and vaults.

They were chained in couples, with a thick chain, three feet long, in the middle of which was a round ring. They marched in file, couple behind couple, usually about 400 in a company.

As the weight of the chain was about 50 lb., there is no wonder that only a proportion of the prisoners reached their destination.

Often they were confined for the night in the dungeons of castles, their chains being attached to thick beams. They were unable to lie down at full length, nor could they sit or stand upright, the beams being too low.

Thus a prisoner was half sitting, half lying, part of his body being on the stone flooring and the other part on the beam.

Sometimes the prisoners were kept for three days in this position.

The galley was an even worse doom. They were chained to a bench, where they remained night and day with scarcely any clothing. In summer they were scorched by the sun and in winter frozen by the cold.

They were compelled to row at the utmost of their strength. If, through exhaustion, they laid down their oars, they were flogged with a bastinado.

The difficulties of making a reform were enormous, but after a time Vincent de Paul prevailed. There is some doubt as to who was responsible for these horrors. That it was not the ruling monarch, Louis XIII, is shown by the fact that after Vincent de Paul had obtained relief for the prisoners, he was appointed by the King to the office of Almoner-General. Soon afterwards Vincent was able to undertake a similar reform in the condition of the criminal population at Bordeaux.

Vincent de Paul is regarded by the Roman Catholic Church as one of the great heroes of the world. He was canonized in 1739 and his festival appointed for July 19th.

His effigy is conspicuous in thousands of French churches, and even at the corners of French streets. It is even to be found in many places in the poorer parts of the East End of London.

Generally the effigy depicts a tall old priest, wearing a tight-fitting little black cap. His features are those of a farm labourer. In his hand he holds a tiny slum child almost covered by the folds of his cloak.

He was the founder of the Order of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

He was born on April 24th, 1576, of a peasant family, being the youngest of six children.

Till his twelfth year he assisted his parents on their little farm. At great sacrifice they placed him in the care of the Convent of the Cordeliers at Acqs.

He devoted himself to the Church, was educated at the University of Toulouse, and in 1600 ordained priest.

He was offered a parish in his own diocese, but refused it to continue his theological studies. In 1604 he obtained a degree of Bachelor of Letters, with licence to lecture.

Soon afterwards a succession of heavy misfortunes began. Having taken a journey to the south coast of France to take up a legacy that had been left to him by a rich relative, he was returning by ship when the vessel was attacked by Tunisian pirates.

He was carried off captive to Tunis, robbed of all his money, flogged, and sold as a slave. For two years he worked for three different masters in the galleys.

He succeeded in escaping to France and liberty in 1607. Arriving in Paris he was again offered preferment, but decided instead to devote himself to the service of the sick of the capital.

His work in this direction attracted the attention of the French Court. About the same time he was accused by a fellow lodger of robbery. It was six years before he was cleared of this charge, through the real criminal confessing.

In 1613 he entered the family of the Count de Joigny, general of the galleys of France, to take charge of the education of his three sons. He continued in this service until 1624, and then began to organize his Brotherhoods of Charity in various dioceses of the country.

He founded at Chartres a new religious association called the "Congregation of the Missions," the object of which was to train preachers to assist the regular clergy in the Provinces. This scheme was sanctioned by a bull of Pope Urban VIII.

In 1632 he began a more intensive work among the poor. Accepting charge of the priory of St. Lazarus, he was influential in seeing this small order greatly increased.

But his most important foundation for the relief of human misery was that of the Sisters of Charity, which spread to all Roman Catholic countries, as well as—in a modified form—to Protestant countries.

Vincent de Paul was the founder of hospitals for the sick poor and establishments for foundlings.

He attempted to reform prisons, and had a capacity for making use of people who were regarded as the cast-offs of society.

When he was unable to move about on foot he visited the slums on an old pony. When he was too infirm to ride he used a carriage.

St. Vincent de Paul died on September 27th, 1660. His last words were, "He who hath begun a good work, the same will perform it unto the end."

His day is celebrated on July 19th.

## JULY 20TH

### *Joseph Bonaparte*

It is a pity that Joseph Bonaparte was dragged into the whirlpool of his brother's ambitions. Left to himself, he would have made an excellent civil administrator.

Joseph had little chance to show what he could do. His methods might have been more successful than his brother's.

But Napoleon insisted upon interfering, when Joseph, first as King of Naples and then of Spain, was not ruthless enough to satisfy him.

"Be firm!" Napoleon told his elder brother on more than one occasion. "These people in Italy, and in general all nations, if they do not find their masters, are disposed to rebellion and mutiny."

There was continual friction between the brothers. Neither had a male heir. Joseph, the elder, claimed to be recognized as heir to the Empire. Napoleon favoured the son of Louis Bonaparte.

Napoleon offered to make Joseph King of Lombardy if he would waive succession to the French throne. Joseph refused, but later he was consoled for a time with the thrones of Italy and Spain.

Joseph Bonaparte was born at Corte in Corsica on January 7th, 1768. He became a barrister and was elected a councillor of the municipality of Ajaccio.

He spent a short time in Paris during the Revolution, but, disgusted with the blood-lust of the Jacobins, he went to live at Marseilles. There he married Julie Clary, a merchant's daughter.

In the early days of Napoleon's campaign Joseph accompanied his brother. Later he took part in the French expedition for the recovery of Corsica from the Paolists, and helped with the reorganization of the island.

In 1797 he was appointed by the French Directory as minister to the Court of Parma. A few months afterwards he took a similar position at Rome. He was ordered by Napoleon and the Directory to encourage revolutionary movements in Italy.

On December 28th, 1797, a riot took place outside the French Embassy, which led to the death of the French general, Duphot. Joseph immediately left Rome.

Back in Paris, Joseph entered parliamentary life, and was elected for Corsica in the Council of Five Hundred. He made no success of politics, however, and retired in 1799.

For some time he appears to have been inactive, though his advice was sought by the Government.

As a diplomat Joseph showed genius. At Mortfontaine, his country home, he concluded the 1800 agreement with the United States. He was also chairman of the commission which negotiated the treaty of Luneville with Austria.

He was one of the representatives who discussed the treaty of Amiens with Lord Cornwallis in 1802.

This was a triumph of diplomacy which led to Napoleon becoming First Consul of France for life with a voice in the selection of his successor.

In May, 1803, came the rupture with England, a contingency which Joseph Bonaparte had fought against all along.

Two years later he was chief of the French government, while his brother was campaigning in Germany.

Next year he took a French force to Naples to expel the Bourbon dynasty from Southern Italy, with a promise that he should have the crown of Naples if he succeeded.

The conquest was accomplished in a few months. The Bourbon Court retired to Sicily, where it was protected by a British force.

On March 30th, 1806, Joseph was proclaimed King of Naples by Napoleon. At the same time he was allowed to consider himself heir to the Empire of France.

In the eyes of Napoleon, Joseph did not make a success of his administration in Italy. Letter after letter came from the Emperor enjoining greater firmness. But the new monarch had difficulties which Napoleon either did not care about or did not understand. Joseph had made a resolution to govern well, to secure the safety of property, the stability of commerce, and to give everyone equal rights.

This policy was not Napoleonic.

Moreover, Joseph did not always keep in mind the objects of his brother, which were to subdue and not to compromise.

After Joseph's death correspondence between him and Napoleon was published. The letters disclose that although Napoleon had his hands full all over Europe he could find time to advise his brother as to every little detail connected with the administration of Italy.

During his brief reign at Naples Joseph made many improvements. He abolished feudalism, reformed the monastic orders, reorganized the law, financial, and educational systems, and initiated public works.

"Justice demands that I should make this people as happy as the scourge of war will permit," he told his wife.

Suddenly he was called away from Italy by Napoleon to take the crown of Spain.

In that country his difficulties were greater. Although he



proclaimed to the people his benevolent intentions, there was no possibility of a reconciliation between Spain and France.

On July 20th, 1808, Joseph entered Madrid as King of Spain.

A few weeks afterwards, in August, 1808, he had to leave Spain hurriedly, because of the Spanish success at Baylen.

Reinstated by Napoleon later in the year, he was kept in a subordinate position. On four occasions he offered to abdicate, but Napoleon took no notice and ordered him to govern with more energy.

In 1810, the north and north-eastern provinces were placed under military dictators, independent of the authority of Joseph. The King protested, but was ignored, and became merely the instrument of the military power.

In April, 1811, he went to Paris either to get better terms or to abdicate.

He returned with a monthly subsidy of half a million francs, and the promise that the smallest of the French armies should be under his control.

On July 22nd, 1812, Wellington won his victory at Salamanca, and Joseph left his capital. Although the British retired later in the year, the King never regained his authority.

His reign came to an end finally next year when Wellington overthrew the chief French army, commanded by Joseph and Marshal Jourdan, at Vittoria.

Joseph bolted, was formally disgraced by his brother, and ordered to retire to his country estate.

“His behaviour has never ceased to bring misfortune on my army! It is time to make an end of it,” wrote Napoleon to his Minister of War.

Napoleon was no more satisfied with his brother's work as Lieutenant-General of France while he was conducting his campaign of 1814.

When Paris surrendered, Joseph retired.

When Napoleon delivered himself up to the commander of the *Bellerophon* at Rochefort, Joseph went to the United States. He settled in the state of New Jersey, and adopted the title of Comte de Survilliers.

Meanwhile he was still plotting for the safety of his brother and tried to perfect plans for his escape from St. Helena.

He remained in America for several years, then visited England, and for a time lived at Genoa and Florence. He died at Florence on July 28th, 1844.

JULY 21ST

*William, Lord Russell*

It would be difficult to find a more glaring injustice than the conviction and execution of Lord Russell for alleged complicity in the Rye House Plot.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields a tablet marks the spot where Russell met his death with the serenity of a hero and the demeanour of an innocent man.

To the end he was comforted by the ministrations of his wife.

Rye House Plot was the name given to the abortive conspiracy to murder Charles II and his brother James, Duke of York, in 1683. Rye House was an isolated house near Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. The scheme of the plotters was to murder the royal brothers as they returned from Newmarket to London.

The authorities were warned by informers, and several arrests were made, including Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, the Earl of Essex, and John Hampden.

These four were charged with forming a council of six to organize an insurrection. The other members of the council were the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Howard.

Essex, who might have made his escape, but preferred to stand by Russell, was afterwards found dead with his throat cut in the Tower.

Howard, who appears to have known more about the plot than anyone, was arrested in his house. He was found hiding inside a chimney.

He turned King's Evidence and disclosed that Lord Shaftesbury had plotted a revolt by the City, that a party of soldiers were to be brought from Taunton, and that a council of six, of which he was one, had been deputed to make the arrangements.

Lord Howard was one of the chief witnesses against Russell, but there is good reason to believe that his evidence was false. An old soldier named Rumbold, also one of the leaders of the plot, testified against Russell.

Lord Russell was brought to his trial on the day that the Earl of Essex was found dead. When the news was brought to the court, Lord Howard was giving his evidence. He stopped, and said that he could not go on "till he had given vent to his grief in some tears."

But he soon recovered and told his story, the gist of which was that Lord Russell had spoken of seizing the King's guards.

At the outset of the trial Lord Russell was asked if he would like a clerk to take down the evidence for him.

He turned, looked round the court, and then smiled. Facing the judge, he replied, "No ; my wife is here."

Throughout the whole of the proceedings Lady Russell took notes of the evidence.

Pemberton, the prosecuting counsel, opened his case fairly for the prisoner, but appears to have been egged on by Bloody Judge Jeffreys, who browbeat Russell and his witnesses in his best bullying style.

The jury was a "packed" one. They lost no time in bringing in a verdict against the prisoner.

On the morning of July 21st, 1683, Lord Russell was led out to his execution. Arriving at the scaffold, he handed the sheriff a paper with his valedictory statement.

In it he said he thought his sentence "very hard," and that killing by forms of law was the worst kind of murder.

He made a short address to the spectators, knelt in devotion, and laid his head on the block "without the least change of countenance."

It transpired afterwards that Russell might have escaped from prison. Lord Cavendish and the Duke of Monmouth both offered to take his place long enough for him to get away, but he would not let them endanger themselves.

Bishops Burnet and Tillotson and his wife were with him to the last.

Lady Russell lived another forty years, mourning the death of her husband.

Lord Russell was the son of William, fifth Earl of Bedford. By the death of his elder brother he became heir to the Earldom. After travelling on the Continent he was recalled home by his father to assist in the restoration of Charles II.

## JULY 22ND

### *Mendel*

ABOUT the middle of the nineteenth century an Austrian monk made scientific discoveries in the laws of heredity which might have changed the world's thought if any attention had been paid to them.

Gregor Johann Mendel published in 1870 a paper which dealt with his experiments on the breeding of peas. It was sent to various learned societies, including the Royal Society and the Linnean Society of London.

But the arrogance of the members of the scientific societies of that day was such that they refused to take any notice of the researches of this obscure monk. It is even doubtful whether Mendel's paper was ever read. It was not until 1890 that the paper was rediscovered.

Mendel's experiments were confined to the growth of peas in the abbey garden of the Augustinian monastery at Brunn, Silesia.

Mendel was the son of a peasant and was born in Austrian Silesia on July 22nd, 1822. The name suggests Jewish extraction, but it is probable that he was German. His father was keenly interested in plants; and Gregor inherited the same tendencies.

Gregor was a name which Mendel adopted after he was admitted to the Augustinian monastery at Brunn. He was ordained priest in 1847, studied at the University of Vienna, and returned to Brunn, where he taught for fifteen years in the school.

In the year 1868 he was elected Abbot of the monastery. Having much leisure he began experimental work in the garden of the monastery. He introduced various exotic plants, and carefully watched their behaviour under the new conditions.

When Darwin published his *Origin of Species* in 1859, the Philosophical Society at Brunn, to which Mendel belonged, was soon in possession of Darwin's theories, but Mendel himself had progressed far enough to take exception to some of them.

It was, in fact, the publication of Darwin's views which induced Mendel to go on with his researches. He persisted in his experiments with peas for eight years, and thus he was in a stronger position than Darwin, whose conclusions were based on nothing more than theories.

In 1865, 1866, and 1869, Mendel communicated the result of his experiments to the Brunn Society, but nobody took any notice.

Though his principal work was confined to peas, he had fifty hives of bees under observation.

He collected queen bees of every variety. To induce the

queens to mate in his room he had a space netted in. Unfortunately, his researches with bees have been lost. His notebooks disappeared, and it is probable that a great contribution to science has thus been dissipated.

Apart from his genetic experiments with peas, Mendel was a student of weather conditions. He was one of the first to connect sun-spots with atmospheric changes. He was also one of the best chess-players of his day, and the author of many problems.

He was active in his municipality, and was the organizer of a fire brigade in his town.

Mendel's chief title to fame rests on his paper "Experiments in Plant Hybridization." This was read before the Brunn Society in 1865, but excited little or no comment.

The word "hybrid" was a term used by Mendel to denote the offspring of two varieties.

He believed that the difference between species and varieties was merely one of degree.

Mendel's chief interest was in the mating of these hybrids and determining the different forms under which the offspring of hybrids appear.

He chose for his experiments the ordinary edible pea. He demonstrated that the saying "as like as two peas" was a fallacy. He studied 34 distinct varieties of peas, crossing tall peas with dwarfs. He was amazed with the result of these crosses for, instead of obtaining a fair average of tall and short plants as might have been expected, they were actually all tall.

But the most interesting part of his experiments was the result of mating these crosses. They came out in ratio of three tall to one short. When these tall were mated in turn, the first produced only tall, the second and third each three tall and one short. When the one short variety were mated they produced only shorts.

As Mendel's experiments extended over eight years, the resulting complications might be expected to confound anyone. Instead, he established a rule of heredity which he himself sums up in the following: "The offspring of the hybrids of each pair of differentiating characters are one-half hybrid again, while the other half are constant in equal proportions."

Mendel, being a business man—he was chairman of a bank in Brunn—was naturally disappointed that no notice was taken of his conclusions. Scientists were more ready to welcome theories rather than practical tests.

The last ten years of Mendel's life were unproductive. He suffered a long period of ill-health and mental depression.

He died at Brunn on January 6th, 1884.

Six years afterwards his paper was discovered. If a copy of it had been sent to Darwin when it was first written, it would have made a revolution in the history of 19th-century science.

## JULY 23RD

### *St. Bridget*

EXTRAORDINARY gifts are claimed for St. Bridget (or Birghitta) of Sweden.

It is said that she could detect the presence of sin by its smell.

When Queen Joanna of Naples required a man to fill the office of Controller of Exports a certain Antonio de Carlotto was recommended to her.

But unfortunately for Antonio, on his happening to come near Bridget, she detected the presence of his sinfulness by its odour.

Probably no other woman saint is credited with such powers. While in Naples she received many revelations regarding the moral lives of its leading inhabitants. As a result the archbishop called the sinners together to hear their vices proclaimed.

The higher ecclesiastics were exposed and reprimanded; the Neapolitan women who had a tendency to extravagant make-up were urged to dress more modestly.

The revelations caused a stir in Naples and an increase in the reputation of Bridget.

Bridget was not yet ten years old when she had her first vision. It served to confirm the story told by the priest of Rasbo, near Finstad Manor, Upland, Sweden, at the time of the child's birth. "Tonight," the priest had been told, "there will be born a child to whose voice the whole world will one day listen in admiration."

That was in the year 1302 or 1303. But there had been no sign that the golden-haired, blue-eyed girl would develop any unusual powers until she was nearly ten.

She was in the habit of staying behind in the chapel after Mass; but this was the only unusual characteristic about her.

One night she woke up from sleep and saw before her an

angel surrounded by light. In her outstretched hands was a crown. "Come and take this crown," the angel said. Having placed it on the child's head the angel disappeared.

About two years later she is said to have had a vision of Christ Himself.

The next important incident in her career was her marriage to Ulpho, Prince of Nericia. She was eighteen when her first child was born, and for the next sixteen years she hardly moved from her home.

At the age of thirty-nine Bridget was Mistress of the Household at the Swedish Court and there she remained for five years. But the morals of the royal family were distasteful, and she and her husband decided to take a pilgrimage across Europe.

They travelled in poverty and penitence with merely a staff, wallet, and drinking-bowl.

It was while they were in Spain that Bridget gained the reputation for being a saint.

One of the other pilgrims had a vision which confirmed the belief, and was immediately cured of a serious disease.

In the spring of 1341, Bridget and her husband were at Arras, in Flanders, when Ulpho fell sick. While praying in the church for her husband's life it was revealed to her that he would live. But Ulpho had made a vow that if his health were restored he would assume the habit of a monk.

He became a Cistercian, and within three years he was dead.

Bridget now clad herself in Franciscan attire and began a pilgrimage alone.

In the summer of 1345, she had a new revelation. She was commanded to go to the Swedish Court with a message to her cousin, King Magnus. There she remained for some time, advising the King how to govern his country.

About this time she began to receive visions through which she was able to learn of the immoral lives led by many of the clergy. Soon she obtained the reputation as a reformer of morals, and was able to alter many of the abuses that were common.

Bridget obtained from the King the grant of a royal park and a disused castle and established the monastic order of the Bridgetines. It included both nuns and monks under the same roof. It numbered sixty nuns, thirteen monks, four deacons, and eight lay brothers under the control of a lady abbess.

The rigid life which was led in the monastery was supposed

to render the inhabitants free from temptation. As the Order spread, however, strange stories were told of these communities.

At the age of forty-two, Bridget went to Rome. She allowed her house there to be used as a hospice for Scandinavian people, but being penniless she had to beg for bread to feed them.

Bridget, it is recorded, lived in Italy many years, ministering to the sick and carrying out important work for the Church. In 1372, when she was seventy years old, she made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and here she had further visions which she has set down in the book of her revelations.

On her return to Naples, the plague was raging in the city, and she was asked to use her power to bring about a cessation of the disease. She was visited by Queen Joanna, who gave her a large sum of gold.

In July, 1372, Bridget was taken ill, and on the feast of St. Mary Magdalene—July 22nd—she called her friends together and said farewell. She died the next day.

She was buried in a tomb in the Church of St. Lorenzo-in-Panisperna, and for many weeks the populace came and prayed beside the shrine. All who came there were benefited, and many were cured of their ills.

As Bridget had given instructions before death that her body was to be taken to Sweden, it was exhumed when the necessary permission could be obtained. When the coffin was opened it is said that there was a perfectly clean skeleton.

It was eighteen months later, however, that the procession carrying her bones began its long journey to Sweden. Across the Adriatic, through Bohemia and Poland to Dantzic, the remains were taken. On the way many miracles occurred.

By the middle of June, 1374, the coffin arrived off the coast of Sweden. It was borne into the cathedral of Linköping. Ultimately it found a final resting-place in the Abbey of the Order of Bridgetines, which she had founded.

## JULY 24TH

*John Philpot Curran*

WHEN John Philpot Curran was called before the Fellows at Trinity College, Dublin, to answer a complaint that he wore a dirty shirt, he pleaded that it was the only one he had.



Curran was born on July 24th, 1750, the son of the seneschal of the Manor Court at Newmarket, County Cork, Ireland. His father had not the means to send him to a good school, but the local rector sent him, at the age of nine, to the Middleton School.

Despite his recklessness and laziness, Curran managed to get to Trinity College. He studied law, and spent his leisure hours in the taprooms, where he was welcomed for his wit.

Curran spent two years at the Middle Temple, London, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1775.

In his second year in London he married. His wife brought him a small dowry.

For some years poverty dogged Curran's footsteps. There were no briefs, and Curran was to be found in the hall amusing the other barristers with his imitations and impressions of the judges.

Writing of that period of his life, he records the receipt of his first brief.

I had a family for whom I had no dinner [he says], and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence. I came home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, the first object that presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, and twenty gold guineas wrapped up beside it.

This was the turning point for Curran. His cross-examination in this case was remarkable for its skill. A perjured witness shook at Curran's denunciation. The barrister amused the judge and jury, and the audience were amazed by his eloquence.

He became a prominent figure in the Dublin courts, and was employed in many of the great cases of the time.

In 1782, he became King's Counsel. Next year he was returned for Kilbeggan in the Irish Parliament. But when he discovered that his political views did not coincide with those of the man who had been responsible for securing him the seat, he paid £1500 to buy another, and resigned Kilbeggan.

In Parliament he was not such a success as an orator as he had been in the courts.

Curran was the prior of what was called "The monks of the screw or the Order of St. Patrick," a political and convivial club which included barristers and Members of Parliament.

The meetings were conducted with fantastic ritual. The members met in a "convent" and wore a black domino.

Curran's first speech in Parliament was in December, 1783, when he spoke on the right of the Commons to originate money Bills.

Though a Protestant, Curran had a warm sympathy for the suffering Roman Catholics, and was eloquent in his appeals to Parliament to change the policy that was rapidly driving the Irish to revolution.

Once he was making a long speech, full of his usual fire, much to the delight of his admirers. Looking over the Treasury Bench at Fitzgibbon, then Attorney-General, he saw that that Minister was fast asleep.

"I envy his tranquillity," said Curran. "I do not feel myself so happily tempered as to be lulled to repose by the storms that shake the land. If they invite any to rest, that rest ought not to be lavished on the guilty spirit."

At this moment Fitzgibbon awoke, and was told what Curran had said. He replied in scornful tones. Curran challenged him to a duel.

They exchanged shots; neither was hit. They left the field together, reconciled.

In 1792, Curran was called upon to defend Archibald Hamilton Rowan. This was the first of a long series of State trials with which he was associated.

After the Irish rebellion of 1798, Curran was so much in demand as counsel for the defence in many of the prosecutions that suspicion sometimes fell upon him.

In many of the cases in which Curran appeared for the defence, the guilt of the prisoner was undeniable. All he could do was to see that the proper forms of law were obeyed.

Curran himself was saved from being convicted only through the friendship of Wolfe—afterwards Lord Kilwarden—who during the troublous period was first Attorney-General and then Chief Justice.

Wolfe remarked to him, "Dissociate yourself from this hopeless cause and desperate party. My office will soon be vacant for you, and then the way will be clear."

Curran replied that his fortunes were linked with his friends.

Curran did not sit in Parliament after 1797. The union of Ireland with Great Britain almost broke his heart, and he

spoke of leaving the country and going to America, or of practising at the English Bar.

At this time his daughter fell in love with the unfortunate Emmet, who was executed in 1803. She could not survive the shock, and pined and died.

On the death of Pitt, and the formation of the Fox ministry in 1806, Curran was given the office of Master of the Rolls, with a seat in the Privy Council.

He held this office until his retirement in 1814. Meanwhile his health was declining, and his spirits gradually lowering. Another domestic trouble added to his sorrow. His wife eloped with a clergyman.

Many witty sayings are attributed to Curran.

A judge once said to him: "Curran, do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?"

The question had been prompted by the refusal of the wig to lie straight on his head.

Curran's reply was: "Nothing but the head, my lord."

One day at dinner, he sat opposite Toler, known as the "hanging judge."

"Curran," said the judge, "is that hung-beef before you?"

"Do try it, my lord," replied Curran, "and then it's sure to be."

Curran died in London on October 14th, 1817.

JULY 25TH

*Charles Dibdin*

How many, among the thousands of people who have from time to time sung the words of the famous sea song,

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling  
The darling of the crew,

have known to whom the words refer?

"Tom Bowling" was Thomas Dibdin, the master of an Indiaman, and brother of the composer of the ballad, Charles Dibdin.

Charles was liable to break out into verse at any moment. Any tragedy or comedy of the sea was a suitable subject for his pen. His output was well over 1000 songs. Many are still popular today, but the majority are almost forgotten.

Although Charles Dibdin was a prolific writer of sea songs, his acquaintance with the ocean was brief. Having tried many ways of making a living, he at last decided to accept the pressing invitation of his brother to go East. He had actually sailed when the ship struck a gale and was forced back into Torbay.

Dibdin gave up the idea of going to India, and began giving musical entertainments at Torbay to the sailors.

He sang songs of his own composition, to the great delight of the seamen, and having made for himself a reputation at this port, he came up to London to see whether he could put over the same style of entertainment.

He took Hutchin's Auction Room in King Street, Covent Garden, and called his productions "Table Entertainments." He was the author, composer, narrator, singer, and accompanist. He afterward transferred to the Lyceum and brought out his "Oddities," which was an instantaneous success.

This programme contained, among others, his famous songs "Bachelors' Hall," "'Twas in the Good Ship Rover," "The Flowing Can," "Saturday Night at Sea," "Ben Backstay," "I Sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," "The Lamplighter," and "Tom Bowling."

Nearly all Dibdin's well-known sea songs were written for these entertainments.

At this stage of his career he might have retired with a considerable capital. He chose, however, to go into other enterprises, and in the end he was bankrupt.

His success with the sea songs came after a quarter of a century's experience of entertaining.

Dibdin was the eighteenth child of a Southampton silversmith, and his mother was nearly fifty years old at his birth in 1745.

Young Dibdin was sent to Winchester College to be educated for the Church, but having a passion for music he ran away to London.

While at Winchester, he sang in the choir, and Kent, the organist, composed anthems for him to sing; Dibdin also learned from Kent the rudiments of music. It was following his rejection for the post of organist at Bishop's Waltham, on account of his age, that he decided to leave Winchester.

His brother, who lived in London, obtained for him a post in the music warehouse of Johnson, in Cheapside, but he soon tired of it and obtained a part as singing actor at Covent Garden.

About the same time he started to write verses and music. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre encouraged him and suggested that he should try his hand at a musical play.

He promised to bring it out for Dibdin's own benefit. The result of this was the pastoral "The Shepherd's Artifice," which was produced on May 21st, 1764. Dibdin himself performed the part of Strephon when nineteen years old.

He obtained an engagement at Birmingham and played in the theatre, but in the following year was back at Covent Garden playing in the opera "Maid of the Mill."

He made an immediate hit, and was now established in the public favour.

In 1767 he composed part of the music for "Love in the City," and other pieces.

Next year he transferred to Drury Lane and composed the music of "The Padlock," and performed in it himself.

His next engagement was at Ranelagh Gardens, where he produced three musical pieces. In 1772 he was engaged for Sadler's Wells. He also continued at Drury Lane until he had a disagreement with Garrick, and then went to France for two years. On his return in June, 1778, he was appointed musical director of Covent Garden at £10 a week.

Four years later he was responsible for a new theatre called the Royal Circus (afterwards the Surrey Theatre) in Blackfriars Road. Dibdin was general manager and wrote numerous pieces and pantomimes for production there.

They had a successful first season, but in the second the various partners quarrelled, and Dibdin retired from the management.

It was three years before Dibdin could overcome the prejudice at Drury Lane. At last they agreed to bring out his opera "Liberty Hall."

His next enterprise was a theatre at Pentonville. The building was already begun when his application for a licence was refused. While he was arguing with the authorities a heavy gale of wind blew down the structure and put an end to the idea altogether.

As a result of these set-backs Dibdin determined to have done with London theatres and go to India, but, as already stated, he was blown back into Torbay.

In 1796 Dibdin opened the Sans Souci in Leicester Street, Leicester Square, with an entertainment called "The Whim

of the Moment." He remained there for four years and then built a small theatre in Leicester Place.

Dibdin was the author of *A History of the Stage*, in five volumes.

In 1805 Dibdin sold his theatre and retired from public life. He was granted a pension of £200, but this was withdrawn when a change of ministry occurred, and he opened a music shop.

This business soon failed and Dibdin became bankrupt. In 1810 a subscription was opened for him, and he was able to buy an annuity of £30 a year for himself, his wife, and his daughter. Later his pension was restored.

At the Haymarket Theatre in 1811 he brought out another play, called "Round Robin."

At the end of 1813 he was attacked with paralysis, and he died the following year on July 25th, at his house in Camden Town.

## JULY 26TH

### *General Williams*

ON a miserable morning in November, 1855, General William Fenwick Williams rode out of the Turkish fortress of Kars to negotiate with the Russians.

Williams had held Kars for six months against the Russian hordes. Now it was a question of capitulation.

This town in Turkish Armenia, 100 miles north-east of Erzerum, was regarded as an important strategic position during the Crimean War. The Russians were determined to take it at all costs, and had made one assault after another to break the resistance of the garrison.

It was not until the troops were no longer able to sustain the attacks, when horseflesh was reserved for the hospitals and cats had risen in price to 100 piastres each, that General Williams recognized that the situation was hopeless.

But as he drew near the Russian camp he became more determined not to submit to humiliating conditions.

General Williams was conducted into the presence of Mouravieff, the Russian commander. The Russian was in a position to dictate terms, but it was General Williams who laid down conditions.

"If you grant not these terms," he exclaimed, after a

short discussion, "every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you will then work your will on a famished crowd."

"I have no wish," Mouravieff replied, "to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army, which has covered itself with glory, and only yields to famine.

"Look here," he continued, pointing to a lump of bread and a small collection of roots, "what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms, in this severe climate, on food such as this !

"General Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity."

The surrender of Kars was thus arranged in a spirit of good feeling.

But Mouravieff did not know the extent of the garrison's plight.

It was a dejected company that made its way to the Russian camp on the morning of the 28th. Headed by General Williams and Colonel Lake, the prostrated Turkish troops took several hours to march the two or three miles. Many of them died of exhaustion on the way.

They were met by a detachment of cavalry, and the English officers were taken to Mouravieff's quarters.

The defence of Kars had been one of the most terrible episodes of the Crimean War. Though the Turks fought like devils, the preponderance of the Russian artillery was too much for them.

General Williams's comment on the Turks was : "They proved themselves worthy of the admiration of Europe, and established an undoubted claim to be placed among the most distinguished of its troops."

In battle after battle the Russian troops were driven from the neighbourhood of Kars, often retiring in disorder. In one conflict they lost 2500 dead and many thousands wounded.

For his defence of Kars, General Williams was made a Knight-Companion of the Bath by Queen Victoria. The Sultan of Turkey honoured him with the rank of Mushir, a full General in the Turkish Army.

William Fenwick Williams was born in Nova Scotia in 1800. He was brought to England at an early age by the

Duke of Kent. He entered the Academy of Artillery at Woolwich, and obtained a commission as second lieutenant in 1823. Four years later he became first lieutenant and in 1837 a captain.

He was employed for some time in Ceylon as geographer and engineer, and was then sent to Turkey, with the rank of major.

He was the commissioner for settling the boundary dispute between Russia and Turkey, and for ten years was engaged in the various conferences on similar questions. In 1852 he was awarded the Companionship of the Bath.

His next duty was to instruct the Turks in artillery practice, in view of the trouble which seemed to be reaching a crisis between Russia and Turkey.

When the war broke out, the English Government promoted him to colonel, and appointed him commissioner of the Turkish Army.

In very glowing terms the Sultan made him a "Ferik" or general of division and, not to be outdone, the British Government promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general. Soon afterwards he visited Kars with the object of ascertaining the situation there in view of a Russian attack which was almost certain.

The defence of Kars was important, for it was regarded as the military key to Asia Minor.

Williams soon found that the Turkish garrison in the town were not in a condition to withstand an attack from the Russians under Mouravieff, who were already assembling for the purpose.

The Turks were 16,000 strong, but badly trained and without adequate arms. General Williams used all his influence to force the Turkish Government to remedy matters, and succeeded in getting an improvement.

When the Russians attacked they proved to be an exceptionally well-disciplined and powerful force.

Williams himself wrote :

Nothing could be more perfect than the handling of the enemy's army as it advanced upon the front of our entrenchments.

Nevertheless, the defence of the fortress was such that it is doubtful whether the Russians would ever have taken it by assault. Starvation caused the defeat of the Turks.



When General Williams was released at the end of the war he was given a baronetcy with a like pension, the K.C.B., the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour and of the Turkish Medjidie, the freedom of the City of London with a sword of honour, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. of Oxford University.

His death occurred in London on July 26th, 1883.

JULY 27TH

### *The Bank of England*

THE first English bankers were Jews.

Compelled to flee the country, their place was taken by the Lombards, a name which included the merchants and goldsmiths of Genoa, Florence, and Venice.

They fared no better than the Jews. They were rich strangers, and that was enough for Edward I who, in one swoop, seized their property and estates.

But they were not to be suppressed. They arose again out of the ruins of their businesses and flourished, so that in the 15th century they were able to make a big loan to the State on the security of the Customs.

Before the days of banking English kings were glad to accept loans from the big merchants.

Up to the time of Charles I, the only facility for the depositing of money was at the Mint, which was then in the Tower of London. In his reign there was about £200,000 in the fortress. He seized the lot and called it a loan.

The whole of the banking business was at this time handed over to the goldsmiths.

There were many merchants, however, who distrusted the goldsmiths, and during the Civil War they hid their money the best way they could.

When it was certain that the King would be beaten, the citizens unearthed their cash and handed it over to the goldsmiths, who now gave interest for the money placed in their care.

As might be expected, the goldsmiths grew rich. They introduced a little craft into their business. On the grounds of patriotism they lent Cromwell money, but saw to it that they got a good interest.

When the Dutch sailed up the Medway there was panic

in the City and a "run" on the goldsmiths. But they stood as firm as any bank, and were able to meet all demands.

Their capital increased at such a rate that in a few years they had £1,300,000 deposited in the Exchequer. Charles II had a better haul than his father when he seized the lot.

But the goldsmiths did not intend to take this sitting down. They raised such a clamour that Charles had to give them six per cent interest.

This was tantamount to an admission that it had been a loan, and in the days of William III the goldsmiths were receiving three per cent on this money.

The financial genius behind the formation of the Bank of England was William Paterson, who was born in 1658 of good family at Lochnaber, in Dumfriesshire.

Paterson is said to have been one of the Scottish Covenanters, actually preaching at conventicles. His complete career is not known, but there is evidence that he lived in Holland for some time, that he was a merchant in New Providence, in the Bahamas, and was one of the partners in the raising of a Spanish galleon, which netted him and his collaborators £300,000 worth of sunken treasure.

It has been said by some authors that Paterson was a buccaneer, which seems the antithesis to a Covenanter. There is, however, little truth in this, although he may have had an extraordinary knowledge of the ports of the Spanish Main.

Paterson was a zealous supporter of the Revolution of 1688, and later he was connected with the foundation of a Board of Trade.

A Bank of England was discussed during the days of Cromwell, and soon after the Restoration it was widely advocated, but it was not until 1691 that a tangible proposition was made.

The Government wanted to borrow £1,200,000 at eight per cent. To encourage capitalists to subscribe to the loan the lenders were to be incorporated by the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

Neither the Government nor the Opposition favoured the scheme, and the Bank Bill would have been killed in the Privy Council but for Queen Mary, who, on the strength of a letter from her husband in Flanders, pressed it through after a six hours' sitting.

Whigs and Tories, goldsmiths and pawnbrokers resolutely opposed the scheme. They declared that the whole wealth of

the nation would be in the hands of the King. The governor and directors of the new company would have more power over the nation's purse than the House of Commons.

The Bill was carried through the House of Commons by Charles Montague, afterwards First Lord of the Treasury, and the Bank was incorporated on July 27th, 1694.

The Bank had a crisis two years after it was incorporated. Money was short; rich people lived on credit. The stock of the Bank of England fell rapidly from 110 to 83. The goldsmiths now thought it a good opportunity to kill the new system of banking.

They crowded to Grocers' Hall, where the Bank was located, and demanded their deposits. The Bank paid their ordinary creditors, but refused the goldsmiths.

The goldsmiths retaliated by issuing scurrilous pamphlets, but in the end the Bank survived.

The crisis had been brought on by the giving and allowing of exorbitant interest, making bad bargains, and by the debasing and corrupting of coin.

Paterson, who was one of the first directors of the Bank, failed to agree with his colleagues on the way business should be conducted, and he sold out.

In subsequent years the Bank suffered other crises. In 1700 there was the fear of Louis XIV of France; in 1707 the threat of an invasion by the Pretender. The Bank of England stock fell once more, and the goldsmiths resumed the offensive.

But the leading Whigs came forward to help. The nobility sent coaches to the Bank loaded with hoarded guineas. The credit of the Bank was saved.

The Bank was in danger during the Tory riots of 1709, but the rioters were dispersed by Queen Anne's own guards. In 1720 the directors of the Bank tried to save the South Sea Bubble Company, but failed.

In 1752 "Three-per-cent Consols" were founded, and in 1759 banknotes of smaller denomination than £20 were issued.

The Bank of England was attacked during the Gordon Riots of 1780, but the mob were eventually defeated.

In 1784 a rogue known as "Old Patch" secured £200,000 from the Bank by means of forgeries. He made his own banknotes, assumed many disguises, and passed his notes with the aid of his mistress or boys hired from the streets.

His specimens were perfect, but he was caught in the end.

He was thrown into prison, where he hanged himself.

JULY 28TH

*The Duc de Treviso*

ON the afternoon of July 28th, 1835, Louis Philippe of France was reviewing the National Guard on the Boulevard du Temple, accompanied by his three sons, when a mighty explosion occurred.

Everything was thrown into confusion. Horses bolted, the crowds took to their heels; the King's charger reared up and almost threw the royal rider, and many people fell writhing in agony.

When something like order was restored it was found that Marshal Mortier, Duc de Treviso, one of Napoleon's famous marshals, lay dead. The King and his sons had had marvellous escapes.

Struggling in the grip of members of the National Guard was a man who afterwards proved to be named Fieschi. He had attempted to wipe out the male members of the royal family with one of the most extraordinary weapons ever conceived.

"Infernal machine" is the best description that can be applied to this death-dealing instrument.

It consisted of twenty-five barrels, each packed tightly with missiles—pieces of scrap-iron and the like. The whole was fired with a train of gunpowder.

Why this curious contraption was not discovered before it caused death and injury is a mystery. It is remarkable, too, that the King and his sons escaped, for Mortier was riding with them.

Among Napoleon's marshals there were several who had an obscure past. In 1813, two years before Waterloo, a strange publication, in the form of a brochure, appeared which professed to give an account of Napoleon and his family, and the "Original name, Pedigree and present Title of the Marshals and Generals" who fought with Bonaparte.

In this document the Emperor and his aides were charged with the foulest crimes. Dealing with the early career of Mortier, it records :

Marshal Mortier, Duke of Treviso, was clerk to a merchant at Dunkirk, Mr. James Bell, now of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, London, who took him to Alicante, at £25 per annum. There he learned the Spanish language, and behaved remarkably well.

He then left his situation at the beginning of the French Revolution, and went back to France, where he was made a sergeant in the National Guard. He committed great depredations in Hanover.

The Duchess of Treviso is an innkeeper's daughter.

Still another writer declares that Mortier was a pupil at the Manchester Academy, and that his father, a merchant at Lyons, had sent him to that city to acquire an insight in the English methods of manufacturing.

He spent short periods in various Manchester houses, and when the war broke out he returned to France. Joining the Army, his rise was rapid.

Marshal Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier, Duc de Treviso, was born on February 13th, 1768, and entered the Army as a sub-lieutenant in 1791. He served in the campaigns of 1792 and 1793 in France and the Netherlands, and afterwards on the Meuse and the Rhine.

He was promoted successively general of brigade and general of division. In 1804 he was created a marshal, and four years later was made Duc de Treviso.

JULY 29TH

*Andrew Marvell*

POSTERITY has often a more favourable word to say of a man than his contemporaries.

It was the case with Andrew Marvell, the 17th-century poet, satirist, and politician.

Today Marvell has a niche in the Temple of Fame; in his own day his enemies would rather have seen him disposed of altogether than recognize his real character.

As with Milton, so with Marvell. The author of "Paradise Lost" died embittered and persecuted. How Marvell met his death is not known with any certainty, but there is good reason to believe that it was by foul play.

In these days the final valuation of Marvell is that of an incorruptible patriot.

Andrew Marvell was born in November, 1620, at Winestead, in Holderness, Yorkshire, of which place his

father was rector. Shortly after Andrew's birth the family moved to Hull, where Marvell the elder became master of the grammar school and lecturer at Trinity Church.

The rector had a reputation for being able to preach a good sermon. A biographer praises him thus :

Like a good husband he never broached but what he had newly brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before.

The parson met with a sudden death in the waters of the Humber in January, 1641. Mrs. Skinner, the daughter of Sir Edward Coke, had attended a christening at Marvell's church, and had to cross in the ferry-boat on her way home.

The rector would not allow her to go alone, as the weather was stormy.

To make matters worse the boatmen were drunk.

Marvell handed his gold-headed cane to a bystander, and remarked jocularly, "Ho, for heaven !"

It was a true word spoken in jest. The ferry-boat overturned and all were drowned.

At the time of his father's death young Marvell had graduated and been admitted a scholar at Trinity College, Cambridge.

His college career was lively and not without disgrace. It is said that he fell into the hands of Jesuits who urged him to run away from college and go to London. Whether it was Jesuits or his own inclinations does not matter.

His father found him in London and took him back to Cambridge.

He became tutor to Mary Fairfax, afterwards Duchess of Buckingham, and the daughter of Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general.

Marvell was brought to the notice of Cromwell, it is believed, by Milton, and was given an appointment as tutor to one of the Protector's nephews, who lived at Windsor.

When Milton began to fail in his work as Latin Secretary through his eye affection, Marvell was considered as assistant to the poet.

It was four years afterwards, however, that Marvell got the post. In his position as Latin Secretary it was his duty to carry out all the correspondence relating to the foreign affairs of the Protectorate.

In 1659 Marvell became M.P. for Hull, and he represented that constituency until his death in 1678.

During the Commonwealth, Marvell's career had no difficulties, but after the Restoration matters were different. The Court and politics were corrupt and the country was beset by intrigue.

In the midst of the profligacy and incompetency of the King and his ministers, Marvell stood out as a man of honour, though somewhat indiscreet in his criticisms.

He had never been friendly to a republican form of government. He was a Royalist, but against despots whether they were Cromwells or Charleses. He had many good things to say of Charles I, particularly his demeanour just before his execution. But he had no use for Charles II, and gladly gave his aid to the opposition to that tyrannical monarch.

Marvell was always at his post in the Commons. In those days public reports of the debates were prohibited, but he kept a faithful record each day and sent it to his constituents.

Marvell belonged to the Puritan line of thought. He was not a Nonconformist, but he opposed the gradual return to Rome which was occurring during the latter part of the reign of Charles II.

When Parker, Bishop of Oxford, wrote his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, advocating High Church principles as laid down by Archbishop Laud, Marvell retaliated with a series of satires overwhelming the High Church party with ridicule.

He declared that they were bringing the country to ruin, and his pamphlets were read by everyone because of their literary excellence.

The circumstances of Marvell's death have remained a mystery. He died on July 29th, 1678, some days after the discovery of the notorious Popish Plot, and it was believed that he had been poisoned in revenge for his publication *Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government*, and exposure of the intrigue that was going on.

The actual date of his death is not certain. Various authorities give July 29th, or August 16th, 1678.

He was buried in the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London.

In 1681 his widow published a collection of his miscellaneous poems, and a further edition with the political satires appeared in 1726. Among his poems are "Horatian Ode to Cromwell," "On Appleton House," "To His Coy Mistress,"

“The Garden,” “The Bermudas,” and “The Nymph Regretting the Loss of her Fawn.”

JULY 30TH

*Aldgate*

AN unusual sale took place in London on July 30th, 1760.

Three old London gates—those of Cripplegate, Aldgate, and Ludgate—were knocked down to a Mr. Blagden, a carpenter, of Coleman Street, City, for a total of £416 10s.

He gave an undertaking to remove the gates and the “rubbish” connected therewith, by the end of September. The contract was carried out, and the autumn of that year saw the end of all the London gates except Newgate.

Newgate survived for another twenty years, when it was demolished by rioters.

These gates, of course, were not the original barriers of London. They had been renewed at various times.

The earliest gate in the walls of the City was Aldgate, or *Æld-gate* as it was called in Saxon times.

This was hastily constructed to prevent invaders entering the City from the great Essex road. During the war between King John and the barons it was through this gate that the citizens of London let in the latter. It suffered a good deal in the early part of the 13th century through civil wars, and the wood was replaced by stone.

It existed until the time of Elizabeth, when a more ornamental one was put up in its place. This was the one sold in 1760.

Aldgate, being the nearest point in the City to the East Coast, was assaulted more than any other of the gates of London.

In 1471 Falconbridge, who had raised a force of seamen in Essex and Kent, came up the Thames with his ships and anchored near the Tower. The Mayor and Aldermen of the City fortified the Thames shore. Finding that London was not to be approached from the south side, the invaders attacked Aldgate with 5000 men.

The citizens dropped the portcullis of the gate, and cut off many of the assailants. When Earl Rivers and the Constable of the Tower arrived with reinforcements, London's citizens counter-attacked and drove the besiegers as far as Stratford.

Aldgate was acquired from Blagden, the carpenter, by a



Mr. Mussell of Bethnal Green, who had the gate rebuilt on the north side of his mansion, which was afterwards named Aldgate.

The City wall extended from Aldgate to Bishopsgate, which guarded the Cambridge Road. Bishopsgate was built about the reign of Henry II, for the purpose of making a new entry to the City between Aldgate and Aldersgate.

From the time of Edward VI to that of James I, Bishopsgate was continuously in a ruinous state. James I, who was ever nervous for his crown, had a new gate built.

Moorgate was built or renewed about the year 1415 by Henry V. Stow, the London historian, says that no gate was here previous to this date, but there are reasons to believe that he was wrong.

Moorgate was rebuilt in 1472 and taken down about 1750, the stones being used to repair London Bridge.

Cripplegate was one of the minor entries into London, but was certainly one of the most ancient, and was rebuilt many times.

Stow records that it received its name through the many cripples who sat and begged there.

In 1010, when the Danes were approaching Bury St. Edmunds, the body of Edmund the Martyr was brought to London, and as it passed through Cripplegate it is said that many persons rose upright and began to walk.

Cripplegate was rebuilt by the brewers of London in 1244, and again in 1491 at the cost of 400 marks left by Edmund Shaw, goldsmith and ex-mayor.

In the reign of Charles II it was repaired and made more elaborate.

All the country outside the wall between Bishopsgate and Aldersgate was a marsh. This gave rise to the names Moorfields and Finsbury (Fensbury).

Aldersgate or (*Ælders-gate*) was one of the largest of the gates of London. It had crumbled into uselessness by the time of James I, and was replaced by a new one.

In the early part of the 11th century there were only three gates to London—Aldgate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate.

Newgate was built at the time of Henry I. In common with the others, this was rebuilt many times, but finally destroyed in the Gordon riots of 1780. The prison, which met a similar fate, was rebuilt, but no steps were taken to replace the gate.

Ludgate had more history associated with it than any other. It is said that this was taken down in 1760 at the request of the inhabitants of the Farringdon wards.

According to tradition, this gate was built by the famous King Lud, in 66 B.C.

But a more feasible explanation of the name is given by other historians, who suggest that its original name was Flood or Fleet.

Lud Gate was another through which the Barons entered London in the reign of King John. Once inside they appear to have raided the houses of the Jews, pulled down their buildings, and used the stone for rebuilding Lud Gate.

Lud Gate was again repaired in 1260, and decorated with images of King Lud and other monarchs.

During the reign of Edward VI, when England was developing a conscience against idolatry, the heads of Lud and his family were cut off. Queen Mary, however, restored them.

In the reign of Elizabeth (1586) the old gate was pulled down and rebuilt, with images of Lud and a statue of the Queen. It cost £1500. During the demolition a stone was found with the inscription: "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac."

When old Lud Gate was pulled down the statues of Lud and his sons were thrown into the parish bone-house. They were eventually bought by the Marquis of Hertford and placed in Regent's Park at Hertford Villa.

The statue of Elizabeth was placed in a niche of the wall of old St. Dunstan's Church.

JULY 31ST

### *Franz Liszt*

FRANZ LISZT, the anniversary of whose death is celebrated today, was one of the most fêted of the world's musicians.

At various times Germany, Austria, Hungary, and France went crazy about him. At one period, when Liszt was about thirty, the Prussian royal family joined in a public demonstration in honour of the virtuoso.

Berlin had gone Liszt-mad. Gloves, handkerchiefs, and other articles of wearing apparel and adornment were in fashion with the label "à la Liszt."

A brochure published at the time entitled *Berlin under Liszt* describes the jubilation of the city.

The whole city was electrified. Everyone who could raise a thaler crowded into the holy of holies of the temple of art [Opera House] to hear this modern Orpheus. The "haute volée" made him their centre of attraction. The most charming women vied with one another for his favour.

When he left Berlin, after giving a series of ten concerts at the Opera House, he was drawn through the streets by six white horses and a body-guard composed of seniors from the University.

These were followed by thirty four-horse coaches, fifty horsemen in academic robes, and hundreds of private equipages.

The King, who had recently inaugurated the Peace Class of the Order "Pour le Mérite" in honour of Liszt, and had decorated the musician with it, turned out with the populace to see him off.

At the age of thirty Liszt was world-famous. He had toured all the great cities, and was contemplating a rest. He retired to the island of Nonnenworth, in the Rhine, with Wagner's mother-in-law, the Countess d'Agoult.

But his "fans" would not let him rest. While he was negotiating for the purpose of buying the island, with its old cloister and chapel, a river steamer with 340 philharmonic musicians arrived at the island from Cologne.

Liszt was carried to Cologne in triumph with an escort of honour, and to the accompaniment of song and the firing of cannon.

Afterwards there was a large banquet in celebration at Rolandseck on the bank of the river.

When Liszt consented to give a concert for the building fund of the Cologne Cathedral, it was a further excuse for a demonstration. A procession of 15,000 people paraded the gaily illuminated streets, and there was another banquet.

Liszt, who was born at Raiding, Hungary, on October 22nd, 1811, was an infant prodigy of uncommon kind. He made his first appearance at the age of nine at Odenburg with such success that some Hungarian noblemen provided him with the means to study for six years.

He went to Vienna, and made his first public appearance in December, 1822. In 1824 he visited England, and appeared

at the Argyll Rooms, London, and later at Drury Lane, where he was advertised as having "consented to display his inimitable powers on the New Grand Piano Forte, invented by Sebastian Erard."

Next season he came to London again and played at the house of the Duke of Devonshire and elsewhere and twice at Manchester.

Soon afterwards he began composition, and his operetta in one act called "Don Sancho" was produced in Paris.

In 1827 Liszt lost his father, and he had to provide for himself and his mother. He settled in France for some years, and there became acquainted with the leading French authors and with Chopin.

On several occasions during his life Liszt contemplated joining a monastic order. While in France he became interested in the St. Simonians, but denied that he ever joined them.

In 1834 Liszt began an intimacy with the Countess d'Agoult which lasted for ten years. By her he had three children, a son and two daughters. One of the daughters married Emile Ollivier, a French statesman, and the other, Cosima, was first the wife of von Bülow and then of Wagner.

Liszt gained much popularity from the concerts that he gave in Paris. They placed him in the front rank of pianists.

From 1839 to 1847 Liszt travelled from one country to another. In England he appears to have been less successful than was expected, and he generously made good any losses there may have been to the promoters of the concerts.

He was always ready to play for charity. The victims of the Danube floods benefited greatly from a series of his concerts, and the poor of his native place, Raiding, had good reason to remember his benevolence.

In 1848, at the age of thirty-seven, Liszt once again began to tire of travelling. He sought repose at Weimar, where he worked for thirteen years as musical director of the Grand Duchy in close association with Richard Wagner.

At first he lived at the Hotel Erbprinze, but later lived in the little castle of Altenburg, together with his friend, Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein.

Here his music-room was filled with interesting treasures, including the original death-mask of Beethoven, and other rooms contained collections of arms, a library, and a private Liszt museum owned by the princess.

Sunday-afternoon concerts, which became famous, were

held in another music-room on the upper floor, where there were several pianos, a piano-organ, and Mozart's spinet.

In 1861 Liszt left Weimar, his life having been made miserable by the hostility of certain people. Again he went a-roving, and eventually found himself at Rome, where he became the centre of an artistic circle, and in close fellowship with the Church of Rome.

Again came the urge to join a monastic society. Like many other famous people who ultimately find consolation in the Church—whether Catholic or Protestant—Liszt had passed through the usual stages of doubt.

In his youth he had thirsted for knowledge and studied the works of the freethinkers and atheists. To Liszt these so-called reformers were unconvincing. He was carried away temporarily on various "isms" until about 1837, when he was attracted by the tenets of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi.

His intended marriage to Princess Carolyne came to naught, and he became an abbé of the Franciscan Order. "I am half gypsy and half monk," he used to say of himself.

But Liszt was not a priest. He had no power to say Mass or hear a confession, and he could lay aside his cassock or even marry at any time he wished.

In 1869 Liszt returned to Weimar, and remained there until his death in 1886.

In the spring of the year of his death Liszt paid a visit to England. His reception was much more cordial than had been the case before. On April 6th, as he walked into the hall, he received a tremendous ovation. A large crowd outside had watched for his arrival and accorded him a royal reception.

He played before Queen Victoria at Windsor, his oratorio "St. Elizabeth" was produced at the Crystal Palace, and Liszt left England a week later than he had expected, promising to repeat his visit.

He died on July 31st, 1886, on the eve of the Bayreuth Festival, of which he was honorary president.

AUGUST



AUGUST 1ST

### *London Bridge*

WRITING sixty years ago, an historian deplored the amount of traffic going over London Bridge.

In what congestion of all traffic this will end, or how soon that congestion will come to pass, it is quite impossible to say; while by what efforts of engineering genius London will eventually be rendered traversable we are equally ignorant [he wrote].

The same writer recorded that during an average day of twenty-four hours, in about the year 1860, over 20,000 vehicles passed over the bridge.

According to the latest statistics, 21,000 vehicles now use the bridge in a period of twelve hours, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

On the face of it, it would seem that the traffic has been doubled, but when it is considered that the traffic between 8 p.m. and 8 a.m. is only a fraction of that during the day, there has been no alarming increase.

Nevertheless, the increase is appreciable, and the opinion when the bridge was opened in 1831, that it would solve the cross-river traffic problem at this point for all time, was not justified.

A sum of two million pounds was spent on the bridge and its approaches, a courageous venture in a time of depression, for there was a depression in 1831 as well as in 1931.

For sixty years the old London Bridge had been patched. In 1761 the City became alarmed at rumours that London Bridge was falling down. Smeaton, the engineer, was hastily called in. He found one of the piers undermined to the extent of six feet, and in a condition which made it certain that the structure would collapse in a week.

The removal of the City gates a short time before resulted in a large quantity of stone being available. The debris lay in yards at Moorfields, and immediately Smeaton had made his report the stone was re-purchased from the builder who had acquired it and rushed to London Bridge.



One Sunday morning the stones were thrown under the tottering pier and London Bridge was saved.

Anxiety continued, however. As further dangers appeared, the bridge was patched, or stonework taken away, until it looked like a patchwork quilt.

The Corporation of the City of London were the chief opponents to the building of a new bridge. Matters drifted until 1820, when the House of Commons, despite the resistance of the Corporation, appointed a select committee to inquire into the advisability of building a new bridge.

The Committee reported that this should be done as quickly as possible. An Act of Parliament was passed in the following year, and plans were invited.

It was decided to follow the design of John Rennie, the architect. Before the work could begin Rennie died, and his son, afterwards Sir John Rennie, took over the contract and superintended the building.

The first pile was driven in March, 1824, and the foundation stone was laid by the Lord Mayor, John Garratt, in the presence of the Duke of York and a distinguished company, in June of the following year.

The bridge was opened on August 1st, 1831, by King William IV and Queen Adelaide.

The present bridge stands nearly 200 feet farther up the river than the old bridge, which was left standing until its successor was ready for traffic. Its last arch was not pulled down until the end of 1832.

A London Bridge has been one of London's monuments for about 1000 years.

There are now numerous bridges across the Thames, but up to 200 years ago there was only one London connection between the north and south banks of the river.

London Bridge has a remarkable history. Kings have passed over it to lay siege to London, and revolutionaries and citizens have fought over its arches.

It is impossible to state with any certainty when the first bridge was built over the Thames, but there is record of a battle of London Bridge in 1008. This battle was fought by the deposed Saxon King Ethelred on the one hand and the Danes, who were then in the occupation of London, on the other.

Ethelred, having collected an army, attempted to carry the bridge from the south, but failed.

His ally at the time was Olave, King of Norway, who suggested that the bridge might be destroyed by his ships. Rowing towards the structure against the tide, the sailors attached the ships to the piers of the bridge, and, turning about, with the egging tide in their favour, tugged furiously at their oars.

The bridge crashed with its weight of men and stones which had been used as missiles by the defenders.

Hundreds of Danes were drowned, and eventually the invader surrendered to Ethelred. This seems to have been the only occasion on which Ethelred was Ready. Even then the credit was due to the Norsemen.

The bridge was soon rebuilt of the same material, wood, for when Canute invaded the country in 1016 another bridge was there.

In the Charter granted to the monks of Westminster Abbey by William the Conqueror, a London Bridge is mentioned. On November 16th, 1091, a terrific gale blew down the bridge, with hundreds of houses and churches in the City.

William Rufus (William II) is given credit for the construction of a new bridge. In 1136 it was burned down by fire which laid waste the City from St. Paul's to Aldgate.

In 1163, Peter Colechurch, "priest and chaplain," spanned the river with another wooden building, but in 1176 one of stone was begun.

It was not finished until 1209. Peter Colechurch was again the architect. Its cost was defrayed by a tax on wool, which gave rise in later years to the story that the bridge was literally built on wool-packs.

Peter Colechurch died in 1205, so he did not see the finished work.

It had twenty arches supported on nineteen piers, the roadway being 926 feet in length, sixty feet in height from the river, and forty feet wide.

It was afterwards reduced to a narrower thoroughfare by the building of houses on the bridge.

Besides the private houses was a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket.

AUGUST 2ND

*Thomas Gainsborough*

WHEN Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that masses of light in a picture should be warm, and that blue must be kept out of such masses, Thomas Gainsborough disagreed. He determined to prove that an agreeable effect could be produced even by a mass of blue.

Gainsborough's proof was the famous "Blue Boy," a painting of the son of a Mr. Buttall, almost entirely in that colour, with a skilful use of light and shade.

This picture was never exhibited at the Royal Academy. It was withheld out of respect for Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Buttall, senior, was an ironmonger in Greek Street, Soho, London, and when he died the "Blue Boy" began its wanderings, which ended in America.

Its sale took place on December 15th, 1796, and it was knocked down for thirty-five guineas to a Mr. Nesbitt.

Six years later it was again in the sale-room, and fetched sixty-five guineas. The purchaser on this occasion was Hoppner, who is said to have copied the "Blue Boy."

In May, 1932, a "Blue Boy" was sold in New York, and there was considerable speculation as to whether it was Gainsborough's original or Hoppner's copy.

Eleven years previously (1921) a "Blue Boy," reputed to be the original, was bought by an American millionaire, Mr. Huntington, for £160,000.

Hoppner was the best copyist of Gainsborough, and there is still some doubt as to which of these two pictures is Gainsborough's own version.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727, in an old inn formerly known as the Black Horse. This has since been pulled down.

His father was a crêpe-maker, and Thomas was the youngest of nine children.

At an early age he showed ability for drawing, and at the age of fifteen he was sent to London, where he became the pupil of Gravelot, the engraver, and afterwards of Francis Hayman, the painter.

He attended the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and after three years' study took rooms in Hatton Garden.

After a year attempting to obtain commissions for portraits and landscapes, he gave it up and returned to Sudbury.

He confined himself entirely to landscapes in that district, and thus covered very much the same ground as did Constable in later years.

While on one of his sketching excursions, Gainsborough met a beautiful maiden, Margaret Burr. Soon afterwards she became his wife, and as Margaret brought with her an income of £200 a year, the painter was enabled to make a fresh start.

He took a house at Ipswich, where his two daughters were born.

At Ipswich he met Joshua Kirby, a local notability, who placed his son as a pupil with Gainsborough.

Up to now none of his landscapes had attracted attention, but he was now able to produce one that did. It was a view of Landguard Fort and was painted for the governor, Mr. Thicknesse. This picture is no longer in existence.

Gainsborough remained a few years at Ipswich, and then decided to go to Bath.

He took apartments in the Circus and decided to paint portraits, for, as he afterwards admitted to George II, there was no money in landscapes.

Gainsborough soon became fashionable, and was able to raise his fees from five guineas to eight guineas for a head. He charged forty guineas for a half-length, and 100 guineas for a whole length.

A few of these portraits were exhibited at the Society of Arts in London. In the exhibition of 1766 Gainsborough had a full-length portrait of Garrick, the actor.

Another exhibit, a picture of Captain Hervey, afterwards the Earl of Bristol, created a sensation.

At the end of 1768 the Royal Academy was founded, and Gainsborough was one of the thirty-six original members.

He contributed regularly to the Academy exhibitions, and in 1772 he had four portraits and eight landscapes.

About this time he had a disagreement with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and for five years he refused to send any pictures to the exhibition.

By the summer of 1774 Bath was exhausted as a remunerative centre and Gainsborough came to London. He had no necessity now to fear competition, despite the formidable coterie of London painters such as Reynolds, Romney, Barry, West, Barret, and Wilson.

Gainsborough took part of the Duke of Schomberg's house in Pall Mall, paying £300 a year.

The King and Queen both sat for Gainsborough, and to the exhibition of 1777 he sent seven pictures. Of a large landscape Horace Walpole wrote: "In the style of Rubens, and by far the finest landscape ever painted in England, and equal to the great masters."

In 1780 the Academy was moved to Somerset House, and Gainsborough sent sixteen pictures.

His celebrated "Blue Boy" was not exhibited until 1857, long after Gainsborough's death.

Gainsborough is said to have caught a chill at the trial of Warren Hastings. He died in London on August 2nd, 1787, and was buried in Kew Churchyard.

#### AUGUST 3RD

##### *Eugene Aram*

DIGGING near a limekiln at Thistle Hill, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, one day in the summer of 1758, a labourer discovered a skeleton lying about two feet below the surface.

It was bent almost double, a circumstance which gave rise to a suspicion that the body had been rudely and hastily buried.

An inquiry was instituted, and it was recalled that about fifteen years previously a man named Daniel Clarke had mysteriously disappeared from the neighbourhood.

Clarke was a shoemaker of Knaresborough who, just before his disappearance, had inherited or bought a considerable quantity of silver plate and other valuable articles. He was known to have been friendly with two men, Eugene Aram and Richard Houseman, and at that time Aram's wife had hinted that Clarke had met a violent death.

On the finding of the skeleton the coroner sent for Mrs. Aram. Interrogated, she declared that Clarke had been murdered by her husband and Houseman.

Further questions at last elicited an admission from Houseman that Clarke had been murdered by Eugene Aram, who had buried the body in St. Robert's Cave, Knaresborough.

On this confession the cave was explored and another skeleton found.

Houseman was arrested, charged, and acquitted on his

turning king's evidence, and he thereupon appeared as chief witness against Aram, who was brought to trial at the York County Assizes on August 3rd, 1759.

The trial of Aram is one of the most celebrated in English criminal history.

Eugene was a prodigy. He educated himself, acquired a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Chaldee, Arabic, and Celtic. At the age of forty he was engaged in the service of a parson in Piccadilly, London, as usher in Latin. Afterwards he was a tutor in several parts of England. Meanwhile he studied heraldry and botany.

This was Eugene Aram, the man who faced judge and jury on a capital charge.

As was to be expected from such a scholar, his defence, conducted by himself, was ingenious.

After the evidence of Houseman, who declared that Aram had committed the crime in order to obtain possession of the silver articles belonging to Clarke which were shared equally between them, Aram addressed the court.

He argued that there was not one incident in his past life that could be brought against him. Moreover he was not in a condition at the time to commit such a crime.

"I had been confined to my bed," he said, "and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk.

"An action of this atrocious nature," he continued, "is never heard of but to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these."

Aram then went on, with the air of an expert, to confute the supposed identification of the bones.

Clarke had disappeared, but there was no proof that he was dead, declared Aram. Other men had vanished without trace.

He argued further that there was no infallible criterion for determining the sex on bones, that the bones were found in a hermitage where there was extreme likelihood of such things being discovered, and he gave a number of instances of skeletons of remains centuries old that were in an undecayed condition.

"It is not yet out of living memory," Aram continued, "that at a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who

does that borough the honour to represent it in Parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments."

Dealing with the fact that the skull of the supposed Clarke was fractured, Aram pointed out that it had not been proved whether the fracture was caused before or after death.

Aram showed, during the course of his speech, that he had an unrivalled knowledge of ancient burials, monasteries, hermits, and cases in which supposed murderers had been executed and afterwards found to be innocent of crime.

He detailed one instance after another, to the confusion of judge and jury.

But, instead of assisting his cause, it had the opposite effect.

The jury found Aram guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

After conviction he confessed to the crime in the hearing of two clergymen who were appointed to see him at York Castle.

Asked why he murdered Clarke, Aram is said to have replied: "I suspected Clarke of having an unlawful commerce with my wife. I was persuaded at the time when I committed the murder that I did right. Since then I have seen my error."

In prison he made two attempts at suicide by opening an artery in his arm with a razor.

On the morning of his execution his gaoler found Aram bleeding profusely at the wrist. A surgeon stopped the flow, but he was almost insensible when taken to the scaffold.

AUGUST 4TH

### *Lord Burghley*

It is said of the great Lord Burghley that in thirty years he was never known to lose his temper. This is a notable tribute to the man on whom rested the cares of State over a long period, and who had to put up with the vagaries of a petulant queen.

He often risked his popularity by advocating a non-aggressive policy, to the disgust of other ministers of the Queen. In the end he was justified, for it gave England

an advantage in diplomacy, and prevented a combination of powers against her.

The life of Lord Burghley, if written in full, would give the history of England for the latter half of the 16th century, and, in some measure, that of Europe as well.

William Cecil, Lord Burghley, was born at Bourne, Lincolnshire, on September 15th, 1520. He was the son of Richard Cecil, Master of the Robes to Henry VIII.

Young Cecil was brought to the notice of the King by an accident. One day, while in the presence chamber, he was heard by the King arguing with great ability the question of the supremacy of the Pope, with two Irish priests.

Henry determined to find him an appointment. He was given one suitable to his profession of barrister in the Court of Common Pleas.

About this time Cecil married the daughter of Sir John Cheke, but she died a year afterwards.

It is said that, through Sir John Cheke, Cecil was brought to the notice of the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset. On the accession of Edward VI the Duke appointed him to the office of Master of Requests.

Though born a Roman Catholic, Cecil became a Protestant and was thus in favour with Somerset.

He accompanied the Duke in the expedition against Scotland and was nearly killed at the battle of Pinkey. In 1548 he became Secretary of State, but a year later, when the Duke was taken to the Tower, Cecil was also arrested.

He is said to have remained in the Tower for three months, and was probably let out with Somerset in February, 1550. He again became Secretary of State, was knighted and admitted to the Privy Council.

Cecil refused to have anything to do with the intrigues of Court life. Instead he devoted himself to his duties.

In August, 1551, the Lady Mary (afterwards Queen) was visited at Cophthall, in Essex, by a deputation which brought her a letter from her brother, Edward VI, requesting her to introduce the Protestant Church service in her family.

When she had read it she exclaimed, "Ah! Mr. Cecil took much pains here."

The reign of Edward VI was a difficult period for Cecil. No one expected the King to live long, and everyone except Cecil conspired for his own ends.

The Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland had their



axes to grind, and each strived to win Cecil over to his particular camp. But he would have nothing to do with the schemes of either, though he contrived to be friendly with both.

In April, 1553, Cecil was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

At this period he lived in sumptuous style. An entry in his diary records the payment to an embroiderer for thirty-six coats-of-arms for his servants' liveries.

After the execution of the ex-Protector, Somerset, every inducement was made by the Duke of Northumberland to get Cecil to join the cause of Lady Jane Grey. But he was too cautious and far-seeing to involve himself in what appeared to him a hopeless campaign.

In June, 1553, Edward VI took to his dying-bed. Intrigue was intensified and Northumberland attempted to extort a bequest of the crown to his son's wife, Lady Jane Grey.

Cecil, whose duty should have been to write down the King's wishes, delegated the task to one of the other secretaries. Nor would he do more than append his signature as a witness to that of Edward.

The King died on July 6th, and next day Cecil wrote in his diary congratulating himself on his escape from office.

I have obtained my liberty by the death of the King [he wrote], and from a miserable functionary of the Court am become a free man, and my own master.

He continued, however, to perform the duties of his office, until a successor was appointed, and his name appeared among the twenty-one ministers who wrote to the Princess Mary, informing her that Lady Jane Grey was her new sovereign.

But he excused himself from drawing up the order proclaiming Queen Jane, on the grounds that such a duty devolved upon the law officers of the Crown, and when Northumberland organized a military force on behalf of Jane, Cecil withdrew from the whole business.

On the other hand, he does not appear to have been present at a council which proclaimed Queen Mary.

When the tide of fortune changed in favour of Mary, Cecil went to the Queen and, according to his "domestic" biographer, was graciously received and granted a royal pardon.

Thus, having refused to change his faith, Burghley remained out of the Government, though still a member of Parliament for Lincolnshire. During this time he courageously opposed a number of Bills which aimed at increasing penalties against Protestants.

Yet, despite it all, Cecil remained in the favour of the Queen, and he was engaged on various missions to the Continent.

He was elected one of the knights of the shire for the County of Lincoln.

During the last two or three years of the reign of Mary, Cecil does not appear to have been active. There is no doubt, however, that he was Princess Elizabeth's chief adviser.

On the very day that she ascended the throne, Cecil handed her a list of what he considered were pressing matters of State.

He was the first member sworn on the Privy Council, and he remained during the remainder of his life chief minister of State.

The high place which Cecil held exposed him to much envy and even danger. Many plots were made to bring about his disgrace, and attempts were made to take his life.

His unceasing toil was the object of admiration of his friends, and it is said that he was never idle for half an hour during twenty-four years. He left himself scarcely time for sleep or meals.

In February, 1571, Cecil was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron of Burghley. In June of the following year he was made a Knight of the Garter and three months later promoted to the office of Lord High Treasurer. This change of position, however, made little difference, for, as Prime Minister, he had been the leader of the Government.

Throughout the time he continued in office nearly every office was more or less under his superintendence.

After the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth tried to throw the blame on Burghley and forbade him to come near her. This storm soon passed, however, and he regained his influence. He then began to prepare England for her defence against the Armada, to revise the coinage and to carry out many other reforms.

He died on August 4th, 1598.

AUGUST 5TH

*Conspiracy Against King James*

THE fifth of August was once observed as a holiday in Great Britain. That day celebrated—as did November 5th—the deliverance from a violent death of James I of England.

There were so many plots, and rumours of plots, against the life of James, that one is inclined to wonder whether some of them were merely the result of the imagination of the nervous King and equally nervous courtiers.

The affair of August 5th, 1600, would appear to come under this category.

At that time, of course, James ruled only Scotland.

The ringleaders in this alleged plot were the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven. As these two men were killed while attempting to carry out their designs, only one side of the story is recorded in the pages of history.

Early in the morning of August 5th, the King was about to mount his horse to go hunting, a sport of which he was fond, and which he indulged in daily; Alexander Ruthven, a youth of twenty, came up and engaged James in conversation. He told the King a wild and unconvincing story which, however, James appears to have accepted without question.

Ruthven stated that he knew of a beggared Highlander who possessed the secret of a hidden treasure. This Highlander—if the King were interested—could be interrogated at Gowrie House, in Perth.

The story goes that James, displaying his usual interest where money was concerned, agreed to go to Gowrie House after the hunt.

The chase then began, and as he was riding out from the field with Ruthven and the Duke of Lennox the King told the latter of the “secret treasure.”

Lennox was not so gullible as James, and he told him that he thought the whole thing was a hoax.

But the King did not intend to lose the “treasure” for the sake of a little trouble or even risk. He instructed Lennox and several others of his courtiers to keep their eyes on Ruthven, and when the hunt was over he and about a dozen others went to Gowrie House.

They arrived in time to partake of an early dinner. When they had finished the meal, Ruthven conducted the King

around the house, taking him through a number of chambers, each door of which the youth locked behind him.

Eventually they came to a small room in one of the turrets in which the Highlander was supposed to be living temporarily. Instead of the Highlander, however, they found a fully armed servant of the Earl of Gowrie.

Before the King could make any protest Ruthven snatched a dagger from the servant, and turning to James cried: "Sir, ye maun be my prisoner! Remember my father's death!"

Sixteen years before, Ruthven's father had been executed for treason, and it was this to which the young man alluded.

James retorted that he was then a minor, and had nothing to do with that execution. Moreover he explained that he had of his own accord restored the family's rank and estates.

In a meek voice he asked Ruthven what he expected to gain by violence. The other replied that he would fetch his brother to answer that question, enjoining the King to remain there quietly.

While Ruthven was out of the room James induced the servant to open one of the windows overlooking the street. He had just done so when Ruthven rushed in and tried to bind the King's hands with a garter.

There was a struggle, in which the servant appears to have supported James, who, coming near the open window, cried out, "Treason!"

The servant then went to the door and let in Sir John Ramsay, one of the King's attendants, who rushed at Ruthven, stabbed him with a dagger, and forced him down into a chair.

The attitude of the servant is one of the weak points in this strange story. If the incident is true, Ruthven could not have made certain of the loyalty to himself of the servant.

Four other of the King's bodyguard now came into the chamber and all set upon Ruthven, who was done to death. As he died he exclaimed: "Alas! I was not to blame for it."

Meanwhile, the Earl of Gowrie had told the remainder of James's attendants that the King had gone home, which sent them pell-mell out of the house.

It was while they were mounting their horses that they heard the cry of "Treason!"

Whereupon the Earl of Gowrie, drawing his sword, ordered his retainers, about eight in number, to follow him. They arrived in the turret room just as the King's men were killing Ruthven.

The four guards thrust the King into a closet for safety, and turning upon the Earl and seven of his men engaged them.

Gowrie was killed by a sword-thrust from Sir John Ramsay, while his men beat a hasty retreat down the stairs harried by the swords of their antagonists.

Almost immediately, the Earl of Mar and other friends of the King appeared.

The situation was now saved, and James, it is said, knelt down among his courtiers and thanked God for his deliverance.

Whether this is the true story of the deaths of Gowrie and Ruthven will never be known, but when the tale got abroad the popularity of the King was increased, as it always was when he passed through a trying experience.

AUGUST 6TH

*William Corder*

"I WOULD marry you if I could, Maria, but I can't."

When Maria Marten heard these words from her lover, William Corder, it seemed to her as if it were the end of everything. She stepped back with wild fear in her eyes.

It was the first intimation that he had given that he did not intend to keep his promise.

"But don't you understand?" she insisted. "You cannot desert me now."

Corder had little conscience. But it was not without some pity for this beautiful daughter of a labourer that he was now trying to break off an affair that had already gone too far.

Corder had nerved himself for this scene. It was not the first of its kind. There was a gipsy girl not very far away who had figured in a similar role. She might still bring trouble for him.

But while it was possible that the gipsies would be amenable to a bribe, the parents of Maria Marten, tenants of his widowed mother, would go to any lengths to save their daughter's honour.

His only hope was to temporize. Pretending that his mother was the only obstacle to his marrying Maria, he succeeded in satisfying her with the promise that he would take her away.

William Corder returned home from this tryst in the woods in a reflective mood. He must get rid of Maria Marten by fair means or foul.

He had not proceeded far to his mother's house when he was accosted by a man who sprang in front of him.

"What do you want?" he demanded of the man, who was obviously a gipsy.

"I come with a message from Zella Lee," he said.

"I know of no one of that name," declared Corder, white to the lips.

"You lie," retorted the gipsy. "Until you came with your lying tongue my sister was Romany's purest lass. She is dying and she is asking for you. What are you going to do about it?"

"Out of the way!" shouted Corder. "I do not allow gipsies on my land."

"Cur!" shrieked the infuriated Lee. He raised a heavy stick. It missed Corder's head by an inch. Immediately the two men were struggling on the ground, each trying to clutch the other's throat.

In response to Corder's cries for help, two farm labourers appeared on the scene.

"This man tried to rob me by force," Corder told them. "Help me to get him to the police."

A week later Amos Lee, the gipsy, faced judge and jury at Bury St. Edmunds Sessions.

Corder was, of course, present. But there was another who watched him closely out of menacing black eyes. It was Rhoda Lee, the mother of Zella and Amos.

The evidence of William Corder, a tissue of lies, was enough to convict Lee of the charge of attempted robbery with violence. He was sentenced to transportation for life.

As the unfortunate man was being hurried out of court Rhoda Lee stood up, and, pointing her finger at Corder, she shrieked:

"Liar and betrayer! You dishonoured my daughter and sent her to an untimely grave. Now you have robbed me of my son. I see the shadow of the gallows, and on those gallows William Corder!"

Then, lifting her arms, she cursed him.

The trial of Amos Lee was a nine days' wonder for the little village of Polstead. But in a few weeks the sensation died down and became a mere memory.

Meanwhile, William Corder's problem was still unsolved. Maria Marten was more importunate in her demands that he should save her honour.

Time after time he was able to put her off with an excuse. But he could not temporize for ever.

One night Maria put on the finery which her lover had given her. She was going to be married unknown to her parents.

"I will wait for you at the Red Barn," Corder had said.

The night was black, and as Maria picked her way through the woods she trembled with fear. She began to run.

Familiar with the path, Maria was not likely to lose her way. But the darkness held unknown terrors, and she arrived at the Red Barn breathless.

Corder was there, and as she burst into the building he exclaimed: "You little fool! You frightened me."

The effect of these harsh words was lost in the curiosity that Maria displayed at the sight of a spade which stood against the wall of the barn.

There was a discussion between them as to the mode of their flight. Then Corder doused the light and they prepared to move off. It was the moment for which he had waited.

Slipping his hand into his pocket, Corder walked to the barn door and looked out. There was no sign of any witness.

He returned to her side. There was a shot muffled by the girl's clothing. She sank to the floor, dead.

Having committed his ghastly crime, the man was terror-stricken. He glanced outside the barn, and then up to the window caked with the grime of years. There was a feeling that he was observed. A shadow seemed to flit across the window-pane.

He dismissed it as absurd, and set to work feverishly with the spade to cover the body.

The work finished, he hurried away from the Red Barn. As he did so a shadow detached itself from the blackness of the back of the barn. It was Rhoda Lee, the gipsy!

A few hours later William Corder was sitting on the Ipswich coach well on the way to London.

A week later he returned to Polstead, saw Maria's mother, and told her that she was living in London with him and was a happy married woman. After a stay of a day or two he again left the village.

He was forced to keep up the fiction that Maria was

alive, and wrote letters to her parents saying that she was contented.

But Nemesis in the shape of a gipsy was on his trail.

Corder wooed and wedded a young woman with a fortune ; but his married life was a nightmare. Always the picture was before him of Maria Marten lying dead in the Red Barn. His imagination played tricks. He could not sleep at night. Whenever he saw a policeman, he expected to be arrested.

One day a man called at Corder's house.

"Look at me," said the stranger. "Do you know me?"

"No," replied the trembling Corder, "but you look like a gipsy."

"I am," he said quietly. "I am the brother of Zella Lee and Amos Lee."

"What has that to do with me?" demanded Corder.

"A great deal," was the significant reply. "I, Jonas Lee, am an officer of the law. I arrest you for the murder of Maria Marten in the Red Barn at Polstead on May 18th last."

"You must be mad!" screamed the frenzied Corder.

"Here is the warrant," returned Lee calmly. "I have been watching you for a long time. Come along!"

Corder was taken back to Suffolk and placed in Bury St. Edmunds gaol.

Maria's mother had dreamed that her daughter was dead. Three times she had had a vision of the interior of the Red Barn, and was convinced that somehow or other that rude shelter was concerned with her daughter's disappearance.

Driven by his wife's pleadings, old Marten had gone out to the barn—and dug.

At the coroner's inquest he told how he had found the body of Maria.

Corder appeared at the Assize Court of Bury St. Edmunds on August 6th. He put up an ingenious defence, declaring that Maria had committed suicide.

But the jury took little time for their verdict. It was "Guilty!"

As the judge assumed the black cap and pronounced the fateful words, Corder saw at the back of the court the swarthy face of Rhoda Lee.

The gipsy's curse had fallen.



AUGUST 7TH

*The Douglas Twins*

A CASE which provided a sensation throughout the whole length of Great Britain was heard in the Scottish courts in the middle of the 18th century.

It lasted for seven years, and set family against family and friends against friends. Even the great Dr. Johnson and his biographer Boswell could not agree on the matter.

"I took the liberty," says Boswell, "of telling him that he knew nothing about the cause, which I most seriously believe was the case."

The case arose out of the paternity of Archibald Douglas (of Stewart), the son of Lady Jean Douglas, who claimed that he was the rightful heir to the estates of the Duchy of Douglas.

The story begins forty years before the House of Lords gave a decision supporting the legitimacy of Archibald Douglas against the claims of the Duke of Hamilton, who alleged that Lady Jean Douglas had never had any children.

Lady Jean Douglas was the only daughter of James, second Marquess of Douglas. She was reputed to be one of the most beautiful girls in Scotland, and being the only sister of the head of her family, the Duke of Douglas, it is not surprising that her hand was sought by the greatest in the land.

But one after the other suitors were rejected, for Lady Jean had no fancy for coronets. It is said that she refused the Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleugh, and Atholl, the Earls of Hopetoun, Aberdeen, and Panmore.

She nearly found her way to the altar at the suit of the young and attractive Earl of Dalkeith, heir to the Buccleugh dukedom. The marriage was arranged, the day fixed, when Lady Jean received a letter—afterwards proved to be a forgery—breaking off the engagement.

Crushed by the shame, she escaped to France, and refused to return to Scotland. There she lived in "bachelor" seclusion, determined never again to trust a man. Later, however, she returned to Edinburgh, living the life of a country gentlewoman, and turning down offers of marriage.

Occasionally she visited her brother, the Duke of Douglas,

who was devoted to her, but declined to live with him because of his eccentricities.

The Duke, it is said, suffered with delusions. For a period he was convinced that his sister intended to confine him in a madhouse and take possession of the estate.

Lady Jean had reached middle age before the thought of matrimony again entered her head.

Then came John Stewart, of Grantully, a gambler, a ne'er-do-well, and a profligate. He cast envious eyes upon the Douglas estates, soon saw that Lady Jean was the next heir, and began to pay court to the now somewhat mature daughter of the Lowlands.

Stewart masqueraded as a colonel, though it is said he had no rank higher than that of a subaltern. He had lived precariously, plucking pigeons at the gaming-tables on the Continent, by borrowing, and by scheming.

He was the cousin of the Duke of Douglas, who detested him for his leanings towards papacy. He called him a Jacobite, a villain, a gambler, and even worse.

But Lady Jean, after refusing the best, fell for the importunities of one of the worst, the least desirable of all the suitors.

Lady Jean was nearing fifty; she was head over heels in debt, and about the same time her brother, the Duke, threatened to stop her allowance.

She was good-looking still; there was not a line on her face, and the rotundity of middle age had dealt with her less harshly than with most women.

In August, 1746, Lady Jean was tied to her pauper lover, and away they went for their honeymoon on the Continent.

The conspiracy—if it were such—now begins.

In letters which Lady Jean wrote to her friends she did not disguise the fact that she was not in love with "Colonel" Stewart, but admitted that the marriage had proved more successful than she had thought. In other words, it looked as if she would provide an heir to the Douglas estates.

The couple, with their retinue, wandered from city to city. Lady Jean never acknowledged her husband. To all inquirers he was her guardian. Infatuated wooers were easy prey for the "Colonel" and his spouse. The family exchequer was never at a low ebb, and they were able to employ two maids, a cook, and a companion for Lady Jean named Mrs. Hewitt.

The "Colonel" played the "ponies" or the tables, and Lady Jean drove in her carriage with Mrs. Hewitt. The integrity of the couple was never questioned. Thus, Lord Crawford, her devoted slave, wrote to the Duke of Douglas, her brother :

*I can assure your Grace she does great honour to the family wherever she appears, and is respected and beloved by all that have the honour of her acquaintance. She certainly merits all the affectionate marks of an only brother to an only sister.*

On August 7th, 1748, Lady Jean wrote to her brother that she had given birth to two boys—twins. One of these ultimately became the claimant to the Douglas estates.

It is impossible here to go into the evidence which Archibald Douglas (or Stewart) produced in later years in support of his claim, but the allegations made by the Duke of Hamilton, who contested the case, had a strong element of consistency.

Mrs. Hewitt was the chief witness to the birth of "two lovely boys", but the other side declared that they were bought children.

One infant was delicate and appeared genuine. This child, named Sholto, died about six years afterwards. The other, Archibald, lived on.

The death of Sholto broke Lady Jean's heart. She called Archibald to her bedside and said, with tears in her eyes : "May God bless you, my dear son ; and above all make you a worthy and honest man ; for riches, I despise them. Take a sword, and you may become as great a hero as some of your ancestors."

Then, before the last breath was drawn, she made the following declaration to those present : "As one who is soon to appear in the presence of Almighty God, to whom I must answer, I declare that the two children were born of my body."

Years passed, and the "Colonel" succeeded to the family baronetcy and estates. Meanwhile the Duke of Douglas, at the age of sixty-two, married his cousin, Peggy Douglas, who, strangely enough, befriended the orphan Archibald, despite the determination of the Duke not to recognize him as the son of his sister.

He often consigned the "brat" to a warm place. Yet, by clever management, Peggy at last induced the Duke to acknowledge Archibald as his legal nephew.

The Duke died and it was found that he had left the estates to Archibald.

A few months after the death of the Duke of Douglas the famous Douglas case began.

Archibald's title to the estates was contested by the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Selkirk. The former claimed to be heir male, while the latter had an interest under certain settlements made by the father of the Duke.

The proceedings cost an enormous sum of money. Both sides sent representatives to the Continent to find proof of, and against, the birth of their twins.

The case began in 1761, and in 1768 the Scottish Court of Session gave a verdict against Archibald, only by the casting vote of the Lord-President.

Eight days were taken by the judges in delivering their opinion.

During the hearing of the case—actually four years before the judgment—Sir John Stewart had died, making a solemn avowal :

“I do solemnly swear before God, as stepping into Eternity, that Lady Jean Douglas, my lawful spouse, did in the year 1748 bring into the world two sons, Archibald and Sholto, and I firmly believe the children were mine, as I am sure they were hers. Of the two sons, Archibald is the only one in life now.”

Archibald Douglas took the case to the House of Lords. The verdict was reversed, and he won his claim.

Ultimately he became a Member of Parliament and later was created a peer.

#### AUGUST 8TH

#### *The Reverend George Harvest*

THE Reverend George Harvest was so absent-minded that he twice forgot to be present at his wedding.

He spent many months insinuating himself into the graces of the daughter of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, and had actually given up the stage at the age of twenty-four to win the young lady's regard.

On the morning of the wedding-day George went out fishing. When he arrived home it was long past the hour at

which weddings could be celebrated. The young woman naturally broke off the engagement.

One Sunday morning Harvest took the service at St. Mary's, Oxford. His reputation for absent-mindedness had preceded him. When he stood up to read the banns, he was handed the following, which he duly read :

"I publish the marriage banns between  
 Jack Cheshire and the Widow Gloucester,  
 Both of a parish that is seen  
 'Twixt here and Paternoster ;  
 Who, to keep out the wind and weather,  
 Hereafter mean to pig together.  
 So if you wish to put in caveat,  
 Now is the time to let us have it."

Harvest was the incumbent of the parish of Thames Ditton, in Surrey, a living which had been obtained for him by Arthur Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who was fond of the parson's company.

He used frequently to forget the prayer days, and walk into the church with his gun on his arm. If he were called upon to sleep out at the house of a friend, he would wipe his hands and face with the sheets, and get between the sheets with his boots on. If a bottle were passed round the table it would stop in front of him, and he would continue to help himself until he was intoxicated.

One would have expected that after the affair with the Bishop's daughter, he would have learned a lesson. But he made himself as ridiculous at his second attempt at matrimony as at the first.

This time it was a handsome woman with a huge fortune.

On the day that the knot was due to be tied, a coach called at his house to take him to the wedding breakfast. There was no sign of the Rev. Mr. Harvest.

It was ascertained that he had gone out at seven o'clock. It was nearly dark before he recollected anything of the affair. Then he recalled that it was his wedding day. He ran all the way back like a man possessed, and when he arrived at the bride's house he was covered with dirt and hardly recognizable.

This lady, who was of more mature years, refused to see him again.

It is said that Harvest was one of the most uncouth of

men. He seldom wore a clean shirt, and if he did he had dirty boots or odd stockings. Once a friend remarked on his slovenliness. He replied, "Indeed I am not very exact."

Before the abandonment of his second wedding, he was due one evening to go and see his affianced. He left it rather late and had no time to change. He thought he might save time by changing on his horse.

• He provided himself with a clean cravat and a shirt, and rode until he came to the lane in which his fiancée lived. Here he stripped himself and, placing the things in front of him on the saddle, he was about to put on his shirt, when the horse took fright and bolted.

The animal came to a halt at the front door of the lady's house, and when the door was opened Harvest was seen sitting on his horse bare from the waist upwards.

Generally, Harvest travelled on foot, whatever the weather. In those days the Surrey roads were full of holes, and in the winter the holes were filled with water. The parson never picked his way; he simply waded through.

He carried no more than sixpence in his pocket to buy his favourite dish—shrimps or gingerbread. He would put a pennyworth of shrimps into his pocket and forget they were there, their odour mingling with the smell of tobacco, worms, and gentles for fishing.

On one occasion the Countess of Pembroke, annoyed by the smell the parson brought into her house, cleared out his pockets and filled a shovel with a mass of rubbish.

Harvest was intimate with the Onslow family, who lived at Ember Court, Thames Ditton. He slept there as often as he pleased. Whenever the parson lapsed into an indiscretion in company, the members of the Onslow family reproved him by using a code word.

Harvest once accompanied Lord Sandwich to Calais. Having lost his friends in the town, and not knowing a word of French, he had to ask his way by means of signs. He chose a strange way to do it.

His hotel was the Silver Lion. Putting a shilling in his mouth he imitated a rampant lion. His antics attracted a crowd, and a soldier, thinking that the parson had escaped from a place of detention, took him to the police authorities. After necessary explanations he was conducted to his hotel.

Harvest was fond of pudding, and whenever it was in the menu the other diners had little chance of a helping.

Once the archdeacon paid a visit to his church. After service they sat down to a meal at Ember Court. The archdeacon was in a morbid mood and talked very learnedly about the transitory things of life, including health, beauty, riches, and power.

Harvest turned to take a slice of pudding, but found that it was all gone.

"Mr. Archdeacon," he said, "I beg of you to add pudding to the transitory things of life."

Having been on the stage in his youth, the parson retained a love for the theatre. One night he was present at the play with Lady Onslow when Garrick was performing.

They sat in the front row of the boxes, and while taking out his handkerchief, his woollen nightcap fell from his pocket into the pit.

It was so dirty that it was hardly recognizable for what it was. The person on whom it fell tossed it away from him with his stick. A second man did the same, and the nightcap bobbed from one part of the pit to the other.

Harvest immediately got upon his feet, cleared his throat, and called to the pittites to return the article when they had finished with it.

"For," he added, "I shall be restless tonight if I have not my cap." Then, putting his hand over his heart, he made a bow to the audience. Whereupon the night-cap was returned to him.

He died at Ember Court on August 8th, 1789, aged 61.

## AUGUST 9TH

### *Captain Marryat*

Up to the year 1812 there was only one distress signal which could be used by mercantile ships. In that year Lloyd's agent at Liverpool invented a short code which enabled masters whose ships were in danger, through shortage of hands or equipment, to make it clear of what they were in need.

This code sufficed for about five years, when a more general code was adopted by the Shipowners' Society in London, for use by the Mercantile Marine.

The inventor of this code was Captain Frank Marryat, R.N., the famous novelist.

Marryat was the son of Joseph Marryat, M.P. for Sandwich,

Chairman of Lloyd's, and a prosperous West Indian merchant.

The family were descended from French Protestant refugees who escaped during the St. Bartholomew massacres and settled in this country.

Frederick Marryat was born on July 10th, 1792, in Westminster, London.

He was noted up to the age of fourteen for the many times he ran away from home to go to sea.

At last his parents had no option but to let him go, and he entered the Navy in 1806.

His first ship was the *Impérieuse*, commanded by Lord Cochrane, afterwards the Earl of Dundonald. He served three years as a midshipman in the Mediterranean, during which time he fought in fifty actions.

His experience included service on the coast of Spain in the early stages of the Peninsular War, in the attack of April, 1809, on the French squadron in the Roads, and in the Walcheren expedition.

Subsequently he served in North America and the West Indies, acquiring considerable knowledge of the sea, which was afterwards to prove so useful for his literary work.

In 1815, he was promoted to the rank of commander, but before that he had commanded a successful expedition to the American coast, chasing four vessels out of the port of New Orleans.

Soon afterwards, he was asked by Lloyd's to draw up the code of signals for the merchant service. This was adopted by the English and French Governments, and published finally in 1837.

In 1822, Marryat published *Suggestions for the abolition of the present system of impressment in the Naval Service*.

Marryat knew a good deal about the Merchant Marine. His father was connected with it through Lloyd's, and it may have been at his solicitation that the pamphlet was written.

The British Navy was manned by a method of impressment by press gangs. This practice was not only according to custom, but was supported by the law.

Press-gangs resorted to all sorts of devices to keep up their quotas. They were particularly keen on men who had already had experience in the merchant service or as river watermen.

The exploits of the gangs often led to trouble between them and the seamen.



They had power to board a merchant vessel of their own nation in any part of the world, and carry off as many of the best men they could lay their hands on. They were not, however, allowed to endanger the safety of merchant ships by reducing the size of the crew beyond certain limits.

Many attempts were made from time to time to alter the harsh laws concerning impressment, without any effect.

Marryat's pamphlet proposing a substitute for impressment annoyed William IV. It slowed up Marryat's subsequent advancement in the Navy, but his admirable services could not be completely ignored.

During the Burmese War, from May to September, 1824, he was Senior Naval Officer at Rangoon, and in the early part of the next year he commanded an expedition up the Bassein River, in which Bassein was occupied, and the Burmese stores seized.

For this service he received the C.B. in 1826.

He was mentioned in dispatches many times during his naval service, and in 1818 he received the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen gallant rescues" from the sea.

From November, 1828, to November, 1830, he commanded the *Ariadne*, cruising in the Atlantic and carrying out diplomatic missions at Madeira.

Marryat was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1819, and in 1833 received the Legion of Honour from Louis Philippe of France.

In his later years he became a politician. He was a keen Conservative, and unsuccessfully contested the Tower Hamlets division of London.

Marryat was a prolific writer. His first novel was *The Naval Officer, or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay*.

It was an instantaneous success, and although at the outset he had no intention of adopting a literary career, he found it a comfortable way of earning a living, and novel after novel poured in rapid succession from his pen.

Some of them were contributed originally to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a publication which he edited for some years. Most of his novels, of course, were of sea life.

Captain Marryat retired from the naval service in 1830, on his becoming equerry to the Duke of Sussex.

He edited the *Metropolitan Magazine* from 1832 to 1835.

He spent much of his time in Brussels, where he was popular. He was in Canada during the revolt of Papineau, and visited the United States in 1837.

On his return to England he gave condemnatory accounts of American institutions in his *Diary in America*, published in 1839.

In 1843 he went to live at Langham Manor, Norfolk, where he spent a good deal of money on farming, mostly in experimenting, and lost much of the fortune he might have accumulated through the sale of his novels.

He died at Langham on August 9th, 1848, soon after he received news of the death of his son in a shipwreck.

#### AUGUST 10TH

##### *Louis the Sixteenth*

"WE must strike, or be stricken!"

The huge, black-browed George Jacques Danton, leader of the notorious club of the Cordeliers, shouted these words, his voice rising above the noise of the steeple bells ringing all over Paris.

Two hundred and twenty years before a similar tocsin had sounded throughout the city. It had heralded the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Tonight—August 9th—10th, 1792—it was a call to the citizens to dethrone Louis XVI.

And so they had come in their thousands to the streets adjacent to the Tuileries Palace, stirred to desperation by the news that Austria and Prussia were about to intervene on behalf of the menaced King.

But for the threatened interference by these two European Powers, France might never have become a Republic, and the subsequent twenty years' distress of the nations might have been averted.

Other revolutionary leaders contributed to the flow of violent oratory, and the temper of the rabble was soon roused to madness. "Death to the aristocrats!" was the cry everywhere.

It was almost a repetition of the scene before the storming of the Bastille three years before. Loyalists hastened to the Tuileries to offer their swords and lives to their King; the revolutionaries, their fighting nucleus being the Marseillaise,

who "knew how to die", went in search of weapons to supplement those already in their possession.

At six o'clock on the morning of August 10th, the insurgents arrived near the Tuileries. The King, taking a hurried census of his garrison, which included the Swiss Guards, the National Guards, and gendarmes, found that he could rely only upon the Swiss. With these he determined to make a stand.

The day of terror began with the murder of Mandat, the commander of the National Guard, who was knocked down with clubs. Four other men, whose only offence was the wearing of rapiers, were done to death in the Champs Elysées. Their heads, stuck on revolutionary pikes, were paraded through the lanes of the mob.

Seventeen others were seized in the same thoroughfare—caught with pistols and rapiers. They were taken to the nearest guardhouse, where eleven contrived to escape.

Louis was advised to take refuge inside the walls of the Legislative Assembly. He refused, as did his wife, Marie Antoinette.

The roar of cannon and the crack of musketry did not seem to disturb her.

Meanwhile, the tide of revolution advanced nearer. The fight grew hotter and hotter, the Marseillaise and the mob without, and the loyal Swiss Guards within. Mercenaries these Swiss may have been, but gallant nevertheless.

Their fire withered the ranks of the attackers. With conspicuous bravery they even captured some of the insurgents' cannon.

There were times during the assault when the Patriots felt disposed to give up, for the Guards did the more damage.

One of the insurgents paused to regard the magnificent bearing of the Swiss. "With a good commander they would have won the day," he said afterwards. He was Napoleon Bonaparte.

More than a thousand of the mob lay dead when, for some reason or other not explained, the King was induced to order the Swiss Guards to cease fire.

The fatal order ruined all.

Paralysed by it, they ceased to shoot, but not to be shot at. They were mowed down in dozens, and the rabble gained an entry to the palace.

They dragged a cannon upstairs to the staterooms. Every Swiss Guard was butchered.

The courtiers and servants attempted to escape through the windows. Many fell to the ground below. Others who escaped from the palace without injury were caught, mutilated, and slaughtered.

"Respite to the women! Do not dishonour the nation!" shouted some of the attackers, whose hands were actually crimson with the blood of menfolk.

Thus, that small spark of mercy that still remained with some saved the lives of the women of the palace, for the "Terror" which spared none and brought both male and female to the guillotine had not yet begun.

Meanwhile the King and the royal family had taken refuge in the Legislative Assembly, hostile though that assembly was to the King.

"I have come hither," said Louis, "to prevent a great crime. I believe myself safer here than anywhere."

The President, Vergniaud, answered with a speech that conveyed nothing to the distracted King. There was much in it about "dying at one's post."

So Louis sat down in the Press Gallery and watched the proceedings of the Assembly until someone pointed out the Constitution did not permit a debate in the presence of the King.

Another member argued that Louis sat outside the Constitutional circuit, entrance to which was barred by a rail. He was thus allowed to remain, and he and his family sat quiet, listening to the debate, regarded curiously and contemptuously by these new and self-appointed legislators.

Outside one hundred and eighty of the Swiss Guards lay piled on one another. Stripped naked, they were allowed to remain until next day. The red coats were torn into ribbons and used to decorate the pikes of the victors, who marched through the streets chanting the "Marseillaise."

Streets were ankle deep in blood, in which trailed the skirts of women sightseers.

At midnight, after many weary hours spent in listening to the orators in the Assembly, Louis was provided with a small upper room, where he retired to rest. Accommodation was also found for other members of the royal family.

Two more days were spent in the same manner. Then, on Monday, August 13th, Louis and his household were taken to the Prison of the Temple in the carriage of Mayor Petien.

It was a quiet but packed crowd which saw the progress of Louis XVI to his prison, Marie Antoinette, with downcast

eyes, looking neither left nor right, the King still dignified, not realizing that it was the death blow to the Bourbons, and the little prince, were stared at by all eyes.

There was no demonstration. A few cried "Vive la Nation!"; but for the most part the crowd gazed in silence.

Foreign ambassadors were already on their way to their respective frontiers.

This day—August 10th, 1792—inaugurated the French Revolution. The King and Queen never again saw freedom.

#### AUGUST 11TH

#### *Cardinal Newman*

IN the religious controversies of the past century no figure stands out with such clarity as Cardinal John Henry Newman, apostate from the Anglican Church, and author of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light."

No man invited so much criticism at a time when the nation was divided into two opposing camps.

Having been ordained priest in the Roman Catholic Church, he became one of the keenest propagandists of that creed, and ultimately found himself charged with criminal libel, which resulted in what has been acknowledged as a gross miscarriage of justice.

In the year 1850, the controversy between Catholics and Protestants became intense through the activities of a certain Italian priest, named Father Achilli, who was employed to lecture by the opponents of Roman Catholicism.

Achilli was an ex-Dominican friar whose charges against the Church of which he had recently been a member stirred up Catholics into retaliation.

The first to take up Achilli's challenge was Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, who published in the *Dublin Review* an account of the alleged disreputable career of the erstwhile priest.

Wiseman stated categorically that Achilli had been imprisoned in Rome for revolutionary activities, and gave a list of his immoralities. Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister, had obtained Achilli's release from prison on the ground of his being a political martyr and he had been welcomed in England.

The particulars which Wiseman published about Achilli were enough—if untrue—to make certain a successful libel

action. Achilli, however, ignored the attack and continued his propaganda against the Roman Catholics.

At this time Newman, himself a lecturer on behalf of his Church, decided to enter the fray against Achilli, and in his famous "Fifth Lecture," delivered at Birmingham, he boldly attacked him.

Newman's charges against Achilli were based upon the evidence which Cardinal Wiseman had already published. Before delivering the lecture he had taken legal opinion as to whether he was safe in quoting Wiseman. As Achilli had not replied to Wiseman with a writ for libel, Newman's counsel was of the opinion that he could safely go ahead.

After referring to the crowds that were always present at Achilli's meetings, Newman proceeded to castigate him unmercifully.

In delivering such a drastic denunciation of Achilli, Newman was perfectly aware that he was inviting an action for libel, but he had reason to believe that if a writ were issued, it could only be against Wiseman.

It was a surprise to everyone, therefore, when Achilli began proceedings against Newman.

The latter saw that he would have to prove all the charges he had made, and he looked to Cardinal Wiseman to provide the evidence.

To Newman's dismay the Cardinal was unable to lay his hands on the necessary papers. Thus, investigation had to be made in Italy, and inquiries were made difficult through Wiseman's introductions being insufficient to enable the investigators to prove their *bona fides*.

At last the case was brought to trial, in June, 1852, and lasted five days.

With religious controversy running high, the court was packed with spectators.

Many witnesses substantiated the charges Newman had made. Achilli, of course, denied everything, and his was the only word against a score.

Thus the evidence was overwhelmingly in favour of Newman. But, to the astonishment of his friends, the jury found that the twenty-two accusations against the character of the ex-priest had not been proved to their satisfaction.

Convicted of criminal libel, Newman looked forward to a term of imprisonment.

Newman was advised to apply for a new trial. For a time

he refused. Then, when he was persuaded to do so, it is said that Lord Campbell, the judge, shook and his voice trembled at the unexpected demand.

In 1853 the case was finally settled by the imposition of a fine of £100 on Newman. The case had cost him £12,000. Newman, of course, was unable to pay, but a subscription was begun which ultimately produced a sum far in excess of the sum required.

Finally, it was a great triumph for Newman. At a synod of the Roman Catholic Church he delivered his famous sermon, "Second Spring," which was regarded as a masterpiece of the English language.

It expressed the feelings of the Roman Catholics at a time when, as a result of Catholic emancipation, they rejoiced in their new-found liberties. Newman was the medium through which the Catholics sang their "Te Deum" of praise.

Newman was born in London on February 21st, 1801, the eldest son of John Newman, banker. Ordained into the Anglican Church, he was never comfortable with the doctrines of the Established Church.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the Encircling Gloom," he wrote, and there is good reason to believe that at an early age he found himself groping for inspiration.

The famous sermon preached by Keble at St. Mary's, Oxford, on July 14th, 1833, led Newman, as it did many others, to take stock of his position.

From his High Church position to Roman Catholicism was not a big step, and Newman was formally received into that Church in October, 1845.

He was a man of magnetic personality. He was a poet, and his "Dream of Gerontius" is a masterpiece.

He died on August 11th, 1890, mourned by the whole Roman Catholic Church.

## AUGUST 12TH

### *Matthew Hopkins*

ALTHOUGH the Reformation was designed to abate superstition in religion, it had the contrary effect in one direction.

From the time of Elizabeth to the end of the reign of Charles I, the country was swept by demonism. The black art had

been practised for centuries, but it never acquired such a vogue as in the period just before the Civil War.

Up to the year 1563 witches were dealt with by the ecclesiastical authorities assisted by the rabble, but in that year an Act was passed making witchcraft a capital offence, and offenders were thus dealt with by the State.

Hundreds of women were accused and brought before the justices. Here are a few of the most important cases :

At Chelmsford, in 1566, Mother Waterhouse and Alice Chandler were hanged. Three more suffered death a few years afterwards in the same town.

In 1579 four Abingdon witches met their deaths.

In 1582 several suspected witches were dealt with at St. Osyth, near Clacton, Essex. A fresh outburst of witch mania occurred at Chelmsford in 1589, while four years later a father, mother, and daughter named Samuel, of Warboys, Huntingdonshire, were executed for casting spells which "resulted in the death of Lady Cromwell."

These represent only a small percentage of the cases. Alleged sorcery went on in every county in England, but principally, it would seem, in the Eastern Counties.

That all these victims were genuinely engaged in the black art is absurd. Many cast their "spells" without any effect on anyone. They were women whose occultism was of the most elementary kind.

Witch-finders were employed to trace out offenders, and in the early part of the 17th century one of the most notorious of these unscrupulous individuals was Matthew Hopkins.

Hopkins was the son of a parson of Wenham, Suffolk, and reputed to be of Puritan opinions. He was appointed by the Government to trace out cases of sorcery, and had an assistant, John Stearne, a Calvinist.

Hopkins was a solicitor practising at Ipswich, but when his business failed to prosper he moved to Manningtree.

In 1644 he is said to have discovered accidentally a sort of society of witches who assembled on a certain night in the week to practise their arts, their headquarters being close to his house.

In bringing to justice these women, Hopkins was no doubt earnest in his desire to stamp out their activities. According to him they offered solemn sacrifices to the Devil, a kind of Satanic eucharist.



Their orgies no doubt kept him awake at nights.

Hopkins laid the necessary information and the whole crowd were arrested. They included Elizabeth Clarke, Ann West, her daughter Rebecca, Ann Leach, Helen Clarke, and Elizabeth Gooding.

The justices were Sir Harbottle Grimston and Sir Thomas Bowes. They soon brought into operation the tortures as prescribed by law.

Ann West had already incurred a term of imprisonment as a suspected witch, and she is said to have confessed under torture, thus involving thirty others.

No sooner were these women in the hands of the law than people in the neighbourhood came forward to give evidence as to the malefic result of their activities.

A farmer had lost many of his cattle through a mysterious disease. His child had died "rowing the eyes." He put the blame on Ann Leach and Elizabeth Gooding.

Gooding was also blamed by another man for laming his horse. A woman named Prudence Hart who had been stricken with pains in the stomach condemned Rebecca West and Ann West.

These were not all the charges, but they are a fair sample of the whole.

Other witnesses declared that they had been present at the orgies. The Devil had appeared in the shape of a dog, and afterwards as two "kitlyns" (kittens). These "familiars," as they were called, were perfectly at home in the Satanic circle. They kissed everyone present and jumped on their laps.

Under torture Ann Cooper, of Clacton, "confessed" that she had "three black impes called by the names of Wynowe, Jeso, and Panu." Margaret Moone had twelve with various names; Marian Hocket, three. Numbers of people testified as to the existence of these imps in various shapes or forms.

At the trial at Chelmsford on July 29th, 1645, twenty-nine were condemned. Four were hanged at Manningtree and ten at Chelmsford. The fate of the others is not certain, but doubtless they were all executed.

Whatever was the truth of all this witch business, Matthew Hopkins made a good thing out of it. He went on from triumph to triumph assisted by John Stearne and a woman named Goody Phillips.

Within a few months nearly two hundred people were

accused of witchcraft by Hopkins in Suffolk alone. Practically all of them suffered the capital penalty.

Hopkins was almost as successful in Norfolk. He was paid a sum of money for each conviction. At Stowmarket he received £23.

The story was now gaining ground that Hopkins was a crook, and that he was a wizard himself. He was said to have had dealings with the devil.

One day he was seized and thrown into a pond, and tradition has it that he actually floated with his hands and legs tied together in the approved witch manner.

It was the end of Hopkins' activities. Whether he was done to death is not known. Stearne, his lieutenant, records that "he died peaceably after a long sickness of Consumption."

He died and was buried at Mistley-cum-Manningtree, Essex, on August 12th, 1647.

AUGUST 13TH

### *The Battle of Blenheim*

THE Battle of Blenheim is regarded as one of the decisive battles of the world. It broke the power of Louis XIV of France and made it clear, even to that monarch of egotism, that his dreams of conquest had become a reality of defeat.

Truly, "It was a famous victory!" And this is what they fought each other for.

At the beginning of the 18th century Louis XIV of France was gradually acquiring a power that menaced the liberties of Europe, even as Napoleon did a century afterwards.

Having scared adjacent small States and filched territory here and there, he cast envious eyes on Spain. There was a prospect of Charles II dying without issue. Louis, who had married the Spanish Infanta in 1659, had a strong claim to the Spanish empire.

When the King of Spain died he appointed, by his will, Philip, Duke of Anjou, one of Louis's grandsons, to succeed him on the throne of Spain.

Knowing well that this would lead to a general European war, Louis sent his grandson into Spain as King Philip V, assuring him on his departure that, "There are no longer any Pyrenees."

The Spanish empire then included part of the Netherlands,

Sardinia, Sicily, Naples, the principality of Milan, and other parts of Italy, the Philippines and Manilla Islands in Asia, California and Florida, and a part of central and southern America.

Philip was crowned King of Spain in the beginning of 1701, and French or Spanish troops occupied, in alliance, an important part of the globe.

The first power to question this extension of French influence was Austria, whose own princes were rival claimants to the throne of Spain.

Then William III of England became indignant, and through his efforts a league was formed between England, Holland, and Austria, who were later joined by Portugal, Prussia, Denmark and Savoy.

Europe was alarmed, for, in effect, Louis had control of the whole Spanish empire. As one historian points out :

Spain had threatened the liberties of Europe in the end of the sixteenth century ; France had all but overthrown them in the close of the seventeenth. What hope was there of their being able to make head against them both, united under such a monarch as Louis XIV ?

When William III died on March 8th, 1702, it looked as if the league would fall to pieces, for he was regarded as the only one who could keep the confederacy together.

But within three days of her accession, Queen Anne went to the House of Lords and declared her intention of following the lead of her predecessor, and raised John Churchill (Duke of Marlborough) to the head of the Army. Through him the Grand Alliance was kept intact.

War was declared by the allies against France on May 4th, 1702. At the outset the armies of Louis XIV were successful in almost every sphere of action. They progressed on the Rhine, in Bavaria, in Flanders, and on the Danube.

It was not until May 19th, 1704, that Marlborough began his celebrated march from Flanders to the Danube, collecting reinforcements on the way. On August 11th his forces united with those of Prince Eugene, and the combined armies occupied a position on the left bank of the Danube.

The allied troops were formed into two great divisions, the larger under the Duke and the other under Prince Eugene. Marlborough's troops were on the left and centre and Eugene's on the right.

On the morning of August 13th the allies left their camp and began a march in the direction of the enemy commanded by the Frenchmen, Tallard and Marsin, and the Elector of Bavaria.

A thick mist hid their approach and Tallard found himself unprepared. He made hurried preparations and about eight o'clock artillery opened fire on the French right against the left wing of the English.

Eugene's troops had to cover difficult ground, and it was nearly noon before he could get them into line. Meanwhile the Duke had ordered divine service and had ridden along the lines, finding his men in high spirits, all waiting for the signal to attack.

When a messenger galloped up with the news that Prince Eugene was ready, Marlborough ordered the attack on the village of Blenheim by a brigade of infantry. He himself took the main body down the eastward slope of the valley of the Nebel and made preparations to cross the stream.

The first assault on Blenheim was repulsed with great loss, an indication to Marlborough that the place was strongly garrisoned. He then prepared to break the enemy's lines between Blenheim and Oberglau.

Temporary bridges were thrown across the Nebel, near the hamlet of Unterglau, and several squadrons crossed and negotiated the marshes.

Meanwhile, the French artillery pumped cannon-balls among the advancing allies, and bodies of French cavalry frequently charged. Only by throwing more men across the stream as reinforcement was Marlborough able to save the army at this point from defeat. This, on top of the repulse at Blenheim, would have turned the tide definitely in favour of the French.

With great difficulty the Duke's cavalry struggled across the river through the water now stained crimson with blood.

Marlborough succeeded in getting the whole of his left wing beyond the Nebel, and was about to go forward when he was called away to another part of the field. His centre had met with disaster. An Irish brigade, which had held the village of Oberglau, drove a Hanoverian brigade back with great slaughter, and broke completely through the lines of the allies.

But the excitement of the Irish led them too far, and when

Marlborough came up and charged their flank with squadrons of British cavalry, the Irish fell back.

In their attempt to regain the hill of Oberglau they were raked by the fire of three battalions which Marlborough had brought up from the reserve.

Eugene had not been fortunate. Having made three attacks, he had been driven back on each occasion. Only the steadiness of the Prussian infantry saved him from total defeat.

It was now five o'clock in the afternoon. The victory so far was with neither side.

Eight thousand cavalymen were drawn up ready for a great charge as soon as it was favourable.

A few minutes after the hour Marlborough began what was to prove the decisive movement of the battle. The allied cavalry supported by infantry and guns advanced slowly from the marshes near the Nebel up the slope where the French cavalry had all along been awaiting an attack.

The attackers were received with such severe fire from the enemy's artillery and small-arms that the horsemen fell back a little, but the infantry stood their ground and poured a hail of lead into the ranks of the French.

Soon the French fire seemed to slacken, and at this point Marlborough ordered a charge. With a terrific rush, the allied cavalry galloped into the opposing squadrons.

The French could not withstand this attack. They wheeled round and fired their carbines aimlessly. Galloping away, they left nine infantry battalions to be overwhelmed by the Duke's cavalry.

Tallard and Marsin, the two French commanders, were separated. The former sent a message to his troops in Blenheim to leave and join him without delay.

But long before this order could be obeyed, the Duke's troops were engaging Tallard's. Thousands were driven into the Danube; many fled with their general to the village of Sonderheim, where they were surrounded and compelled to surrender.

At the same time Prince Eugene was inflicting a defeat on Marsin, and only the village of Blenheim with its big garrison was left to be dealt with.

All outlets from the village were occupied by the allies, and then artillery bombardment began. At length the French had only one alternative to annihilation—surrender, and this they did.

AUGUST 14TH

*Jack Sheppard*

ONE of the most remarkable persons hanged at Tyburn was Jack Sheppard.

Sheppard was optimistic of being able to escape the gallows, even when the noose was round his neck.

Such was his popularity that he fully anticipated that the crowd would rush the platform and secure his release.

But the authorities were not taking any chances with a young man who had laughed at bolts and bars.

Jack Sheppard was born at Spitalfields in 1702. His father died when the boy was quite young, and Jack was taken into the house of his uncle, a woollen-draper in the Strand. He was apprenticed to a carpenter in Wych Street, and for four years there were no complaints as to his work.

Then he began to frequent a public-house, the Black Lion, in Drury Lane, and here he met Elizabeth Lyon, who was known as Edgeworth Bess.

Soon he was resorting to the carpenter's till, and when suspected of these robberies, he left the shop and began business professionally as a burglar.

He got acquainted with another woman, named Margot, who induced him to rob the house of a Mr. Bain, in White Horse Yard.

One dark night he removed the bars from the cellar window, and stole money and goods to the value of £22, taking the whole of the booty to Margot.

When Sheppard failed to return home to the carpenter's, his box was broken open and certain stolen articles were discovered. Knowing that these would incriminate him, he actually broke into the house and took them away.

Concurrently with his exploits as a burglar, he ran a sideline as a journeyman carpenter, and was thus able to spy out the houses he intended to rob.

When Edgeworth Bess was arrested for theft and placed in the Round House of St. Giles, Sheppard went to visit her, but was refused admission by the beadle.

Jack thereupon knocked that officer down, broke open the door and carried Bess away in his arms.

This exploit was approved in St. Giles, then one of the

worst neighbourhoods in London, and Sheppard's popularity increased.

A reward was offered for his capture. One day he met in St. Gile's a certain James Sykes, who enticed him into a public-house and then sent for a Bow Street runner.

Sheppard was captured, had a short examination before a magistrate and was put into the Round House. During the night he broke through the roof and escaped.

It was not long before he was before the magistrate again on a charge of pick-pocketing. Bess called to see him at St. Anne's Round House and was arrested on suspicion of being his accomplice.

Both were committed to New Prison, and placed in Newgate Ward. Many friends came to see him, and at last were able to smuggle in tools with which he filed off his fetters. He made a hole in the wall, let Bess down to the ground with a blanket and sheet tied together, and escaped himself.

Returning to St. Gile's, Sheppard found himself a hero. Rogues swarmed round him.

A series of daring burglaries were now committed by Sheppard, the proceeds of which were placed in a stable near the Horse Ferry at Westminster.

A receiver, named William Field, promised to find customers for the articles. Instead he broke into the stable one night, stole the property and gave information to the police.

Sheppard was again arrested and sentenced to death at the Old Bailey on August 14th, 1724.

Again friends supplied him with saws and other implements. He cut through one of the bars and women outside waiting for him, assisted him down. The keepers were in the middle of a drunken orgy at the time.

Sheppard was walking up Fleet Street about an hour afterwards when he thrust his hand through a jeweller's window and stole three watches.

He was now warned by his acquaintances that the search for him had been intensified. He decided to retire to Finchley until the hue and cry was over.

But the keepers of Newgate discovered his hide-out and again took him into custody

This time they determined he should not escape. He was put into the strong room called the Castle, handcuffed, loaded with a heavy pair of irons, and chained to a staple fixed in the floor.

Hundreds of people came to see this famous man, little more than a youth. Many brought him presents of money, though he would probably have preferred a crowbar.

His next exploit was his most famous one.

Finding a rusty nail in his prison, he discovered that it would unlock the padlock that chained him to the floor. He wriggled out of his handcuffs, opened the padlock, and then hitching the chain to his garters he tried to climb the chimney.

Stopped by an iron bar, he returned to his cell, obtained a piece of the chain which he had broken by brute strength, scraped away the mortar and removed the bar.

He broke the wall of his cell with the bar, passed through, and breaking open a series of doors, found himself on the roof.

Beneath the parapet of the roof was the house of a turner. Returning for his blanket, he fastened it with a spike he had taken out of the wall of the chapel, dropped on to the leads, and climbed through a garret window.

His clanking chain was heard by a woman who called, "What is that?" Then a man's voice replied, "Only the cat."

Sheppard returned to the garret and lay down to sleep, and two hours later escaped into the street when the door was opened by a maid.

He passed by the watch at St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, and saluted him. Turning into Grays Inn Lane, he arrived about two in the morning in Tottenham Court Road. He obtained food, hiding his fetters under his greatcoat while he was in the shop, and then took shelter in a cow-house.

While there the owner suddenly appeared. When Sheppard declared that he was the father of an illegitimate child, and that he had been in Bridewell Prison for failing to give security to the parish for the child's support, the man allowed him to go.

Sheppard then approached a shoemaker and offered him twenty shillings for a hammer. The shoemaker assisted the burglar to remove his fetters.

When darkness fell again, he disguised himself as a beggar by tearing his clothes, and walked to the Haymarket, where he heard street singers singing a song about himself.

He broke open a pawnbroker's in Drury Lane, stole a sword, a suit of clothes, snuff-boxes, rings, watches, and other articles, and dressed himself as a young blood.

Picking up two women in a public-house in Newgate Street, he passed the prison later in a hackney-coach.



In the evening Sheppard went to a public-house in Clare Market, sent for his mother and ordered liquor for her.

She begged him to give up his life of crime. He promised, but had no intention of doing so.

He continued to drink in the public-house until he became insensible, and was at last recognized by a pot-boy.

He was again taken into custody.

This time they made sure of him.

He was executed on November 16th, 1724.

AUGUST 15TH

*Joseph Miller*

TRADUCERS of Joseph Miller, the famous Drury Lane comedian, insist that he never cracked a joke.

When one looks at his portrait it must be admitted that he had anything but a humorous personality.

His reputation as a Prime Minister of Mirth was sustained for many years by his gravestone in St. Clement Danes churchyard, London, on which was the following inscription :

Here lye the Remains of Honest Jo. Miller, who was a tender Husband, a sincere Friend, a facetious Companion, and an excellent Comedian.

He departed this life on the 15th day of August, 1738, aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty could save  
 The humorous, witty, honest from the grave,  
 The grave had not so soon this tenant found,  
 Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crowned ;  
 Could but esteem and love preserve our breath,  
 And guard us longer from the stroke of Death,  
 The stroke of Death on him had later fell,  
 Whom all mankind esteemed and loved so well.

This monument was erected to the memory of the great humorist by a certain Stephen Duck, who rose from a labourer on a threshing machine to the heights of a bard.

But the story of Miller's tombstone is not finished. In 1816 there was a Mr. Jarvis Buck (not Duck), Churchwarden at St. Clement Danes.

Although Joe had been dead for nearly a hundred years, Mr. Buck, himself a man who could appreciate a good joke,

deplored the fact that the eulogy of Joe Miller was being effaced by time, restored the almost obliterated inscription, presumably at his own expense.

And, in order to place on record his own benevolence, added at the bottom of the tombstone the following :

From respect to social worth, mirthful qualities, and histrionic excellence, commemorated by poetic talent in humble life, the above inscription, which Time has nearly obliterated, has been preserved and transferred to this Stone, by order of Mr. Jarvis Buck, Churchwarden.

Mr. Buck's addition is somewhat ambiguous, but it would appear that an entirely new stone was used to rehabilitate the inscription.

All praise, of course to Mr. Buck, who was so anxious to preserve tradition.

Some time about the middle of last century, the tombstone of Joe Miller was used as part of the materials for the building of King's College Hospital, but an observer, seeing the stone lying on the top of others, copied the inscription.

To give Joe Miller credit, he is entitled to rank in history as a good actor ; but one cannot honestly describe him as a comedian.

His reputation as a joker was posthumous. It happened that soon after the actor's death a book of jokes was published. They were all "chestnuts," and had probably been told over flagons of ale in the days of the Saxons.

The same old stories had appeared many times under various titles. In the 16th century they were known successively as "Scogan's Jests" and "Skelton's Jests." In the 17th century they were called variously "Tarlton's Jests," "Hobson's Jests," "Peele's Jests," "Hugh Peter's Jests," and many others.

Just before the death of Miller they came out as "Pinkethman's Jests," "Polly Peachum's Jests" and "Ben Jonson's Jests."

By this time there was a tendency to use the name of a prominent actor, playwright, or the role of an actor or actress as the title of the book.

Thus in 1739 the jokes came out in volume form under the title of "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wit's Vade-mecum."

In a sub-title it was explained that the jokes had been "carefully collected in the company, and many of them

transcribed from the mouth, of the facetious gentleman whose name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former companion, Elijah Jenkins, Esq."

There was no "Elijah Jenkins, Esq." Nevertheless, the book sold well. A second and third edition was published in the same year, and was frequently reprinted during the rest of the century.

Thus it was that Joe Miller got his reputation as a comedian.

Joe Miller was born in the year 1684, and in 1715 his name appeared for the first time on the bills of Drury Lane as performing in "The Constant Couple; or a Trip to the Jubilee."

From this date he appears regularly to have been engaged at Covent Garden. He performed, too, at the various fairs, such as Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield May Fair, Greenwich Fair, and one year at the Frost Fair on the Thames.

There is record that he received a benefit on April 25th, 1717, when playing in Congreve's "Old Bachelor." On this occasion the tickets were designed by Hogarth, the painter. Miller and the painter were bosom companions, and were often to be seen in the public-houses in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane theatre.

Miller was also a friend of Doggett, the actor, who founded the famous Doggett's Coat and Badge.

When Doggett died, Miller was so depressed that he could not go on with his part at Southwark Fair, and was to be found for days in a favourite tavern, overcome with liquor.

At the "Black Jack," in Portsmouth Street, Clare Market, Miller was actually the most morose of the large party of actors who frequented the place. There was, it is said, never any suggestion of a smile on his face.

His companions, however, attributed to Miller every new joke that came out. This farce was kept up for years.

His last benefit night was on April 13th, 1738, and he died on August 15th following.

Miller lived at Strand-on-the-Green, in the parish of Chiswick. The parish registers record that he was buried in the churchyard there.

Which makes it all the more a mystery as to how his grave-stone came to be placed in St. Clement Danes, Strand.

AUGUST 16TH

*John Palmer*

JOHN PALMER had a theatre at Bath, a most fashionable resort in the early part of the 19th century.

It was his boast that he could put on the best programme of any provincial house.

But Palmer, although he could obtain the stars of the English stage from London, had often to disappoint his patrons because transport from London to Bath was unreliable.

Actors and actresses were often held up on the road.

The post coach took three days to reach Bath from London. There was no guarantee that it would arrive to time.

Palmer was enterprising. He deplored the methods of passenger transport. He sent a memorial to the Government.

The Government laughed at him. The public thought him crazy. Everyone said that speed on the roads had reached its limit. To attempt to lop time off the journeys of post-coaches would endanger life and limb.

The Post Office authorities were the worst critics. But Palmer was so persistent that at last they gave him enough rope—to hang himself, they thought.

The first mail-coach to run according to Palmer's ideas started at eight in the morning of August 8th, 1784. To the surprise of everyone it reached its destination at Bristol the same night at eleven.

Palmer did not introduce a new type of coach. He speeded up the journey by cutting out useless stops.

The Government made a bargain to give him two and a half per cent on the saving in the cost of carrying letters.

It was shown that the Post Office saved £20,000 a year by working according to Palmer's method, but the Government paid off Palmer with a first and only payment that was relatively small.

The stage-coach according to Palmer's plan continued until the introduction of railways.

Passenger transport from the 16th century to the 19th made little advance. The first vehicle used for the purpose was a roughly made wagon, a cart without springs, the body resting on the axle.

Queen Elizabeth rode to open her fifth Parliament in one of these wagons.

Wagons were not popular. The roads were such that a passenger was lucky if he escaped being bruised all over.

The best road in England in the middle of the 17th century was from Dover to London. This journey took four days.

In the time of Charles II stage-wagons travelled regularly between London and Liverpool, starting from the Axe Inn, Aldermanbury, every Monday and Thursday. The journey took ten days in summer and twelve days in winter.

At this time the stage-coach was beginning to be used in London. It travelled at the rate of two or three miles an hour.

Towards the end of the 17th century stage-coaches operated on the three principal roads of Britain.

The coaches ran only during summer. In winter they were laid up.

Pamphlets were written for and against the stage-coach. In one, entitled *The Grand Concern of England Explained in Several Proposals to Parliament* the writer declared that stage-coaches were the greatest evil that had ever happened, that they were damaging to trade, and conducive to infectious disease.

In 1700 the London to York journey took a week. Fifty years later London to Edinburgh was a fortnight's journey.

The first coach between Glasgow and Edinburgh began in 1749 and was called the "Edinburgh and Glasgow Caravan." The forty-four miles took two days.

A coach would sometimes stop at a town for half a day before recommencing its journey. They were announced to start "God willing" at any time that suited the majority of the passengers. A particularly distinguished passenger could delay the coach many hours.

At which inn the coach would stop was decided by the majority of the passengers, a chairman being appointed at the beginning of the journey.

In 1760 a curious case was heard in the courts. A driver of a coach wished to stop at a certain inn, but the passengers preferred to go on to another. The driver refused to give way, and after he had stopped at the hostelry of his own fancy they walked to the inn of their choice giving instructions for him to pick them up as he passed.

The driver drove past at full speed and the passengers were stranded.

In the subsequent action the passengers were awarded £20 each by the jury.

In 1754 some merchants of Manchester started a new vehicle called the "Flying Coach," so-called because it was hoped that it would travel at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

This prospectus was issued by the proprietors :

However incredulous it may appear, this coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in four days and a half after leaving Manchester.

Three years later Liverpool invented a coach designed to beat the Manchester vehicle. It was called by the newspapers a "flying machine on steel springs."

It started at Warrington and three days were to be taken on the journey to London.

Before the end of the 18th century there were coaches that could travel at eight miles an hour !

Palmer died on August 16th, 1818.

#### AUGUST 17TH

#### *John Gower*

I leave my soul to God my Creator ; and my body to be buried in the church of the Canons of the blessed Mary de Overes, in a place expressly provided for it.

SUCH was the direction in the will of John Gower, poet, who died in 1408.

The sorrowing priests, grateful for Gower's generosity, built him a sumptuous monument at the "place" set apart, and that memorial can be seen today on the east side of the south transept of St. Saviour's Cathedral, Southwark, formerly the church of St. Mary Overy.

At the close of the 14th century Gower contributed large sums of money towards the rebuilding of the church. The extent of his benefactions is shown by the clerics hanging a tablet beside the monument with the inscription :

Whosoever prayeth for the soul of John Gower, he shall, so oft as he so doth, have an M and a D days of pardon.

One can visualize the popularity of the tomb of John Gower, and the crowds of pilgrims who went there to get their 1500 days' remission.

Few medieval monuments were more magnificent than this when it was originally built. It is said that Gower "prepared for his bones a resting, and there, somewhat after the old fashion, he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garland on his head, in token that he in his life-daies flourished freshly in literature and science."

His effigy in stone represented him with long hair reaching to his shoulders, a curly beard, and crowned with a chaplet of red roses. A green tightly fitting robe reached down to his feet. There was a gold collar round his neck, and under his head, for a pillow, were representations of his three great books, the *Speculum Meditantis*, the *Vox Clamantis*, and the *Confessio Amantis*.

On the wall were painted effigies of three virtues, Charity, Mercy, and Pity, with couplets for each in French.

A further inscription, translated into English, is :

His shield henceforth is useles grown ;  
To pay Death's tribute slain ;  
His soul's with pious freedom flown  
Where spotless spirits reign.

Finally, the front of the tomb has the following :

Here lies John Gower Esquire, a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to this sacred edifice in the time of Edward III and Richard II.

The tomb was originally on the north side of the church, where Gower founded the chapel of St. John, but was moved in 1832 to its present site and repaired and coloured at the expense of the Duke of Sutherland.

How John Gower got his money is not known. He appears to have been nothing more than a poet, able to write fluently at the request of his sovereign.

The wit who suggested the epitaph :

This church was rebuilt by John Gower, the rhymer,  
Who, in Richard's gay court, was a fortunate climber,

was probably right in his surmise.

It is supposed that Gower was poet laureate to two kings.

He himself records in rhyme how once he met his "liege lord" on the river Thames, and was commanded to write "some new thinge."

Some historians assert that it was Richard II, and others Henry IV, who gave the order. This does not matter.

The result was the *Confessio Amantis*, on which Gower's fame rests. It is a story of a broken-hearted lover who is solaced only by entertaining stories told by his priest confessor.

Little is known of Gower. Chaucer calls him the "moral Gower." Certainly, Gower did keep himself within the good taste in his poems.

He came, it is said, of a knightly family in Yorkshire, and had a little property here and there. He was an anti-reformer in Church matters.

Late in life, when his hair was turning white, and he was tired of his solitary state, he took a wife. She proved a faithful nurse, and when

Condemn'd to suffer life, devoid of light,

she led him by the hand from his home in Southwark to the church of St. Mary Overy, where he listened to the hammers and chisels of the masons as they built his chapel of St. John. She was his only comfort.

Blind, he was compelled to lay aside his pen, and after seven years cut off from the world through loss of sight and debility, he died. He was accorded a magnificent funeral.

Gower is supposed to have been born in 1325, but the place of his birth is disputed. He is claimed by both Wales and Yorkshire.

He graduated at Oxford, and is believed to have studied in the Inner Temple, and while he wrote poems, he did not neglect the practice of the law.

He died on August 17th, 1408.

AUGUST 18TH

### *The Countess of Shrewsbury*

ON August 18th, 1662, a strange affair of honour took place in the "Long Alley near St. James's called Pall Mall."

It was a fight with swords in which four men were engaged.



The contestants were, on the one side, Mr. Jermyn, nephew of Lord St. Albans, and Colonel Giles Rawlins, and on the other, Captain Thomas Howard, brother of Lord Carlisle, and another whose name has never been disclosed.

The fight was over a woman—Lady Shrewsbury.

Lady Shrewsbury, beautiful, accomplished, and the wife of the distinguished eleventh earl, was notorious for her cruelty and passions. The vision of one lover fighting another for her smiles was to her most agreeable entertainment.

She had a long list of victims. One after another, high or low born, were favoured, cast aside and brought to the verge of suicide.

Captain Thomas Howard was shy, retiring. He was easy prey for Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury.

One night the couple supped at Spring Gardens, then a favourite resort of fashion. They were interrupted by Jermyn, who insisted, to the amusement and satisfaction of Lady Shrewsbury, in adding a third to the company.

For the rest of the evening Captain Howard, though host, was almost ignored. At any moment Lady Shrewsbury expected him to draw his sword, but he kept his temper under restraint.

On the following morning Jermyn received a demand for satisfaction. He laughed at the challenge, accepted it, and declared that he would "wipe the puppy out."

The sequel can be read in Pepys's diary under date August 19th, 1662.

Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duel between Mr. Jermyn, nephew to my Lord of St. Alban's, and Colonel Giles Rawlins, the latter of whom is killed [writes the diarist]. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard, my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another unknown who, they say, had armour on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready and are fled.

The part that Lady Shrewsbury played in this affair did not come out until long afterwards though, to quote Pepys again, Charles II was "much concerned in this fray."

Next to fall into the snares of Lady Shrewsbury was a certain Harry Killigrew, son of a court jester, a notorious tavern frequenter, and a man whose sword was ready for any service.

This intrigue was brief, but fatal for Killigrew. He

boasted openly of his connection with Lady Shrewsbury and the couple were the talk of the town.

He toasted her before his dissolute companions, and declared that no man could take her away from him.

But like all his predecessors, she tired of him and hooked the Duke of Buckingham.

Killigrew assailed the Duke with foul invectives and attached to the Countess names far different from those he had been in the habit of flattering her.

Threats would not keep Killigrew quiet, so one day the Duke gave him a thrashing, which silenced him.

Matters between the Countess and the Duke progressed uneventfully. Then the Earl himself took a hand.

He challenged Buckingham to a duel. They met one frosty morning in January, 1667, on Barnes Common.

Here is the gossiping Pepys :

Much discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes and one Jenkins on one side and my Lord Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot and one Bernard Howard on the other side ; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while, been a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham.

And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday at a close near Barne-Elms, and there fought ; and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder ; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes ; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the king hath good councillors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress.

The Count de Grammont declares that the Countess was present, dressed as a page, and held the horse of the Duke of Buckingham while he fought and killed her husband, "after which she went off with him to his house, stained with her husband's blood."

The Earl of Shrewsbury died from his wound two months afterwards. The Sir John Talbot and Bernard Howard, who are mentioned as seconds in the duel, were important members of the King's household, the second named being a son of the Earl of Arundel.

On May 15th, Pepys returns to the subject as follows :

I am told . . . that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house. Where his Duchesse, saying it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered : "Why, madam, I did think so, and, therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's," ; which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true, and my Lady Shrewsbury is there it seems.

It was soon after this tragedy that Killigrew again appeared to interrupt the love-making of the Duke and the Countess.

Buckingham determined to put a stop to the nuisance. He called for hired assassins, and Killigrew was followed daily. Time after time he escaped from their clutches. Then one night the Duke learned that Killigrew was on his way from London to his house at Turnham Green.

Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury followed him with their desperadoes. They caught up Killigrew's coach, and found him and his servant asleep.

They both awoke to sword thrusts, while Lady Shrewsbury cried out meanwhile, "Kill the villain !"

One of the men was killed. It proved afterwards that it was not Killigrew, but his servant. The master had escaped with an injury.

It was, however, a lesson for Killigrew, for he never again said anything against the couple.

It was not until the revolution of 1688, and the flight of James II, and the consequent downfall of Buckingham, that the association of the Duke and Countess came to an end.

AUGUST 19TH

### *Tiberius Cæsar*

TIBERIUS, Emperor of Rome, glowered from his luxurious throne at the craftsman who sought audience with him.

"What is it you would show me ?" he demanded.

From the folds of his garments the man drew a beautifully moulded goblet of sparkling glass. He held it to the light, and gazed at it with pride.

"Watch, O Emperor !" he cried.

Then, with a quick gesture, he dashed the crystal cup to the stone floor of the palace. The courtiers were dumb-founded. The glass had not broken ; only a dent showed where it had struck the floor.

The craftsman calmly picked up the goblet and hammered it back into shape.

"Does anyone else know the secret of this glass?" thundered Tiberius.

"No," said the man proudly.

But his pride soon turned to fear, for a terrible anger clouded the Emperor's features as he spoke again: "If this art be propagated, gold and silver will be of no more value than dirt."

The craftsman blanched at the Emperor's next words. Tiberius was ordering the soldiers to take him away and execute him.

Thus did a Roman Emperor delay for twenty centuries the invention of one of the world's greatest safety devices—the safety glass that is the protector of every motorist today.

This incident is typical of the stories told of the reign of Tiberius. He was a morose and suspicious man and was one of the most unpopular of all the Roman Caesars. It has been said of him that no other ruler has ever been so unpopular in his lifetime or so violently denounced after his death.

Tiberius was not without redeeming features, however. Few who hated him so much knew what deep affection he felt for brother Drusus, and his first wife, Agrippina.

When Tiberius was thirty-one, a great tragedy befell him on the death of Agrippa, one of the Emperor Augustus's greatest generals. Agrippa's death left Julia, the Emperor's daughter, a widow.

Agrippina, Tiberius's wife, was Agrippa's daughter by a former marriage. She had borne him a son, Drusus, and they dearly loved one another.

On the death of Agrippa it was decided for diplomatic reasons that Julia must be married again—to Tiberius. Livia, his mother, set about persuading him to divorce Agrippina to please Augustus, who was his step-father.

In the end Tiberius was forced to give in. He never got over the blow of losing Agrippina. The ceremony of his marriage to Julia was celebrated with great pomp, but his heart was heavy. Their union was doomed to failure, and they were never happy together.

On August 19th, A.D. 14, at the age of fifty-six, Tiberius ascended to the throne on the death of Augustus. He was the first of the Julio-Claudian Emperors. The great Claudian

house was hated alike by patricians (nobles) and plebeians (commons) for its haughty pride.

Tiberius had inherited his share of that pride. In public life he was stiff and unbending. None guessed the terrible unhappiness at the tragedy of his youth that lay beneath his impenetrable reserve.

"The evil that men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones" is very true of Tiberius.

The blackest portrait of him comes from the chronicler Tacitus, who without discrimination drew his materials from the writings of men who were bitterly hostile to Tiberius. They were men who forgot the strength of Tiberius's government and remembered only their personal animosities. The result was that a sinister interpretation was forced on his every action and motive.

Tiberius despised alike the petty squabbles of the patricians and the shallow discontent of the plebeians. The patricians feared him for his stern countenance and resented him for his aloofness. The plebeians were angered at his indifference to their "rights." He provided very little money for their games and amusements and contemptuously curtailed their power of voting.

Tiberius was a tall, good-looking man with great physical strength and power of endurance. As a soldier, he was a dauntless and ingenious commander. He had great force of character.

Even after his death, his merits—such as they were—did not gain recognition.

Tiberius was born in the year 42 B.C. When he came to the throne his mother immediately made it clear that she expected to share his power. He resented women interfering in affairs of state, and gave his mother to understand that her assistance was unwelcome. An estrangement followed. In spite of this there seems no reason to doubt that Tiberius genuinely loved her, although he must have been deeply hurt by her treachery in separating him from his beloved Agrippina.

As a young man Tiberius was a scholar as well as a soldier. Before the age of thirty-five he had showed his worth in many campaigns. In 7 B.C. he was campaigning with great success in Germany.

Then, suddenly, he resigned his commission and asked permission to retire to Rhodes to study. Augustus and Livia

lamented bitterly that their son had betrayed them, but he steadfastly declined to give any reason for his conduct.

It was not until many years later that he broke his silence. After the death of Agrippa, Augustus had adopted his two sons, Caius and Lucius. Tiberius said that he retired from public affairs so as not to stand in the way of these young princes. Without a doubt he felt very deeply about their being placed above him.

His attempts to become a writer during his exile were unsuccessful. His composition was laboured and obscure.

After five years he asked leave to return to Rome. At first the Emperor refused. Later he relented, but only as a result of the machinations of Livia. Tiberius spent the two following years in disgrace. During that time he was barred from all public functions.

Shortly afterwards the two princes died, and Augustus received Tiberius back into favour and nominated him as his successor.

In spite of his outward reserve, Tiberius was not insensitive to his unpopularity in Rome. Under a pretext of dedicating temples, he left the city for Campania, in A.D. 26. During the eleven remaining years of his life he never returned to Rome.

The circumstances of his death are obscure. It is suggested that he did not die of natural causes, but the full facts will never be known. One story is that he fell into a faint and that Caius, thinking him dead, had himself proclaimed Emperor.

Then, the story goes, Tiberius awoke and called for some food. In his alarm, Caius was at a loss how to act. Macro, the prefect of the Praetorians, rose to the situation by ordering Tiberius to be smothered with clothes and left to die.

According to another story, he was poisoned by Caius.

Whatever may be the truth, on the authority of Josephus, the Emperor appointed Caius and his grandson, Tiberius, as his successors. Caius, however, succeeded in winning over the Senate, and was made sole ruler.

AUGUST 20TH

*William Maginn*

IN a grave at Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, lie the remains of the eccentric Dr. William Maginn, LL.D., about whom a

long and quaint epitaph was written by his friend, John G. Lockhart.

Maginn was an Irish author and journalist who came to London to earn a living by his pen. He could write humorously or with gravity, but he lacked the capacity for turning his talents to account. Nor did he know how to keep his money or live economically.

He was constantly in difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise.

Once, while editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, his indiscretions led him into a duel.

A woman who believed she had been slandered by Maginn found a champion in the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, then M.P. for West Gloucestershire, who told the author what he thought of him.

With Irish impetuosity, Maginn retaliated when Berkeley published a novel.

He published a disparaging criticism of the book in *Fraser's Magazine*.

Full of wrath, Berkeley, accompanied by his brother, called at the offices of the periodical and demanded the name of the writer. Failing to get it, he administered a thrashing to the publisher.

This led to a civil action for assault. Meanwhile, however, the name of the author leaked out. Whereupon Berkeley challenged Dr. Maginn to a duel.

The sequel made both men ludicrous in the eyes of society, and helped to stop the once fashionable practice of duelling.

Maginn appeared at the rendezvous with Fraser, the proprietor of the magazine, as his second; Berkeley was supported by Major Fancourt.

A writer, describing this duel, records that it ended literally "in smoke."

Three shots were fired by the duellists without effect except to take a piece out of the heel of Maginn's shoe and a few threads of cloth from the collar of Berkeley's coat.

The publicity accorded this affair, to use the words of *The Times*, "put a wholesome restraint upon the herd of libellers who, in the *Age* and *Satirist* newspapers, and in *Fraser's Magazine*, had for years been recklessly trading upon scandals affecting families of distinction."

An interesting story is told of Maginn's first meeting with Blackwood, the proprietor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Before Maginn came to London he contributed several

articles to that periodical, but, as all transactions had been done through the post under an assumed name, Blackwood did not know the real name of his correspondent.

Maginn determined to have an interview with Blackwood and went to Edinburgh for the purpose.

He called at Blackwood's office and sent in a message to the effect that he had serious complaints to make about certain articles that had appeared in his magazine. As other complaints had recently been received about the same articles, Blackwood decided that it would be safer to see the caller than refuse to do so.

The following conversation took place :

"You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume?"

"I am."

"I have a rather unpleasant business with you, then, about some things which appeared in your magazine." Maginn mentioned the articles, and then added: "Would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?"

Blackwood refused.

"Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."

"I decline at present to give any information."

"You are very shy, sir. I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott, of Cork."

This was the assumed name that Maginn had used.

"I refuse to give any information," reiterated Blackwood.

"Then," retorted Maginn, "if you don't know him, perhaps you could know your own handwirting." He handed Blackwood a letter. "You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman."

This interview, gained by subterfuge, was not the last by many which the two men had together. For several years afterwards Maginn contributed to *Blackwood's*. Eventually this association was broken off through a disagreement, and Maginn wrote for *Fraser's*.

Maginn was a native of Cork, and he was born in 1794. His father, the proprietor of a school, died when he was twenty and he succeeded to the management. He kept on the school for some years and then gave it up to follow a literary career.

In 1816 he obtained the degree of LL.D., and then became a contributor to the *Literary Gazette*. Jerdan, the editor of that production, remarks that Maginn was in the habit of



sending "a perfect shower of varieties; classic paraphrases, anecdotes, illustrations of famous ancient authors, displaying a vast acquaintance with, and fine appreciation of them."

Notwithstanding the money he earned, Maginn was always without funds. He was repeatedly thrown into gaol, friends coming to his assistance time after time.

Efforts were made to get him a pension in return for his work on behalf of the Tories. He complained bitterly of the way in which he was treated by his party.

At last Sir Robert Peel came to his help with the offer of an annuity, but a few days later he died on August 20th, 1842.

In a vain hope of restoring his health, he had gone to live at Walton-on-Thames, but his body continued to waste until he was just skin and bone.

#### AUGUST 21ST

##### *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*

"BEAUTIFUL exceedingly," is the description applied to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, one of the most attractive women of the early 18th century. At the same time, she was one of the most eccentric, according to biographers.

Lady Mary, who was born in 1690, at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire, grew up with a keen intellect. She was a protégée of Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, through whom she acquired a knowledge of Latin.

When she was about twenty, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, the grandson of the Earl of Sandwich, met Lady Mary at the house of his sister, Miss Anne Wortley.

He immediately fell a victim to her beauty and attainments. She borrowed a book from him, there was a correspondence, then a proposal of marriage.

Lord Dorchester liked the young man. He agreed to the marriage but stipulated that Mr. Wortley Montagu should settle his landed estates on his eldest son—if he should have one—irrespective of that son's character.

Why Lord Dorchester made such a provision is not clear, nor is there any apparent reason why Montagu should refuse to accept the condition.

The negotiations were broken off, and Lord Dorchester chose someone else for his daughter—a person whom Lady Mary disliked.

To show her independence, she eloped with Montagu and they were married in 1712. A son was born in the following year; strangely enough, the son eventually became a wanderer who, in the eyes of Lord Dorchester, would have been an unsuitable man to have charge of the family estates.

Edward Wortley Montagu was a Member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and on the accession of George I received an important post in the Treasury. He was friendly with the literary lights such as Garth, Congreve, Steele and Addison.

For some years after her marriage, Lady Wortley Montagu lived at Huntingdon, or in Yorkshire or London.

In August, 1716, she went with her husband to Turkey, where he had been appointed ambassador. Little was known of Turkey in those days, and Lady Mary, who was of an inquiring and adventurous disposition, made good use of the time spent in Constantinople, even visiting a harem.

When she returned to London, she appears to have maintained an independence in society which did not accord with prevailing traditions. She was eccentric, but she never earned the criticisms which Horace Walpole, Pope and others made of her.

While living in Turkey, Lady Mary was introduced to the new method of inoculation for smallpox. The Turks had practised inoculation for some time with success. The death of her only brother, Lord Kingston, from this disease, and the fact that she herself had been disfigured by it, induced her to investigate it thoroughly.

Here are her observations on inoculation contained in a letter to a friend:

*The small-pox, so general and so fatal amongst us, is entirely harmless by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated.*

*People send to one another to know if anyone has the mind to have the small-pox. They make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks you what vein you please to have opened.*

*She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch) and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the bead of her*

*needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins.*

Back in London, Lady Mary immediately tried to introduce the practice of "ingrafting." It may have been her persistency in this direction which called down upon her the criticism of the so-called wits.

For some years she encountered the opposition of the medical profession. Doctors predicted disastrous consequences, but she had the support of Princess Caroline (afterwards Queen Caroline), and this helped to gain over many of the nobility.

In 1721 she had her daughter inoculated.

Four well-known physicians of the Government were deputed to watch the experiment. Afterwards four condemned criminals were treated; then the Princess of Wales (Caroline) had two of her daughters subjected to the operation.

Some of the nobility followed suit, and the practice of inoculation gradually extended among the middle classes.

It was denounced from church pulpits as an attempt to take the issue of life and death out of the hand of Providence.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, the Reverend Edward Massey declared that it was a dangerous and sinful practice.

So keen was the opposition that Lady Mary often regretted having brought inoculation to London. It nearly sent her mad, as is shown by a letter which she wrote to her sister :

*I have such a complication of things both in my head and my heart, that I do not very well know what I shall do ; next news of me will be that I am locked up by my relations. In the meantime, I lock myself up, and keep my distraction as private as possible.*

Another circumstance which made her life unhappy was the conduct of her son, one of the most eccentric of individuals. Shocked by his depravity, his father disinherited him, and left his property, amounting to more than a million pounds, to the family of the Earl of Bute, who had married his daughter.

Lady Mary died on August 21st, 1762.

AUGUST 22ND.

### *The Battle of Bosworth*

WHEN Richard III retired to his tent on the night of August 21st-22nd, 1485, it was with the air of a beaten man;

He was threatened by desertions from his army and the news that a large force of Welsh had come to the support of Henry of Richmond, and his sleep was disturbed by visions of "terrible devils" who threatened to tear him in pieces.

But in the morning, as the dawn broke over the plain of Redmore and he stepped out to survey the field of battle, his troops saw no sign of anxiety behind his smile.

Mounting a horse, he rode through the ranks of men, speaking a word of confidence here and there, and none could guess that it was all assumed.

It is said that Richard was a hunchback. If this were so, he knew how to disguise his deformity. For, on the morning of the Battle of Bosworth, he cut no ordinary figure in his rich apparel, with the crown of England resting securely on his head.

Looking across the plain, he saw the forces of his rival advancing to battle. Hurriedly he marshalled his men.

Then he "commanded with all haste to set upon them. The trumpets blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the King's archers courageously let fly their arrows."

The Battle of Bosworth had begun.

This day had a vital effect on the history of England. Before darkness had blotted out the scene of carnage, a new king reigned, and the curtain had fallen on that era of strife known as the Wars of the Roses.

Richard had usurped the throne with every prospect of keeping it if he ruled wisely and justly, for a big proportion of the country was behind him.

Then occurred the deaths of the two sons of Edward IV, who were reputed to have been murdered. Whether Richard had any part in that tragedy in the Tower of London does not matter. He was quickly blamed for it, and before he had been king two years the country was rising against him.

It was not an easy matter to find an alternative to Richard. The rightful sovereign of England was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. But the country was divided on the merits of a woman as queen.

A message was sent to Bretagne to invite to the throne a young man of the Beaufort branch of the House of Lancaster, Henry of Richmond, surnamed Tudor, who had fled the country with his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, when the Yorkists assumed power.

Henry's claims to the crown were defective. The Beauforts were illegitimate descendants of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford, although a patent of legitimacy was afterwards entered on the rolls of England.

All the interests of the nation soon became concentrated on Henry, who was a descendant of the Welsh sovereigns and the royal house of France.

It was a hazardous adventure on the part of Henry Tudor to land in England and fight for a crown with only 2000 Frenchmen. But the very boldness of the attempt was the secret of its success.

King Richard planted soldiers on the coast to prevent his landing, but actually no opposition was made to him at Milford Haven. He marched unopposed to Tamworth Castle.

Meanwhile Richard tried to obtain money from the people of London, but these forced loans served to decrease his popularity. Every hour messages were brought to him that his nobles were going over to Richmond. Those who remained excused themselves from arming in his defence.

Richard issued a proclamation declaring that Henry of Richmond had no legal claim to the Crown. He called on all "true and good Englishmen" to arm against the invaders.

He collected his forces and marched towards Leicester, where he hoped to intercept his enemy. But many of his men deserted and it was an indifferent army that encamped during the night before the Battle of Bosworth.

As soon as the battle began Lord Stanley, in charge of one of the three divisions of Richard's forces, went over to the Earl of Richmond. The King's men were immediately thrown into confusion.

Only two of the nobles remained faithful to Richard to the last—John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Surrey.

The struggle had lasted two hours and defeat seemed certain for Richard, when by a single-handed effort he almost restored his lost fortunes.

On being informed that the Earl of Richmond with a

number of his supporters was not far away, apparently separated from the rest of the army, Richard spurred up to them and "like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest" towards Henry.

Richard's standard-bearer was killed, and the standard trampled underfoot, but Richard went on, determined to reach Henry. All who opposed him were struck down.

At last the two rivals for the crown met with a clash of steel. The young man received the shock bravely, but was borne back before the thrusts of the infuriated king.

It was a critical moment for Henry Tudor. He seemed certain to be overpowered when Sir William Stanley, who was actually in command of 3000 of Richard's troops, deliberately turned upon him, and, in the words of the historian, Fabyan, Richard III fell "manfully fighting in the midst of his enemies."

But for the Stanleys, Richard would have triumphed.

It is said that it was Lord Stanley who picked up the battered crown which Richard had worn and placed it on the head of the new king, Henry VII.

Richard's body was stripped, flung over a horse, exposed for three days, and buried with scant respect in the church of the Greyfriars, Leicester.

AUGUST 23RD

### *Sir Astley Paston Cooper*

It was an accident that launched Sir Astley Paston Cooper on a surgical career.

Once in his youth he saw a van boy fall from his van. The boy tore an artery. Cooper, using a handkerchief for a tourniquet, stopped the flow of blood until assistance was obtained.

Cooper was the fourth son of the rector of Great Yarmouth, and was born at Brooke in Norfolk on August 23rd, 1768.

At fifteen Cooper was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at Yarmouth. Next he came to London and studied under his uncle at Guy's.

In a few months he was transferred, at his own request, to St. Thomas's. He began to lecture and, it is said, at one time he had 400 students.

In 1792 he visited Paris and studied the theory of French surgery.

In the same year he opened a practice in London.

In the first year his income was five guineas, in the second £26, in the third £64. By the eighth year it had risen to £610.

Thereafter his rise was steady, and his reputation became known all over the Continent.

Once, it is said, his signature was a sufficient passport to enable a traveller to pass through the lines of Don Carlos, the claimant to the Spanish throne.

On one occasion a young Englishman seeking employment was arrested by the Carlist forces. He presented his credentials which included the diploma of the College of Surgeons, signed by Astley Cooper, and was immediately appointed surgeon to the Carlist army.

Cooper was selected in 1821 to remove a tumour from the scalp of George IV. Cabinet ministers, including Lord Liverpool, waited in an adjoining room.

Cooper was nervous.

"Compose yourself," said Liverpool. "This operation either makes or ruins you."

The operation was successfully performed and a few months later Cooper received a baronetcy.

Cooper earned an income far in advance of any other member of his profession. In some years it reached £20,000.

Most of Cooper's success, it is said, was obtained through dissecting bodies. It is doubtful whether surgery would have progressed to such an extent had there not been a traffic in corpses.

Certainly, when the law was altered in 1832, surgical practice slowed up.

Dickens exposed the traffic in *Our Mutual Friend*. The Resurrectionists, as they were called, had a widespread business.

The demand for bodies on which to experiment became intense at the beginning of the 19th century and for about thirty years was a big source of income to those who took part in the trade.

Sometimes all the recently buried bodies were cleared from a cemetery in one night.

In his life of Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Bransby Cooper tells a number of stories concerning these body-snatchers.

Competition was so keen among the various medical schools that a body would usually fetch £20.

Two Resurrectionists once bribed a caretaker, got into a

burial ground, and carried off six bodies a night for several nights.

Two rivals got to hear of this and tried to blackmail the caretaker. He put them off. They then went to a public-house and exposed the whole thing to a crowd of customers.

The crowd rushed to the burial ground, seized the caretaker and threw him into one of the open graves. They had begun to shovel the earth over him, when Bow Street officers arrived and saved him.

The crowd then went to the caretaker's house and smashed his furniture. They seized his wife and children and dragged them through a pool.

Bodies were obtained from certain undertakers and often a funeral service was read over a coffin which contained lead.

Workhouses and infirmaries often delivered up a body to a person who purported to be a relation of the deceased, but was really an agent of the Resurrectionists.

Once a drunken man was sold to an anatomist for dissection.

Many people tried to sell their own bodies for dissection after death on payment of a small weekly pension. Seldom, however, did the surgeons accede to these suggestions.

When Sir Astley Cooper died on August 23rd, 1841, there was found among his papers the following letter :

*Sir,*

*I have been informed that you are in the habit of purchasing bodies and allowing the person a sum weekly. Knowing a poor woman that is desirous of doing so, I have taken the liberty of calling to know the truth.*

On the back of this letter was the draft reply of Sir Astley as follows :

*The truth is, that you deserve to be hanged for making such an unfeeling offer.*

The traffic in bodies had been going on for thirty years when a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the matter.

Sir Astley Cooper was requested to give evidence. He disclosed that he could get a body whenever he wanted one.



In 1830 the Government legalized dissection under restrictions supervised by officers of the Crown.

A certificate of death, together with the circumstances under which a person had died, had to be submitted to an inspector before permission was allowed for a body to be taken.

Generally only the schools of anatomy were given a licence for dissection.

These regulations robbed the Resurrectionists of their livelihood. Many of them became highwaymen and thieves, occupations which some had followed before they had seen the money to be made out of body-snatching.

AUGUST 24TH

*Theodore Hook*

ONE day in the year 1809, Mrs. Totingham, of No. 54, Berners Street, London, suddenly found herself the centre of a sensation which sent half London wild with delight and the other half mad with rage.

About noon the neighbourhood of Mrs. Totingham's respectable abode was the scene of extraordinary activity. Butchers, bakers, tradesmen of every kind, coal wagons and other delivery vans, bringing with them everything from potatoes to coal, "prints, feathers, ices, jellies and cranberry tarts," besieged the house.

Simultaneously, came the Lord Mayor with his chaplain, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice, a few Cabinet Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury and even the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces.

All these notabilities came with ostentation in their coaches, supported by flunkeys in uniform.

The callers at Mrs. Totingham's house who came on foot included lawyers, teachers, hairdressers, popular preachers, well-known philanthropists, judges and others. It seemed that all London had turned out to deliver goods or pay respects to this lady who had suddenly become famous.

Mrs. Totingham went into hysterics and was spared a great part of the sequel. Incensed drivers of vans fought each other for right of way. Glass was smashed, china demolished,

harpsichords thrown into the streets and coach panels were stove in. Horses fell, many of them never to rise alive.

The barrels of brewers' drays found their way into the hands of the mob, which drank their contents with impunity.

Someone had staged a first-class hoax. Who was it? Everyone wanted to know.

Theatrical circles hugged their secret with delight and said nothing.

Opposite the house of Mrs. Tottingham a man watched the whole affair. He was Theodore Hook, the witty dramatist, novelist and journalist.

Hook, it appeared, had laid a wager that in "one week that nice respectable dwelling of Mrs. Tottingham should be the most famous in all London."

The bet was accepted and, in a few days, he had sent about a thousand letters, ordering goods from tradesmen of every kind to be delivered at a fixed hour. The notable people had been brought to the house on various pretexts. The Lord Mayor and his chaplain had been invited to listen to the death-bed confession of a common-councillor who had appropriated public money to his own use.

Theodore Hook found it advisable to leave London for a long tour in the country. He reappeared when the nine days' wonder had subsided.

Hook, who was born on September 22nd, 1788, was the son of James Hook, musical composer. He went to Harrow School, and later to Oxford.

He had the free run of the theatre through his father's connection with it, and soon his talents for singing and song-writing, together with his wit, made him the favourite of the greenroom.

Some thought of making him a parson resulted in an interview with the Vice-Chancellor of the university.

"You seem very young, sir," said the Vice-Chancellor. "Are you prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Theodore, "quite ready, forty, if you please."

The great man shut his book, cast a disparaging look at the young man and dismissed him.

Leaving Oxford, Hook gave up the idea of the Church and began to write for the theatre. He wrote "Killing No Murder", "Paul Pry", and a novel entitled *Musgrave*.

Though of comparatively humble parentage, Hook

managed to get into society. At a party given by the Marchioness of Hertford, he played and sang before the Regent, who remarked afterwards "Something must be done for Hook."

The Regent gave him his patronage, and Hook was soon a favourite in Mayfair.

In 1812 he received the appointment of accountant-general and treasurer to the Mauritius, which carried a salary of £2000 a year. He arrived at the scene of his new post early in 1813, and remained there for four years.

In 1818 a deficit of 37,000 dollars was found in his accounts, due, it is believed, to the dishonesty of a clerk named Allan. The clerk shot himself and Hook was arrested. His goods were taken from him, and sold for the benefit of the Treasury, and he was brought to England to stand trial.

At one of the ports of call Hook met Lord Charles Somerset who, unaware of what had occurred, said: "I hope you are not going home for your health, Mr. Hook?"

"I am sorry to say," replied Hook, "that they think there is something wrong with the chest."

When the examination of the Mauritius accounts was complete, Hook was exonerated from the charge of theft, though he was blamed for the condition in which the accounts had been kept. The deficit was ultimately reduced to £12,000, and Hook held himself liable for £9000.

But, unable to pay either of these sums, he was arrested and kept in custody for debt for nearly two years.

While under arrest he produced his "Sayings and Doings". He made a profit of £2000 out of this, and still bigger sums out of two other series which appeared in 1825 and 1828.

He now took a house at Putney, became a member of several clubs, and was soon again welcomed in the best social circles.

He died on August 24th, 1841.

AUGUST 25TH

### *Margaret of Anjou*

THE military exploits of Margaret of Anjou, wife and queen of the unfortunate mad king Henry VI, almost rank with those of Joan of Arc.

Margaret was reputed to be the "fairest in the world"

when, as a vivacious and happy girl of seventeen, she left her home in France to marry Henry.

A generation later, her features were repulsive, owing to excessive weeping and to disease. The experiences which she underwent in the intervening years would have sent most women to a premature grave, for she had to fight against great odds for her husband's crown.

"You are placed on one of the greatest thrones of the world," said Charles VII of France, when he bade good-bye to his niece on her departure for England to marry Henry VI. But Charles knew in his own heart that the throne of England was not secure, and there were tears in his eyes when he took her in his arms and said, "Yet that throne is scarcely worthy of possessing you."

Margaret's marriage to Henry was one of convenience, a pledge of peace between France and England.

But it assumed a different aspect as the years passed, for she was called upon to protect her husband from the intrigues of the Yorkists when through a brain malady he was unable to help himself. She could have returned to France, but she chose to stand by him.

For three years there was peace at home and abroad. Meanwhile Margaret began to build Queen's College, Cambridge, out of the dower which the English Parliament had granted her.

Then the King began to show signs of insanity. This was a signal to the Yorkists. The people soon despaired of an heir, and the descendants of Edward III proceeded to rally their forces against the Queen and the Duke of Suffolk, who shared the Government.

Soon afterwards Charles VII of France, seizing the opportunity presented by the disturbed state of England, broke his pledge, renewed hostilities, and reconquered Normandy.

This reacted on the popularity of Margaret. She was suspected by the whole nation because of her French birth.

The Duke of York, who had been in charge of the troops in Normandy, blamed the Queen's mismanagement for what was really his own incapacity.

Suffolk was impeached and arrested. Margaret induced her husband to arrange for his exile to save his life. But the vessel which carried him from England was captured. There was a mock trial and Suffolk was beheaded.

There followed the insurrection by Jack Cade, which was

subdued by Henry VI during a period of sanity. A proof that Margaret was not warlike at this stage is afforded by the terror which she displayed during this rebellion.

This outbreak was scarcely finished when news was received that England had lost all her French possessions but Calais. The Duke of Somerset had succeeded the Duke of York as commander of the troops in Normandy. Margaret became even less popular, and Somerset was sent to the Tower.

In the summer of 1452 it was announced that Margaret was likely to provide an heir. On October 13th she gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, after the saint on whose day the happy event had taken place.

Simultaneously, the King had another and more severe attack and knew nothing of the birth.

Again Margaret was called upon to appear in Parliament in place of her husband. She obtained the release of Somerset to help her.

But the Duke of York, who had assumed all power, had him arrested in the chamber of the Queen.

For more than a year Henry VI remained unaccountable for his actions. Then he seemed to awake as from a dream. When the Prince had been first presented to him he had not taken the slightest notice, much to the Queen's sorrow.

Now he asked the Prince's name. On being told that it was Edward, "he held up his hands and thanked God thereof."

Margaret soon had her husband restored to authority. She had him conveyed to the House of Lords though still weak, where he dissolved Parliament and restored Somerset to political power.

King and Queen and their party were now triumphant. But not for long. The Duke of York raised an army, aided by the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, and marched on London.

Henry VI was no coward, but he hated bloodshed. "Wherefore come you in hostile array against me?" he demanded in a message to the malcontents. York replied that he wanted the Duke of Somerset delivered up to him.

This roused Henry's fiery temper. He replied that he would sooner deliver up his crown.

The battle took place at St. Albans. Somerset was killed and the King wounded in the neck. He remained on the field until he was alone with the royal banner, and then walked into a baker's shop to have his wound attended.

In those strange surroundings he met his antagonist, York. "For God's sake stop the slaughter of my subjects," said Henry. But York took Henry in captivity to Westminster.

While the fighting was going on, Margaret, with the infant Prince, took refuge at Greenwich.

The King's wound brought on the old malady, and once again Margaret took his place in Parliament and listened to a vote of censure against him.

She was eventually forced to take the mad King and her child to Hertford Castle and live in seclusion.

At this time a definite claimant to the throne appeared in the person of Edward, eldest son of the Duke of York.

The next twelve years were full of tragedy for Margaret of Anjou. In 1460 the Lancastrians were beaten at Northampton. She herself directed her forces. After the battle she fled to Wales, and took refuge in Harlech Castle. The King was again a prisoner in the hands of York.

Remembering that James II of Scotland was descended from a Lancastrian princess, she decided to go to Scotland. She left the Welsh, who loved her, and who sang at her departure, "Margaret the Fair, farewell!"

When she had sufficient arms and men, Margaret again unfurled the banner of the Red Rose and crossed the border. Northern nobles joined her with 20,000 men.

By forced marches she reached the gates of York before the Duke of that city knew she was in England.

She advanced to Wakefield, reached Sandal Castle, and defied the Duke to come out. In less than half an hour he was dead and 2000 of his Yorkists with him.

The dogs of war and horror were now let loose. Each side had its successes, which were followed by wholesale executions.

Margaret pushed on to London to rescue her husband. There was another battle at St. Albans. She drove Warwick back on Barnet.

As darkness fell on a cold December evening the Yorkists bolted, leaving Henry VI alone in his tent. On the field King and Queen were united.

Edward of York returned to the attack, defeated Margaret and entered London, where he was proclaimed Edward IV. The Queen retreated to the north.

Before long she was in command of another 60,000 men. Another battle—another defeat for the Lancastrians. The

Queen took refuge in Scotland with King Henry and their son.

At last Margaret was taken captive to the Tower. On the same night her husband was murdered.

The Queen was imprisoned for nearly four years. Eventually her liberty was bought by Louis XI of France.

She died at the chateau of Dampierre, near Saumur, on August 25th, 1483.

## AUGUST 26TH

### *Elizabeth Chudleigh*

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH created a sensation in society towards the end of the 18th century by her remarkable escapades. She was a woman of ambition, and would stop at nothing to obtain her desires.

In the end she was charged with bigamy, and she died abroad under tragic circumstances.

Elizabeth Chudleigh was the daughter of a Devonshire colonel. Her father died while she was young, and her mother had to live on the pension allotted to an officer's widow.

The widow took a town house in London, and endeavoured to get into society. Her chief object was a rich husband for her daughter, who was noted for her repartee and brilliance of intellect.

Elizabeth was introduced to the Court of the Prince of Wales, and it was not long before she was appointed a maid of honour.

Elizabeth had many admirers. The chief was the Duke of Hamilton, and Elizabeth returned his affection. But her mother had other schemes for her advancement.

Mrs. Hanmer, an aunt of Elizabeth, was a friend of the Hon. Mr. Hervey, a son of the Earl of Bristol. He was a frequent visitor at her house, and the two sisters conspired to bring Elizabeth and Hervey together.

When the Duke of Hamilton went abroad his letters to Elizabeth were stopped, and the girl, thinking that her lover had forgotten her, consented to marry Hervey. The wedding took place secretly in a private chapel near Winchester.

On the day following the wedding Elizabeth left her husband and refused to return to him. She was apprehensive lest he should disclose their marriage to the Prince's court, declaring

that she would lose her position as maid of honour if it became known.

Once when he returned from a voyage he insisted upon seeing her. The meeting was at Captain Hervey's apartment, a black servant being the only other person in the house. The interview ended unhappily.

She gave birth to a son, who died soon after.

When the Duke of Hamilton returned from his travels he offered to marry her, not knowing that she was already a married woman.

Elizabeth went down to the parish where her marriage had been solemnized, and ascertained that the clergyman was dead. She asked to see the register book, and while the registrar was talking to one of her friends, she tore the certificate from the book.

Meanwhile she had become acquainted with the Duke of Kingston, whom she intended to marry if she could. But another contingency occurred which made her change her mind again. This was the elevation to the peerage of her husband, on the death of the Earl of Bristol. She now regretted having destroyed the certificate.

Again she went to the chapel, and succeeded in bribing the officiating clerk to insert the record of her marriage.

She was remarried by her own stratagem. Still she was not satisfied. She was not at all sure that the Duke of Kingston was not a better proposition than her husband.

For several years Elizabeth and the Duke of Kingston lived together. The Earl of Bristol himself wished to sever connection with his wife, but when a divorce was suggested, he declared that he would not gratify her whim to become a duchess.

When, however, he fell in love with another woman he became anxious to sever the bonds of matrimony. The lawyers were consulted, and a suit was instituted. But the evidence to prove his marriage to Elizabeth Chudleigh was kept back. He failed to substantiate the marriage.

This suited Elizabeth, for she was now free to become the Duchess of Kingston. The marriage was publicly solemnized.

Everything went smoothly until the Duke died. Then came another problem for Elizabeth. He left his income to his wife, providing that she never married again.

The Duchess did not wish to be under an obligation not to



take another husband. Some time before the Duke's death she had attempted to persuade him to alter his will.

She used all her wiles on Mr. Field, the Duke's lawyer, to make out a new will, leaving out the clause consigning her to a lifelong widowhood. But Field refused to be drawn into this fraud. The Duke was incapable of making another will. Two or three days later the Duke died.

When the Duke's affairs were settled the Duchess departed for the Continent, and in Rome managed to ingratiate herself with the Pope.

She was well received in Rome, was granted many privileges, and was lodged in the palace of the cardinals. She was treated as a distinguished visitor. But trouble was again brewing for her.

A certain Mrs. Cradock, who had been present at her marriage to Hervey, fell upon hard times. She applied to Field for assistance, hinting that she knew something to the detriment of the Duchess. Field refused to pay her a penny.

Mrs. Cradock threatened to publish the whole sordid story. She took her tale to Evelyn Meadows, one of the Duke's nephews, who had been cut out of his will.

It was not long before an action for bigamy was begun against the Duchess, who was advised to return to England to face the charge.

She had no money for the journey. She applied to a banker in Rome named Jenkins for a loan, but he avoided an interview with her. She pocketed a brace of pistols, waited on the doorstep of Jenkins' house and refused to leave until he had seen her.

At last the banker was compelled to grant her an interview; she produced one of the pistols and threatened to shoot him unless he lent her the money. Jenkins paid up.

The Duchess fell ill when she was about to depart for London; she was carried across Europe and landed at Dover.

The trial of the bigamy charge began in Westminster Hall on April 15th, 1776. It lasted five days. The marriage was proved and a conviction followed.

The Duchess was advised by her friends to escape to the Continent. She remained abroad for years, not daring to return.

The Duke's will in her favour was confirmed by the Courts, so that she had the income of the estates during her lifetime. She proceeded to spend the money as quickly as possible.

She died suddenly on August 26th, 1788.

AUGUST 27TH

*James Thomson*

AN interesting character sketch of James Thomson, the poet, author of "The Seasons", was left behind by his barber.

Like all barbers, William Taylor was observant, and, as the poet went frequently to the man's establishment, Taylor was able to glean much information about his private affairs.

Thomson was corpulent. "He had a face as long as a horse," writes Taylor, "and he perspired so much that I remember after walking one day in the summer I shaved his head without lather by his own desire. His hair was soft as a camel's, and yet it grew so remarkably that if it was but an inch long it stood upright on end from his head like a brush."

The barber further discloses that Thomson was careless and negligent about his dress. At the same time, he was extravagant with wigs.

"I have seen a dozen at a time, hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them," proceeds Taylor. "I suppose his sweating to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one in walking from London to Richmond."

He was once found in bed at two o'clock in the afternoon, and when a visitor expressed surprise, Thomson retorted: "There is nothing to get up for."

Thomson lived at Richmond after he became a success. His house in Kew Foot Lane was known as Rosedale. It had a huge garden with a summer-house, in which the poet sat and wrote in sunny weather.

Thomson was the son of a Scottish minister, and was born at Kelso on September 11th, 1700. A minister of the adjoining parish supplied the boy with books, and superintended his education at Jedburgh Grammar School.

He soon began to write poetry, which, however, he burned every New Year's Day.

Thomson's father died, and his mother was left a widow with nine children. The family moved to Edinburgh, and in 1720 a number of his poems were published by a club called the Athenian Society.

Intended for the Church, Thomson studied hard for four years until an unfavourable criticism by a professor in a paraphrase of the 104th Psalm decided Thomson to leave

Scotland and go to London, where, he had been told, "merit is almost sure of meeting its reward."

He reached London in the spring of 1725, and through the influence of Lady Grizen Bailie, secured a tutorship in the family of her son, Lord Binning.

But the job disagreed with Thomson, and he left it after a few months to find himself in great straits. He managed to borrow some money from his friend Cranstoun, pending the settlement of the modest estate of his mother, who had died.

At this time Thomson began his poem "Winter". When it was finished, he sold it to a bookseller named Millar for three guineas. It was published in March, 1726, and dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, who afterwards gave him twenty guineas.

In London, Thomson met a college friend named Mallet, a young man with a more resourceful and pushing disposition than Thomson. Mallet was tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, and an expert in obtaining favours. He instructed Thomson how to gain publicity, but the poet was too shy and retiring to make an efficient fortune-hunter.

In 1727 "Summer" appeared. This was followed by "A Poem sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton". Next year he published his "Spring", for which he received fifty guineas.

These successes, however, did not bring him enough for his needs, and it was about this period of his life that he found himself locked up for debt, and saved only by the intervention of the actor, Quin.

In 1729 Thomson produced his "Britannia", and soon afterwards his tragedy "Sophonisba" was played at Drury Lane, but with little success.

He completed his series on the seasons by producing "Autumn" in 1730. This was dedicated to Speaker Onslow. Later the four pieces were brought out in a volume for subscription.

Thomson had now become famous, and he received an invitation to accompany the eldest son of Lord Talbot on a tour through France and Italy.

Returning to England in 1731, he began "Liberty", and published the first part in December, 1734. When Lord Talbot was appointed Chancellor, Thomson was given the office of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which, however, he lost when Lord Talbot died in 1737.

The post was a lucrative one, and Thomson was no longer

inspired to write poetry. For three years he produced nothing. He spent his money lavishly in high living, took a house at Richmond, looking across the Thames, with a view of the distant landscape, and sat in his garden dreaming and drinking.

The loss of his office, which was a sinecure, brought him again to the verge of starvation. He was in sore straits when, by lucky chance, he was introduced to the Prince Regent, who allowed him a pension of £100 a year.

Fortunately for his work this was inadequate, and Thomson again reverted to poetry.

In 1738 he produced his play "Agamemnon", dedicated to the Prince. This proved a failure. Next year his "Edward and Eleonore", written for the stage, met with no better success.

In 1740 he wrote, in conjunction with Mallet, the masque "Alfred" which contained the famous song "Rule Britannia". Who actually wrote these words is not certain; the poem is generally ascribed to Thomson.

In 1744 he was appointed to another sinecure post as Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, which brought him £300 a year.

His most successful drama was "Tancred and Sigismunda", performed at Drury Lane in 1745; his last works were "The Castle of Indolence" and "Coriolanus," the latter published after his death.

Thomson, who died on August 27th, 1748, was buried in Richmond Church, beneath a plain stone, which later, at the expense of Lord Buchan, was supplemented with a tablet in 1792 recording the fact.

## AUGUST 28TH

### *Linking the World by Wire*

THERE was a time when the world laughed at inventors.

When the brothers Brett, of England, announced that they would lay a telegraph cable across the Channel, everyone laughed and told them bluntly not to make fools of themselves.

But they went on in face of the derision, and at their own expense laid the first cable across to France from Dover to Calais on August 28th, 1850.

It was a wire insulated with gutta-percha, having weights attached to it every hundred yards to keep it at the bed of the sea.

Unfortunately, the joke was still on the Bretts when, after transmitting a short message to Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a French trawler came along, caught the cable in its trawl and put it out of action.

This submarine cable achieved little, but it gave the credit to Britain as the pioneer in submarine telegraphy.

The public continued to laugh, but the Bretts, supported by powerful backers, soon proved that it could be done. The cable was replaced, was successful, and others were laid.

That was in 1850. In the same month—August—eight years later, the first telegraph message was sent across the Atlantic.

Soon after the success of the Channel cable, Cyprus Field, an American, came over to England with a parcel of dollars. He, with others, backed the Bretts. They enlisted the services of Charles Bright, the English electrical engineer. Later, Bright, although still in his thirties, became known as “the father of the Atlantic cable.”

The Channel cable was laid with no more assistance than the “benevolent neutrality” of the British Government. Not so the Atlantic cable.

In 1854 the Newfoundland Colonial Government offered to guarantee any company undertaking to lay a submerged telegraph from that country to Ireland.

Immediately experiments began. Soundings were made, and tests were instituted to decide the proper insulation and weight of a possible cable.

At last the British and American Governments succumbed, and on August 5th, 1857, an expedition set out from Valencia in south-west Ireland. Behind the scheme were Cyprus Field, John Watkins, the Bretts and Charles Bright.

The British Government supplied the warship *Agamemnon* to lay the first half of the cable from Valencia, while the Americans provided the frigate *Niagara* to continue the laying of the cable from mid-Atlantic to Newfoundland.

They were accompanied by an escort of smaller ships, the whole being known as the “Wire Squadron.”

The cable weighed about one ton a mile, and was 2500 miles long. The distance to Newfoundland was 1700 miles, but additional cable had to be allowed for bendings, deviations and other contingencies.

The wire-drawers of the United Kingdom were taxed to the utmost to produce the 350,000 miles of wire in time to begin the work on the appointed day.

When the two major ships with the *Susquehanna*, *Leopold*, *Willing Mind* and *Advice* left Valencia, the *Agamemnon* carried its cable uncoiled.

By means of mechanical appliances it was lowered into the sea as fast as the ship sailed.

On the morning of August 11th the engineer made an alarming discovery. Too much of the cable had been run out in proportion to the distance covered in a straight line. Instructions were given to tighten the grip machinery, but this was done so carelessly that the cable snapped.

The ships were then 350 miles from Ireland, and the broken end of the cable sank to the bed of the ocean, 12,000 feet below—a depth more than forty times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The expedition came back to their starting point—Valencia. For a time the venture was regarded as an expensive failure. The promoters, however, did not lose hope. They began again to raise money for the project.

Meanwhile, during the winter and the following spring attempts were made to raise the broken end of the cable.

On the second attempt at laying the cable, there was no better success. The cable broke time after time owing to the movement of the ship. Terrific weather prevailed, and the vessels were struck by one of the worst storms ever experienced in the Atlantic.

Only superb seamanship saved the *Agamemnon*.

After many mishaps the *Agamemnon's* cable was laid and spliced to that of the *Niagara*.

As the cable was being paid out from the *Niagara's* deck it fractured. A further splice had to be made.

A day later the cable broke again.

Eventually both ships returned to Queenstown.

The organizers of the scheme were advised to give it up. They refused, and decided to adopt another method.

They steamed out into mid-ocean, spliced together the two sections of cable and parted company.

As the distance between the ships increased, the officers on each ship communicated with each other. On August 5th they reached their respective destinations. The *Agamemnon* had paid out 1020 nautical miles of cable and the *Niagara* 1030, altogether 2400 English miles.

Messages were sent from one ship to another as they lay in port, but the connection from shore to shore could not be

made because the land ends of the cable had not been fixed.

When the attachments were made and the cable was in connection with the telegraph systems of England and America, the directors on both sides exchanged compliments, and the Lord Mayor of London did the same with the Mayor of New York.

On August 20th the first commercial news came from America to England in the form of a telegram announcing a collision between the *Arabia* and *Europa* mail steamers near Cape Race.

Two days later Queen Victoria and President Buchanan exchanged complimentary messages.

This message took two hours to transmit from London to Washington. The President's reply was in a similar vein.

The apparent success of this venture was received with general acclamation all over the world.

But on September 3rd the cable ceased to act.

In the meantime, however, about 700 messages had been sent, and the efficacy of submarine telegraphy was proved.

It was not until 1865 that a further attempt was made to span the Atlantic. The largest ship afloat, the *Great Eastern*, was used for laying the cable.

The new line was stouter than its predecessor. It weighed 4000 tons, but this also broke in laying.

Finally, on July 27th, 1866, an effective cable was completed.

## AUGUST 29TH

### *John Locke*

Stay, passer-by. Near this place lies John Locke.

To your question, "What sort of man was he?" he answers that he was of middle rank and fortune, and was contented therewith; of learned tastes and habits: he only reached the point of consecrating his learning to the cause of truth above all things.

You will discover this from his writings, and these will more faithfully exhibit to you the rest of his character than the suspected testimonial of an epitaph.

Whatever virtues he had, they were not enough to put forward as a matter of glory to him. If you seek an example of good life you have one in the Gospel. Would that there were nowhere

any of bad life. Of the shortness of life you have an example (may it profit thee) both here and everywhere.

His birth on August 29, 1632 A.D.; his death October 28, 1704, is recorded by this tablet, which itself must perish ere long.

THOSE who have been able to translate the Latin inscription on the tomb of John Locke in the graveyard of All Saints' Church in the little village of High Laver, Essex, must have speculated as to the character of the man who lies there.

In writing these words himself some time before his death, John Locke appeared anxious that posterity should not form an unconsidered and hasty judgment.

The warning given is hardly necessary. Locke came through one of the worst periods of stress in the history of England with a name that was almost untarnished.

It is true that in middle life he had to seek refuge in Holland, and was accused of treason, the allegation being that he had subscribed money towards Monmouth's rebellion, but he was afterwards pardoned.

Locke is described by one of his biographers as the Socrates of England. He was born at Wrington, a Somersetshire village.

About the time of the execution of Charles I young Locke became a student at Westminster School, where he remained until 1651, afterwards going to Christ Church, Oxford.

There he distinguished himself, but sometimes admitted in later years that the intellectual atmosphere of the university was too severe.

Displaying a tendency towards poetry, he wrote an epigram on Cromwell's peace with the Dutch in 1653.

He took his Master of Arts degree in 1658, and began to study medicine, but it was nearly twenty years before he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine.

For many years Locke kept a journal of the weather. His meteorological observations appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in Boyle's *History of the Air*. His register of changes in the air was the result of experiments at Oxford with the barometer, thermometer and hygrometer during the years 1660 to 1667.

According to Wood, Locke "entered on the physic line and got some business at Oxford." His practice, however, appears to have been intermittent, the work being carried on with little taste for a professional life.



Nevertheless, he had some reputation for medicine. Sydenham, in his *History of Acute Diseases*, published in 1676, mentions that his method had the approval of "Mr. J. Locke, who has examined it to the bottom, and who, if we consider his genius and penetration and exact judgment, has scarce any superior and few equals now living."

In 1664 Locke became secretary to Sir Walter Vane, who was envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg and other German princes. He returned to Oxford and his medicine a year later.

Soon afterwards a friend offered him preferment in the Irish Church, but he wrote that he had no desire to become a clergyman.

In 1672 Locke was appointed secretary to the Board of Trade, with an income of £500, but soon lost the post on the dissolution of the Trade Commission.

Meanwhile he retained his student's place at Oxford, and resorted there from time to time to escape the impure air of London, which was bad for his chest affection.

While in France in the summer of 1675 he met Thomas Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke. To him he disclosed his intention to publish his *Essay on Human Understanding*. When it appeared twelve years later it was dedicated to Lord Pembroke.

In 1677 Locke seemed at last desirous of obtaining a permanent post as a physician. He wrote to his friend, Dr. Mapletoft, of Gresham College, saying that he was willing to succeed him as professor in the event of a vacancy, but nothing came of the offer.

Two years later he was again secretary to the Earl of Shaftesbury, but when Shaftesbury had to leave the country, Locke himself very soon followed him to Holland.

Charged with consorting with persons ill-disposed to the King of England, he was in 1684 deprived of his studentship at Christ Church College, by an illegal order from James II.

For some time he was obliged to live in concealment in Holland. When William Penn, the Quaker, obtained a pardon for him, however, he refused to accept it.

During his residence of six years in Holland Locke collected much material for his subsequent works.

He returned to England after the Revolution and became known as the principal literary champion of the Revolution principles.

He was offered a post as ambassador to one of the foreign courts, which he declined. He was unable, on the other hand, to obtain the studentship at Oxford which had been taken from him.

Locke left Oxford and lived until his death chiefly in London and Essex. At last his asthma forced him to leave London entirely and to reside more or less permanently at Lady Masham's house at High Laver.

During the summer he would come to London for a short time, and in 1695 he was appointed to the office of Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, which he held for five years at an income of £1000.

In 1689 he wrote his *First Letter on Toleration*, which caused much controversy. Other "Letters" produced a like result.

His most celebrated work is *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, which took him twenty years to prepare.

The last hours of Locke were watched over by Lady Masham, who was reading to him from the Psalms when he broke in by saying that his end was come. He died a few minutes afterwards in his seventy-third year.

#### AUGUST 30TH

#### *Dr. William Paley*

DR. WILLIAM PALEY, Archdeacon of Carlisle, knitted his own stockings.

Paley's mother was a practical woman. As soon as her son was old enough to sit upright on the hearth-rug before the fire, she began to initiate the child into the mysteries of purl and plain.

He was an apt pupil. The habit which he had thus formed at his mother's knee stuck to him throughout life.

Paley finished his career at the archdeacon stage, but had his luck carried him to the heights of a See, the knitting needles would have clicked even more merrily.

Paley senior was headmaster of Giggleswick Grammar School, a fact which stirred little emotion in the breast of his wife. His learned dissertations and academic demeanour bored her to tears, and she resolved that young Paley should earn his bread and butter in a trade rather than a profession.

She decided to make him a baker. Her husband decided otherwise.

After numerous arguments on the subject, Mr. Paley took matters into his own hands, saddled a horse and a pony and carried the boy off to Cambridge, when he was fifteen years old.

On the way the lad repeatedly fell off his pony. Unconcerned as to whether the boy was hurt, Mr. Paley did not even turn his head. He merely advised his son to take care of his money.

At Cambridge young Paley was soon the object of ridicule. He had acquired the somewhat primitive manners of his mother, and was uncouth and awkward. They called him "Tommy Potts", and ragged him unmercifully.

For the first two years at Cambridge, Paley made little progress. He slept until noon, and frequented fairs and puppet shows, finding companionship among strolling players.

Meanwhile his parents do not appear to have taken much interest in his studies.

Paley himself records that he was idle and extravagant. "We were not immoral," he adds, "but only rather expensive."

This mode of living was brought to an abrupt end. One morning before dawn, a "ghost" appeared at his bedside and solemnly delivered a warning against idleness.

The apparently supernatural visitor was nothing more than a colleague whom he had left only a few hours before in a state of intoxication.

Paley graduated in 1763, and for the next three years he was assistant teacher in an academy at Greenwich.

Meanwhile he had won a university prize for a Latin essay on philosophy. This effort formed the basis of his later work on moral and political philosophy.

Soon afterwards Paley was elected a fellow and tutor of Christ's College, where he lived ten years, during which time he made "cramming" a much more pleasurable exercise for the students under his control by the introduction of a new method of instruction.

Throughout this period his intimate friend was Law, a son of the Bishop of Carlisle, and it was to him that Paley was indebted for his church preferments.

In 1776 Paley was offered the living of Mosgrove and Appleby, in Westmorland, worth eighty pounds a year, on which income he married. Later he also secured the living of Dalston, in the same county.

Other preferments flowed in, and soon he was archdeacon

of Carlisle, and had a prebendal stall in the cathedral of that city.

He now appears to have had more time to give to literary work. For recreation he continued to knit stockings.

In 1785 he published his *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, for which he received £1000. This work quickly obtained a large circulation. It was definitely orthodox in its tone.

Paley, however, had much anxiety before the "*Principles*" saw the light of day. He had spent three years on its writing, and at first no publisher would handle the work. He proposed, therefore, to wait until he himself was rich enough to publish it.

Soon after it began to sell, Faulder, a publisher who had previously refused it for £100, offered Paley £250 for the sole rights. Negotiations were pending when an offer of £1000 came from another source.

It is said that Paley's agitation at the time was ludicrous. Being unable to get into touch with his agent, he was in a state of continual distress lest the £250 deal should be concluded.

Finally, Paley was able to get his agent to settle the sale for the larger sum.

The University of Cambridge adopted the work as their text-book of moral philosophy.

Other works, including his *View of the Evidences of Christianity*, which received high commendation from all ranks and opinions and brought a word of encouragement from George III. It was regarded as an antidote to the infidelity which was creeping into society.

As a reward Paley was made Prebend of St. Paul's, and sub-Dean of Lincoln, with the valuable living of Bishop-Waermouth, which raised his income to more than £2000 a year.

In 1789 he declined the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, for some reason which he never himself divulged. It is thought that he disliked Pitt, and did not desire to come into any contact with him when his turn came to act as Vice-Chancellor of the University.

In 1800 Paley became ill from a disease which eventually caused his death, but this did not prevent him from writing his *Natural Theology*, though it was composed during a period of continual pain.

Paley died on May 25th, 1805, and was buried in the

Cathedral of Carlisle. He was in his sixty-second year, having been born at Peterborough on August 30th, 1743.

AUGUST 31ST

*Commodus, Emperor of Rome*

COMMODUS, EMPEROR OF ROME, who was born on August 31st, A.D. 161, was a striking example of the adage that beauty and folly are often companions.

He was reputed to be the handsomest and strongest man of his time ; but his attractive exterior hid a character that was inhuman, vicious, and full of egotism.

He inherited all the vices of his mother, and none of the mildness and amiability of his father, Marcus Aurelius. It is doubtful, though, whether Marcus was really his father.

On the death of his father, Commodus found himself at the head of a huge army, and under an obligation to carry on a war against the Quadi and Marcomanni. His father's counsellors advised him to pursue the war with the utmost vigour ; but the profligate youths he had drawn around him emphasized the hardships of a campaign beyond the Danube, and enjoined him to make peace with the barbarians at any price.

Luckily for Commodus, the barbarians were so afraid of Rome, that they made a negotiated peace which gave Rome all that had been demanded.

The stock of Commodus went up. His graceful person appealed to the people of Rome, and if his dissolute habits were criticized they were put down to the exuberance of youth.

During the first three years of his reign, Commodus did occasionally take the advice of the old administrators who had stood by his father, but, revelling in undisputed power, he became less inclined to listen to them.

While he was returning home one night to the palace from the amphitheatre, a man attacked him, with the remark, "The Senate sends you this." But the assailant was caught by the guards, and, on being tortured, confessed that he had been ordered by Commodus's own sister, Lucilla, to murder him.

This began a long series of atrocities for which Commodus is notorious. His sister was first exiled and then put to death.

The words used by the attempted murderer made a deep impression on Commodus. Meditating on the affair, he

became convinced that the Senate was against him. When he made inquiries about his secret enemies, he found himself up against the Delators, a society which had been revived since his accession, and whose object was to undermine the influence of the Emperor.

Commodus began a "purge" of the Senate, and scores of innocent men were done to death. At the same time he entrusted a big share of public business to Perennis, a man as ruthless as himself, who had obtained his post by the murder of his predecessor.

But the power of Perennis came to an end when the Roman legions in Britain became discontented with the administration of the army there, for which he was responsible.

Fifteen hundred picked men from the legions marched on Rome and demanded to see the Emperor. They sowed disaffection among the guards, and told an alarming story of the great strength of the army in Britain.

Whereupon Commodus ordered Perennis to be put to death, to save civil war.

Now troops began to desert and, instead of leaving Rome, infested the highways. A private soldier named Maternus collected these men into a body, plundered defenceless cities in Gaul and Spain, and let prisoners out of their gaols.

When Commodus demanded that the heads of the Provinces should take immediate action against this army, Maternus disbanded his men, advised them to separate and assemble again in Rome, where he hoped to assassinate the Emperor and assume the imperial crown.

The men actually got into the streets of Rome in various disguises during the festival of Cybele, but their scheme became known to Commodus and it was defeated.

Cleander, who took the place of Perennis, was a crafty individual who knew how to keep his master's favour, and, at the same time, make himself popular with the people. In the Emperor's name he built baths and places of recreation for the populace. Meanwhile sanguinary executions went on with the object of removing everyone on whom there was a breath of suspicion.

Pestilence and famine now appeared. Disorders broke out because it was known that the famine was due to a monopoly of corn.

Rioters appeared before the house of Cleander and demanded his execution. With the Prætorian Guards, Cleander

dispersed the crowd which, however, rushed through the streets of the city. When the guards followed, they were met with missiles from the windows.

The foot guards joined the people, and massacre began on both sides.

In the palace, Commodus knew nothing of what was happening. He had, indeed, given up his claim to rule the Empire and was satisfied to spend his time with his concubines.

The crowd broke through the gates, and Commodus would have been killed had not his sister, Fadilla, and Marcia, his favourite concubine, warned him what was going on.

The frightened Emperor, to satisfy the mob, gave orders that the head of Cleander should be thrown to them. This was done, and the tumult subsided.

But Commodus had not learned his lesson. He continued his evil mode of living and even intensified the orgies in the palace.

At last Marcia, Electus, his chamberlain, and Laetus, his Prætorian prefect, decided to get rid of him.

Marcia handed a glass of wine to her royal lover, after he had hunted some wild beasts. He retired to sleep; while he slept a wrestler was introduced into his chamber, and Commodus was strangled without resistance.

**SEPTEMBER**





SEPTEMBER 1ST

*Pope Adrian IV*

ADRIAN IV was the only native of the British Isles to occupy the Papal chair.

His name was Nicholas Breakspear, but little is known of his early life, except that he was of humble origin.

He was born about the year A.D. 1100 at Langley, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, a son of Robert, a poor priest of the diocese of Bath.

When Robert went into a monastery, Nicholas appears to have been left to his own resources. By some means he went to Paris with the idea of seeking his fortune. But having no means of subsistence, he accepted the hospitality of the monks of the abbey of St. Rugus, in Provence, where he was accepted as a lay brother to do various menial duties of the establishment.

Breakspear had great force of character, uncommon energy, and a capacity for administration. By the time he was forty he was abbot of the monastery.

But even in ecclesiastic establishments there are envy, hatred, and malice, and Breakspear's elevation did not suit all the brothers, though he was elected by majority.

When, therefore, he began to reform the monastery, a number of charges were formulated against him, and he had to go to Rome to answer them before Eugenius III.

That Pope went into the matter thoroughly, and finally was convinced of the innocence of Breakspear. He administered a rebuke to the monks of St. Rufus and made the abbot cardinal bishop of Albano.

Impressed by the intelligence of Nicholas, the Pope appointed him as legate to organize the affairs of the new Norwegian bishopric of Trondhjem.

The legate did the job thoroughly. He carried out negotiations which resulted in the recognition of Upsala as seat of the Swedish Metropolitan in 1164.

On his return to Rome, Nicholas was received with honour by the new Pope, Anastasius IV, and when Anastasius died on December 4th, 1154, Breakspear was elected Pontiff under the name of Adrian IV.

Adrian's chief opponent was Arnold of Brescia, who advocated a comprehensive scheme of reform for the Church. The clergy were engrossed in secular activities. They filled the offices of state, led armies, imposed taxes, owned important estates, and lived sumptuously.

Arnold argued that while the Church was drowned in riches and profligacy, corruption and intrigue would go on, and the world would be ruined.

The Church of Christ should not be of this world, said Arnold of Brescia. Thus its ministers ought not to sit in temporal offices; nor did the Church need its enormous revenues.

Arnold, dressed in his monk's cloak, stood in the streets of his native Brescia and harangued the populace.

The bishop of the diocese complained to the Pope, then Innocent II. The Pope convoked a general council and summoned Arnold to Rome. He went and was condemned to perpetual silence.

When Adrian IV took the Papal chair, he demanded that Arnold should be given up. Arnold was seized and sent to Rome under a strong escort. Ultimately he was burned alive.

Though the death of Arnold did not stop the movement he had inaugurated, it made the position of the Pope far stronger than it had been in the days of Adrian's predecessors.

Frederick Barbarossa was crowned Emperor at St. Peter's on June 18th, 1155, a ceremony which caused much dissatisfaction among the Romans, and Adrian thought it politic to leave the city for a time. He returned in November of the following year.

Adrian then crossed swords with William I, of Sicily, who denied the right of the Papacy to interfere in his affairs. By clever intrigue, in which Adrian got the Sicilian barons on his side, he brought William to his knees. But the fortune of war changed, and, in the end, William secured a good bargain, which was not advantageous to the Pope and less pleasing to the Emperor.

Soon afterwards the Pope and the Emperor were at loggerheads.

At the Diet of Besancon a letter was read in which the Pope referred to the great benefits which he had conferred on the Emperor. The letter was couched in an unfortunate strain, and it gave the Emperor the impression that he was being treated as a feudal monarch under the Papacy.

The legates who had presented the Pope's letter were glad to escape with their lives in the storm that ensued, and the matter was not satisfactorily adjusted until Adrian had written another letter modifying the other.

But, as time went on, the breach between Pope and Emperor widened, and Adrian was about to excommunicate Barbarossa when he died at Anagnia on September 1st, 1159.

## SEPTEMBER 2ND

*Lady Lisle*

IN the annals of British justice there was never a more striking example of a miscarriage of justice than the conviction in August, 1685, of Alice Lisle for the harbouring of traitors.

On August 27th she appeared before the infamous Judge Jeffreys to answer the indictment that, "on July 28th, in the first year of King James II, knowing John Hicks, of Keinsham, in the county of Somerset, clerk, to be a false traitor, and to have conspired the death and destruction of the King, and to have levied war against him, did, in her dwelling-house, at Ellingham, traitorously entertain, conceal, and comfort the said John Hicks, and cause meat and drink to be delivered to him, against the duty of her allegiance, the King's peace, et cetera."

Alice Lisle was the widow of Lord Commissioner Lisle, who had been one of those to sit in judgment at the trial of Charles I. He had also sat in Cromwell's House of Peers.

The "Bloody Assize", presided over by Jeffreys, was set up immediately after the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, ostensibly for the purpose of trying those who had taken part in the revolt.

Known as Lady Lisle or Dame Lisle, this infirm and almost deaf woman was a pathetic figure as she faced the merciless judge.

The case had excited much interest and the courthouse at Winchester was crowded.

In view of her inability to hear plainly, the prisoner was allowed to have someone by her side to tell her what was being said.

Alice Lisle pleaded Not Guilty to the indictment.

Mr. Pollexfen, counsel for the prosecution, proved at the outset that Hicks had fought for Monmouth.

He then proceeded to examine James Dunne, an unwilling witness for the Crown.

Dunne was told by the judge that if he caught him prevaricating, he would punish him for every variation from the truth.

The witness said that he lived at Warminster and that on the previous Friday night a short dark man had called on him and asked him if he would take a message from a certain John Hicks to Lady Lisle requesting that she should put up Hicks in her house for a day or two. Dunne added that he was promised a reward for carrying the message.

On the Saturday, Dunne went to Ellingham, a distance of twenty-six miles. There he met Carpenter, Lady Lisle's bailiff. Dunne asked Carpenter if his mistress would "entertain" Hicks, but the bailiff replied that he had better ask Lady Lisle herself.

According to Dunne, she agreed to do so.

Asked by the judge if the woman knew Hicks before this, the witness said he did not know.

"Would she entertain one she had no knowledge of, merely upon thy message?" asked Jeffreys.

"My Lord, I tell you the truth," replied Dunne. "On the Tuesday morning they came to my house, three of them. One was little black (bearded) man, who was there before, and another of them was a full black man, and the other was a thin black man; but I knew none of their names."

Dunne then told how two of the men, Hicks and another named Nelthorp, had set out for Lady Lisle's house.

In reply to questions Dunne detailed what occurred on their arrival. Hicks and Nelthorp, he said, had gone into the house, and he did not see them again until after their arrest. He himself was shown to a room for the night.

Asked about the horses belonging to Hicks and Nelthorp, Dunne said that they were left at the gate, but he had put his own in the stable.

Jeffreys: Was the stable door locked, or open?

Dunne: It was only latched, and I pulled up the latch, and put my horse in! and Mr. Carpenter came afterwards with a candle, and gave my horse some hay.

Jeffreys: It being a suspicious time, when the little man with the black beard came to you, did not you ask him who this Mr. Hicks was? And when Hicks and Nelthorp came to your house, did not you ask their names?

Dunne : Hicks, the fat man, told me they were in debt.

Jeffreys : Now, upon your oath, tell me truly, who was it opened the stable door? Was it Carpenter or you?

Dunne : It was Carpenter, my Lord.

Jeffreys : Why, thou vile wretch! Did'st thou not tell me that thou did'st pull up the latch? But, it seems, the Saints (the Dissenters) have a charter for lying; they may lie and cant, and deceive, and rebel, and think God Almighty takes no notice of it. A Turk has a better title to an eternity of bliss than these pretenders to Christianity; for he has more morality and honesty in him. Sirrah! I charge you, in the presence of God, tell me true. What other persons did you see that night?

Dunne denied that he had seen anyone else. Pressed by questions from Judge Jeffreys he admitted that a young woman had shown him into a room. He added that he knew nothing of what had happened to the horses of the other men.

"Thou art a strange prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling, lying rascal," exclaimed the judge. "Will the prisoner ask him any questions?"

Mrs. Lisle replied that she had none to ask.

"Perhaps her questions might endanger the truth coming out," commented Jeffreys.

Following the evidence of a man named Barter, who had guided the party to Lady Lisle's house, Dunne was recalled and put through a severe questioning.

To some of the questions Dunne could not find ready answers. He took refuge in a display of ignorance.

Other witnesses were called to refute Dunne's statements, and a candle was held to his eyes to intimidate him. Eventually Jeffreys advised the jury to discredit Dunne's testimony entirely.

Mrs. Lisle called only one witness in her defence. This was a man named George Creed, who had heard Nelthorp say that she knew nothing of his coming, nor did she know his name until it came out on his arrest.

She admitted that she knew of Hicks, but only as a dissenting preacher and not as a fighter in the ranks of Monmouth.

Jeffreys charged the jury in a long peroration. He emphasized that part of the evidence which suggested that Lady Lisle was aware that the two men had been in the rebellion.

He argued that the proof was as "plain as the sun at noon-day". They were not to be moved by the prisoner's age and sex.

The jury was reluctant to give a verdict. They returned several times to ask questions, to the disgust of the almost apoplectic judge.

"Come, come, gentlemen, it is plain proof. But if there were no such proof, the circumstances and management of the thing is as full proof as can be. I wonder what it is you doubt of."

At last they brought in a verdict of guilty.

She was executed at Winchester on the afternoon of September 2nd.

Lady Lisle died in the market place before a large crowd with "serene courage".

After the 1688 Revolution the judgment on her was annulled by Act of Parliament.

#### SEPTEMBER 3RD

##### *Lady Coventry*

IN the summer of 1751, London society was electrified by the appearance in its midst of two beautiful girls—Maria and Elizabeth Gunning. They had come from Castle Coote, in the County of Roscommon, Ireland.

On the way to London they had taken Dublin by storm, had brought all the eligible bachelors to their knees, and had made Sheridan, the dramatist, their most humble servant.

They were the daughters of John Gunning, a squire more interested in hunting and hard drinking than in the amazing attractions of his girls.

But their mother, a practical woman, with blue Plantagenet blood in her veins, intended coronets for Maria and Elizabeth. So they were brought to England.

Maria was a vivacious brunette, and Elizabeth, her junior, was a blonde.

It was not long before their names were on the lips of everyone, from courtier to the humblest subject of the king. They were toasted everywhere, followed when they left their house, and mobbed in the parks.

Once they went to Vauxhall Gardens to find themselves

in a crowd of eight thousand people and kept from harm only by the swords of their escorts.

At Hampton Court, a crowd of visitors who had come to visit the "Beauty Room" were shown into another by a facetious attendant who remarked, "These are the beauties, gentlemen," as he pointed to the two Misses Gunning.

All the town gallants were hard at the heels of Maria and Elizabeth. For a time the two girls treated their suitors with condescending dignity. Then Maria fell in love with the handsome Earl of Coventry.

One day in March, 1752, the following announcement appeared in a newspaper :

On Thursday evening the Earl of Coventry was married to Miss Maria Gunning, a lady possessed of that exquisite beauty and of those accomplishments which will add Grace and Dignity to the highest station. As soon as the ceremony was over they set out for Lord Ashburnham's seat at Charlton, in Kent.

This event made the Countess more popular than ever. Crowds still followed her when she walked in St. James's Park. It became such a nuisance that she appealed to the King to supply an escort of soldiers.

George II, old, but gallant to the end, readily supplied the escort to one whom he declared to be "the most beautiful woman in England."

In the words of an eye-witness this is what occurred the first time the escort was on duty :

"From eight to ten o'clock in the evening a strange procession paraded the crowded avenues, obliging everyone to make way and exciting universal laughter. In front marched two sergeants with their halberds, then tripped the self-conscious Lady Coventry, attended by her husband and an ardent admirer, the amorous Earl of Pembroke, while twelve soldiers of the guard followed in the rear."

Lady Coventry was not so diplomatic as she was beautiful. "Are you not sorry," George II asked her, "that there are to be no more masquerades?"

"No, I am quite weary of them and of all London sights," replied the Countess. "There is only one left that I am really anxious to see, and that is a coronation!"

Lord Coventry found it difficult to keep pace with his wife's demand for money, all of which she spent on improving



her own appearance. Fortunes were spent on costly jewellery and dresses. Once she was wearing a dress of blue silk with white spots. Exhibiting it to George Selwyn, she remarked: "And how do you think I shall look in it, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Why," replied Selwyn, the wit, "you will look like change for a guinea."

Soon after the marriage the Earl and Countess, accompanied by Lady Caroline Petersham, another famous beauty, who was beginning to lose her charm, went to France.

To the amazement of the Countess, the French people thought nothing of her.

"Our beauties have returned and done no execution," writes that ubiquitous gossip Horace Walpole. "The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham had ever been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now.

"Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages! for, besides being very silly, ignorant of the world and good breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty—her lord, who is sillier in a wiser way, and as ignorant, speaking very little French himself, just enough to show how ill-bred he is."

It was said that one of Lady Coventry's admirers was Frederick St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, of whom, too, Walpole has a little scandal to disclose.

"T'other night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the King at the masquerade, and then he sent for Lady Coventry to dance. It was quite like Herodias! and I believe, if he had offered a boon, she would have chosen the head of St. John."

The beautiful Countess was not destined to enjoy her triumphs for long. "The kingdom of beauty is in as great disorder as the Kingdom of Ireland," Walpole wrote to a friend. "My Lady Pembroke looks like a ghost. My Lady Coventry is going to be one."

The callous gossip was right.

The last occasion on which she appeared in public was at the trial of Earl Ferrers in the House of Lords in April, 1760, for the murder of his steward.

Her appearance amazed Walpole, who remarked that she looked as well as ever, and she and Lord Bolingbroke made eyes at each other.

Lord Coventry objected to his wife using "red" and powder. For a time she respected her husband's prejudice. Later, however, she got her own way, and it is said that her death was hastened by rouge.

She did not live to see a coronation, for she died a fortnight before the King.

Walpole's description of her death is pathetic. He writes: "Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch with a pocket-glass in her hand! and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed.

"During the last fortnight she had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed without suffering them to be withdrawn."

Lord Coventry died on September 31, 1809.

#### SEPTEMBER 4TH

### *John James Heidegger*

JOHN JAMES HEIDEGGER, Master of the Revels to George II, had the reputation of being "as ugly as sin."

Heidegger revelled in his ugliness, and when Lord Chesterfield once remarked that he had seen uglier people than Heidegger, the latter challenged him to produce one.

Chesterfield undertook to do so within a week.

He scoured the sordid districts of London and particularly St. Giles's, where the crooks lived like rats in their basements and ventured out only at night.

After the closest search Lord Chesterfield found a woman, a witch-like scallywag, as repulsive as a crocodile. But when Heidegger put on the woman's headgear it was admitted unanimously that he had won the wager.

Heidegger was called in unwittingly to settle a dispute between a tailor and a certain duke.

The duke objected to the charges of the tailor, whose name was Jolly. He agreed, however, to pay the tailor's bill if he could produce an uglier man than himself.

Jolly wrote a polite letter to the Master of the Revels, saying that the duke was anxious to make his acquaintance at a certain hour in the morning.

Heidegger was there at the appointed time. Whereupon

he was told by the nobleman that there must have been some mistake. He denied having sent for Heidegger.

Fortunately, Jolly appeared a few minutes afterwards. The duke admitted the arrangement and paid the bill willingly enough.

Naturally, Heidegger was satirized and caricatured. Hogarth found him a delightful subject for his brush, and introduced his features into several of his paintings.

One of his pictures illustrates Heidegger in a rage. It was the sequel to a practical joke which was played on the Master of the Revels in the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street, London.

The Duke of Montague arranged to give a dinner to a company of his friends, and Heidegger was invited. Wine flowed freely, but oftener in the direction of Heidegger. Soon the Master of the Revels became helplessly intoxicated and had to be taken to another room and placed on a bed.

While he was in a state of coma a modeller, who was in attendance for the purpose, took a mould of his face, from which a wax mask was eventually made.

The next stage in the plot was to obtain a first-class mimic. Dressed in a suit of clothes exactly like those worn by Heidegger at the Opera House, Haymarket, where he was manager, the mimic appeared in the theatre on a certain evening. George II was present and was in the plot.

Immediately the King had seated himself the real Heidegger ordered the orchestra to play "God Save the King." But his back was no sooner turned than the fictitious Master of the Revels ordered the bandsmen to play "Over the Water to Charlie."

None of the courtiers attending the King knew anything of the joke, and one can imagine their consternation when suddenly "God Save the King" was stopped and the other tune substituted.

Heidegger raved at the musicians, accused them of drunkenness and threatened to dismiss them. The bandsmen thought their director had gone mad.

This in-and-out business continued for some time while George II laughed himself into a state of helplessness.

While Heidegger was in the gallery "God Save the King" was played without interruption. When he went among the dancers to see that everything was proceeding with the usual decorum his double ordered the band to play "Over the Water to Charlie."

It is a wonder that a riot did not ensue. The King alone had been apprised of the joke; his entourage was almost frantic with rage.

Some of the Guards offered to revenge the insult to the King. Some of them drew their swords, and cries of "Treason!" came from every part of the hall.

Heidegger himself rushed towards the orchestra in a violent temper and threatened to dismiss the players at once.

The Duke of Montague, on the other hand, whispered to Heidegger that his best plan was to apologize to the King and discharge the drunken musicians afterwards.

The Master of the Revels appeared before the King's circle and made a humble apology for the insolence of the musicians. But he had barely opened his mouth when the counterfeit Heidegger came up and said, "Indeed, sire, it is not my fault." Pointing to the real Heidegger, he added, "It is that devil in my likeness."

This complicated matters. At the sight of his impersonator Heidegger swooned.

The joke had been more than successful, and the King, fearing trouble, ordered the masquerader to unmask.

It was a long time before Heidegger recovered from the shock. Hogarth's picture shows him sitting on a chair in a state of collapse with the mask of his counterfeiter lying on the ground beside him.

Like many other mountebanks of the day, Heidegger lived in lavish style. He gave grand entertainments to his friends, and the King even paid him a visit to his house at Barn-Elms.

Heidegger was fond of wine, and was often drunk when off duty. He lived, however, to the age of ninety, and died on September 4th, 1749.

He was buried at Richmond, Surrey.

Heidegger was benevolent, and gave away large sums of money. And though he is generally regarded as one of London's ugly men, there is a certain attraction in the engraving of his face which was taken from his mask after death.

SEPTEMBER 5TH

*John Home*

AN interesting story is told of an Englishman who went to Scotland to see John Home, the author of the tragedy "Douglas". The play had appealed to him so much that for years he had been anxious to meet Home.

When one has a hero, it is not always advisable to inquire into his private affairs. It destroys pleasant illusions.

This was the case with the Englishman.

His first shock came when, after some difficulty, he found Home's house, a modest tenement in a court off Canongate, Edinburgh.

It was a poor little place and nothing like the picture of Home's residence that he had pictured in his mind.

Nevertheless, he knocked at the door somewhat nervously, for he was not sure of his reception.

A grubby maid came to the door.

"Is Mr. Home within?" inquired the Englishman.

"Na, sir."

"Will he be at home soon?"

"Oh, na, sir! He's in the Hielands."

The domestic was unable to say when Home would be back and the Englishman was about to turn away disappointed when the girl remarked, "You'd better come in and see Mrs. Home."

This was better than nothing. If he could not see the poet, the next best thing was to see the woman on whom the great man lavished his affections.

The Englishman sent in his card. Would Mrs. Home spare him a few minutes, as he had come all the way from England to see her husband.

He was ushered in, and in the dining-room he saw a poor, decrepit old woman. Her head was wrapped in a shawl, and she sat hunched in an arm-chair. By her side there was a glass of wine and water, and into this she was busy grating some nutmeg.

It was a depressing picture. The visitor's disappointment showed clearly in his face—a disappointment that turned to despair when he found that the old woman was incapable of discussing any subject.

She stared at him vacantly and hardly essayed a reply.

There was one political topic that interested everyone in Britain at the time. That was the peace with France.

He tried the old lady with that.

"Oh yes, I've heard of the peace," she said. "Ay, it's come at last."

"We must be thankful for it," said the Englishman, "it will make a great difference to us."

But the old woman's thoughts moved only in one groove, namely, her toddy.

"Do you think, sir," she said, "it will mak' ony difference in the price of nutmegs?"

What the visitor thought, and probably actually said, cannot be put down in print.

He left hurriedly, and caught the next coach for England.

The Englishman had failed to appreciate that nearly half a century had passed since Home had written his tragedy "Douglas". From time to time it had been revived, impressing those who heard it for the first time.

It took Home five years to write that play. When he took it to London to get Garrick's opinion it was rejected.

But friends in Edinburgh brought it out in that city, and it was first played in December, 1756, with great success.

It aroused a storm in religious circles, and Home, who had been licensed by the presbytery to preach ten years before, found it advisable to resign his parish of Athelstaneford, Haddingtonshire.

The success of "Douglas" in Edinburgh could not be ignored by London, and the play was presented at Covent Garden in March, 1757, with Peg Woffington in the role of Lady Randolph. Later, Mrs. Siddons took the part.

John Home was born at Leith on September 22nd, 1722. His father, Alexander Home, was town clerk. John was educated at a grammar school and Edinburgh University, and graduated as an M.A. in 1742.

He was interested in two subjects, theology and soldiering. In 1745 he received his licence as a minister, and next year joined as a volunteer against the rebellious Jacobites.

He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Falkirk, and held in the Castle of Doune, Perthshire, but managed to escape.

In the same year he was given the parish of Athelstaneford, becoming friendly with David Hume, who belonged to the same family as himself.

He now began to write, and composed a tragedy on Agis,

one of Plutarch's heroes. This was offered to and rejected by Garrick in 1749. His next effort was "Douglas," which made it necessary for him to leave the Church, for anything in the nature of theatrical representations was banned by the presbytery.

Lord Bute soon afterwards obtained for him the sinecure office of Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere, and when Bute became more powerful on the accession of George III Home received a pension of £300 a year in addition.

Home was now independent, and he left London and settled in East Lothian, where, in 1770, he married a woman of the same name as himself.

In 1758 Garrick produced "Agis" at Drury Lane, hoping that the popularity of "Douglas" would carry this play. But it kept the stage for only eleven days.

In 1760 Home's tragedy "The Siege of Aquileia" was produced in London, and in 1769 his play "The Fatal Discovery" had a run of only nine days. "Alonzo" (1773) met with fair success, but his tragedy "Alfred" was badly received, and Home gave up writing for the stage.

Home's last work was a *History of the Rebellion in 1745*, which was published in 1802, but regarded of little value.

In 1778 Home joined a regiment formed by the Duke of Buccleuch, but a fall from his horse permanently impaired his brain.

His friends persuaded him to retire. He died on September 5th, 1808, at Merchiston Bank, near Edinburgh.

Home was a man of benevolent disposition, always ready to help poor and neglected merit. Many who afterwards rose to fame had to thank Home for their first encouragement.

#### SEPTEMBER 6TH

### *The Shakespeare Festival*

THE Shakespeare Festival of 1769 was attended by a number of singular mishaps.

There was a deluge of rain, for instance, which almost turned a much-advertised jubilee horse-race into a swimming-race for the animals.

Fireworks refused to go off because of the wet; a "ginger-bread" pavilion tumbled like a pack of cards, and a number of notable Londoners appeared in such ridiculous costumes as to

make them the butt of criticism by the indignant inhabitants of Stratford.

David Garrick, the prime mover of the scheme, found it difficult to live it down. The festival was a prime subject for his enemies, who lampooned the actor unmercifully.

London was flooded with pamphlets satirizing the festival.

But the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon made the most fuss. They declared that the violent rains which fell during the festivities were a judgment of heaven on such "impious demonstrations."

The festival began on September 6th, 1769, and lasted for three days. The idea had occurred to Garrick after he had received an invitation from the Stratford Corporation that he should become a freeman of the town.

This ceremony took place in the previous May, when he was presented with the scroll in a box made out of a mulberry-tree which was said to have been planted by Shakespeare. This tree had been cut down by a choleric clergyman—on whose property it stood—when he fell out with officials at Stratford. He had also pulled down the house in which Shakespeare was supposed to have lived.

The publicity obtained by the promoters of the festival surpassed anything ever known before. As a result Stratford was crowded.

The proceedings began on Wednesday morning. At day-break a band from Drury Lane Theatre, London, with a party of performers, paraded the streets. Very few townspeople slept a wink after that.

For an hour guns were fired, and at 8 a.m. the big-wigs of Stratford assembled, and went in procession to the town hall for breakfast.

David Garrick presided, wearing a medallion carved from the same mulberry-tree, set in gold. Women and men wore favours honouring Garrick.

The meal having finished—it is recorded that it was a sumptuous one—a move was made to the church, where the oratorio "Judith" was performed.

For the purpose of the celebrations, a wooden building had been built on the banks of the Avon. It was octagonal in shape, and lavishly painted in gilt and colours.

Here a dinner was held at four o'clock, followed by a musical performance at which a number of songs, some written by Garrick, were sung.



A ball which began in the evening was kept up until three in the morning, with an illumination of the town and a display of fireworks by "Mr. Angell." Mr. Angell's display was not very impressive, owing, it would appear, to the wet.

The second day's programme was similar to the first, except that in the afternoon Garrick's "Shakespeare Ode" was performed in place of "Judith."

The performance of this ode, according to James Boswell, was "noble and affecting."

He likened it to an exhibition in Athens or Rome, and added: "I do believe that if one had attempted to disturb the performance, he would have been in danger of his life."

A statue of Shakespeare had been erected so that it could be seen by the whole of the company, and while Garrick recited his ode, from time to time he glanced dramatically at the effigy.

The actor was dressed in a brown suit, embroidered with gold lace, with his steward's wand of mulberry wood in his hands. Afterwards, he delivered a long eulogy of Shakespeare.

So far, so good. But the next item in the programme was a blunder.

When the audience were asked whether they had anything to say to the prejudice of Shakespeare, King, the well-known comedian, in accordance with plan, stepped up into the orchestra, in the character of a fop, and made a slashing attack on the bard.

It was an amusing caricature, no doubt, but it did not suit the loyal townspeople of Stratford.

They began to boo, and show other signs of disapproval. In the midst of this diversion another occurred. A number of the benches occupied by members of the audience collapsed with a crash. A well-known peer had the misfortune to fall beneath a door which fell on *him*.

In the evening there were more illuminations and more fireworks. But the best thing of that day was a masquerade, stated to have been one of the most ambitious ever attempted in England.

The ladies were much admired in their various impersonations, but the "gentlemen," we are told, were not so popular. One who appeared as the "Devil," complete with horns, "gave inexpressible offence."

James Boswell's impersonation took the form of an armed chief of the island of Corsica. He had written an account of

the Corsican bandits, and had ever since been obsessed with the subject.

The costume included a short brown coat of coarse material, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, and a cap of black cloth, on which were the words "*Viva la Liberta.*"

The crest of Corsica was on the breast, a stiletto peeped out of a pouch slung round the waist and a pistol was in the belt.

Being called upon to make an address, Boswell very ingeniously dragged in both Shakespeare and Corsica.

It is said that poor "Bozzy" made a fool of himself, and would have been well advised to "clear his head of Corsica" during his stay at Stratford.

The rain which had so far interrupted the festivities only in a minor way came down in torrents on the next day, Friday.

A great pageant had to be abandoned. The jubilee horse-race, however, was duly held, with the animals floundering up to their knees in water.

Another grand ball was held in the evening, at which Mrs. Garrick danced minuets. That concluded the festival for that year.

#### SEPTEMBER 7TH

#### *Thomas Coutts*

THOMAS COUTTS, who made famous the great banking concern in the Strand, London, had a charming manner. He was also shrewd and enterprising.

One day the manager of a City bank told Coutts that a certain peer had asked his firm for a loan of £30,000, but had been refused.

Coutts said nothing, but at ten o'clock that evening he called at the house of the nobleman and left a message asking him to call at the bank on the following morning.

The banker received the nobleman politely, and with hardly a word took thirty one-thousand-pound notes from a drawer and pushed them across the table to his visitor.

"What is this?" asked the peer.

Coutts explained that he had heard that he was temporarily embarrassed.

"But what security am I to give you?" asked the other.

"I shall be satisfied with your lordship's note of hand," the banker replied.

The I O U was given, the debtor remarking, "I find I shall require for the present only £10,000. I therefore return you £20,000 with which you will be pleased to open an account in my name."

This transaction on the part of Coutts was not due entirely to benevolence. It was a cleverly calculated move, for, within a few months, the peer paid into the bank £200,000 realized from the sale of an estate. In addition, he recommended many high personages to patronize Coutts' establishment.

Before long, among the new clients of the bank were George III, several members of the royal family, the Duke of Wellington, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the Dukes of Argyll, Buccleuch, and Montrose, and many other peers.

Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott kept their accounts at the bank; Scott must have caused Thomas Coutts many anxious moments when the author indulged his speculative fancies.

Thomas Coutts, who was born on September 7th, 1735, is said to have been an attraction for match-making mothers with eligible daughters. But he defied them all and married Susannah Starkey, a domestic servant in the employ of his brother James, who was a partner in the bank.

It resulted in a quarrel between the brothers and, finally, a dissolution of the partnership occurred with the withdrawal of James.

It is recorded by the ninth Earl of Dundonald, a cousin of the Coutts, that Susannah was "a most respectable, modest, handsome young woman," with "good sense, amiable disposition and exemplary conduct, which endeared her to all her husband's family, and commanded the respect of all who knew her."

She was a daughter of a small farmer in Lancashire, and was illiterate. At her wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields she signed her name "Susanh," and, so far as is known, no specimens of her handwriting remain.

There were three daughters of the marriage, each of whom married a man of title, namely, the Marquess of Bute, the Earl of Guildford, and Sir Francis Burdett.

The original bank was in St. Martin's Lane, but when the partnership was dissolved, Thomas moved to Number fifty-nine, Strand. Later he took leases of various buildings in the vicinity as the business increased.

Thomas Coutts' three daughters—two sons had died in infancy—became known, as they grew up, as the "Three Graces." They were attractive, and received a good education. But one of his chief anxieties was to find a successor in the management of the bank, none of his sons-in-law being suitable for a commercial career.

In September, 1805, when Thomas Coutts was sixty-nine years old, he became acquainted with the young actress Harriet Mellon. Soon he was writing affectionate letters to her, and telling her of his wife's illness.

There is no reason to believe that there was anything more in this than friendship. But paragraphs appeared in the newspapers alleging a love affair. Thomas Coutts ignored these rumours, but it is a fact that Harriet Mellon left the stage at his request and went to live at Holly Lodge, Highgate, which he bought for her.

The misrepresentations of his motives made him take a bold step when his wife died on January 4th, 1814. On the eighteenth of the same month, four days after the funeral, Coutts and Harriet Mellon were married by archbishop's licence at St. Pancras Church.

Later, the marriage was found to be irregular, and on April 12th it was made legal by another ceremony.

It was not to be expected that the Coutts family would approve the course that Thomas took. He was nearly eighty years old, and, in the eye of society, it was ludicrous. A breach occurred between father and daughters, and although there were several attempts at reconciliation they were not successful.

Mrs. Coutts herself did her best to avoid quarrels, and in the end she triumphed over the prejudice of society. The Prince of Wales and his brothers frequently accepted invitations to Holly Lodge, and their examples were soon followed by the nobility generally.

Coutts' cousin, Lord Chancellor Erskine, once congratulated the old man "in selecting such a hostess at your social board, so capable of dispensing pleasure to all around her, combining (which so rarely happens) the gayest deportment with the most exemplary prudence and with so undivided an affection for yourself."

Certain it is that the old age of Thomas Coutts was made enjoyable by his wife's affectionate care. Thus, when he died, he did not forget her. He made a will leaving every-

thing he possessed to his widow, with no other legacies. He added that he had already given each daughter £25,000 on her marriage, and £20,000 since.

Thus the former actress inherited a half-share in the bank—Coutts had by then taken another partner—and an income of over £50,000. Later she married the Duke of St. Albans.

#### SEPTEMBER 8TH

##### *King Charles's Farewell to his Daughter*

IN the year 1793, some grave-diggers, opening the floor to prepare a grave in the church of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, made a remarkable discovery.

A leaden coffin, well preserved, was exposed to view. On the lid was the following inscription :

*Elizabeth, 2d daughter of the late King Charles. Deceased September 8th MDCL.*

It was an interesting find for antiquaries and historians, for there had long been much speculation about the resting-place of the child Elizabeth Stuart, who was reputed to have died in Carisbrooke Castle some months after the execution of her father.

The letters E.S. cut into the wall above the grave had become almost obscured by time, and few people had attached any importance to the initials.

About the middle of last century, the church of St. Thomas had reached such a state of ruin that it was decided to rebuild it.

To give the child a more fitting tomb, Queen Victoria commissioned Baron Marochetti to erect a suitable monument. It represents the little princess lying on a mattress, her head resting on a bible, with the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Suspended from the Gothic arch above is a portcullis with the bars torn apart to symbolize the flight of the soul. Two stained-glass windows in the side walls shed a diffused light on the tomb.

The inscription records the benevolence of Queen Victoria :

To the Memory of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of Charles I, who died at Carisbrooke Castle on Sunday, September 8, 1650,

and is interred beneath the Chancel of this Church. This Monument is erected, a token of respect for her Virtues, and of sympathy for her Misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856.

Elizabeth, the second daughter of Charles I, was born at St. James's Palace in 1635. The child was barely six years of age when the Civil War broke out and, while her father was campaigning against the Parliamentary army, Elizabeth was handed over to strangers for safe keeping.

A few brief meetings with her harassed father afforded the only opportunities for seeing him, but her education was not neglected, for at the time of Charles's execution she is pictured as a girl with a literary capacity and an extraordinary presence of mind.

Clarendon, the historian of the Civil War, says: "The princess was a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and an early understanding."

On the day before the execution of the King there was an affecting scene between him and his family. Two only were now left in England. Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II, was abroad; the eldest daughter, Mary, had married the Prince of Orange; James, Duke of York, was with his brother, and the Queen, Henrietta Maria, had taken refuge in France.

The young Princess Elizabeth, in her thirteenth year, has left behind in her own handwriting a story of the pathetic parting. The following is her simple story:

What the King said to me on January 29, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.

He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet, somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he feared the cruelty was too great to permit his writing.

"But, sweetheart," he added, "thou wilt not forget what I tell thee."

Then, shedding abundance of tears, I told him I would write down all he said to me.

He wished me, he said, not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.

He said he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also, and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them also.

Above all, he bade me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would

be the same to the last. He commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her.

He desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.

Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said : "Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head."

Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. "Heed, my child, what I say ; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king ; but, mark what I say, you must not be a king as long as your brothers, Charles and James, live. Therefore I charge you, do not be made a king by them."

At which the child, sighing deeply, replied : "I will be torn in pieces first."

At these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his Majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised.

That was the last the "little mother" saw of her father.

Eventually she was taken to Penshurst, where she was kept in almost solitary confinement. But, fearing that even in this quiet spot in Kent, Cavalier loyalists would attempt to seize her and hold her for future eventualities, she was conveyed finally to Carisbrooke Castle, where her father had been interned.

Eighteen months after her father's death, Elizabeth caught a chill while playing on the bowling green of the castle.

But the chill soon turned to fever, and within a few days she died. No one was present at her bedside at the time.

SEPTEMBER 9TH

### *Flodden Field*

SCOTLAND can blame a woman for the crushing defeat of Flodden.

When France was sorely pressed by the armies of Henry VIII, the French Queen addressed a letter to James IV, imploring him to invade England.

She reminded the Scottish King that she was his mistress, although the extent of their association, if any, is not clear from the records.

If she were his mistress, James preferred to take her advice than that of his wife, who was the sister of Henry VIII.

Despite the tears and pleadings of his Queen, and against the warnings of his counsellors, he mustered the biggest army he could command and crossed the border in August, 1513.

Among initial successes he captured the castle of Norham and a few border strongholds.

But, instead of pursuing his advantage, he elected to remain encamped at the junction of the Tweed and the Till until the Earl of Surrey had raised an army and had actually placed a wedge between the Scottish troops and their homeland.

While the English crossed a narrow bridge over the Till and gradually took up a position favourable both to attack and defence, James looked on and refused to allow a gun to be fired on the enemy.

But when the English were drawn up in battle the Scottish King moved to the attack.

Military strategists are unanimous that the Scots could have easily overpowered the English. Probably the whole of England would have been at their mercy in a short time, for the flower of the English were still in France.

The Scots set fire to their huts, and under cover of the smoke marched down the hill of Flodden.

Many of the old Scottish barons in the ranks of James's army could visualize defeat. One of them, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, urged the King to be cautious. In the event of defeat, he argued, the Scots would lose everything, including their King.

The King threatened to hang Lindsay on his own gate. The Earl of Angus, who made similar representations, was told to go home if he was a coward.

The old warrior burst into tears and exclaimed: "My age renders my body of no use in battle, and my counsel is despised. But I leave my two sons and the vassals of Douglas in the field. May old Angus's foreboding prove unfounded!"

Each army had about 30,000 men.

The battle began at four o'clock in the afternoon of September 9th, and continued until the waning sun no longer sparkled on the armour of the opposing forces.

At first the English guns caused heavy casualties among the Scots. Then, as the infantry made contact and the cavalry charged on both sides, it would have been difficult for anyone to forecast the outcome.



Some of the English soldiers—mercenaries for the most part—left the ranks in search of plunder.

Charge followed charge ; fresh portions of the respective armies were thrown into the fray. The leaders with their bodyguards held aloof until, at last, there was no option.

The Earl of Surrey advanced and the Scottish King, who had been waiting for this movement, advanced to intercept. Scots and English, to the limit of their reserves, were now fighting desperately.

The time passed with no hint of the outcome. It was a ding-dong fight until the Highlanders, unable to restrain their impetuosity, took matters into their own hands, threw away their shields and charged with broadswords and battle-axes.

It was the turning-point in the battle. The English in their squares withstood the onslaught with remarkable coolness. And when the force of the attack had momentarily died down the English were able to retaliate on a more or less disorganized enemy.

The Highlanders were unable to reform, and, being caught on the wave of a tremendous attack, were cut to pieces.

The tide of the fight was now taken into the vicinity of the Scottish King himself. It was the last desperate stand that the Scots were able to make. Darkness was falling, and already the armies were becoming separated.

The stars came out over a terrible scene of carnage, the full extent of which was not known until the following morning.

The body of James lay upon a pile of Scottish corpses. It was much disfigured with wounds.

The Earl of Surrey gave instructions for the remains of the King to be taken to London and thence to the monastery of Sheen, near Richmond, within hail of Sheen Palace, where his wife, Margaret Tudor, had spent her happy girlhood, before going to Scotland as Queen.

It was a long time before the Scots were convinced of the death of their King. It was rumoured that he had been seen after the battle, and that he went immediately on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

When the English reported his death, the Scots demanded : "Show us his iron belt, and we will believe."

The iron belt was not forthcoming, but James's sword and dagger were produced as evidence. It is believed that the belt habitually worn by the King was discarded either before or during the battle.

A turquoise ring belonging to him was also produced. All these relics of the Battle of Flodden were placed in the Heralds' College in London.

The Scots lost about 9000 dead in this encounter. They included, beside the King, his natural son, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, twelve earls, fifteen lords and chiefs of clans, a bishop, two abbots, a dean, and a host of Scottish gentry.

Sir Walter Scott remarks that scarcely a Scottish family of eminence but had an ancestor killed at Flodden. "And there is no province in Scotland even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow."

## SEPTEMBER 10TH

*Thomas Babington Macaulay*

To understand the character of Thomas Babington Macaulay it is necessary merely to record that his very last act before death claimed him was to write a comforting letter to an impecunious curate.

But what was more to the point, he enclosed a cheque for £25.

Acts of benevolence such as this were characteristic of Lord Macaulay, who, when he reached a state of opulence, gave away so readily that he was an easy victim for the professional beggar.

His political career was singularly clean. When still a poor man he twice resigned office rather than subscribe to policies against his conscience.

Macaulay was born on October 25th, 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. He was the eldest child of Zachary Macaulay, who was instrumental in establishing the London University, now University College, in Gower Street.

Macaulay senior belonged to the famous Clapham Sect, and edited its organ, the *Christian Observer*. He collaborated with Wilberforce in the movement for the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the negroes.

Young Macaulay's character appears to have been moulded to a great extent by Hannah More, the popular writer on religious subjects.

At the age of twelve the boy was placed in the care of the Rev. Mr. Preston, a Church of England clergyman who lived near Cambridge.

A description of Macaulay at this period is not impressive. He had a large head, pale face and round shoulders, and at first refused to take part in the sports of his schoolfellows.

He preferred to write verses and some of his earliest efforts were made in his fourteenth year.

At the age of fifteen, Macaulay was familiar with the works of Byron, Scott and Wordsworth.

Going to Cambridge three years later, he found it impossible to give much time to the University's chief subject—mathematics. Instead, he won the Chancellor's medal twice for English verse, and in 1821 he was elected to the Craven scholarship. In the following year he took his B.A. and was made a Fellow of Trinity.

He was already becoming known outside Cambridge for his contributions to various magazines. In one of his articles in *Knight's Quarterly* he made his first protest against the habit of historians to deal merely with wars and battles. He argued that it was just as essential that the habits of the people, their manners and industries should be recorded.

About a year after he had first got into print, he made his debut as an orator.

In June, 1824, he appeared on the platform of the Society for the Mitigation and Abolition of Slavery, and supported a resolution on the subject. This first effort as a public speaker is said to have been somewhat exaggerated in style.

Macaulay's celebrated article on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in August, 1825. In criticizing this first contribution, Macaulay himself afterwards remarked that it was "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." But critics are fairly unanimous that he never wrote anything better.

Macaulay was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1826, and joined the northern circuit, but that was the extent of his acquaintance with law.

Entering the House of Commons in 1830, Macaulay became, in oratory, a worthy successor to Burke. When the Reform Bill was in debate, he painted a vivid picture of the fall of the French monarchy. History was his strong point and he made good use of it in a résumé of 200 years of tragic events.

In the general election of 1832, Macaulay was asked to represent Leeds on the strength of his Reform Bill speeches. In the same year he was appointed to a post in connection with the Indian Government.

In the following July the Bill for the renewal of the East India Company's charter was discussed, and Macaulay was able to offer some valuable advice, particularly in connection with the system of filling vacancies in the India Civil Service.

Meanwhile Macaulay was writing steadily. His contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* continued until October, 1844, when he closed his famous "Essays" with an article on the Earl of Chatham.

Macaulay went to India in 1835, and returned in 1837. There he obtained the material for his famous biographies of Warren Hastings and Lord Clive.

He declined the office of Judge Advocate General offered him by the Whigs. He was then beginning to write his *History of England*. But in 1839 he was pressed by the leading Liberals in Edinburgh to represent their city.

The Whig leaders were fighting hard against the growing power of Sir Robert Peel, and the invitation to Macaulay was in the nature of an S O S.

He was duly elected in June, 1839, and in the same year was made Secretary of War, a post he held until 1841, when the Whig Government collapsed.

He was re-elected in the same year without opposition. During Peel's administration he was a regular attendant at debates, and on his party resuming power in 1846 he became Paymaster-General of the Forces.

At the election following the Free Church controversy, Macaulay was beaten at Edinburgh. He bade farewell to the electors in a dignified letter, and added: *The time will come when you will calmly review the history of my connection with Edinburgh.*

Two years after his defeat he was elected Rector of Glasgow University, and five years later, in 1852, without offering himself as candidate, he was returned at the general election as one of the Members for Edinburgh, at the top of the poll.

Meanwhile the first part of his *History of England* had appeared. The Scots, always appreciative of the best class of literature, rallied to his support. They forgot his previous activities in the Free Church controversy; they thought of him only as an author.

In 1856 he was compelled to resign his Edinburgh seat. In the following year on September 10th it was announced that Lord Palmerston had recommended him to Queen Victoria for a peerage. This was the first time that such a distinction had been given for literary work.

Macaulay took the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He did not live long to enjoy the title. He died suddenly at his residence, Holly Lodge, Kensington, on December 28th, 1859. He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, by the side of Sheridan.

#### SEPTEMBER 11TH

### *David Ricardo*

AT the age of twenty-five David Ricardo was a very rich man.

His wealth was obtained on the Stock Exchange, and there were few keener buyers and sellers than he.

He amassed his fortune by paying strict attention to his own mottoes, which were :

*Never refuse an option when you can get it.*

*Cut short your losses.*

*Let your profits run on.*

The second rule may need clarifying. Ricardo meant that buyers of stock should resell immediately prices fell. As to the third rule, his procedure was to hold stock while prices were rising and not sell until the highest price had been reached and had dropped a point or two.

Ricardo, who was born in London on April 19th, 1772, was of Jewish origin. The family on his father's side were of Dutch extraction. When young Ricardo, at the age of fourteen, entered the office of his father, who was a successful member of the Stock Exchange, it did not take him long to acquire a knowledge of the business.

When about twenty-one years of age, Ricardo suddenly abandoned the Jewish faith and joined the Church of England. This change of religion was brought about by his marriage to a Miss Wilkinson which took place in 1793.

As the marriage was against the wishes of his parents, they promptly cut him adrift, and he was left to earn his own living.

He began business on his own account, and within four years he made enough money to keep himself independent for the rest of his life, though he did not give up the Stock Exchange.

He was now able to indulge in hobbies. He took up science—mathematics, chemistry, and mineralogy. But hav-

ing been introduced to the writings of Adam Smith, he switched over to political economy.

This was a field in which Ricardo's experience was bound to be valuable. He studied the subject for ten years before he attracted attention.

He wrote a series of articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, which soon afterwards appeared in volume form under the title of *The High Price of Bullion, a Proof of the Depreciation of Bank Notes*.

About that time, 1808, the currency position was causing some anxiety among specialists. The price of gold had gone up fifteen per cent above the Mint price; and the rates of exchange with the Continent had fallen.

In his articles, Ricardo called attention to this fact.

But the Bank of England refused to admit depreciation. It declared that gold had risen owing to subsidies, the money necessary for the army, and the fact that hard cash was being hoarded all over the country.

Ricardo's exposure led to the formation of a Government Committee to consider the whole question.

The Committee came to the same conclusion as Ricardo, but when the matter was considered by the House of Commons, Members declared, against all the facts, that there was no depreciation in the value of paper money.

The House deliberately voted that bank notes were equivalent to gold. They further declared that it was a misdemeanour to refuse to accept notes at their face value.

In 1811 Ricardo made the acquaintance of James Mill, who had published a tract called *Commerce Defended*. About the same time Ricardo's reputation was increased by a controversy with Charles Bosanquet on the theory of currency and the exchanges.

When the Corn Laws were being discussed in 1815, Ricardo produced his *Essay on the Influence of a Low Price of Corn on the Profits of Stock*.

A year later his *Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency, with Observations on the Profits of the Bank of England*, caused a stir. Ricardo's idea was to issue bank notes not against sovereigns, but against bars of standard gold bullion.

This plan was eventually carried out on the recommendation of Robert Peel. When allegations were made, however, that many forged bank notes were on the market, the plan failed.

On the question of the Corn Laws, Ricardo argued for a greater freedom to the trade. This was contrary to the dictums of Malthus, who advocated restrictions.

Ricardo proposed a gradual reduction in the duty on corn until it had reached 10s. a quarter.

Ricardo's most important work, *The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, appeared in 1817, and in 1819 he retired from business and became a landed proprietor, entering Parliament as Member for Portarlington.

At the outset, he did not make a success. He was not a good speaker, and he often found himself in difficulties. In course of time he overcame his embarrassment, and was listened to with interest by both sides of the House, particularly when he addressed Members on economic questions.

It is said that Ricardo was responsible in great measure for the change of opinion of Sir Robert Peel on the question of free trade.

He also influenced Peel's reforms in currency and banking, though it was not until 1844 that the Bank Charter Act was passed, and 1846 when the Corn Laws were repealed.

Ricardo's speech-making improved to such an extent that it was afterwards said that he was more effective while talking than in writing. His works were crabbéd and condensed, and almost without illustration.

In 1822 Ricardo published his tract *On Protection to Agriculture*, and in 1824—after his death—appeared a *Plan for the Establishment of a National Bank*.

In the latter he advocated that the issue of paper currency should be taken out of the hands of the Bank of England and handed over to commissioners appointed by the Government.

Ricardo died at his seat, Gatcomb Park, Gloucester, on September 11th, 1823. James Mill declared that he knew of no better man, and wrote a long eulogy of him which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*.

SEPTEMBER 12TH

*General von Lebrecht Blücher*

NAPOLEON had a somewhat mixed opinion of General Lebrecht von Blücher, the Prussian field-marshal.

In his Memoirs he writes :

Blücher is a very brave soldier and a good broad swordsman. He is like a bull that looks all round him with rolling eyes, and when he sees danger, charges. He used to make mistakes by the thousand, and if it had not been for other circumstances, I should have captured him many a time with the major portion of his army.

He is stubborn and untiring, knows no fear, and is very patriotic. He has no talent as a general. I remember, while in Prussia, when he dined with me after being made prisoner, that he was considered at that time as a very unimportant person.

In spite of that, I cannot deny my recognition of General Blücher. The old rascal always attacked me with the same fury. After the most terrible beating, he would be on his feet again the next moment and ready for the fray.

His impetuosity often got Blücher into difficulties. At the Battle of Ligny in June, 1815, for instance, he was beaten by his own rashness. Nevertheless, although the French cavalry rode over him as he lay on the ground under his horse, which had been shot, he rallied his troops and brought them into the Battle of Waterloo at a vital moment to decide the fortunes of the day with his famous charge.

Blücher was born at Rostock, Mecklenburg-Scherwin, on December 16th, 1742. During the Seven Years War he enlisted at the age of fourteen in the Swedish army and was taken prisoner by the Prussian Hussar Regiment.

He was persuaded to enter the Prussian service, and joined the Hussars, rising during the war from lieutenant to captain.

On the accession of William II he returned to his regiment with the rank of major, and fought during the campaign of 1793-4, being promoted major-general after the battle of Leystudt.

At the disastrous Battle of Jena, Blücher had to retreat with 20,000, fighting a series of rearguard actions. Finally, he was compelled to capitulate at the village of Ratkau, but insisted that the terms of surrender should include the phrase, "through want of ammunition and provisions."

Later, Blücher was exchanged for the French general Victor, and was sent by the King of Prussia with a small force to Pomerania which he occupied but had to evacuate on the Treaty of Tilsit.

Subsequently he was employed in the war department, and appointed general in Pomerania. But Napoleon used his influence and got Blücher dismissed. This intensified the personal enmity between the two men.



When the hostilities between Prussia and France were renewed in 1813, Blücher was recalled, though nearly seventy-one years of age.

He fought the indecisive Battle of Lutzen on May 1st, and was awarded the Order of St. George by Emperor Alexander. On the 20th of the same month he fought another battle at Bautzen, holding the wooded heights for four hours, and retiring without the loss of a prisoner or gun.

On August 26th he defeated the French under Marshal Macdonald with great slaughter, capturing 18,000 prisoners, 103 guns, and 250 ammunition wagons.

He hastened to consolidate this victory by marching along the Elbe, crossing the river and attacking Mockern. On October 16th he inflicted another heavy defeat on the enemy, capturing thousands of prisoners and fifty-four pieces of artillery.

Two days later came the Battle of Leipzig, where he gained another victory, which brought his appointment as field-marshal.

In January, 1814, he crossed the Rhine with the Silesian army, and occupied Nancy, in French territory. He continued his advance, but was met by Napoleon at Brienne. The fight that ensued resulted in a victory for neither side.

A month later he defeated the French at La Rothiere, and took 3000 prisoners. In the two following battles, Vauchamp and Croanne, he was less successful, but on March 9th he defeated the French army under Marmont, and isolated Napoleon, who had to retreat. Virtually this terminated the war.

Blücher now retired, having been the chief cause of the defeat of Napoleon.

But the old man was not yet done with war. On the return of Napoleon from Elba and the renewal of the fighting which it was believed had finished at last, he assumed the command of the Prussian troops in Belgium and arranged for unity of action with the Duke of Wellington.

A defeat at Ligny was followed by the decisive Battle of Waterloo and Blücher's chase of the defeated foe.

Towards the end of 1819 it was obvious that the old man was near death.

Blücher died on September 12th, aged seventy-seven, after forty-five years in the army, having achieved the most brilliant of his victories after the age of seventy.

SEPTEMBER 13TH

*King Philip II*

PHILIP II of Spain achieved so few military victories that he found it necessary to make a good deal of fuss to impress upon the minds of the Spaniards what a great man he was.

But he had a strange way of celebrating his successes.

On returning to Spain after beating the French at St. Quentin in August, 1557, in which battle he had had the assistance of English troops, he ordered fourteen people to be consigned to the stake.

Philip himself was present at this tragic scene, and showed his cordial approval.

One of the victims, a Florentine gentleman named Don Carlos di Seso, remarked to Philip: "Can your Majesty attend in person to see your innocent subjects burned before your eyes?"

To which Philip replied with characteristic brutality: "I would sacrifice a hundred thousand lives if I had them, rather than submit to a single change in matters of religion.

"If it were my own son," he added, "I would bring the wood to burn him, and he were such a wretch as thou art."

This is a fair indication of the character of Philip II. But it must be admitted that Philip had method in his madness. He was obsessed with the desire to eradicate the reformed religion that was gradually causing disaffection in his dominions.

He often said that it were better not to reign at all than to reign over heretics.

In his Spanish and Italian possessions his ruthlessness paid, but in the Netherlands, then under the suzerainty of Spain, it was a very different matter.

In some respects Philip was a valuable ally of Rome, but even the Pope, Sixtus V, had to restrain his impetuosity.

Europe shuddered at Philip's atrocities. He fomented civil war in his hereditary dominions, and devastated their towns by fire and sword, handing them over to be sacked by his mercenaries.

He supported the Inquisition, and if there were a trace of suspicion against any of his subjects he did not hesitate to put them to death, either on the scaffold after a mock trial, or secretly in dungeons.

He cleverly set one faction against another in France, and did not fail to applaud the massacre of Bartholomew.

Philip II was born on May 21st, 1527. He was the only legitimate son of the Emperor Charles V. At the age of twenty-eight he took over the government of the Netherlands, and succeeded to the throne of Spain when his father abdicated in January, 1556.

Before he was thirty he was thus ruler of the most extensive and powerful monarchy that Christendom had ever known. His inheritance included Spain, the Netherlands, the Sicilies, Milan and other Italian provinces. Outside Europe he ruled over Spanish possessions in Africa, the Cape Verde Islands and the Canaries, the Philippines, Mexico, Peru, and the West Indies.

He had an enormous revenue, a large navy, and had the services of the ablest generals and the best troops of the time.

It was not long before his despotism cast a cloud over the whole of the Spanish Empire. Pursuing the policy recommended to him by his father on his death-bed to "chastise heretics without regard to the prayers, the rank, and condition of any man", he met with a long series of military disasters.

Two years before his accession to the throne he married Mary, Queen of England, as his second wife. This enabled him to use English soldiers in his campaigns. The English auxiliaries did good service at St. Quentin, a battle which forced the French monarch, Henry III, to conclude the inglorious treaty of Château Cambresis in 1559.

The treaty provided for the marriage of Philip's son, the Infant Don Carlos, with the Princess Elizabeth. When Mary, Queen of England, died, however, Philip married her himself.

It was also stipulated that the Catholic religion should be maintained in France.

One of the great projects of Philip II was the conquest of England, and its subjection to Rome. He prosecuted this scheme with the utmost perseverance. He took part in the plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth and schemes to release Mary of Scotland from imprisonment and place her on the throne of England.

Craftily he contrived to lull the suspicions of the English Court until the Armada was actually on the way to England.

Froude has painted an elaborate picture of Philip waiting for news of the success of his fleet. But it was defeat, and not victory, that trickled through to the ears of Philip of Spain.

The cry that went up from the Peninsula was as the cry of the Egyptians when the destroying angel had passed over the land [records Froude]. There was not a house where there was not one dead, and that the best and the bravest. . . .

Drake's was the name in every mouth. Drake, against whom saints and angels had no more power than mortals; an incarnated spirit of evil let loose to afflict the Spanish race throughout the globe.

It is said that Philip received the news of the débâcle with composure. If this were the case it was not in accord with his temperament. He had rejoiced when the false news came that England had been rolled in the dust; he could not fail to be affected when the real truth was known.

In his extremity Philip appealed to the Pope, pointing out that he had incurred enormous expenses on behalf of the Church. But there was no help from this quarter. The Pontiff had seen through Philip's scheme for annexing England to Spain, which, had it been successful, would have set the whole of Europe against Rome.

Notwithstanding the immense revenues of Spain, Philip died insolvent on September 13th, 1598, after long and terrible sufferings, in the seventy-second year of his age and forty-third of his reign.

Philip was married four times. It is said that his private life was as depraved as his public policy was treacherous.

## SEPTEMBER 14TH

### *Cornelius Agrippa*

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA had one of the most distinguished reputations of all the alchemists.

It is impossible to believe all the wonderful powers ascribed to him. That he did, however, perform many remarkable feats is not denied by his traducers.

It is said that he could turn iron into gold at a word, that the demons were under his command, that he could raise from the dead the great men of other days, wearing their usual dress.

Agrippa was born at Cologne on September 14th, 1486, and began studying chemistry and philosophy at an early age. By the time he was twenty he had a Europe-wide reputation

as an alchemist, so that the wise men of Paris urged him to help them to discover the philosopher's stone.

Honours were showered upon him, and even Erasmus has a good word to say for him.

Opponents of Agrippa argue that he was full of bombast and that by reiterating that he was a great man he made people eventually believe that he was.

It is true that Agrippa was not a modest man. He called himself an able physician, a great philosopher, and a successful alchemist.

The world took him at his word, for, everyone argued, a man who talked in such a grand manner must have some merit.

The Emperor Maximilian made Agrippa his secretary and conferred on him the title of chevalier. He had the honorary command of a regiment, and afterwards became professor of Hebrew at the French University of Dole. Here he quarrelled with the Franciscan monks on some question of theology, and had to quit.

He came to London, where he taught Hebrew and cast horoscopes. He remained a year, and then returned to Paris, where he might have lived with great honour, but again fell foul of the clergy, and was glad to accept an offer from Metz to become advocate-general.

He had not been long in Metz before he was in a serious dispute which turned the people of that city against him.

The people had clamoured for the punishment of a young girl accused of witchcraft. Agrippa took her part, and brought down upon his own head the charge of being a sorcerer. Finally, he disappeared to save himself from the penalty of death.

He had no difficulty in obtaining a post as physician to Louisa de Savoy, mother of King Francis I.

This lady, desirous of having her fortune told, asked her physician to cast her horoscope. For some reason or other, Agrippa stood on his dignity and refused to satisfy her idle curiosity.

He was forthwith dismissed from his post.

His action was inexplicable, for at that time he was casting horoscopes for the Constable of Bourbon with, it appears, considerable success.

About this time Agrippa received an invitation to come to England to the Court of Henry VIII, and Margaret of Austria,

Governess of the Low Counties, also appealed to him to go and reside in her domains.

He obeyed the call of Margaret and was appointed historiographer to the Emperor Charles V. But his new patrons soon tired of his arrogance, and he was again out of office.

On the death of Margaret he was charged with sorcery and imprisoned at Brussels.

Most of the marvellous things attributed to him are supposed to have taken place during the time he was in the employ of Margaret. In support of the charge of sorcery it was said of him that the gold which he paid to traders for the goods he bought from them turned into slate and stone in the course of a day.

He was said to have made large quantities of this spurious gold with the aid of the devil.

The following is a story told of Agrippa by the Jesuit Delrio.

One day, Agrippa had occasion to leave his house. Intending to be absent for some time he gave his wife the key of his study and told her to keep out all intruders.

At the top of the house lodged a young student who had always been anxious to get into Agrippa's study in the hope of stealing a book that would instruct him how to become an alchemist.

He was a handsome youth with an appeal that Mrs. Agrippa could not resist. She was easily persuaded, therefore, to hand over the key.

The first thing that caught the eye of the student was a book of spells. He sat down and began to read it aloud.

There came a knock at the door which so frightened the youth that he had not the courage to say "Come in!"

But the visitor did not need an invitation. The door slowly opened, and there in the door-way stood a man of massive proportions.

"Who are you?" demanded the trembling student. "I did not summon you."

Whereupon the visitor declared, "You did, and the demons are not to be invoked in vain!"

The demon advanced into the room, took the young man by the throat and throttled him.

The body lay on the floor until the return of Agrippa. He quickly saw what had happened, summoned the demon and asked him for an explanation.

It was the demon's turn to quail and, being ordered to reanimate the body, picked it up and walked it about the market-place all the afternoon, during which time the youth appeared to be in full possession of his faculties.

But at sunset—a bad time for those under the influence of demons—the student again fell lifeless to the ground. The body was carried by the populace to the hospital, where it was certified that the youth had died from apoplexy.

But a subsequent examination revealed the marks on the throat of the demon's hands. This, together with the rumour that the student's companion of the afternoon had disappeared in a cloud of smoke, threw suspicion on Agrippa, who left the town in a hurry.

Agrippa died in great poverty in 1534, at the age of forty-eight.

#### SEPTEMBER 15TH

#### *Sir Thomas Overbury*

THE scandal caused by the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury nearly sent James I back to Scotland.

Fortunately for him, the full facts of his association with the affair were not public property, or his reputation would have been shattered.

Not only did he break a solemn oath, but there were other unsavoury aspects which made it necessary for the King to save the necks of the chief conspirators in the crime.

Overbury was James's secretary, and in that capacity he pandered to every whim of his master.

Robert Kerr, a Scottish youth, whose only claim to favour at Court was a beautiful face and figure, received one honour after another from the King. In 1613 he was made Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and created an English peer under the title of Viscount Rochester.

Overbury kept in the good graces of James by cultivating a friendship for Rochester. Unknown to the King, however, he assisted the young Scotsman to carry on an intrigue with the Countess of Essex, a woman who seems to have been without sense of honour.

She made no secret of her dislike of her husband, and she began proceedings for divorce on grounds that would have shamed any other woman. No sooner was the case decided

in her favour than preparations were begun for her marriage to Rochester.

Up to this time Overbury had been a willing helper of Rochester. But now he began to regret his part in the matter.

While walking in the gallery of Whitehall, just before the wedding day, he told Rochester bluntly, "If you do marry that base woman you will utterly ruin your honour and yourself."

Rochester turned on him fiercely and threatened to ruin him. He reported Overbury's words to the countess, who was equally incensed and suggested a scheme for getting rid of Overbury.

Rochester prevailed on the King to appoint Overbury Ambassador to Russia. At the same time he advised the secretary not to accept the post, alleging that it was a trick to get him out of the way.

In view of the words that had occurred between the two men, it is surprising that Overbury should have fallen a victim to the plot. But he fell into the snare, refused to go to Russia, and the offended King promptly committed him to the Tower of London.

Next Rochester proceeded to obtain the dismissal of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and the appointment in his place of Sir Jervis Elwes, one of his own henchmen.

Another conspirator was found in the person of Richard Weston, a druggist's assistant. He was installed in the office at the Tower and given charge of Overbury.

Meanwhile Rochester wrote letters to the prisoner, advising him to be of good courage, as he would see that he was soon released. He sent him presents of pastry and other delicacies which could not be obtained in the Tower.

All these articles were poisoned.

The poisons were procured by a Mrs. Turner, a woman of disreputable character, who had lent her house for meetings between Rochester and Lady Essex.

Still another confederate was Dr. Forman, of Lambeth, who prepared the poisons, assisted by an apothecary named Franklin. They were administered through the pastry in small doses with the object of wearing down the health of Overbury. The articles were carried by Mrs. Turner to Richard Weston, who placed them before the prisoner.

Both food and drink were poisoned. Arsenic was mixed with salt, and cantharides with the pepper.



Occasionally Rochester sent Overbury a partridge or other game and young pigs. All were doctored.

In this way Overbury took enough poison to kill twenty men, but he had a strong constitution, and Rochester became impatient.

One day orders were sent by Lady Essex to Weston to finish off his prisoner immediately.

Although Overbury did not suspect that he was being poisoned, he could see that Rochester was making no step towards his release, and he wrote the favourite letters in which he threatened to expose him to the world. *Whether I live or die* [he said in one], *your shame shall never die, but ever remain to the world, to make you the most odious man living.*

It is clear from this and several other phrases of a like nature that he was in possession of secrets which involved the honour of Rochester and the King.

According to the principle that "dead men tell no tales," Weston was urged to bring about the end quickly.

Weston administered to Overbury a dose of corrosive sublimate which put an end to the prisoner's sufferings. Before the body was cold it was wrapped up in a sheet and buried within the precincts of the Tower.

Of course, the death of Overbury had to be announced. The King, it seems, began to make inquiries as to why there had been no inquest. There were also rumours in the Court that Overbury had not died a natural death, but Rochester was still all-powerful and no one dared say anything to his discredit.

But before long it was seen that the King was not so friendly with Rochester as he had been. The truth was that James had taken offence at his favourite's marriage. Gradually George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, ingratiated himself and ousted Rochester, though the latter was not yet definitely thrust aside.

Inquiries disclosed that Overbury had been poisoned on September 15th, 1613. James had such a horror of slow poisoning, which was then so prevalent on the Continent, that he sent for all the judges and implored them to examine the affair impartially and without favour.

Mrs. Turner, Franklin, and Sir Jervis Elwes stood their trials, and were executed between October 19th and December 4th, 1615.

In the following May, Rochester and his wife were called upon to face the judge.

Meanwhile it was ascertained that the Earl of Northampton, the uncle of Lady Rochester, had a guilty knowledge of the poisoning, as also had the chief falconer, Sir Thomas Monson.

The Earl of Northampton died while the case was being investigated, but Monson was arrested. His trial, however, was never finished, for Monson was set at liberty, because, it is said, he knew too many secrets concerning the King.

James had thus broken his oath.

As the trials of the Rochester drew near the King became more and more anxious about the outcome. Every effort was made by him to get the accused man to plead guilty, so that he could be thrown on the mercy of the Crown, and thus pardoned.

The Countess was first tried. Sentence of death was passed.

Next day the Earl appeared in court, and, to the consternation of the King, pleaded not guilty.

The trial lasted eleven hours. The verdict was guilty.

James was afraid to sign the death warrant. The Earl and Countess were committed to the Tower, where they remained for five years.

At the end of five years both received the royal pardon. Having been found guilty, their estates were forfeited, but the King granted them an income of £4000 a year!

SEPTEMBER 16TH

*Louis the Democratic*

Majestic, 6th Day of November, 1807.

*Please Your Honour.*

*We holded a talk about that there £15 that was sent us, and hope no offence, your honour. We don't like to take it because, as how, we knows fast enuff, that it was the true King of France that went with your honour in the boat, and that he and our own noble King, God bless 'em both, and give every one his right, is good friends now; and besides that, your honour gived an order, long ago, not to take any money from no body, and we never did take none; and Mr. Leneve, that steered your honour and that there King, says he won't have no hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, the proper coxen; and we hopes no offence—so we all, one and all, begs not to take it at all. So no more at present, from your honour's dutiful servants.*

*(Signed) Andrew Young, Coxen; James Mann; Lewis Bryan;*

*James Lord ; James Hood ; W. Edwards ; Jan. Holshaw ; Thomas Lauris ; Thomas Siminers ; Thomas Kosans ; Simon Duft ; W. Fairclough ; John Cherchil ; Thomas Lawrence ; Jacob Gabriel ; William Murray.*

Admiral Russell was naturally much amused when he received the above communication from the boat's crew of H.M.S. *Majestic*.

Behind this letter there is a pretty little story of the honesty of the British Jack Tar.

Following the peace of Tilsit, Louis XVIII of France had to leave his country in a hurry and take refuge in England. The Swedish frigate *Freya* brought him to Yarmouth, where he was rowed ashore by a boat's crew of the *Majestic*.

Louis, travelling under the name of Count de Lille, was so pleased with the courtesy of the sailors that when he reached London, he sent Andrew Young, the coxswain, £15 to divide amongst the men, who were under no delusions as to the status of their passenger.

The men were jubilant until they recalled an Admiralty Order which forbade them to take tips. Hence the letter to the Admiral.

Unfortunately, there is no record as to whether honesty paid on this occasion. One hopes that they were allowed to keep the money, for they do not appear to have sent it back with the message.

Louis was always grateful for a kindness. He had also a keen sense of humour, a useful asset in view of the dramatic events in which he was concerned.

He was a brother of the tragic Louis XVI, and grandson of Louis XV. He was born in 1755 and was named Louis Stanislas Xavier, and received the title of the Count of Provence.

In 1771 he married Louisa Marie Josephine of Savoy. Of all the Bourbons he was the most sympathetic to the claims of the poorer people of France, and when the Revolution broke out he was prepared to make concessions.

When, however, the Revolution developed into a reign of terror, he had to leave the country in 1791.

Two years later, he and his brother Charles entered France with the Prussians, but after their defeat at Valmy they had to withdraw again.

For a time Louis lived in Westphalia and then in Verona.

But he continued his wanderings on the approach of the French troops under Bonaparte in 1796, residing in various parts of Germany and Russia.

From the latter country he was expelled in the depths of winter by the crazy Tsar Paul.

Louis took refuge in Warsaw, and on the death of Paul returned to Moscow.

On the peace of Tilsit in 1807 he was forced to come to England, where he lived for seven years. At Hartwell Manor, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, Louis lived the life of a country gentleman, prepared, however, at any moment to return to France and claim his crown.

On the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, Louis went back to his own country. He entered Paris on May 3rd, cheered lustily by a crowd which included representatives from every state in Europe.

He issued a proclamation promising a democratic Government, and a month later he placed before the Senate a Bill which was in effect a charter of the people's liberties.

All these good intentions, however, were valueless. His was a difficult task to satisfy both the Royalists and the humiliated Bonapartists.

The extremists in his own family were not prepared to compromise, and when Napoleon returned from Elba, Louis again scampered out of the country. He remained at Ghent till after the Battle of Waterloo, and the Allies restored him to his throne.

He resumed his advocacy of compromise, but the ultra-royalist party were now definitely the most powerful party in the country. All those who had voted for the death of Louis XVI in the Convention were harshly dealt with, and Marshal Ney and a number of Napoleon's other officers were condemned to death.

No attempts were made to stop the persecution of the Huguenots of the south of France. The fanatical rabble of so-called Catholics and Royalists murdered many inoffensive people. The Press was censored, and the severe judgments of the courts recalled the days of the Revolution.

Louis's first ministry was soon beaten, and a new cabinet established with the Duke of Richelieu at the head. The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved in 1816, and the subsequent elections returned the more moderate constitutional party.

Democratic principles, however, were slow in coming.

The Duke de Berry, a nephew of Louis, was assassinated in February, 1820. The censorship of the Press was made even more rigid, and other retrograde measures were adopted.

Cabinets rose and fell with monotonous regularity, until a completely ultra-royalist administration was returned with the Count d'Artois, the King's brother, at the head.

Louis became weaker both in health and administrative ability. For all practical purposes Count d'Artois was already King.

Dying on September 16th, 1824, the King remarked to his brother, "Do as I have done and your reign will end in peace."

SEPTEMBER 17TH

### *Henry Dimsdale*

"SIR" JEFFREY DUNSTAN was one of the most popular Mayors of Garratt.

His name appears in no reference book as having received his title at the hands of the Crown—for he never did.

Moreover, there was never any Borough of Garratt of which Jeff could be chief citizen.

When he died in 1797 as a result of a too intimate acquaintance with gin, he had risen to no greater heights than an old-clothes dealer.

The explanation of these apparent paradoxes involves a long story.

One cannot begin with the antecedents of Jeffrey Dunstan. He never had any.

In point of fact Jeffrey was found one morning in the year 1759 wrapped up in a cloth, at the door of one of the churchwardens of the parish of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. An examination of the child's clothes disclosed that he must have belonged to a good family.

He was brought up and educated by the parish, and never troubled about his callous parents. Until the age of twelve he was in the workhouse, a typical Oliver Twist resisting Mr. Bumble.

His first step on the ladder of fame was his apprenticeship to a greengrocer, but, having no love for cabbages and onions, he ran away to Birmingham.

He worked in several factories. The nature of the work is not known, but when he returned to London in 1776 he was much deformed, a fact which did not prevent him marrying a girl from the parish of St. Giles.

Of this marriage there were two daughters, whom he called Miss Polly and Miss Nancy.

Jeffrey Dunstan was conspicuously dirty. While walking about Wandsworth crying "Old clothes!" he was subjected to much chaffing and not a few brickbats.

About the time of the celebrated Westminster contest between Hood, Charles James Fox and Wray, in 1784, Jeffrey was elected Mayor of Garratt.

The origin of this distinction is as follows: About this time there were attempts to encroach upon Wandsworth Common. A number of people living near by conceived the idea of forming a club to resist this poaching on the people's liberties.

The members of the club were all in poor circumstances, but at every meeting they contributed a little, however small, to the good of the cause.

In course of time the funds were large enough for the club to hire a lawyer. In the name of the president, or Mayor, as he was called, an action was brought against the encroachers. The club, won the action and secured costs.

Thereafter the residents in the district called the president of the club, for the time being, Mayor of Garratt.

This legal action happened at the time of a general election which suggested to the club the idea of holding an election themselves. At every general election, there was a ballot for a new "Mayor".

Jeffrey Dunstan held the honour for thirteen years until his death on September 17th, 1797. There were no qualifications for the honour except a capacity for holding liquor. Thus the publicans of Wandsworth were only too glad to foot the bill of expenses whenever an election was held.

It is said that Jeffrey never bought his votes. He was "pure in politics" and "virtuous in his official capacity".

The candidates were usually called upon to speak at the "hustings".

The first election address of Dunstan was a long peroration written specially for him by some Grub Street hack. As it would be an offence to good taste to set it down, it is left out.

He was opposed at the 1781 election by eight others, all

well-known and disreputable characters, including a basket-maker, a waterman, and a chimney-sweep.

When he was returned at the top of the poll Garratt went mad with joy, and beer and gin could be had by all for the asking.

Despite his size—he was no more than a dwarf—Dunstan carried himself with considerable dignity. He possessed a fund of wit of the vulgar type, and was very popular.

He sold his portraits with his election speech as he tramped the streets in search of old clothes or wigs.

He was a good subject for the print shops. His picture was frequently produced as a caricature for the real politicians of the day.

He was generally represented standing on a stool asking the absurd question: "How far was it from the 1st of August to Westminster Bridge?"

Dunstan survived three "elections" and died in September, 1797. A contemporary writer records that he was drinking with friends at a public-house "rather more than his usual quantity of juniper. His companions placed him in a wheelbarrow, and conveyed him to his lady, in Plough Street, and in a few hours after he died, smothered with liquor."

Following Dunstan there were other popular Mayors of Garratt. One of them, "Sir" John Harper, in his election address, promised "to promote the trade and commerce and this land in general, and of every freeman in particular of this ancient and loyal Borough of Garratt; to establish a firm, lasting, and universal peace with America; chastise the insolence and ingratitude of France, Spain, and Holland; and restore this nation to its ancient glory."

It was quite permissible to libel candidates.

It was said against Dunstan that one of his daughters was going to marry Lord North. "Sir" John Swallowtail, the basket-maker was said to have had a contract to supply the Government with baskets, while "Sir" Buggy Bates (the sweep) had a contract for the supply of soot for the destruction of vermin.

There are many prints in existence depicting this great electioneering farce.

SEPTEMBER 18TH

*Mrs. Bracegirdle*

ANNE BRACEGIRDLE, the actress, had many wooers. Few of them, however, had the pleasure of basking in her smiles.

There was one, a certain Captain Richard Hill, a coarse-mannered brute without respect for any woman, who, having been repulsed by Mrs. Bracegirdle, swore that he would have her at all costs.

A stumbling-block to his designs was William Mountford, a handsome actor, who sometimes played opposite Mrs. Bracegirdle, and who generally accompanied her home at night.

"I will have the blood of Mountford," said Hill, boasting at his favourite taverns.

He found a ready confederate in Lord Mohun, and together they made their plans.

They bribed half a dozen soldiers, hired a coach with two horses, with four others for relays, and instructed the driver to place himself and vehicle outside Drury Lane Theatre at nine o'clock.

The soldiers were ordered to be in the vicinity at the same time, and they put in an appearance armed with all sorts of weapons, including swords, daggers, and pistols.

They waited for an hour, but there was no sign of Mrs. Bracegirdle. Their scheme had miscarried, for the actress was not playing at Drury Lane that night.

On making inquiries at the theatre Hill discovered that Mrs. Bracegirdle was visiting her friend, Mrs. Page, at a house in Prince Street, not far from the theatre.

The party were about to move in that direction when they saw the actress, on the arm of her mother, walking in the direction of the Strand, and her lodgings in Howard Street, attended by her brother and Mr. Page.

Two of the soldiers rushed up, took hold of Mrs. Bracegirdle by the hand, and attempted to drag her to the coach. Her mother, who had been thrown aside, now took hold of her daughter by the waist and refused to let go.

Hill lunged at her with his sword, but without causing injury. At that moment a crowd came up, and a change of programme became necessary.

The Captain, pretending to be the escort of the two



women, took each of them by the arm, and began to walk them in the direction of their home.

Lord Mohun and the soldiers followed behind, and when they all reached Howard Street Mrs. Bracegirdle and her mother were allowed to enter without further molestation.

The soldiers were ordered to go, but Hill and Mohun remained outside the house discussing the next move.

It was decided to wait for Mountford, who would have to walk through Howard Street to his house in Norfolk Street.

Midnight had struck before Mountford was observed turning into the street. The actor had already heard of the attempt to abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle, and he was not surprised to see Hill and Mohun waiting for him. But he was astounded when Mohun walked up and embraced him affectionately.

Mountford made it clear that he disliked this display, and asked Mohun what part he had played in the attempt to abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Hill then walked up, struck Mountford on the head with his fist, and exclaimed, "Draw!"

Before the actor could draw his sword, however, Hill ran him through the body.

The street resounded with the cry of "Murder!" Watchmen hurried up. Hill made his escape, leaving Mohun to be arrested.

On January 31st, 1693, Lord Mohun appeared before his peers at the House of Lords.

Mrs. Bracegirdle gave evidence, and told the story of the attempt to force her into the coach.

"Pray, Mrs. Bracegirdle," said the Attorney-General, "did you see anyone in the coach when they pulled you to it?"

"Yes, my Lord Mohun was in the coach. . . . As they led me along Drury Lane, my Lord Mohun came out of the coach and followed us, and all the soldiers followed them. . . ."

Asked if Hill said anything while they were walking down the street, the actress replied: "He said as he held me that he would be avenged, but he did not say on whom. When I was in the house several persons went to the door, and afterwards Mrs. Browne, my landlady, went to the door, and spoke to them, and asked them what they stayed and waited there for. At last they said they stayed to be avenged of Mr. Mountford. . . ."

Mrs. Bracegirdle stated further that she sent her brother

and her maid to Mountford's house to ask his wife to warn him that Hill and Mohun were waiting for him.

When Mohun was asked to speak in his own defence, he said: "My lords, I hope it will be no disadvantage to me my not summing up my evidence like a lawyer. I think I have made it plainly appear that there never was any formal quarrel or malice between Mr. Mountford and me. I have also made appear the reason why we stayed so long in the street, which was for Mr. Hill to speak with Mrs. Bracegirdle and ask her pardon, and I stayed with him as my friend. So plainly appeareth I had no hand in killing Mr. Mountford, and upon the confidence of my own innocency I surrendered myself to this honourable house, where I know I shall have all the justice in the world."

After a five days' trial Lord Mohun was acquitted, sixty-nine peers finding him "Not Guilty," and fourteen "Guilty."

Later Mohun was killed in a duel.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had been the unconscious cause of this tragedy, is said, according to one biographer, to have been the first actress who had a reputation for virtue. Others do not give her such a good character.

It was said that she was Congreve's mistress, and that her association with Mountford was not honourable.

The playwrights, generally, were in love with her. Rowe and Congreve, particularly, were passionately attracted, and it is said, when they gave her a lover in a play, they pleaded their own cause in fictitious characters.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was born about 1663. In 1688 she took the part of Lucia in "The Squire of Alsatia," and in 1693 that of Araminta in Congreve's play "The Old Bachelor."

She was one of the first players at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields when it was opened by Betterton in 1695 with Congreve's "Love for Love." In this she played Angelica, which was always regarded as one of her best parts.

Both Congreve and Rowe competed for the honour of supplying pieces for her.

She also played Isabella, Portia, and Cordelia in versions of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," "Merchant of Venice," and "King Lear."

When Mrs. Oldfield jumped into prominence in 1707, Mrs. Bracegirdle left the stage.

The date of her death is not certain, but she was buried in the east cloisters of Westminster Abbey on September 18, 1748.

SEPTEMBER 19TH

*Dr. Barnardo*

"WHY don't you go home, Jim?"

The simple mission service had come to an end, and the little ragged urchins had dispersed—save one.

Jim Jarvis, even more ragged than the rest, lingered behind, as if reluctant to go out into the unfriendly street.

The missionary's question brought a look of wistfulness into the boy's face.

"I ain't got no home," replied the urchin.

This revelation astounded Thomas John Barnardo. But he was even more astonished when, after an investigation, he found that Jim Jarvis was not the only homeless child in London. There were hundreds.

Something had to be done to save these children from a certain life of crime. It would need a good deal of money. Was there a philanthropist who would interest himself in the work of reclamation?

There came a fortuitous introduction to Lord Shaftesbury. Barnardo placed the facts before him, but the peer could not believe that such a state of things existed in London. Only an ocular demonstration would convince him.

One night, as the bells were chiming midnight, Barnardo and Lord Shaftesbury took a hansom cab and drove to the East End.

Leaving the cab in the street they walked through several sordid thoroughfares until they arrived at a large warehouse. Barnardo conducted Lord Shaftesbury inside, and stepping up to a tarpaulin which covered some goods, he thrust his hand beneath it and dragged out a barefooted urchin.

After the lad had been convinced that it was not the police who were after him, he agreed to show them where dozens of similar youngsters were concealed.

He jumped on to another tarpaulin and began to dance. He repeated the performance on several others, and soon covers were pushed aside. At the end of the demonstration about eighty pinched faces were looking out from beneath the covers.

Lord Shaftesbury needed no further proof. He immediately gave his support to the scheme suggested by the young medical student, Barnardo.

Thus the Dr. Barnardo's Homes were inaugurated.

Barnardo always believed that heredity was no barrier to the success of a child.

"There is no inherent tendency in any boy or girl, no matter how descended or how surrounded, which may not be eradicated, or at least subjugated, under favourable conditions," he claimed. "That is the splendid outcome of proved experience."

Thomas John Barnardo was born on July 4, 1845. His father was of Spanish extraction while his mother came from a family of Quakers.

This was a strange combination. He had a hasty temper from his father, but a pronounced religious streak from his mother.

When Barnardo and Lord Shaftesbury collaborated it was a partnership of conflicting temperaments—the volatile Barnardo and the mournful peer.

Nevertheless, they had one point in common, they were both evangelicals. It was this that kept the combination together.

Barnardo studied medicine—with the object of qualifying for medical work in China—at London, Paris, and Edinburgh. At the latter city he became a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

He became associated with one of the ragged schools near the London Hospital.

There was, at this time, an outbreak of cholera and small-pox. Barnardo was in the thick of it, attending as many as sixteen cases in one day. He soon came to the conclusion that there was as much work to be done in the East End of London as in China.

His first step was to establish the East End Juvenile Mission. From this sprang his celebrated homes. At the time he was founding the homes he was performing the lay duties of a minister at a church.

He was in control of the church for thirteen years, but the homes gradually claimed the whole of his attention.

The first home was opened in 1867 at Stepney Causeway, London. Meanwhile he had neglected his medical training, and it was in later years that he eventually obtained his diploma.

At the outset his work was confined to boys; he regarded it as hardly proper that a young bachelor should be in charge of homes for girls.

When he married, however, the scheme was extended to girls. He secured an old country house, Mossford Lodge, Barkingside, Essex, and he and his wife took in girl waifs.

Girls were a difficult proposition. When herded together their morals did not improve. Often Barnardo heard them using coarse language.

He went to bed and slept over it. Before morning the solution came. He decided to bring them up in families.

A number of cottages were built, each of which was in charge of a matron. Children of various ages were accommodated in each house, thus giving an atmosphere of family life.

While he was engaged in forming the village home, he was turning over in his mind another scheme for boarding out children under foster-mothers.

That, too, proved a success, and is continued to this day.

Barnardo could overcome the greatest difficulties. On one occasion he was putting a scheme before a business man who remarked, "It cannot be done, Dr. Barnardo."

To which the philanthropist replied: "Can't be done! Can't be done! That phrase is not in my vocabulary." And he proceeded to show how it could be done.

Towards middle life Dr. Barnardo suffered from partial deafness. It became worse as the years rolled on and he was compelled to carry with him a strange-looking ear-trumpet.

Barnardo became known as "The Foster-Father of Nobody's Children". In the sixty years of his life he rescued 60,000 children. He died on September 19, 1905.

#### SEPTEMBER 20TH

#### *Owen Glendower*

OWEN GLENDOWER (or Glendwr), the great Welsh patriot, is said to have had supernatural powers. The Welsh people were convinced that at his birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth,  
Shak'd like a coward.

Glendower was born in Merionethshire about the year 1349. He derived his surname from his lands of Glendwrwy

(the Bankside of the Dee). He was a great-grandson of the famous Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales.

He studied at one of the Inns of Court in London and was admitted to the Bar, but when he was appointed an esquire in the household of King Richard II, he appears to have dropped the legal profession.

At an early age Glendower was married to Margaret, a daughter of Sir David Hanmer, one of the justices of the King's Bench. He received the honour of knighthood in 1387.

Standing by his royal master to the last he was taken prisoner with Richard at Flint Castle, and when Richard was deposed, Glendower retired to his estate in Wales.

He soon rankled under a sense of injustice. Adjoining his estates was the property of Lord Grey de Ruthyn. This unscrupulous baron, taking advantage of Glendower's disgrace, thought it an opportune time to poach on his neighbour's domain. He actually despoiled Glendower of part of his lands.

Owen complained to Parliament, but got no redress.

An additional insult occurred when De Ruthyn held back the writ summoning Glendower to the standard of Henry IV with the other barons, in their expedition against the Scots. He then accused the Welsh chief of disobedience to the order, seizing his lands as a penalty.

Owen immediately took up arms, expelled De Ruthyn from his estate, and took some of the Baron's men prisoner. This success induced him to invade the lands of Lord Grey.

When King Henry returned from his Scottish expedition he proclaimed Glendower an outlaw. The Welsh chieftain retaliated by proclaiming himself King of Wales, declaring at the same time that he would avenge the wrongs of his countrymen.

The Welshmen were ripe for revolt, and flocked in great numbers to Glendower's standard, satisfied that their leader would do all that he promised.

After the first attack against the English, in which Glendower was successful, Henry offered a pardon to the Welshmen if they would desert his cause. It resulted in about forty important landowners going over to the English King.

But that did not deter Glendower. When a comet appeared on the scene and the bards recognized it as a favourable omen, Owen attacked Lord Grey, succeeded in ambushing him, and

took him prisoner. He placed a ransom on De Ruthyn's head of 10,000 marks, and compelled him to marry Jane, his fourth daughter.

Owen then sent his army against the Welsh supporters of the English King, blockaded Carnarvon, destroyed Bangor Cathedral, and the palace and cathedral of St. Asaph.

In 1402, Glendower defeated Sir Edmund Mortimer in Radnorshire. The English lost 1100 men dead, whose bodies were terribly mutilated by the Welsh women.

A third campaign by Henry to put down the marauding of Glendower merely resulted in another defeat for the King.

The reverse was partly due to an invasion of the Scots who crossed the border in support of Glendower. Once more the King had to leave Wales without having achieved the destruction of Glendower.

The Welsh chieftain was now helped by an insurrection of the Percies, the family of the Earl of Northumberland.

Sir Edmund Mortimer had been taken prisoner by Glendower and when ransom was demanded Henry refused to pay it. It suited his purpose to have Mortimer under restraint as he was an uncle of the Earl of March, who was by birth the lawful heir to the Crown.

Mortimer at once became an ally of Glendower and married one of his daughters. The famous Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, was incensed at Henry's treatment of Mortimer, and he with his father and his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, joined up with Glendower with the object of deposing Henry.

The confederates held a meeting and decided to divide the kingdom among themselves. Glendower was crowned Prince by the assembled estates of Wales.

In 1403 the allies began a march south. It was arranged that they should all meet on the borders of Wales.

But before the main body of Glendower's army could arrive at the place of junction, Henry IV intercepted Hotspur at Shrewsbury. In the battle of July 21st, Percy was killed, his ally, Douglas of Scotland, taken prisoner, and thus the conspiracy was broken up.

Following the Battle of Shrewsbury, Henry marched against Glendower, and defeated him.

In 1404 the Welshman concluded an alliance with the French, and with the promise of military support he once more invaded England, and captured several strong fortresses.

Next year, however, he was defeated by Prince Henry at Grosmont Castle, near Monmouth, leaving 800 dead on the field.

A second defeat occurred in the same month in Brecknockshire, and Glendower lost a further 1500 killed and captured. One of his sons was taken prisoner and his brother, Tudor, was killed.

Glendower was now reduced to extremity. For some time he hid in a cave in the Welsh mountains.

At this juncture the French appeared on the scene. They landed 12,000 men at Milford Haven. They burned Haverfordwest, took Carmarthen, and having been joined at Tenby by Glendower with 10,000 men, they laid waste the country as far as Worcester.

At Worcester, however, the full strength of the English army, under Henry IV and Prince Henry, engaged the Welsh and French.

For three days and nights the respective armies stood arrayed for battle, but nothing occurred but one or two unimportant skirmishes.

Neither side was willing to leave its formidable position. At last the allies, through lack of provisions, had to retreat into Wales. Henry followed them, but was lost in the woods and marshes and was eventually driven back with much loss.

While this had been going on some of the French ships in Milford Haven had been burned by the English. Others conveying stores and ammunition were captured.

Soon the French invaders sickened of the campaign and returned to their own country in vessels provided by Glendower.

The last picture of Glendower in history concerns the offer of Henry V to Meredith, Glendower's son, offering to pardon his father if he would submit. Negotiations were begun, but were interrupted by the death of Glendower on September 20th, 1415.

SEPTEMBER 21ST

*John Loudon Macadam*

I am happy to report that the roads under my control are in good condition. Further, I have reduced maintenance charges, increased the income, and have been able to pay off about £2000 of the road debt.



THIS was the gist of a report which the Government Road Commissioners received from John Loudon Macadam, erstwhile Victualler to the Navy, but now road surveyor at Bristol.

The authorities read the report with amazement. It was inconceivable that roads should be able to pay off their own debts. It was unheard of; generally, surveyors demanded more money. This gratifying result, too, had been achieved by Macadam in the short time of eighteen months.

The big-wigs went down to Bristol to investigate, and there they discovered that the surveyor's roads were comparatively clean. There was none of the thick mud to be encountered on other highways. There were no derelict vehicles by the roadside testifying to the existence of dangerous ruts and potholes that had trapped unwary drivers.

Had those investigators gone down to Bristol twelve months before they would not have been so impressed, for they would have seen the roads covered with stones which played havoc with the wheels of coaches and market carts.

What they did see were hard surfaces in which stones had been welded together to form a crust strong enough to support traffic which travelled at unheard-of speeds.

But like every new invention, Macadam's idea brought a host of critics. The poet, Southey, was one of them. He declared, "Macadamizing the streets of London is likely to prove quackadamizing."

Controversy raged around Macadam's work. Other road-builders were at work, and they had their supporters. Telford, the engineer, favoured a stone sett foundation, while Macadam argued for an elastic, soft foundation, and a water-proof surface made with angular stones welded together by pressure, water, and mud.

The controversy went on long after Macadam's death in 1836; but time has shown that he was on the right lines, for his principle is used today.

Macadam was a great believer in the roads, and detested railways. When the railway boom began, he observed with typical caustic wit, "The calamity of the railways has fallen upon us."

The Macadam system of road-making lasted for more than half a century before the appearance of motor-cars. Then it seemed that Macadam's roads would have to be scrapped, for the new form of travel caused immense dust-clouds. Eventu-

ally a remedy was found in the use of tar, which was actually first tried in Macadam's life-time on roads in Gloucestershire on 1832.

Though a Scotsman—Macadam was born at Ayr—was the inventor of the new style of road-making, it was the French who first thought of crushing down the loose stones with a heavy roller, instead of allowing them to remain until the traffic had accomplished that object.

The value of Macadam's invention to a harassed 19th-century public can be better understood when one considers the condition of the roads just before his time.

The coach service had just begun and people were beginning to travel beyond their immediate surroundings. Journeys in those days were achievements. Man and horse, and sometimes coach as well, almost disappeared in the mud. Often there were holes large enough to bury a man.

John Loudon Macadam was born on September 21st, 1756. He was the son of a Highland farmer, descended from the clan McGregor.

In 1770 his father died, and the fourteen-year-old boy was sent to New York for a business training with his uncle. He made a fortune by the time he was twenty-seven, lost it in the War of Independence, and returned to his native land.

He served as deputy lieutenant in his county, and raised a company of volunteers for coast defence during the Napoleonic wars.

In 1793 he went to Falmouth to take up the appointment of Victualler to the Navy. He began to pay attention to the condition of the roads, and in 1816 he was appointed surveyor at Bristol, and had under his control 149 miles of highways.

In 1817 Macadam laid the approaches to the bridges of Blackfriars and Westminster, and in 1823 a Parliamentary Committee investigated his methods.

After Macadam had proved that he had expended several thousands of pounds of his own money in making his roads, Parliament voted him £10,000.

He was offered a knighthood, but declined.

He was appointed surveyor-general to the Commissioners of Metropolitan Turnpike Roads, and so was able to secure the adoption of his system all over the country.

After his retirement he kept up his interest in the roads by travelling over all parts of the country in a coach drawn by two horses and followed by a dog or a pony.

He made frequent visits to the scenes of his boyhood, and died at Moffat on November 28th, 1836, in his eighty-first year.

SEPTEMBER 22ND

### *The Earl of Chesterfield*

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl of Chesterfield, was always anxious to impress people with his good breeding.

When a friend of his named Dayroles came to see him actually within half an hour of the Earl's death, Chesterfield in a weak voice ordered his valet to "Give Dayroles a chair."

Chesterfield's physician, Dr. Warren, comments on this. "His good breeding," he says, "only quits him with life."

Lord Chesterfield's object in life was to do better than others, and he applied this rule—according to his confession—to vices as well as virtues.

"I always naturally hated hard drinking," he wrote in one of his confidential letters to his son, "and yet I have often drunk with disgust only because I then considered drinking as a necessity for a fine gentleman."

Chesterfield is famous in literary history for the letters to his son, Philip, who was illegitimate. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who seems alternately to have been on good and bad terms with the peer, said of them, "Take out the immorality, and the book should be put into the hands of every young gentleman."

Chesterfield was one of the most remarkable people in London society. In pursuance of his policy always to do the big thing, he built Chesterfield House, at the junction of South Audley and Curzon Streets, and furnished it in lavish style.

Chesterfield was familiar with all the vices long before he came of age. As a youth he travelled all over the Continent, and received a final polish at Paris, well tutored by the beauties of that city.

Before his father's death and his own accession to the title he sat in Parliament for the Cornish boroughs of St. Germans and Lostwithiel. He became a good speaker in the Lower House, and when he took his seat in the Lords his reputation as an orator was already established.

During the reign of Charles I Chesterfield held the appointment of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales,

but on the accession of the Prince as George II, he was ignored, and it was not until the following year that he received a post as ambassador to Holland.

In this capacity he distinguished himself, and on his return to England after an absence of two years he was made Lord Steward of the Household.

From this time he seems to have been indiscreet. He joined the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole and thus incurred the enmity of the King, who dismissed him from his situation.

There was still another circumstance which set the King against him. Chesterfield was paying court to the Countess of Walsingham, who was a daughter of George I by his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal.

The King opposed the match because of Chesterfield's addiction to gambling. But he persisted in his suit, was dismissed the Court, and a few months afterwards the couple were married.

They went to live next door to the Duchess of Kendal, who, of course, was now nothing more than a pensioned cast-off of the Court. It was she who suggested bringing an action against George II, who was said to have destroyed a will in which the late King had made an important provision for Lady Walsingham.

George II did not care to have dirty linen washed in public, and therefore compromised by paying the Chesterfields £20,000.

Chesterfield's marriage took place in 1733, and in 1747, he began to build the fine house in Mayfair.

In 1745 he managed to get himself into the Cabinet, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and subsequently Secretary of State, for it was impossible for the King to ignore his talent.

Three years later he retired from this office, and his chief interest in life became the education of his son, whose mother was Mme de Bouchet, a Frenchwoman whom he had met in Holland.

Chesterfield remained an active member of the House of Lords, and his name was associated with several good measures introduced during the next few years. In face of much opposition he carried the Bill for the Reform of the Calendar, and was therefore responsible for what is known as the "new style," which made our calendar conform with that of the rest of Western Europe.

It was during Chesterfield's last tenure of office that Dr. Johnson was introduced to him. With the idea of his dictionary in his mind, he called on Chesterfield to tell him about it, and was rewarded with a gift of ten guineas. As Johnson remarked to Boswell many years afterwards, "Sir, ten pounds were to me at that time a great sum."

During his later years Chesterfield suffered from deafness, and he lived entirely apart from the world, his only solace being literature and gardening.

Chesterfield was born on September 22nd, 1694, and died on March 24th, 1773.

#### SEPTEMBER 23RD

#### *Paul Jones*

THE naval engagement which took place off the coast of Yorkshire on September 23rd, 1779, between two English ships and an American squadron, is famous for the fact that the Americans were led by the notorious adventurer Paul Jones.

Jones had more mud slung at him than any man living during the 18th and 19th centuries.

It is difficult to say whether he deserved it or not.

His true name was John Paul. He changed it, it is believed, when he entered the American service.

In a pamphlet published at the beginning of the 19th century, Jones is accused of every crime in the calendar—murder, piracy, theft, and scuttling.

Jones was the son of a Scotsman who lived near Dumfries, Scotland. At the age of twelve he became a cabin boy on board the *Friendship* of Whitehaven, trading to Virginia.

According to the unsubstantiated story, he was rebellious during his apprenticeship, and had no sooner passed out of his indentures, when he attempted to sink a ship in which he was employed.

He was tried for this offence, but acquitted. He was, however, unable to obtain another ship, and he returned to his father, who was then a gardener in the service of the Earl of Selkirk.

It is said that the youth was cruel to the horses, whipped them without provocation, and when he received a kick from

one of the Earl's most famous animals he deliberately stabbed it to death.

Dismissed from his job, he entered the service of an inn-keeper, but was soon sent back home.

He then joined a party of smugglers, committed several highway robberies, was indicted at Leicester for one robbery, but was acquitted for want of evidence.

He was apprehended by a press-gang, but escaped. Then he went to live at Brighton, where he married a farmer's daughter. A few weeks later he deserted her and resumed his career of crime.

He bought a vessel with money he had saved, manned it with desperate characters and began piracy on the high seas.

They attacked several ships and seized their cargo. During a storm Jones is said to have thrown a man overboard for a trifling offence.

After piloting his ship into Boulogne, he took up his quarters at an hotel there, made love to the widow who owned it, and offered her marriage, declaring that he was entitled to immense property in England.

She refused him, and Jones took a house at Dover and assumed the character of an honest merchant. This did not last long. Leaving his business in the hands of a deputy, he went to Sunderland, where he was joined by some of his former accomplices and successfully seized an armed vessel.

With this ship they plundered several merchants. Having raised about £500 from the sale of the booty, Paul returned to Boulogne and renewed his advances to the widow. This time he was accepted, and they were married.

He threw in his lot with the American insurgents, and very soon proved his ability to navigate a ship.

He was appointed to one of the privateers engaged on raiding British shipping. He met with repeated successes, and by the middle of 1775 was put in command of a little squadron.

It is said that Jones was the first to hoist the American flag of thirteen stripes.

He raided the British depots on the New England coast, and was then engaged in convoying supplies to New York.

On August 8th, 1776, the President of Congress presented Paul Jones with the commission of Captain in the Marine of the United States.

In the summer of 1779 he actually raided the Scottish coast. Towards the end of September he was driven by a gale as far as Flamborough Head, and it was here that his squadron came into contact with two English men-of-war.

Jones's object had been to attack the British Baltic merchant fleet. It was near nightfall when he realized that the fleet was convoyed by two frigates, H.M.S. *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*.

His ship, *Bon Homme Richard*, was soon engaged with the *Serapis*, according to Jones, at pistol-shot distance.

For some reason or other the rest of the American ships at first kept out of the engagement, and Jones was compelled to maintain a fight single-handed against the two British vessels.

By the light of the harvest moon the battle continued. Many of Jones's men were killed by an explosion on their own ship, and the vessel's bows were shattered below water level.

The *Bon Homme Richard* was in a crippled condition when the *Serapis* rammed her. When the two ships touched Jones succeeded in grappling them together.

Then followed a desperate encounter in which hand-grenades were used.

For a time it seemed that Jones's ship was getting much the worst of the fight. Yet he refused to surrender at the invitation of Captain Pearson, the British commander.

Meanwhile the British ship *Countess of Scarborough* had capitulated to the *Pallas*, another ship of the American squadron. Jones was thus free from the attacks of a double foe.

At about eleven o'clock a hand-grenade was dropped from Jones's vessel on to ammunition on the deck of the *Serapis*.

The explosion spread confusion in the British ship, and Captain Pearson struck his colours and surrendered.

On the following morning there was a thick fog, and when it was found that the *Bon Homme Richard* was hopelessly damaged, Jones and his crew went aboard the *Serapis*.

Jones took the captured vessels to Holland, where a demand was made by the English ambassador that they should be handed over to the Dutch authorities. Jones himself was ordered to surrender on the grounds that he was a pirate. He refused and took the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* to France.

Before leaving Holland, Jones had returned to Captain Pearson his sword, in recognition, as he himself says, of the Englishman's bravery.

When Pearson returned to England, he was knighted by George III, and presented with silver plate, and he was given the freedom of several places on the East Coast near where the engagement had been fought.

On the other hand, Paul Jones received flattering honours from the French. He was received with great ovations at the opera, and was presented with a gold-hilted sword by Louis XVI.

Jones returned to America and remained there until 1783. He then came to Europe to receive his share of the prize money due to him and his officers for their captures from the Powers at war with France and America.

After this he bought an estate in Kentucky.

When war broke out between Russia and Turkey, he joined the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, where he secured only nominal successes.

On the declaration of peace he retired again to America and died at Kentucky in 1801, at the age of fifty-three years.

SEPTEMBER 24TH

### *Paracelsus*

PARACELUS is claimed to be the first of the magnetizers. In other words, he was the first to attribute occult and miraculous powers to the magnet.

He sincerely believed that the magnet was the philosopher's stone, which could soothe human suffering and stop the progress of decay.

While practising as a physician at Basle, he had a nostrum which he called azoth. It was a stone or crystal which, he claimed, possessed the magic properties of curing epilepsy, hysteria, and other affections.

Mesmer is generally credited with being the pioneer of mineral magnetism, but before his time, and beginning with Paracelsus, a succession of men advocated this method of healing. Mesmer merely introduced a new phase to the science.

Paracelsus claimed to be able to transplant diseases from the human being into the earth with the use of the magnet.



He declared that there were six ways in which this could be done. The following is one of them :

“If a person suffer from disease, local or general, let the following remedy be tried : Take a magnet, impregnated with *mummy*, and mixed with rich earth. In this earth sow some seeds that have a congruity or homogeneity with the disease ; then let this earth, well sifted and mixed with *mummy*, be laid in an earthen vessel. Then let the seeds committed to it be watered daily with a lotion in which the diseased limb or body has been washed. Thus will the disease be transplanted from the human body to the seeds which are in the earth.

“Having done this, transplant the seeds from the earthen vessel to the ground, and wait until they begin to sprout into herbs. As they increase the disease will diminish ; and when they have arrived at their full growth, it will disappear altogether.”

The “mummy” referred to in the recipe presumably means the chemicals used in the preservation of dead bodies. Paracelsus refers to six kinds of mummies : the Egyptian, Arabian, Pisasphaltos, and Libyan, a fifth from criminals who had been hanged, and a sixth made from “spiritual effluences” from the living body. How these effluences were caught, however, is not clear.

Paracelsus has been called “the zenith and the rising sun of all the alchemists.”

His real name was Hohenheim, his baptismal names being Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastes Paracelsus. He chose the last of these as his common designation, and before the day of his death it was famous all over Europe.

At an early age Paracelsus, as was the case with the rest of the alchemists, became enthusiastic about the philosopher’s stone.

He settled as a physician at Zurich, and began writing works on alchemy and medicine which soon attracted the attention of the scientists of Europe.

His works were read with great interest by superstitious people, and particularly by the hunters for the philosopher’s stone.

As his popularity as an alchemist increased, so did his practice as a physician, for there is no doubt that he did effect some apparently miraculous cures with opium and mercury, drugs which were at that time condemned by other physicians.

In 1526 he was made professor of physics and natural philosophy at the University of Basle. Here his lectures attracted large numbers of students.

It was in Basle itself where his popularity first began to wane. It is said that he was often seen in the streets of the city in a state of intoxication. His fame decreased even more when he took upon himself the mantle of a sorcerer.

He began to boast that he could call up legions of spirits, and that he had one particular spirit in the hilt of his sword. In one of his jewels he kept another spirit, called "Azoth."

If a sober prophet can have little honour in his own country, it is hardly likely that one with a reputation for insobriety can be regarded with respect, and it was not long before Paracelsus found it advisable to leave Basle.

He resided successively at Nuremberg, Augsburg, Vienna, and Mindelheim, and in 1541 he retired to Salzburg. He died poverty stricken in the hospital of that town on September 24th.

SEPTEMBER 25TH

### *John de Witt*

Well, men! Well, citizens—even thus from age to age have perished the greatest and the best.

JOHN DE WITT, one of the greatest statesmen of his time, muffled himself to his cloak and sank to death on the cobblestones.

With him died his brother, Cornelius.

The Hague mob picked up the bodies and hung their mangled remains by the feet to a lamp-post.

The murder of these two Dutch patriots stirred every country in Europe. Even in England, which had the most cause to complain of the activities of the de Witts, there was general condemnation of the atrocity.

According to Sir William Temple, John de Witt was "a minister of the greatest authority and sufficiency, the greatest application and industry, that was ever known in the Dutch State."

For what reason, therefore, were these men done to

death? The answer seems to be that they were disliked by the House of Orange.

John de Witt, the younger and more famous of the two brothers, was born at Dordrecht on September 25th, 1625. His father was Jacob de Witt, citizen of Dort and deputy to the States of Holland.

John was a born ruler of men. He was educated at Leyden, obtained a degree, and travelled for some years.

On the death of William II in 1650, which gave rise to the supremacy of the Republican Party in Holland, John became Pensionary of Dort. Two years later, when only twenty-seven, John was made Grand Pensionary of Holland, the highest position in the State.

His friends advised him to refuse the office in view of the unsettled condition of Holland, but in a characteristic reply he said: "I know not how we can pass through this world without exposing ourselves to much trouble and danger, and since the thing is so, what cause so honourable as that of our country?"

John de Witt was chief magistrate of Holland for twenty years. During the whole of this time it is said that he served no personal ambition.

When De Witt took office Holland was at war with England, and he immediately began to negotiate for peace. In some respects De Witt was of a similar type to Cromwell. The two men, having much in common, soon came to an agreement.

In the terms of peace De Witt very cleverly had a secret article included preventing any Prince of Orange from taking the office of Stadtholder, a provision which De Witt induced Cromwell to demand.

At the end of his five years' service as chief magistrate De Witt was unanimously re-elected, and he proceeded to reform the financial situation and carry out other improvements in the administration of the country.

John de Witt was almost dictator of Holland. Yet he lived as an ordinary citizen, contenting himself with a modest salary. For the first ten years his income was £300 a year; afterwards it rose to £700.

When the States would have voted him a gift of 100,000 guilders he induced the Deputies of his own town of Dort to oppose the proposal.

De Witt did not believe that falsehood was necessary in.

diplomacy. If cornered in an argument he would maintain a complete silence, and when an ordinary diplomatist would have resorted to evasion he said nothing.

During the reign of Charles II of England the Dutch were again at war with this country. Cornelius de Witt was in charge of the fleet which sailed up the Thames and burned the British ships at Chatham.

The activities of John de Witt were centred in opposing the ambitions of the House of Orange. Having succeeded again in making peace with England, De Witt obtained a decree abolishing the office of Stadtholder.

De Witt had no personal animosity towards the family, as is shown by the fact that he took every interest in the young Prince, who afterwards became William III of England. The education of the Prince devolved upon the State, and was chiefly entrusted to De Witt.

In later years William III acknowledged the help he had received from De Witt, who, he admitted, had taught him all there was to be known about statecraft.

De Witt was entirely master of Holland.

De Witt's principles were wholly in favour of a Commonwealth. But it was difficult to contend with the plots and counter-plots of disaffected people.

After having checked the ambitions of Louis XIV of France, who had invaded the Spanish Netherlands, and bringing about the Triple Alliance and the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, misfortunes fell upon the great Republican statesman.

The enemies of De Witt spread the foulest accusations against him, and spurred the mob of The Hague to take his life.

His brother Cornelius had been thrown into prison and tortured, on the ground that he had plotted to assassinate the Prince of Orange.

When his brother John went to visit him in the prison the crowd broke into the cell.

John de Witt saw what was about to happen. Taking his brother by the hand he stepped into the street. He was knocked down by the blow of a musket. In a few minutes only mangled bodies were left of the men who had worked so hard for the good of Holland.

SEPTEMBER 26TH

*Frederick William Faber*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER is known to Anglicans for his well-known contributions to the Church of England hymnals. To Catholics he is better remembered for his staunch defence of their creed during the controversy of the middle 19th century, and for his pioneer work in the establishment of the London Oratory, now known as Brompton Oratory.

Faber, like John Henry Newman, was a convert from the Anglican Church.

Formerly he was the incumbent of the little parish of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, and gave up what the Pope described as "a fine patrimony." Within two days of his reception into the Roman Catholic Church, he began to consider the best means of making himself useful to the community for which he had made such a sacrifice.

An offer to ordain him priest was declined, for, he argued, he was too humble for such an honour at this early stage.

He decided to settle at Birmingham, where he knew that other recent converts had established themselves. Soon afterwards eight of his parishioners from Elton followed him. Some of these were uneducated sons of the soil.

Faber conceived a scheme of training for these converts which would enable them to be of assistance to the clergy in their parochial duties. But the difficulty was lack of money.

Faber decided to go to Italy to see if funds could be raised there. A travelling companion, however, came to the rescue by deciding to join the community and devote his own income to the work.

The community now became known as Wilfridians, and Faber took the name of Brother Wilfrid.

The Wilfridians were criticized not only by Protestants, but also by Catholics. The latter thought it bad policy to give a recent convert such power over a brotherhood, many members of which were seeking to become priests. Moreover, Brother Wilfrid was still a layman.

The community remained at Birmingham only a short time, and when an offer came from Lord Shrewsbury to provide Cotton Hall, Staffordshire, as a monastery, it was accepted.

One of their first schemes after arrival at Cotton was to

build a church. On the day that the foundation stone was laid Faber received the tonsure. His health then broke down so seriously that he was given the Last Sacraments, but he recovered.

A few months later Faber was ordained by Bishop Wiseman at Oscott, and on his return to Cotton he was drawn in procession to the monastery.

Faber now took sole charge of the missionary work at Cotton, and before long his congregation increased to such an extent that he had to preach outside under the beech trees.

In less than four months after his ordination Faber received one hundred and fifty converts. Soon only one Protestant family was left, and one of the brothers, writing to a friend, said, "We have converted the pewopener, leaving the parson only his clerk and two drunken men as his regular communicants."

Faber now took another step which meant a sacrifice. Although founder and Superior of his little community at Cotton, he decided to join the Oratory of St. Philip Neri and become a novice.

He spent a short time at the Oratorian house at Maryvale, and then preached in a number of London churches. A breakdown in health sent him to Scarborough to recuperate, and it was here that he wrote the first two of his hymns: "Mother of Mercy," and "Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All."

Towards the end of 1848 the Oratorians found their quarters at Maryvale too small to accommodate them. They therefore moved to Cotton.

About this time Faber found himself in the midst of a controversy over his publication of the *Lives of the Saints*, which was opposed by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants.

Newman, the Superior of the Oratorians, consulted Bishop Ullathorne, who advised that the work should be issued in a different form. Faber regarded this as a rap on the knuckles and the series was stopped.

But so many people expressed disappointment that the Oratorian Fathers resumed the series, with the authority of the bishop.

A part of the Oratory was now removed to Birmingham and another part to London, premises being acquired on the site of what is now Charing Cross Hospital.

Faber, with some members of the St. Wilfrid's Community, arrived in London; they took up their new quarters in April,

1849. But London disliked the Oratorians, whose style of preaching and hymns did not please even the Catholics.

Faber, however, disregarded tradition. Many converts came in, to the alarm of Protestant London. Slogans began to appear on the hoardings: "Down with the Oratorians!" "No Popery!"

There was an outcry when the Protestant rector of a Kent parish invited the Oratorians to the hop-fields, where they ministered to patients suffering from an outbreak of cholera.

In 1850 the London Oratory was made independent of the original body, and Faber was elected Superior. He continued to hold this office, by election, every three years, until his death.

In 1853 work was begun on a new Oratory at Brompton, then a country suburb of London. A house was built and a temporary church erected, and the community took possession in March, 1854.

Faber now seldom left the precincts of the Oratory. Sometimes he would visit the country house of the community at Sydenham, where he would devote himself to his literary labours. He suffered frequently from ill-health, once he collapsed when on the way to Dublin, and it was several weeks before he could return home.

At last he was told by his doctor that he would not be free from pain for the rest of his life.

Faber preached his last sermon on Passion Sunday, 1863, and died on September 26th in the same year.

#### SEPTEMBER 27TH

##### *Robert, Duke of Normandy*

By the Battle of Tinchebrai the destinies of the Duchy of Normandy and its tragic ruler were decided.

It was fought between Robert II, surnamed Courte Heuse, Duke of Normandy, and his brother, Henry I of England.

The war was brought about by the impetuosity of Robert and his inability to manage his own dominions.

The trouble began before the death of William the Conqueror, his father. When William left Normandy on his invasion of England he promised, if he were successful, to resign to Robert the Duchy of Normandy.

Afterwards, however, he refused to do so, and this led to continual strife between them.

Subsequently they were reconciled, and when the Conqueror died he left Normandy to Robert.

Instead of trying to restore order in his country Robert left Normandy to the care of his brother, William Rufus, and went off to Palestine, where he was one of the leaders of the Crusade.

It is fair that Robert should receive credit for his great exploits in Syria. His conduct was so distinguished that he was offered the crown of Jerusalem, which he refused.

When Robert returned to his own country he had little to show his subjects, who were not interested in what had been going on in the East. A few banners which Robert had captured from the infidels were presented to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity at Caen, but these did not appease his clamouring people.

During Robert's absence, Rufus had died and Henry had seized the vacant throne of England, an inheritance which should have fallen to Robert.

In a vain hope of recovering his due, Robert was led into heavy expense which further impoverished Normandy.

Robert found it necessary to impose exorbitant taxes upon the citizens and merchants. Factions were formed for his overthrow.

Meanwhile, England, under Henry, was prospering, and was held up to Robert as an example of good government. The turbulent Norman chieftains rose in rebellion, and the miseries of the country increased.

At length there was a unanimous belief that only Henry could save Normandy, and messages were sent to England asking him to deal with the situation.

Yielding to the prayers of the Normans, Henry landed with a powerful army. But instead of beginning hostilities he had a friendly talk with Robert, and pointed out to him the mischiefs that were occurring through his bad administration.

Robert seemed amenable, and agreed to establish a better system. The only demand that Henry made was that one of the chief Norman barons should do homage to him.

This was soon arranged and Henry returned to England believing that he had offered good advice to his brother which would be followed.



But the duchy was soon filled with turmoil and bloodshed. Many people, including the cultivators of the soil, fled into France, and the rich soils were soon overgrown with thistles and weeds.

There was no other alternative but to recall Henry. Again he appeared with his army, and was welcomed by the clergy. "Normandy," they said, "is at the mercy of robbers. Your brother is not a fit ruler; he cannot protect his people. His wealth is wasted in folly, and he often fasts for want of bread."

The condition of Robert and his knights at this time was deplorable. Often the Duke was unable to leave his bed for want of clothes stolen from him by his servants when he was in a state of intoxication.

The nobles implored Henry to accept the sovereignty of Normandy. The king agreed and in an interview with his brother told him of the invitation he had received, again emphasizing the state of the country.

"Resign to me the command of the province," said Henry, "and half of your ducal rights. With an equivalent from my treasury for these and with the revenues of the other half you may enjoy the sports and indulgences you love; and I will deliver Normandy from its oppressors."

Some of Robert's unwise counsellors advised him to reject the offer. Hostilities therefore began.

The more reliable barons took sides with the English King. The struggle resulted in the Battle of Tinchebrai, which began on September 27th, 1106, and terminated on the following day with the complete defeat of Robert, who was taken prisoner.

Writing to Archbishop Anselm, Henry I claimed a victory without much loss. He recorded that he had taken his brother prisoner, as well as 400 knights and 10,000 soldiers. The slaughter had been considerable in Robert's army.

It is hard to justify wars between brothers, but in this case Henry appears to have had no alternative.

The subsequent fate of Robert is one which has exercised the minds of historians for centuries. It is known that he was brought to England and imprisoned in Cardiff Castle, but there are conflicting versions as to the treatment he received at the hands of his brother.

A dark and dismal dungeon is generally shown as the habitation of Robert of Normandy. Here, it is said, he was confined by Henry I for twenty-six years.

There is no historical basis for the tradition that he was badly treated, and that his eyes were deliberately put out.

According to William of Malmesbury, Robert was treated with the utmost consideration. He was surrounded with luxury and magnificence. He was provided with minstrels and jesters, and his life was passed in dreamy delight.

But Matthew Paris tells a different story through an anecdote :

It happened on a feast day [he says] that King Henry, trying on a scarlet robe, the hood of which being too strait, in essaying to put it on tore one of the stitches, whereupon he desired one of his attendants to carry it to his brother, whose head was smaller ; it always having been his custom when he had a new robe to send one cut off from the same cloth to his brother with a polite message.

This garment being delivered to Robert, in putting it on he felt the fraction where the stitch had been broken, and through the negligence of the tailor not mended.

On asking how the place came torn, he was told that it was done by his brother, and the whole story was related to him.

Matthew Paris proceeds to describe the passion of Robert, who cried out, "Alas, alas ! I have lived too long ! Behold my younger brother, a lazy clerk, who has supplanted me in my kingdom, imprisoned, and blinded me ! I who have been famous in arms ! And now, not content with these injuries, he insults me as if I were a beggar, sending me his cast-off clothes for an alms !"

It is said that from that time Robert refused to eat, and died weeping, lamenting, and starving himself to death.

Robert was buried in Gloucester Cathedral in February, 1135, where his life-size image was erected.

SEPTEMBER 28TH

### *The Battle of Marathon*

THE Battle of Marathon, fought between the Athenians and the Persians on September 28th, 490 B.C., was an insignificant affair compared with modern warfare. Yet it had a far-reaching effect on the history of the world.

A large force, numbering about 50,000 men, had been

despatched by Darius of Persia to punish the Athenians for interfering in Asia. Darius had instructed Datis, his commander, to subdue the whole of Greece, but to pay particular attention to Athens and Eritrea, against whom the Persian King intended a malicious revenge.

“Ravage these two cities, lead away the inhabitants, and bring them as slaves into my presence,” said the great dictator.

So, with a large fleet, Datis coasted the shores of Asia Minor, took a few islands on the way without resistance, and then attacked Eritrea.

The Athenians sent about 4000 men to the help of their allies, but, receiving warning that their own city was to be the next object of attack, they hurried back and left the Eritreans to defend themselves as best they could.

The Eritreans held the Persians at bay for six days, but on the seventh the troops of Darius entered the city. The inhabitants were dumped on the island of Aeglia, there to await the arrival of the people of Athens, who, the Persians believed, would capitulate as readily.

Elated with his success, Datis re-embarked his troops, crossed to the mainland of Greece and encamped his men on the coast of Attica at a spot known as the Marathon plain.

The Athenians, about 10,000 strong, held high ground from which they could look down on the vastly superior force of Persians.

Datis hoped that the Athenians would venture an attack on the plain, where he could use his cavalry to good purpose. But there seemed little probability of this if the Athenians were wise.

Several days passed, and the two armies kept watch on each other, neither making a move to force an engagement. Meanwhile Datis had opened up communication with certain factions in Athens who were willing to sell their city to gain a political triumph.

What effect defection on the part of these Athenians would have had on the result of the Persian invasion is a matter of speculation. Miltiades, the Athenian commander, heard what was going on, and determined to force a decision before treachery could do any harm.

When the strengths of the two armies are considered, no bolder course could be imagined.

The Persians had cavalry and archers ; but the Athenians had neither.

Several of the Athenian generals were against making the attack. To them it was certain suicide; but Miltiades thought otherwise and began to array his men for action.

A great deal depended on the result of the coming battle. The defeat of the Athenians would give the Persians a clear run through Europe, for at that time Rome was weak, and there was no other nation in the Western world strong enough to cope with the rulers of the East once they were able to make Greece a basis for military operations.

On the shoulders of Miltiades, therefore, rested the destinies of Europe.

The Athenians had an advantage in defence over the Persians. They were equipped with a long spear, a shield, helmet, breastplate, and a short sword. At the same time this armament reduced mobility.

The trumpet sounded. The Athenians bore down upon the Persians. "On, sons of the Greeks!" they shouted. "Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives—for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires. All—all are now staked upon the strife!"

Hitherto the Greeks in battle had been in the habit of advancing slowly. This was partly due to their heavy equipment and to strategy. On this occasion, however, Miltiades urged his men on at a run.

Every one had been well trained in athletics, and man for man they were superior to the Persians.

There was about a mile of level ground between the positions of the two armies. The Greeks covered the distance at such a speed that the Persians had no time to equip and mount their horses. Nor was it possible for the archers to obtain effective targets.

On rushed the Athenians, spears levelled. Against these long weapons the Persians were unable to defend themselves with their short lances and scimitars.

The front rank of the Persians went down to a man.

The battle raged with the Greek wings gaining ground, but giving way in the centre.

Miltiades reformed his attack and led his men against the Persian centre.

The Asiatics found themselves at a disadvantage with their light wicker shields and lack of body armour. But their rear ranks continued to pour arrows into the Athenians.

They fought bravely to try to get at close quarters, but as they rushed forward they were impaled on Greek spears.

As each successive rush proved useless, the Persians began to lose heart. At last they turned their backs and fled towards their ships, pursued by the Athenians, who caused great slaughter among the invaders as they essayed to launch their galleys.

“Bring fire!” shouted the Greeks as they proceeded to lay hold of the Persian ships.

But the Persians were not yet completely defeated. They stoutly resisted attempts to capture the galleys, and it was at this period of the battle that the Greeks sustained a large proportion of the casualties.

Seven galleys were captured; but the Persians retained the rest and pushed off.

Datis, the Persian commander, now thought to retrieve his fortunes by making an attack on the almost deserted city of Athens. He took his fleet round Cape Sunium, in order to effect a landing at Phalerum, and with the help of traitors in Athens to take the city by surprise.

But it was Datis who got the surprise, for as his fleet sailed up the harbour on the following day he saw the Athenians strongly arrayed on the heights above the city. Miltiades had suspected the manœuvre, and marched his men overnight to Athens!

Datis abandoned all hope, and did not venture a second disembarkation. He straightway left Greek waters, and Europe for the time was safe from Persian invasion.

The Persians are said to have lost 6400 men in this battle, and the Athenian casualties were only 192.

SEPTEMBER 29TH

### *The First Metropolitan Police*

ON September 29th, 1829, the “Peelers” appeared in the streets of London in place of the “Charlies” and “Robin Redbreasts”.

The word “Peeler” as applied to a Metropolitan policeman has now been superseded by “copper” and various other names of a more or less derogatory character, but it was used generally up to a few years ago.

The “Charlies” and the “Robin Redbreasts” were the

nicknames respectively of the watchmen and the Bow Street Runners, two forces which functioned together during the latter half of the 18th century, although the former were a much older establishment.

The watchmen, or bellmen, in fact, have an origin going back at least to the days of Henry III, when that monarch established constables to "watch and ward" in London. These custodians of law and order were recruited from the citizens of London, who served on rotation.

It was an onerous and unpleasant duty, and it became a practice after a time for citizens on the roster to pay deputies. These substitutes often belonged to the class they were paid to suppress!

In 1263 the City Corporation appointed a Standing Watch, a move that did away with the prevailing abuses.

A more comprehensive scheme was introduced during the reign of Edward I. It provided that "from henceforth all towns shall be kept as has been used in times past, that is, to wit, from the day of Ascension to the day of St. Michael (September 29th). In every city six men shall keep at every gate; in every borough twelve men; in every town six to four, according to the number of the inhabitants of the town, and shall watch the town continually all night, from the sun-setting until the sunrising."

At eight o'clock at night the curfew rang, after which the watchmen had power to arrest anyone and ask them to give an account of themselves, and, if necessary, detain suspects for magistrate's examination next morning, after they had been first interrogated by the constable of the watch.

The watchmen appear to have been employed during the day in other parish work, such as town-crying. It is not surprising, therefore, that they were often found asleep at their posts.

The "Charlies" continued to look after law and order in London with almost no change until the introduction of Sir Robert Peel's Bill establishing the Metropolitan Police Force.

Meanwhile, about 1763, a new body for the apprehension of criminals was introduced. This was the Bow Street Patrol, or "Runners", known to malefactors as "Robin Redbreasts" because of the red vests they wore.

The author of this scheme was Sir John Feilding, the Bow Street magistrate, who suggested that householders should

subscribe to a fund for the catching of criminals. Ten men were originally enrolled in this force. Later the number was increased, but although they were a set of brave and resolute men they were too limited in numbers to be effective.

They were paid by results in accordance with a scale of rewards, with the consequent introduction of abuses. It is recorded that in the year 1815 £80,000 was paid to these "thief-takers" as blood-money.

At last it was found necessary to disband this force. The system of rewards was discontinued and Sir John Feilding was allowed £400 a year for the payment of a new body of men directly under his control.

This proved a success, and ten years afterwards eight mounted policemen were added.

At night, however, the watchmen continued to be responsible for the prevention of crime. These night guardians were generally of an age which mitigated against their efficiency.

The helplessness of these old men made them easy prey for the ridicule of the young bloods of the day. One of their favourite amusements was creeping quietly up to the sentry-boxes of the "Charlies" and overturning them. It was also an amusing sport to get a "Charlie" drunk and tie him to a lamp-post.

Many a young man who afterwards distinguished himself in politics or social work was hauled before the magistrate for harassing a "Charlie".

After the formation of the Bow Street Runners the watchmen were relieved of many of these indignities.

Watch-houses existed in various parts of London, a constable—usually a private individual who did duty at night—being called upon to take charges against offenders, and to commit them to a lock-up pending their appearance before the magistrate next morning.

In 1821 the strength of the Bow Street Runners was increased from 36 to 100 to combat an outbreak of house-breaking. A further 200 were added in the following year.

Numerous reformers had been agitating since the middle of the 18th century for a properly organized police force, but it was not until 1829 that Sir Robert Peel introduced into the House of Commons his Metropolis Police Bill "for improving the police in and near the Metropolis."

There was little opposition to the passage of the Bill through Parliament. But when the "Peelers," as the police were called, were actually functioning, the people of London began to look upon them as a sinister body whose object was to do away with their rights and privileges.

One rumour was to the effect that the "Peelers" had been created by Peel with the object of placing the Duke of Wellington on the throne!

Even Cruikshank, the artist, depicted them hanging on the gallows with the caption "Our wish is that they may be speedily raised to the elevated post of honour they deserve."

During the first four years of their existence it was doubtful whether the "Peelers" would survive. There were many clashes between mobs and police before the citizens of London became reconciled. But when figures were published showing that, in four years, the loss by robberies had been reduced from a million pounds to £200,000 a new estimate was formed of the value of the new force.

Shopkeepers, who had hitherto been reluctant to display their wares because of thieves, now began to introduce window displays.

Ten years after the formation of the Metropolitan Police the Thames Police Force was amalgamated with it, and the Bow Street Mounted were also incorporated. These mounted officers were the origin of the mounted police of today.

On the formation of the Force Scotland Yard was made the principal station, but, of course, it was far less imposing than it is today.

SEPTEMBER 30TH

### *Rival Ambassadors*

THE reception of the Swedish Ambassador at the Court of Whitehall on September 30th, 1661, became the occasion of an extraordinary demonstration of rowdyism.

As the time drew near for his arrival at Tower Wharf in the King's barge a large crowd assembled. It seemed as if almost the whole of the population of London and Southwark had come to give the ambassador unmistakable evidence of their good will.

But the majority of the people were there for another purpose. They expected a fight between the Ambassadors of



France and Spain, who had for some time disputed precedence, and there was a certainty that matters would come to a head on this occasion.

From the early days to the close of the Stuart dynasty the question of the precedence of ambassadors was a delicate one. Sir John Finett, who was master of ceremonies to James I and Charles I, found it difficult to reconcile the differences of the foreign representatives.

He wrote a book which he called *Choice Observations touching the Reception and Precedence of Foreign Ambassadors*, in which he settled matters so far as most of them were concerned, but the French and the Spanish ambassadors had always been a problem, and Finett was unable to give a definite ruling.

So the question of the precedence of the French and Spanish Ambassadors remained in abeyance, Charles II, after the Restoration, not daring to intervene, as he was anxious to be on good terms with both countries.

The only way of settling the dispute was by a fight, a course which the King favoured, for it took the difficulty out of his own hands.

Not only the Court, but the whole of the people of London, knew that at the first opportunity their Eminences would resort to pistols and swords.

It was the usual custom, when a new Ambassador arrived in this country, for the King to meet him at Gravesend. All the celebrities would then get into the King's barge and sail up to Tower Wharf. There they disembarked and then proceeded in coaches to Whitehall.

The King's barge arrived at the wharf without mishap, and the various dignitaries got into their coaches. The conveyance of Charles II led the way with himself and the Swedish Ambassador, whose coach, containing his secretaries, followed.

The Marquis d'Estrade, the French representative, ordered his coachman to follow next in order. Baron de Batteville, of Spain, gave a similar order to his flunkey.

There was not room for two vehicles to proceed side by side in the narrow lane that led to the City. The two distinguished foreigners, therefore, prepared to fight it out.

Now, it was an unwritten rule among the people of London, and particularly among the apprentices, that whenever there was a brawl they had to take a hand. In some mysterious way they generally formed in two parties and fought each other out of sheer exuberance.

But on this occasion Charles II was determined that nothing of the kind should occur. He would look upon the fight between the ambassadors with complacency, but he did not intend to turn the city into a bear garden.

He had therefore issued a proclamation forbidding any Englishman under penalty of death from taking part in the quarrel. A strong force of horse- and foot-guards were posted near by to prevent the spectators interfering.

The Spanish carriage was guarded by fifty men, armed with swords, while the French carriage was accompanied by 100 men on foot and fifty on horseback, most of them armed with pistols and carbines.

The Spaniards threw a cordon across the road to bar the passage of the French, but the battle was begun by the latter, who fired a volley and charged their opponents with drawn swords.

Despite their superior numbers, the French were driven back by the bravery of the Spaniards.

Three horses, the postilion, and coachman of the French carriage were killed. The ambassador's son was wounded, but, getting down from his coach, he drew his sword and exhorted his men to counter-attack.

In vain did the French fall upon the Spaniards. They were three times the strength of their opponents, but the Spaniards held out stoutly until their carriage was well away in the wake of the Swedish outfit.

The fight continued and Tower Hill was turned into a battlefield.

Meanwhile another detachment of French that had been concealed now rushed at the Spanish carriage and attempted to cut the traces. But the Spaniards had taken the precaution of using chains covered with leather.

The Spaniards beat this party off, and went on their way without further interference.

Half an hour later the fight on Tower Hill came to an end, and the French, having repaired the damage to their own carriage, followed with only two horses to pull it along.

The number of casualties in this affair was never known, for each party carried off its own wounded, but one estimate gives the number of killed at twelve and the wounded at forty.

A plasterer standing in the crowd was shot through the head and killed, and several other spectators wounded.

Louis XIV of France was enraged at the indignity put upon his Ambassador and forthwith sent an ultimatum to Spain declaring that unless his right of precedence was conceded in every court of Europe he would begin hostilities. He dismissed the Spanish Ambassador from France, and recalled his own from Madrid.

The Spaniards climbed down, and Louis got all he demanded.

OCTOBER



OCTOBER 1ST

*Thomas Britton*

WHEN the coffin of Thomas Britton, itinerant coalman, was carried from his stable home in Jerusalem Passage, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell, there followed no less a person than Handel.

Men of noble birth followed in the procession.

The thoroughfares leading to St. James's Church were crowded with people. For Britton, who went round with a sack on his back peddling small quantities of coal, was a musician of considerable ability.

In the loft over the stable, turned into a one-room dwelling, Britton for forty years held a "court" attended by the greatest musicians of the day.

With Britton playing the viola di gamba, Handel at the Harpsichord, Banister the first violin, and other equally famous players performing on other instruments, the upper room in Jerusalem Passage resounded with the strains of music.

It was there that some of Handel's compositions were first rehearsed. It is conceivable, too, that the Royal Guard's March—popular for forty years and handed down as the bass song "Let us take the Road" in the Beggars' Opera—was first played there.

Thomas Britton was born in a village near Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire. He tramped his way to London and got a job with a coal vendor, to whom he was apprenticed for seven years. After that time had expired his master gave him a sum of money to set up for himself.

Britton returned to Northamptonshire and soon spent his money. For the second time he tramped to London. Then he began business for himself. He obtained the use of a stable near Clerkenwell Green and using the ground floor to store coal he turned the loft into a dwelling.

Britton lived in a frugal way and studied chemistry and music in his leisure time.

He became friendly with a certain Dr. Garanciers, a near neighbour and an accomplished scientist. Britton soon

assimilated all that the doctor could teach him. He even built a movable laboratory, which was so admired by the scientist that he had to build several others.

How Britton acquired a knowledge of music is not known. No doubt the inhabitants of Jerusalem Passage were often disturbed in their slumbers by the squeaks of the viola.

Before long the corner house of the passage leading to the Old Jerusalem Tavern under the gateway of the Priory of St. John was the rendezvous of the most distinguished professors of the day.

A musical club was formed at the suggestion of Sir Roger L'Estrange, "a very musical gentleman who had a tolerable perfection on the bass viol."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a passion for collecting old books and manuscripts. Society people went to great lengths to obtain specimens. The Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea and the Duke of Devonshire were among those who, in the winter season, scoured the backwaters of the city in parties.

Little Britain, Moorfields and adjacent districts were good hunting grounds.

About noon every Saturday they would assemble at the bookshop of Christopher Bateman, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, and then set off on their search.

By this time Britton would have finished his coal round. Arriving at the rendezvous in his blue smock, unwashed, he would pitch his sack of coal on the projecting ledge of Bateman's window and join in the hunt.

It is said that Britton died through being frightened by a ventriloquist.

A blacksmith named Honeyman, who lived in Bear Street, Leicester Square, was able, it is said, to throw his voice. Honeyman was fond of playing practical jokes.

Britton and he were in a coffee house one day when Honeyman started his tricks.

He announced from a distance that Britton would die within a few hours, and that the only way that he could avert his doom was to kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer.

Britton, terribly scared, knelt and prayed, and then went home and died of fright.

He was just over sixty.

A picture of Britton, painted by Woolaston, was placed in the British Museum.

Britton, who died on October 1st, 1714, was survived by his wife. His collection of manuscripts, books and music were sold by auction after his death.

## OCTOBER 2ND

*Joseph Ritson*

THE activities of an antiquary are often so apparently eccentric that it is not surprising that he is sometimes ridiculed.

Joseph Ritson's enthusiasm was such that he adopted extraordinary experiments to test theories.

It is recorded that an argument occurred between Ritson and Sir Walter Scott on the height of the Roman Wall in the border counties.

On the authority of a friend at Hexham the antiquary declared that it was not more than two feet high. To which Scott replied that near Gilsland, at all events, the wall was "high enough for the fall to break a man's back."

Ritson was determined to find out if this were true. He went to the spot indicated. After about an interval of a week the poet received a note from Ritson in which he said that he had tested Scott's theory "and thought it accurate."

From which Scott inferred that Ritson had actually thrown himself from the wall.

"I immediately saw," says the poet, "what a risk I had been in, for you may believe I had no idea of being taken quite so literally."

Antiquaries in the time of Ritson were not taken seriously.

His contribution to the knowledge of things antique has proved of great value, although, in his day, he was regarded as a half-witted person who collected rubbish.

Like many antiquaries, Ritson was eccentric in his mode of living as well as uncongenial and irritable. On the other hand he was so painstaking and accurate that he was a thorn in the side of those writers of romance who were not scrupulous in historical detail.

Ritson was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott. He often visited the author at his cottage near Lasswade.

Scott remarks that "he had an honesty of principle about him, which, if it went to ridiculous extremities, was still respectable from the soundness of the foundation. I don't



believe the world could have made Ritson say the thing he did not think."

Another writer refers to "that excessive aspiration after absolute and exact verity, which was one cause of that unfortunate asperity with which he has treated some most respectable contemporaries."

Ritson was born on October 2, 1752, at Stockton-on-Tees. He studied law in his home town and settled down as a conveyancer. Later, he came to London and entered Gray's Inn, being called to the Bar in 1789.

Meanwhile, he appears to have neglected his practice to study the old poets. Day after day he was to be seen at the libraries poring through old books and manuscripts in search of facts.

When Warton published his "History of English Poetry" Ritson attacked him in a work called "Observations."

He charged Warton with being a pretender, and declared that he had cheated and lied to cover his ignorance. There were many inaccuracies in Warton's History, and Ritson took each categorically and proved the errors. Ritson's corrections have since been adopted.

But great anger was aroused at the time because Ritson's criticisms were scurrilous.

As an instance of the ruthlessness with which Ritson pursued his attacks the case of the death of Marlowe is typical.

Marlowe died in a fray through a wound from his own dagger which had been turned upon him by his adversary. Warton, describing this affair, said that the wound was in his bosom.

It was fairly long odds that this was the case, but Ritson argued that there was no authority as to the exact place of the wound. "Your propensity to corruption and falsehood seems so natural," he said, "that I have been sometimes tempted to believe you often substitute a lie in the place of a fact without knowing it.

"How else came you to tell us that Marlowe was stabbed in the bosom I cannot conceive."

This was a little slip of the pen that hardly justified the criticism. But other attacks of Ritson were more to the point.

He knew more about old English than Warton. In a passage describing the Sultan of Damascus riding to the attack of Richard Cœur de Lion, Warton remarks that the Sultan

carried a falcon on his fist to show his contempt for the Englishman.

He based this statement on the passage : "A faucon brode in hand he bare," which meant that he came carrying a broad falchion or sabre.

"Such unparalleled ignorance, such matchless effrontery, is not, Mr. Warton, in my humble opinion, worthy of anything but castigation or contempt."

Ritson was entirely unaffected by the outburst of anger following his criticisms. He seemed to revel in the general consternation.

In 1783 Ritson attacked Johnson and Steevens in the same way for their text of Shakespeare.

Bishop Percy was also attacked for inaccuracies, firstly in his preface to a collection of "Ancient Songs" published in 1787, and then in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

Percy worked from a badly written manuscript and did not refrain from using his own imagination in translating from places where the documents were wanting in legibility.

Ritson would not take any excuse. He himself would have walked any distance, even to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, to check a manuscript.

The antiquary's attacks on the Bishop were carried to such lengths that he absolutely denied that any such manuscript existed as that which Percy was supposed to have used.

There is only one excuse for Ritson's severe criticisms—he himself took great pains to ensure accuracy in the old songs and ballads which he edited, including the collection of the old Robin Hood ballads.

Some appeared in 1783 under the title "Select Collection of English Songs," the Robin Hood ballads being of a later date.

His volumes were generally beautifully printed, but Ritson lost money by their publication. The public were satisfied with more loosely compiled books, and could not rise to the expense of Ritson's.

Sir Walter Scott was the only man who could get on with him. Once when Ritson called at the house in the absence of Scott, he spoke so rudely to Mrs. Scott that someone else present threatened to throw him out of the window.

Ritson had eccentricities in spelling. His own name was a short pronunciation of Richardson.

Although Ritson was hated as a critic, he was respected as a scholar.

In the year 1796 Ritson fell ill, showing signs of mental collapse. On September 10, 1803, he became completely insane.

There was a tragic scene at his chambers in Gray's Inn. He barricaded himself in his rooms and refused to move. He made a bonfire of his manuscripts and, fearing danger to the buildings, the authorities broke in and forcibly carried him to Hoxton.

He died on the 23rd of the same month.

#### OCTOBER 3RD

##### *Richard Boyle, First Earl of Cork*

“By God's death! all these are but inventions against this young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and those complaints urged to forestall him therein; but we find him to be a man fit to be employed by ourselves and will employ him in our services.”

THAT was the estimate of the character of Richard Boyle by Queen Elizabeth after accusations of irregularity had been made against him. He came from Ireland to London to refute the charges.

The truth was that Richard Boyle had risen too fast in the estimation of the leading men of Ireland. He had arrived in Ireland a few years before with a matter of £20 in his pocket. He had married an heiress who had died shortly after the wedding and had left him £500 a year.

Boyle was an Englishman—he was born at Canterbury on October 3rd, 1566—and had gone to Ireland, as he himself explained, to seek his fortune.

Boyle, out of his £500 a year, bought land, sold it and bought even more.

It was not long before he had acquired a large estate, important enough to be heard in the councils of Ireland. When the revolution broke out in Munster he lost the lot, after having spent a good deal of money in the building of bridges and the cultivation of immense tracks of land.

Sir Henry Wallop, the treasurer of Ireland, accused Boyle of complicity in the rebellion, and informed the Queen.

Boyle escaped from Ireland, but when he arrived in London they were waiting for him, and he was committed

to prison. He demanded an audience of the Queen, and after a long delay he was allowed to appear before the Council.

He defended himself with ability, and was able to clear himself of the accusations.

Set free, he returned to Ireland, and was appointed by the Queen Clerk of the Council of Munster. At the siege of Kinsale he was present with Sir George Carey, the Lord President, and when a victory was obtained over the Spaniards and Tyrone, he was sent to London to tell Elizabeth.

He was received with the utmost condescension. On his return to Ireland he found that the Lord President had succeeded in occupying Beerhaven. These tidings Boyle brought to England, and while in this country he bought the Irish property of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The income from Raleigh's estate was small, but Boyle, with his genius for exploiting property, soon made it one of the most valuable holdings in Ireland.

At the end of the Irish War they are described as having been a "very noble estate."

Boyle married Catherine, the daughter of Sir Jeffrey Fenton, principal Secretary of State and Privy Councillor, and was knighted.

It is said that Boyle first fell in love with his wife when she was two. Seriously or jestingly he told her father that he would wait for her until she attained a proper age for marriage.

The girl, however, could not have been so young at the time of the arrangement, for Boyle's first wife did not die until 1599, and his second marriage took place in 1603.

The reputation of Boyle gradually increased. He was sworn a privy councillor in 1606 for the Province of Munster and afterwards for the whole kingdom.

On September 6th, 1616, he was created Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghal, in consideration partly of his military services and "for the judicious erection of forts and castles, and the establishment of colonies at his own cost."

Within four years he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Dungarvon, and soon afterwards Earl of Cork. In 1629 he was sworn in Lord Justice with his son-in-law, Lord Loftus, and in 1631 he was appointed Lord High Treasurer of Ireland. He remained in this post until the arrival of Lord Strafford.

Strafford's administration, or attempted administration, of Ireland, soon upset the Earl of Cork. Strafford was insolent and oppressive, and acted in many ways illegally. When

Boyle protested, Strafford demanded that he should hand in his documents of office.

In the war of 1641 between England and Ireland the Earl of Cork fortified his castle of Lismore and defended it with one hundred men and as many horse soldiers under the command of his son, Lord Broghill.

At Bandon Bridge, a town built by himself, he threw up fortifications which cost £14,000. In addition, he undertook the defence of Youghal at the earnest request of the Viceroy, aided by his son Lord Dungarvon, a troop of cavalry and two hundred of his own tenants.

Before the rebellion was crushed Lord Kinalmeaky, the Earl's son, was slain at the Battle of Liscarrol.

In 1642 the Earl was ordered to try the rebels for treason.

During the war the Earl and his family had lost nearly all their money through contributions which they made towards the expenses of hostilities.

In a very short time, however, his estates were on a prosperous footing.

The Earl did not live long after the suppression of the Irish Rebellion. He died at Youghal in September, 1643, having attained nearly the age of seventy-seven. He was interred in the parish church.

#### OCTOBER 4TH

#### *St. Francis of Assisi*

WHEN St. Francis of Assisi was about to be born, an angel appeared in the guise of a pilgrim and asked alms at the door of the rich merchant, Pietro Bernardone.

Despite the illness of his wife—physicians had declared that she could not live—Pietro gave the stranger money and food.

The grateful pilgrim began to prophesy. The lady of the mansion, he said, would become the mother of a boy. Her couch was to be moved and placed in the stable, and all would be well.

Tradition says that these injunctions were carried out. Francis was born among the beasts.

The wanderer said that the boy would grow up into a man of more than ordinary sagacity, and that he would become a great leader of men.

Young Francis was not a dutiful son. Taken into partnership with his father, the lad wasted his money in gay living and magnificent dress.

The streets of the romantic town of Assisi, in Umbria, resounded at night with the mirth and song of Francis and his companions.

He is described by one historian as a "debauched youth." He robbed his father, was disinherited, "but he seemed not to be very much troubled at it."

In the midst of this profligacy young Francis fell sick of a fever.

As he lay on his bed between life and death Francis made resolutions. He was filled with loathing for his past way of life. He resolved to live a life of sanctity.

He began to see virtue in poverty and determined to mortify himself to the extreme.

Rising from his bed he met a troop of beggars. He exchanged his rich garments for the rags of the filthiest. He refused to eat. Emaciated, covered with dirt, he wandered about the country in the neighbourhood of Assisi, so that his friends believed that his illness had turned his brain.

His father had been much concerned about his son's prodigality. He was no less alarmed at the amount of money the boy was giving away to beggars.

We are told that to bring this twenty-five-year-old man to his senses his father beat him unmercifully, put him in chains, and locked him up.

This had not the slightest effect. Francis was hauled before the bishop. He reiterated his intention to continue his vagabondage and even to renounce all his rights of ownership and inheritance.

He stripped off the clothes which had been put on him in place of the rags as a token that he rejected the world and had chosen a life of poverty.

Burning with a strange, sacred fire, he resumed his wanderings, followed by a crowd of boys who jeered and hooted.

But his enthusiasm drew around him a little party of stalwarts with like opinions. Soon his fervour spread to others. Hundreds of people parted with all they possessed and many followed him.

With seven disciples he tramped to Rome to lay before the Pope plans for a new order of mendicant friars.

The strange procession with Francis at the head arrived

before the Papal palace as Innocent III was strutting up and down the terrace, dreaming, possibly, of new worlds to conquer and how to strengthen the power of the Papal throne.

Since the days of Gregory VII the Papacy had prospered. Rome was more a mistress of the world than it had been in the days of the Empire.

Innocent III was amused by the strange appearance of Francis. Haggard and wild-eyed, ragged and barefoot, he struck an incongruous figure amid the splendours of the palace.

But Francis demanded an audience, and the Pope was curious to hear what he had to say. He permitted the wanderer to speak. Francis hurriedly explained his project.

Afterwards, not without a certain amount of sympathy, the Pope ordered Francis to leave. Downcast, with enthusiasm abated, the beggar and his party reluctantly went away.

But, according to tradition, the poverty-stricken Francis had made a great impression on the Pope. As he lay on his bed at night his sleep was disturbed by dreams. The woe-begone figure appeared in a new light—the role of a great evangelist.

A palm tree in the palace garden seemed to plead the cause of the beggar, and the hand of Francis appeared to stretch out and prop up the walls of the Lateran which were on the point of collapsing.

When the Pope awoke he gave orders for the beggar of Umbria to be brought before him. Francis came and was received before the full body of cardinals.

He again described his scheme, on this occasion in more detail. To the Pope it appeared more practical. The cardinals were enthusiastic.

Thus, to this ragged man, the Pope gave his commission to form the new Order.

The new Order spread rapidly over Italy. In 1216 it held its first congregation, attended by Cardinal Hugolino, afterwards Pope Gregory IX. At this meeting it was determined to send missionaries into all lands.

St. Francis made a journey to the East. He was captured by Saracens and kept prisoner. He obtained an audience of the Sultan.

Francis offered to walk through fire. "If I should be burned," he said, "you will impute it to my sins; should I come forth alive, you will embrace the gospel."

The Sultan did not accept the challenge, but with every mark of honour had Francis conducted to the Christian camp at Damietta.

According to tradition the great glory of Francis's life occurred on Mont Alverno. While holding a solemn fast in honour of the Archangel Michael, he saw the vision of a seraph with six wings, and in the midst of the wings the crucified Saviour.

As the vision slowly disappeared, he found on his hands and feet the stigmata of the Cross. Pope Alexander IV declared that he had seen the stigmata himself.

Francis died on the bare ground on October 4th, 1226. He was canonized by Pope Gregory IX in 1228.

#### OCTOBER 5TH

#### *The Emperor Justin*

JUSTINIAN, Eastern Roman Emperor, was dead.

Constantinople drew a breath of relief, for the infirmity of his later years had caused him to neglect material things. He had spent most of his time contemplating the flight of his own soul to the prejudice of the dwindling empire, now becoming a prey to the hordes of barbarians across the Danube.

Whom might the deputies appoint in his place? Justinian left seven nephews, but no children. Each had his following; each had aspirations.

It was midnight. Justin, the Emperor's favourite nephew, sat in his own chamber, waiting.

There was a knock at his door. The domestics admitted a crowd of senators.

They told Justin that his uncle was dead, and that they had come to offer him the throne.

Tears appeared in the eyes of the bereaved nephew. Sorrow, then surprise, then modesty were represented successively on his features.

Justinian, the senators told him, had chosen him as successor with his dying breath.

Justin shook his head negatively. It could not be, he said, hiding his elation. They pressed him, admiring his modesty. Were not the streets of Constantinople already echoing with disorderly sounds? The empire required a strong man, one



of experience, one who could impress the barbarians to the north with terror. Justin was the man to set things right.

So, with the advice of his wife, Sophia, he gave way.

There was a speedy coronation ; Justin was invested with all the outward symbols of monarchy—the red buskins, white tunic and the purple robe ; his neck was encircled with the military collar, and he was proclaimed emperor.

Four strapping youths hoisted him up on a shield, and on this he stood in full view of his subjects, who acclaimed him with adoration.

Then, finally, the imperial diadem was placed upon his head by the patriarch.

It was the custom for the new monarch to appear on his throne in the hippodrome and talk to his people.

The amphitheatre was packed. Opposing factions were there with their blue and green favours, but the whole business had been carried out with such expedition that these malcontents found themselves applauding with the rest.

Justin then harangued his subjects. He told them that he would correct all the abuses allowed by his predecessor, would establish a just government, and that he would pay all the creditors of his dead uncle.

The latter was no empty promise, for immediately there appeared in the midst of the hippodrome a train of porters who staggered under burdens of sacks, full of gold.

Those who had just claims against the dead Justinian were asked to stand forward and collect their dues. Many who were creditors, and many who were not, got their "claims" allowed and departed blessing the name of Justin II.

A week later, ambassadors arrived from the barbarian Avars. Although these people were nominally under subjection to the Roman Empire, they had done almost what they liked during the later years of the reign of Justinian.

Justin intended to impress them with the awe and magnificence of his court. The passages of the palace were lined with tall guards armed with spears and axes. The immediate attendants of the Emperor were garbed in their richest uniforms. Battle trophies hung about the walls, and a brave show of military strength was exhibited to the barbarians.

The visitors saw the Emperor on his throne beneath a sumptuous canopy of state, emblazoned with colour.

It was a sight to take the breath away, and those barbarians were duly impressed. But they were not inarticulate. As

soon as they had made an obeisance to Justin, they proceeded to talk to him in defiant tones.

The late Emperor, they told the present one, had bought their good will with magnificent gifts. In return, the Avars had endeavoured to keep the northern boundary of the Empire free from raids on the part of other barbarians. They hoped that Justin would exercise the same prudence and continue to reward them in a handsome way.

But the new Emperor had other ideas. His reply was as defiant as the demands of the visitors.

He pointed out that the Empire abounded with men and horses; that there were plenty of arms to protect the Empire's frontiers, and, if necessary, he proposed to chastise the barbarians with remorseless energy.

Justinian had granted a bounty to them, continued the Emperor, because of their misery and their humble supplications. From him, Justin, they would get nothing but the knowledge of their own weakness.

He concluded: "Retire from our presence; the lives of ambassadors are safe; and, if you return to implore our pardon perhaps you will taste of our benevolence."

The bluff worked, and the ambassadors returned to their ruler with a story of the might of the new emperor who had taken the place of the easy-going Justinian.

Instead, therefore, of inviting trouble from the Romans, the Avars marched against Germany, which was inhabited by unorganised tribes, who were under the dominion of the Franks. The expedition was not a success, and the Avars returned home dispirited.

But very soon the political situation took on a new aspect. The Avars allied with the Lombards and other barbarous tribes, and this combination invaded Italy on the invitation of Narses, exarch of Ravenna, who had been superseded in his government by a new exarch, Longinus.

In 568 the barbarian hordes crossed the Julian Alps, and like an avenging torrent poured down on the fertile plains of North Italy, which were soon wrested from the Byzantine Empire.

As time went on Justin began to feel his own incapacity and weakness, and he determined to abdicate the throne.

On the recommendation of Sophia, Justin chose as his successor Tiberius, the captain of the guard.

Justin died on October 5th, 578.

OCTOBER 6TH

*Jenny Lind*

WHILE Jenny Lind, the great Swedish soprano, was touring American in 1850, the inhabitants of the then little town of Madison, Indiana, sent a message to P. T. Barnum, her manager, imploring him to allow her to break her journey there and give a performance.

Barnum considered the problem. Would Madison justify a visit by Jenny Lind?

Finally, he decided to give it a chance. He made a special arrangement with the captain of the mail steamer plying between Cincinnati and Louisville, who, for a consideration, agreed to lay up the steamer on the Indiana shore long enough for the singer to give a performance.

The largest building in Madison was engaged for the concert, and the necessary posters and tickets were sent on ahead.

The steamer was early, and Jenny and Barnum arrived at the town soon after noon.

The first indication of what was going to happen was shown immediately on their landing, when a large crowd stood on the landing-stage to welcome them.

Arriving at the hall in which the concert was to take place, they found another big crowd auctioning tickets, extraordinary sums being paid even for tickets in the back rows.

When the performance began the hall was packed to capacity.

Jenny Lind knew how to gain applause. She knew that a good sprinkling of the audience were immigrants from the British Isles, hungry for the songs of their homeland.

She began with "Coming Through the Rye," and followed it by "Home, Sweet Home."

Several other well-known ballads were sung. Then Jenny wound up with a song very popular at the time, entitled the "Bird Song."

One verse of the song finished "I know not, I know not why I am singing," and this line Jenny let go with the utmost of her power.

By this time the audience were in a brighter mood induced by the trills with which the soprano often varied the music.

At this moment one of the ranch hands at the back got up

and shouted: "You don't know why you are singin', eh? Gosh! I know, if you don't! You're singin' to the tune of five dollars a head, and I reckon dad's hogs will have to suffer for my ticket!"

The popularity of Jenny Lind was confined to no single country.

She was born in Sweden on October 6th, 1821, and began learning singing at the age of nine. From 1830 onwards she took children's parts, and made her *début* in opera in her native city in March, 1838, as Agatha in Weber's "Freischütz." In 1840 she was appointed Court singer, and then went to Paris to improve her style.

There she came under the tuition of Manuel Garcia, who, having heard her sing, immediately declared that her voice had been temporarily spoiled by bad method and overwork.

Jenny studied under him for eleven months. At the end of this time Garcia invited Meyerbeer to hear her sing. He was much impressed and recommended her for the Opera in Berlin.

She returned to Stockholm and remained two years. Then she went to Dresden to study German. In October, 1844, she obtained an engagement at the Opera through the influence of Meyerbeer and sang in his "Feldlager in Schlesien." In the following spring she sang at Hanover and Hamburg.

From that time onwards she was successively employed at Frankfort, Copenhagen, Berlin, Leipzig and Vienna.

On May 4th, 1847, she made an appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. This had been long delayed because of a dispute about a contract she had made with the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. While this matter was being settled, the name of Jenny Lind was in the mouth of everyone in London.

The dispute had served to give her good publicity, and when she appeared on the boards the excitement in the theatre was intense.

She appeared in the character of Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." She sang in Italian, and her pronunciation was not good. Nevertheless, her performance surpassed all expectations.

Enormous sums were paid for boxes during Jenny's season at Her Majesty's. People travelled from all over the British Isles to hear one performance of the "Swedish Nightingale."

In the season of 1848 Jenny Lind was back in London, and the "Lind mania," as it was called, raged all over England.

In 1850 she went to America and remained there two years. In 1851 she met and married Otto Goldschmidt, an eminent musician, and retired from singing.

She reappeared, however, in 1855, and again in 1861, in 1863, and in 1864 for limited periods.

OCTOBER 7TH

*Edgar Allan Poe*

BIOGRAPHERS of Edgar Allan Poe have never attempted to whitewash this erratic genius.

"Gambling and profligacy," "rioting and drunkenness," "drunkenness and insubordination," are accusations made against Poe, beginning with his University career and ending with that scene in the Baltimore tavern, the consequent night of exposure in the gutter, and his death in hospital.

Poe was of gentlemanly manner, with all the courtesy of the Southern States. His grandfather had been a soldier in the American Revolution, and a friend of Lafayette, the French general who fought with the Americans.

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Boston on January 19th, 1809. His father was a student of law who fell in love with the English actress, Miss Arnold, and married her. Both died young, leaving three orphaned children.

Edgar was adopted and educated by John Allan, a wealthy Virginia merchant. At the age of five he was sent to England and placed in a school at Stoke Newington. Incidents of his school life are portrayed in the dreamy imagery of "William Wilson."

At the age of eleven young Poe returned to America, and after a further short instruction went to the University of Charlottesville, in Virginia.

Here he made a great deal of progress both in learning and in vice. It is said that he was expelled for gambling. When he returned home his guardian and adopted father refused to pay his debts.

Young Poe entered the military school at West Point, but remained only a year.

He left for Europe, intending to join the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks, but he was next heard of in St. Petersburg, where, it is said, he got into the hands of the Russian police for rioting and drunkenness.

He was returned to the United States through the American Minister in Russia.

Soon after his return he published a volume of poems entitled "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," which he had been writing from the age of sixteen.

About this time, Mrs. Allan, the only person who seemed to be able to control him, died, and when Mr. Allan married again he invited Poe to return to his house. It is alleged, however, that Poe repaid this kindness by libelling the second wife. Mr. Allan then refused to have anything more to do with him.

Poe tried writing for the newspapers with little success, and when he failed to earn money this way he enlisted. Some friends discovered his whereabouts and endeavoured to obtain for him a commission, but before this could be secured he had deserted.

In 1835 Poe wrote for the "Southern Literary Messenger," and about the same time married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who was then only fourteen.

Soon afterwards he was engaged on Benton's "Gentlemen's Magazine," at £2 a week. This engagement was short and he was next connected with "Graham's Magazine," at the same time writing "Some Strange Stories," nearly all of which seemed to have been written while in a state of abnormality.

Until 1844 he led a wandering life, making a literary reputation, but quickly forfeiting any position of trust by fits of drunkenness.

He then went to live in New York, where he was received in good society. Soon after his arrival he published his poem "The Raven." The appearance of this in an English magazine brought a protest from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote: "'The Raven' has excited a fit of horror in England."

Poe revelled in this compliment. He considered that this poem was his best work and was fond of reciting it in a sing-song tone before company.

In October, 1845, Poe was invited to lecture before the Boston Athenæum, the greatest honour that could be bestowed on a literary man.

It was a fashionable audience who waited to hear Poe speak.

But instead of giving a lecture he merely recited a children's poem that was no more intelligent than a nursery rhyme.

In the autumn of 1846 Poe began another bout of drinking.

His gentle and patient wife was slowly dying of consumption and her illness had plunged him into a deep melancholy.

As Mrs. Poe got worse her husband sank deeper into melancholy and depravity.

Some time after the death of Virginia, Poe became engaged to "one of the most brilliant women in New England." But this engagement, it is said, was broken off "by going to her house drunk and conducting himself so as to require his removal by the police."

Soon afterwards Poe made an effort to overcome his habit of drinking. He joined a temperance society, recovered from his prostration and began again to take an interest in his literary work.

At this stage he had every chance of making good. He lectured in Virginia, became engaged to be married again and went to New York to prepare for his wedding.

He got no farther than Baltimore. He was induced to enter a tavern. There he met some acquaintances and soon forgot all his resolutions.

In a few hours "he was madly drunk" and a fit of insanity frightened his companions. They got him out of the tavern and left him incapable in the street.

One biographer declares that he died of delirium tremens. His death occurred on October 7th, 1849.

#### OCTOBER 8TH

### *Rienzi*

No country in the world has had so many dictators as Italy.

It was in that country that the word "dictator" was first applied to the man who exercised the supreme power.

From the earliest times Dictator was the name of the highest magistrate in the Latin Confederation, and in some of the towns the name prevailed long after Rome became an Empire.

In the days of the Republic the Dictator was the chief magistrate. Generally he belonged to a noble family. But the first who filled the office from the ranks of the proletariat was Marcus Rutilus in 356 B.C.

A particularly interesting dictator was Nicolo Gabrini, commonly called Nicolo or Cola di Rienzi. He is described as a patriot—dictators generally are.

Lord Lytton in his famous novel has painted a picture of Rienzi which glows with appreciation. Here was a man who gave his all for the sake of Rome ; but his "all" was not very important. For Rienzi was the son of an innkeeper and a washerwoman of Rome.

The past glories of his native city were his inspiration, and he dreamed of raising Rome to her former greatness.

He was chosen as one of the thirteen deputies from the Roman Commons to interview Pope Clement VI, who was then living at Avignon.

As the leader of the deputation, he was called upon to lay the case of the people of Rome before the Pope.

Rienzi acquitted himself well before Pope Clement and received the appointment of apostolic notary with the daily salary of five golden florins.

On his return Rienzi began a self-imposed task of stirring up the people against their oppressors. He believed that he had a divinely inspired mission to save Rome.

He would stand for hours before the ruined monuments of the city contemplating Rome's early greatness. He hated the nobles because one of his brothers had been killed by them.

It was easy to gain over a few of the burghers and merchants, inflaming them to rebel against the nobles.

The moment was propitious, for the nobles themselves could not agree.

On the night of May 19th, 1347, Rienzi passed the night in prayer, and on the following day marched to the Capitol surrounded by his adherents.

The nobles were too ignorant to comprehend what the movement implied, or, alternatively, they were too confident in their own power to subdue the people.

Rienzi began to speak. Like Brutus, many years before, Rienzi adopted the artifice of a buffoon. He raised the populace to a frenzy of laughter, and they appreciated this jester who had come into their midst.

He advocated a new system which he called the "good estate," and gained over many thousands.

He convoked a parliament of the people, laid down certain provisions for the relief of the people, and was actually proclaimed head of the Republic with the title of tribune and liberator of the Holy Roman Republic "by authority of the most merciful Lord Jesus Christ."



The nobles scoffed, but were alarmed. Engaging a body-guard of 100 men, Rienzi obtained the command of 1300 infantry and 390 horsemen, and then issued a proclamation.

At the sound of trumpets all persons were ordered to assemble unarmed before the church of St. Angelo. The mobilization was a success; it showed the nobles that the people of Rome were serious.

When an order was issued requesting the nobles to leave Rome and retire to their estates they did it without resistance.

In the next two or three years Rienzi accomplished wonders.

But Rienzi, though a dictator, suffered from defects. His ideas were good, but his capacity for buffoonery remained.

One night the great state bed collapsed with Rienzi, and this was taken as an omen of his speedy downfall. Such proved to be the case.

The dictator fell when the Count of Minorbino entered Rome at the head of a hundred and fifty soldiers. Rienzi was surprised, and showed a strange inability to meet the menace. He retired to a private room and sobbed, charging the people of Rome with ingratitude.

He abdicated the government, and was confined for a time in the Castle of Angelo, from which he managed to escape in the disguise of a pilgrim.

For seven years Rienzi remained in exile. He wandered from the court of one sovereign to another. At last he was made a prisoner by the Emperor Charles IV, and was sent a captive to the Papal Court at Avignon. Here he remained for some time until the death of Clement and the accession of Innocent VI.

Rienzi was then sent to Rome as a Papal representative with the title of senator.

He was received with rejoicing, and the former benefits were restored to the people.

But a mob is very fickle. They began to suspect Rienzi of playing a double game. He perpetrated acts of cruelty, and imposed a tax which did not suit the citizens. It led to rioting, and when he appeared in response to demands on the balcony of the Capitol he was met with a storm of abuse and a shower of missiles.

An arrow wounded him in the hand, and Rienzi bolted. Again there was a scene of sobbing and self-pity.

On the evening of October 8th, 1354, the populace broke into the Capitol, and secured Rienzi as he was about

to escape in disguise. He was pushed on to the platform in front of the palace. There, by a great effort of will, he remained for an hour almost motionless.

It was the moment when his popularity seemed certain to return. Suddenly, however, a man in the crowd stepped up and plunged a dagger into Rienzi's breast.

He fell to the ground senseless. As if this were a signal for a general attack, the whole mob rushed forward and he was killed with numerous wounds.

His body was thrown to the dogs, and afterwards burned.

## OCTOBER 9TH

### *Cervantes*

THE life of Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," was one of continued hardship and privation.

For five years he served as a slave in the cruel bondage that was typical of Algiers of the sixteenth century. On one occasion the hangman's rope was around his neck. At other times he narrowly escaped death at the stake.

He was often in direst need and, it is said, was imprisoned for debt.

On the strength of the prologue of "Don Quixote" in which Cervantes refers to his work as being "just what might be gotten in a gaol," it has been assumed that he actually began to write or to conceive the work while in confinement.

Cervantes seems to have found the funny side in affliction. Of him Carlyle remarks: "Cervantes is indeed the purest of all humorists; so gentle and genial, so full, yet so ethereal is his humour, and in such accordance with itself and his whole nature."

Cervantes was the son of a surgeon, and was born at Alcala de Henares in 1547. It is recorded that he was baptised on October 9th in the church of Santa Maria la Mayor at Alcala.

He appears to have belonged to the poor side of a noble family.

After completing his education at Salamanca he went to Rome with Monsignor Aquaviva, in the capacity of a chamberlain. In 1571 he entered the Papal army as a common soldier and fought against the Turks.

In support of his action, Cervantes himself observes: "I

have always noticed that none make better soldiers than those who are transplanted from the region of letters to the fields of war, and that never scholar became soldier that was not a good and brave one."

He took part in the great sea fight of Lepanto on October 7th, 1571, when the Papal fleet and its allies defeated the Turks and stopped their further progress into Western Europe.

Cervantes was in the thick of the fighting, and received two wounds, one of which deprived him of the use of his left hand for the rest of his life.

When the fleets came into action Cervantes lay ill with fever in the "Marquesa," but insisted on taking his share in the fighting. Referring to his wounded left hand, Cervantes says that it was "for the greater glory of the right."

He went into hospital at Messina, and it was some months before he recovered.

But on the same date in the following year, 1572, he took part in the naval engagement off Navarino, and in the capture of Tunis on October 10th, 1573. He spent the rest of his military service in garrison at Palermo and Naples, and finally was granted leave to return to Spain.

He took with him a congratulatory letter from Don John of Austria, who had been in command at Lepanto, and embarked in the "Sol," with the object of carrying the letter to Philip II of Spain, and thus securing some sort of preferment.

On September 26th, 1575, the "Sol" and two other ships were captured by Barbary corsairs. Cervantes and his brother, Rodrigo, were taken as prisoners to Algiers.

Cervantes became the slave of a Greek renegade named Dali Mami. Letters found on him gave the impression that he was a man of importance, and thus in a position to pay a heavy ransom. He was placed under special guards pending negotiations for his release on payment of a large sum of money.

He began to organise plans for escape. In 1576 he and several other Christian captives induced a Moor to pilot them to Oran, but the Moor deserted them and the prisoners had to return to Algiers. A stricter surveillance was adopted.

In the following spring two priests of the Order of Mercy arrived in Algiers with three hundred crowns from Cervantes' parents. The money was not sufficient to secure his release, but his brother, Rodrigo, was ransomed instead.

A further attempt to escape was made by Cervantes in

September, 1577, but he was betrayed by a renegade who promised to assist him.

Cervantes was brought before Hassan Pasha, the Viceroy of Algiers, who pronounced the death penalty. But the Spaniard was not in the least concerned at his fate, much to the surprise of the Viceroy who, recognising a brave man, bought him from Dali Mami for 500 crowns.

In the same year Cervantes wrote in verse to the Spanish Secretary of State, Mateo Vazquez, suggesting that Spain should send an expedition against Algiers. It would not have been a difficult proposition, but for some reason or other no steps were taken.

In 1578 he was sentenced to two thousand strokes for sending a letter to the Governor of Oran asking for help, but he escaped this punishment.

Cervantes then conceived a plan for the insurrection of all the Christian slaves in Algiers, of whom there were about twenty-five thousand.

Meanwhile his family were active, and in 1579 two Trinitarian Monks were entrusted with 250 ducats to take to Algiers for Cervantes' ransom.

Hassan was apprised of the various plots of Cervantes, but appears to have spared his life, remarking that "if he could keep that maimed Spaniard well guarded he should consider his capital, his galleys and his slaves safe."

On May 29th, 1580, the two monks arrived in Algiers and began negotiations for Cervantes' ransom. It was a slow process, Hassan refusing to accept less than 500 ducats. The Christian traders of Algiers supplied the deficit, and Cervantes embarked for Constantinople, and afterwards sailed for Spain.

He was absolutely without means, but he resumed his profession of soldier and served in three expeditions against the Azores. In 1584—he was then thirty-seven—he married a woman of good family but small fortune.

He began writing for the stage and produced about thirty dramas, all of which seem to have been successful. But they failed to bring him a fortune, and in 1588 he was engaged as a money-collector in Seville.

He also assisted with the provisioning of the great Armada and was excommunicated through misapplied zeal in collecting a large quantity of wheat.

In 1590 he made an application to the king for an appointment in America, but nothing came of the request.

He began the first part of the great romance, "Don Quixote." It was printed and published in Madrid in 1605.

It sold so well that three other editions soon followed; but it brought no addition to his fortune.

Nevertheless, he went on writing, and produced a number of tales.

The second part of "Don Quixote" appeared in 1615. The author was now near the end of his life. He had joined the brotherhood of the Holy Sacrament. Later he assumed the habit of a Franciscan, and three weeks before his death he was formally initiated into the Order.

He died on April 23rd, 1616, at Madrid, and was buried in the convent church of the Trinitarian nuns in the Calle de Cantarranas.

In addition to "Don Quixote," he wrote a large number of other works, including the pastoral novel "Primera parte de la Galatea."

#### OCTOBER 10TH

#### *John, Duke of Argyll*

JOHN CAMPBELL, second Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was the man who broke the 1715 Jacobite Rebellion.

The beginning of the revolt saw the cause of George I in considerable danger. In all parts of England, except the Eastern Counties, sympathy was with the Pretender James. In Devonshire the feeling was so strong that it was thought that there would be a rising in that county without any outside help.

During the twelve months between the death of Queen Anne and the actual opening of hostilities enthusiasm for the Stuarts increased. On St. George's Day the effigy of the King was burned in the streets of London, while White Rose Day, the anniversary of the birth of James, was celebrated by Jacobites all over the provinces.

The fight began with the proclamation of James at Perth, Aberdeen, Dundee, Montrose and Forres. The Earl of Mar, the Jacobite commander, found himself at the head of 5000 men with other Scottish peers gradually recruiting their followers.

The Crown troops in Scotland numbered only 1500 under the command of the Duke of Argyll. With the object of

preventing Mar from marching into the Lowlands, they concentrated at Stirling.

But two months ensued from the opening of hostilities before Mar, with his superior forces, decided to advance. He had remained at Perth awaiting reinforcements which now made his strength three times that of Argyll's.

The two armies met at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane. The right wing of each army smashed the left of the other. Both generals claimed the victory, but as Mar retired again on Perth he was no nearer Edinburgh.

In two months Mar had progressed only from Braemar to Perth.

The Jacobite commander continued to hesitate when he could have fallen on the Hanoverian troops and annihilated them.

When James landed at Peterhead on January 2nd, 1716, and proceeded to Perth, he found the situation was not so satisfactory as he imagined. Mar's inaction had caused a big secession from the ranks of the Jacobites.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Argyll was being heavily reinforced by southern troops.

If James was impatient for a decision, so was London. The Duke was justified in waiting for the appropriate time to attack, but the Court believed that the delay was due to Jacobite sympathies.

The Duke was severely criticised, and there was a possibility at this moment that he might have gone over to James if the latter had made an appeal to him.

But the opportunity was lost, and the Duke of Argyll advanced. The Jacobite forces were now considerably reduced. They could make no stand and Perth fell into the hands of the Duke.

In a few days James and Mar were hurriedly escaping to the Continent.

The Duke returned in triumph to London and at first was high in favour of the king. In a few months, however, he was deprived of his offices because, it is believed, of the moderation of his counsels and the humanity he had shown in the hour of victory.

The Government soon realised that they had insulted a powerful nobleman, popular both in the Highlands and Lowlands. In 1719, therefore, he was appointed Lord Steward of the Household, and created Duke of Greenwich.

John Campbell, the second Duke of Argyll, was born on October 10th, 1678, and was son of Archibald, first Duke, and grandson of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll.

In 1694 King William gave him the command of a regiment, and on the death of his father in 1703 he was made a Privy Councillor, captain of the Scottish Horse Guards, and one of the Extraordinary Lords of Session.

In 1705 he became High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, and in return for his services in promoting the union between the kingdoms he was created an English peer by the titles of Baron of Chatham and Earl of Greenwich. In 1710 he was made Knight of the Garter.

He served in Flanders under the Duke of Marlborough, and fought at the Battles of Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, where his coat, hat and wig were riddled by musket balls.

On the change of Ministry in 1710 the Duke was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Spain.

Through the treachery of the Government he was unable to gain supplies, and himself falling ill with fever, he was forced to come home.

From his place in the House of Lords he attacked the Ministry, and as a result was deprived of all his employments.

During the last illness of Queen Anne, when Bolingbroke and his Jacobite accomplices were scheming for the return of the Stuarts, Argyll arrived at the Council board with the Duke of Somerset, uninvited.

By his presence and prompt measures the plot was completely exposed.

On the accession of George I the Duke was rewarded for the services he had rendered to the Protestant succession, and was made Groom of the Stole and Commander-in-chief of the Forces in Scotland.

During the Ministry of Walpole the Duke and his brother, Lord Ilay, were virtually governors of Scotland.

His influence as a statesman was great, and he went to no great pains to retain the favour of the Court. If the Government proposed measures which he believed would be injurious to Scotland the Duke did not hesitate to oppose them.

When Caroline was Regent during the reign of George II, the Duke annoyed her by his defence of the privileges of Edinburgh.

The Duke spent his last three years in retirement and died in 1743 in his sixty-fifth year.

OCTOBER 11TH

*Sir Thomas Wyatt*

THE history of England from the sixteenth century onwards might have been vastly different but for Sir Thomas Wyatt.

For Henry VIII might not have married Anne Boleyn, and there would have been no Queen Elizabeth. And needless to add, Anne would have saved her head.

Among the many admirers of Anne Boleyn there were two who stood good chances in the matrimonial race. They were Henry VIII and Sir Thomas Wyatt.

A clever coquette, she distributed her favours. Wyatt was more or less indifferent. He had known Anne since childhood.

He made himself agreeable to the girl solely to irritate the King. The more she flirted with Wyatt the more Henry's passion quickened.

Wyatt was a graceful, attractive man, a poet, a statesman, and a great friend of the Boleyn family.

A good story is told of Anne's flirtations and the jealousy of Henry VIII.

One day, while Anne was working at her embroidery, Wyatt hovered near, teasing her about the King. Suddenly he snatched from her girdle a jewelled tablet which hung by a chain.

He thrust it into his bosom and afterwards regularly wore it round his neck under his cassock. Many times she entreated him to return it, suspecting that he intended to show it to the King to inflame his jealousy.

At last she gave up trying to get the trinket back, declaring that it was not worth further argument.

The King watched everything, determined to win Anne from Wyatt at all costs.

Gradually Anne began to show more pleasure at the King's attentions and avoided Wyatt.

Sir Thomas himself records : "Well pleased at her conduct he, in the end, fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in his talk on that matter took from her a ring which he ever wore upon his little finger."

The King was anxious to display his triumph over Wyatt. A few days later the two men met at a game of bowls, together with the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Francis Brian.



Henry was in excellent spirits, and when a good-humoured dispute arose as to who had cast the better wood, he insisted that he had beaten Wyatt.

"By your leave," said Wyatt, "it is not so."

The King continued to point at the woods with his little finger on which was Anne's ring.

"Wyatt, I tell thee it is *mine*," retorted the monarch.

The ring had now caught the eye of Wyatt, who understood the significance of Henry's declaration.

He paused for a moment and then took from his neck the tablet he had captured from Anne.

"If your Majesty will give me leave to measure the cast with *this*, I have good hopes yet it will be mine," smilingly replied Wyatt.

He proceeded to measure the space between the bowls with the chain of the tablet, and then announced triumphantly that the game was his.

"It may be so," returned the King with a haughty shrug of the shoulders, and he kicked the disputed wood away, "but then, I am deceived!"

Angrily he broke up the game and retired to his own chamber with resentment on his face.

At the first opportunity he reproached Anne Boleyn with giving love tokens to his rival. Whereupon she replied tearfully that Wyatt had snatched the tablet from her.

The whole of this story is told by Wyatt himself, which has led many biographers to charge Wyatt with having carried on an intrigue with Anne. Some have declared that Wyatt actually confessed to it, but as he remained in high favour with the King there cannot be any truth in the allegation.

The truth is that Wyatt resigned Anne to the King. If afterwards she showed reluctance to receive Henry's attentions it is probable that she suspected his fickleness.

Thomas Wyatt (also spelt Wyat) was born at Allington Castle, near Maidstone, in 1503.

At an early age he married Elizabeth Brooke, daughter of Lord Cobham. The marriage proved unhappy, for, it is said, he repudiated his wife.

In 1516 Wyatt was Server Extraordinary to the King, and in 1524 was Keeper of the King's Jewels. He had become early acquainted with Anne Boleyn through their respective parents being associated with the control of Norwich Castle. It is even probable that Wyatt and Anne were expected to marry.

Wyatt was employed for a time on missions to the French Court and to Rome and Venice. Later he acted as High Marshal at Calais.

In 1536, when Henry was tiring of Anne Boleyn and had transferred his affections to "that wench," Jane Seymour, Wyatt found himself in the Tower on a charge that was by no means clear. The suggestion is that it might lead to his incriminating Anne in an intrigue with himself.

He was released after a month's imprisonment, and in the autumn of that year took an active part in the suppression of the Lincolnshire rising.

In the following year he was knighted and sent abroad as Ambassador.

Edmund Bonner, the priest who was associated with Wyatt at the court of Charles V, complained to Cromwell that the knight was disloyal to the King's interests. No notice, however, was taken of this.

Wyatt was recalled in April, 1539, but later in the year returned on another mission to the Emperor.

After the death of Cromwell, Wyatt's enemies got busy, and he was imprisoned in the Tower in January, 1541, on the former dubious charges and with the additional accusation of having carried out a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Reginald Pole.

On the intercession of the Queen, Catherine Howard, he was released on condition that he confessed his guilt and took back his wife, from whom he had been separated for fifteen years.

He was threatened with death if he failed to keep his marital obligations. It appears that Wyatt acquiesced in this arrangement, for he received a free pardon and special marks of favour from the King.

In the following summer he went to Falmouth to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor, but contracted a chill which brought on a fever from which he died at Sherborne, Dorset, on October 11th.

OCTOBER 12TH

*General Jonathan Peel*

THE civil action *Wood v. Peel*, which was heard in the High Court on July 1st, 1844, was a sensational affair.

The story has often been told of Running Rein and his fraudulent success in the 1844 Derby, but the action to decide the ownership of the stakes is an unfamiliar angle of the scandal.

Running Rein was proved to be a four-year-old named Maccabæus. The horse was, of course, disqualified, and the stakes were paid into the Court of Exchequer by Messrs. Weatherby.

Thus General Jonathan Peel (then colonel), the owner of Orlando, the second horse, and Mr. A. Wood, the owner of Running Rein, were left to fight out the matter between them.

The fact that the Jockey Club had decided that the winner of the Derby was not what he was represented to be was not a final judgment as to which owner should take the stake money. A ruling of the Court was necessary.

The issue to be tried was "whether a certain horse called Running Rein was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was The Saddler and dam Queen Mab."

The plaintiff declared that his animal was a three-year-old and that he had given the correct pedigree.

General Peel, on the other hand, asserted that the horse that had come in first for the Derby was a bay colt by Gladiator, dam by Capsicum, and bred by Sir Charles Ibbetson in 1840.

In other words, General Peel sought to prove that the horse was a four-year-old, and thus ineligible to run in the Derby.

Baron Alderson, the judge, did not intend to allow the action to run on interminably. There was good reason to believe that the Jockey Club had not refused payment of the stakes without the fullest inquiry.

Thus, on the first day, the judge, after hearing the plaintiff's case, remarked: "Produce your horse; that's the best answer to the whole question. Let the jury see your horse examined by experts."

The plaintiff immediately promised that the animal should be available next day. But when the case was resumed on the following day his counsel got up and said that although Mr. Wood had been anxious to produce the horse, he could no longer do so.

The horse had been stolen and, despite all inquiries, the plaintiff had not the least idea where it was.

"This is horse-stealing," said Baron Alderson in a stern

voice. "It is a case for the Central Criminal Court, and if I try the parties and they are convicted I will send them abroad for life for a certainty."

There was nothing for Wood to do but to ask to be allowed to withdraw his action. He was now satisfied that there had been a fraud, but he himself had been an innocent party.

Wood added that he had bought the horse with all its engagements and had no suspicion that it was any other but Running Rein and a genuine three-year-old.

A formal verdict for the defendant was returned by the jury and General Peel's Orlando was legally declared the winner of the 1844 Derby, the Colonel taking the stakes.

Wood was held blameless for what had occurred. The author of the fraud was his trainer, "Levi" Goodman, who disappeared with his confederates to avoid a criminal prosecution.

In all his Turf transactions as well as in his public and private life, General Peel was respected by everyone. He was a Member of the House of Commons from 1826 to 1868, and it is said that during that period he never made an enemy. In fact, it was declared that he was too courteous to make a good Cabinet Minister, although he was Secretary for War in the Derby Administration.

Jonathan Peel was a younger brother of the famous Sir Robert Peel and was born on October 12th, 1799. He joined the Army as an ensign in a foot regiment, and received his first commission as a boy of fifteen, three days before the Battle of Waterloo.

An interesting story is told of how he once startled the officers' mess.

Sir John Byng was sitting at the head of the mess as Colonel of the Regiment when conversation turned on the St. Leger which was due to be decided in a few days.

Sir John jestingly remarked that he was prepared to take a bet of £5000 to £100 about a certain horse. Knowing the state of the finances of the officers of the regiment he thought he was on safe ground.

But, to his consternation, a voice exclaimed, "Done, sir, I will lay you fifty hundreds to one."

The speaker was Lieutenant Peel, and Sir John was compelled to book the bet. This began a lifelong friendship.

Peel commenced his Turf career in 1821 when he was

part owner of some horses trained at Goodwood. Two years later, Captain Peel, as he was then, won two-year-old races, and in 1824 was second in the Oaks.

It was not until 1832, however, that Peel scored a success in a classic race when his horse Archibald won the Two Thousand Guineas.

Jonathan Peel first represented Norwich and then Huntingdon in the House of Commons.

From 1841 to 1846 he was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and in 1858-1859, and again in 1866-1867, was Secretary of State for War.

General Peel died at his country seat, Marble Hill, Twickenham, in the eightieth year of his age.

OCTOBER 13TH

*The Haunting of Woodstock Castle*

ON the afternoon of October 13th, 1649, commissioners of the Long Parliament took possession of the royal palace of Woodstock, Oxfordshire.

They congratulated themselves on having found such a comfortable berth, and determined not to hurry their job of removing from the palace all evidence of the recent occupation of Charles I.

They were particularly impressed with the magnificent drawing-room, and soon an immense log fire was burning in the ancient fireplace. Some of the beautiful bedrooms were turned into kitchens, and others made ready for themselves to sleep in.

They tore down from the walls anything that was symbolic of royalty, and particularly articles reminiscent of Charles I.

One of the party, a certain Giles Sharp, who had come with the commissioners in the capacity of clerk, went about this work with glee. He had formerly been employed at Woodstock and knew every hole and corner of the place.

He took them out into the park, and pointed to a great oak which, he told them, was known at the King's Oak. Without ado they proceeded to uproot it, saw it up and carry the logs to the dining-room.

The commissioners made the welkin ring until about midnight, when they retired to rest.

About two o'clock in the morning the temporary occu-

pants of the palace heard strange noises—scratchings, bumpings, sounds like the whine of dogs and, now and again, a cry which seemed like a human being in pain.

Each commissioner thought it was some of his companions indulging in horse-play. But when morning came and they found that nothing of the kind had occurred they became nervous and put it down to the supernatural.

The same thing occurred on the second night. On this occasion all the commissioners kept awake. The noises were intensified. Bedclothes were whisked off beds in the darkness, doors banged, windows rattled, and the howls as of someone in pain rang through the mansion.

When the commissioners questioned Giles Sharp next day he said he had never heard that the place was haunted.

On the third night the commissioners were convinced that they had entered the lair of a string of devils.

At midnight a hullabaloo began. Chairs and tables danced of their own accord. Attempts to light candles were fruitless. A mysterious breath of air blew them out at once.

The commissioners had a bad night, and were glad when the dawn came.

On the fifth night a ghostly figure walked in the bed-chambers and beat rough music on a warming-pan. On the following night pots and pans, plates and dishes were thrown about the dining-room.

On the seventh logs of wood were found in the beds.

On the eighth and ninth nights nothing occurred, and the commissioners thought the demonstrations had finished.

But next night, bricks fell from the chimneys and rattled rounds the heads of the commissioners who sat in the large chimney-piece.

On the eleventh night their breeches disappeared, and on the twelfth all kinds of debris was found in the beds. Next night—the thirteenth—all the glass in the mansion was broken; on the fourteenth a shower of bricks so alarmed the commissioners that, “struck with great terror, they cried out to one another for help.”

The men talked of leaving the place, but decided to try it a little longer. They prayed when they went to bed, and hoped for the best.

Everything was quiet that night, and again on the succeeding night.

Hoping that the devil had now been driven out of the

place, they prepared to take up their quarters in the palace for the whole winter. No sooner, however, did they show signs of doing this than the uproar began again.

On November 1st, they heard someone walking up and down the drawing-room with a slow, measured tread. Almost immediately a shower of stones and mortar fell about their ears. Next day this was repeated, and a warming-pan was thrown on to the table, followed by the jaw-bone of a horse.

The boldest of the commissioners made a thorough examination of the house, but discovered nothing.

That night again they were afraid to go to bed, and sat up, making fires in every room, and burning candles and lamps to keep away the demons.

But buckets of water came down the chimneys and put out the fires, and all the candles were blown out.

The servants who had gone to bed were drenched with foul ditch-water as they lay between the sheets. They got up to find the linen covered with green scum.

They called their masters, showed them the mess and the bruises on their knuckles caused by blows from a stick.

While they still spoke there was a noise like a clap of thunder. Everyone fell down on his knees to implore protection.

One of the commissioners called out to the demon and demanded to know why they were being molested in this way. There was no answer. The noises ceased for a while.

But, as the commissioners afterwards explained, "the devil came again and brought with it seven devils worse than itself."

The noises were intensified, and the commissioners were now terribly afraid. They retired into the late king's reception chamber and spent the night praying and singing psalms.

When these extraordinary occurrences were repeated next day the commissioners decided to leave the place.

Next morning they began their preparations for departure, and by midday they were ready. At sundown not a representative of the Commonwealth remained in Woodstock.

It was not until after the Restoration that the cause of these disturbances became known. With Charles II firmly seated upon his throne, Giles Sharp confessed.

His real name was Joseph Collins, and though in the employ of the Parliament he retained his Royalist sympathies.

OCTOBER 14TH

*Sam Chifney*

WHEN Sam Chifney, the famous jockey, was accused of foul riding by Colonel Leigh, the manager of the stud of the Prince Regent, young Will Chifney, Sam's son, then only a boy, walked up to the colonel and said that when he was older he would force Leigh to take back all he had said.

It was years afterwards when opportunity for revenge came. Meanwhile, young Will practised boxing.

He grew into a lanky young man, and, at the age of 18, had learned enough of the fistic art to try conclusions with the somewhat corpulent Colonel Leigh.

They met one day in the main street of Newmarket. Walking up to the Colonel, Will said: "I told you I would one day have my revenge for your ill-treatment of my father; and now the time has come."

He proceeded to set about the Colonel. He knocked him down and continued his attack as the officer lay flat in the road.

But for the intervention of bystanders the colonel would have stood a poor chance of escaping with his life.

Of course, the sequel was an appearance before the magistrates. They sent Will to prison for six months.

Twelve months later Colonel Leigh shook hands with young Will and the hatchet was buried. Thereafter, there was a close friendship between the jockey and the trainer.

The Chifney family were famous on the Turf for eighty years. Before the St. Leger and the Derby were ever heard of as classic races, Samuel Chifney the elder was regarded as the finest horsemen of his day.

In his autobiography he says: "In 1773 I could ride horses in a better manner in a race than any other person known in my time, and in 1775 I could train horses for running better than any person I ever yet saw."

It was not until the Derby had been in existence for seven years that Sam Chifney's name appeared on the roll of successful jockeys in the great race, but he had already won the Oaks twice. In 1789 he again won the fillies' race, and secured his fourth Oaks in the following year.

It was in 1790 that Sam was engaged as first jockey for the Prince of Wales at a retaining fee of 200 guineas a year. In



the following year he was involved in the notorious scandal associated with the racehorse *Escape*.

On October 20, 1791, this horse, the property of the Prince of Wales, finished last at a race at Newmarket after it had started favourite.

Next day, at the price of 6 to 1, *Escape* won a race easily. At once the rumour spread around Newmarket that Sam Chifney, with or without the approval of the Prince, had pulled the horse for his first race.

The Jockey Club inquired into the matter. The Stewards were not satisfied with Sam Chifney's explanation that the horse was subject to changes in weather, and that he could not be trusted to run consistently.

Chifney made an affidavit that he had only one bet of £20 on *Escape*. The Stewards, however, refused to believe him, and adjudged that foul play was responsible for the horse's running.

One of the Stewards declared that if Chifney was still retained by the Prince no "gentleman" would run horses against him.

There was only one thing for the Prince to do—sell out his stable and stand the loss.

To Sam Chifney the Prince said: "I shall never keep horses again. But if ever I do, you shall manage and train them. You shall have your 200 guineas a year all the same. I cannot give it to you for your life; I can only give it to you for my own. You have been an honest and good servant to me."

Whether Chifney was to be blamed or not has never been decided. He defended himself in a pamphlet entitled "*Genius Genuine*," which sold at five guineas a copy. In 1799 he was charged with a similar offence, and made the same excuse.

After this Chifney went downhill. He sold the Prince's annuity for £1200, left Newmarket and came to London to try and market a new bit which he had invented. He got into debt and died on January 8th, 1807, at the age of 52.

Although Chifney had a great fame as a jockey, he was eclipsed by his two sons. It is said that the Prince of Wales was fond of the whole family. He often visited Chifney's home and took a fancy to the boys. He would take one on each knee while he talked business with their father and, when he left, would put a new guinea in the hand of each.

The two young Chifneys were engaged in the Royal stables at eight guineas a year each.

Young Sam rode as his father had done, with a slack rein, played the waiting game until the winning-post was near and then a rush.

He won the Derby twice and the Oaks five times.

The two Chifneys were an excellent combination when they began to train for themselves. Will trained and Sam rode the horses. In 1830 they won the Derby with Priam. They are said to have won £30,000 by the victory of this animal.

Four years later they thought they had another "good thing" in Shillelagh. They backed it heavily, but it was beaten by a short head.

For a time the Chifneys were kings of Newmarket. They lived in luxurious style. But bad luck came; they had a run of losses and had to sell most of their stock.

Though Sam continued to ride, his weight increased. He was too lazy to take the exercise necessary to reduce, and in the end he could ride only above 8 stone 4 lb.

His last mount was on Extempore for the One Thousand Guineas of 1843. He was then fifty-seven, a record age for a jockey.

In the same year his old master, Squire Thornhill, died and left him his Newmarket house and stables. Thereafter, Sam spent most of his time in hunting.

He died in August, 1854, at Hove, Sussex.

Will survived him for eight years, but his last years were spent in poverty.

He had barely enough money to get from London to Newmarket for the races. The feeble old man was a pitiful sight in his old blue coat, his broad-brimmed hat, tied on with a bandanna handkerchief.

"That's old Will Chifney," the crowd would say. "What a sad come-down!"

He died at the age of seventy-eight in Pancras Square, London, on October 14th, 1862.

OCTOBER 15TH

### *Retreat*

MOSCOW was the burial ground of all Napoleon's ambitions. Let him speak for himself.

"In the interests of my fame I ought to have died on that

day of battle. If a bullet had killed me at the Moskwa I should have been crowned with an incomparable wreath of fame. The force of imagination would have been such that it would not have been in a position to set limits to my career ! ”

Napoleon thought—afterwards—that Moscow was not worth a battle. But he was exceedingly anxious at the time that it should fall.

If the Russians lost the battle of the Moskwa, they won the “battle” of Moscow, in so far as it was the turning point in the meteoric career of the “Little Corporal.”

There is, of course, the other side of the picture. Men, women and children to the number, it is said, of 100,000, perished miserably in the forests surrounding the city. A magnificent city, built up over a period of centuries, was destroyed in a few days.

Early in 1811 it was clear that Napoleon was looking for other fields to conquer, and that Russia was one of them. The Tsar Alexander made his preparations to withstand invasion. One army of 200,000 was concentrated along the Niemen, while Emperor Alexander was at the head of another force at Vilna.

A great distance separated the armies. Napoleon immediately saw the value of keeping them apart.

In June, 1812, he crossed the Niemen to Kovno with an army of 600,000. He went on to Vilna, where he stayed a month or so to reorganise. There was, therefore, no communication between the two Russian armies.

Alexander’s forces were entrusted to the command of Barclay de Tolly, while the Emperor went to Moscow to prepare a comprehensive scheme of defence for Russia.

De Tolly immediately began to retire towards Vitebsk and Smolensk with the dual object of linking up with the other army and to lengthen Napoleon’s lines of communication.

At Smolensk the two forces formed a junction. Thus Napoleon’s first strategy was upset.

Barclay de Tolly was accused of cowardice. Russia clamoured for his recall. The Tsar had to give way. He appointed Kutuzov in his place.

But before this change had taken place the Emperor ordered de Tolly to stand and fight. De Tolly engaged the French at Smolensk where a battle raged for several days. Ultimately it was found that the Russians were still not strong enough to hold Napoleon, and the retreat to Moscow began.

While the retreat was proceeding Kutuzov arrived at the Russians' headquarters. On August 26th he fought Napoleon near the village of Borodino and was soon convinced that de Tolly had been right in retreating.

The Russians had 110,000 men and the French 130,000. At the end of the fight about 100,000 men were killed and wounded.

Kutuzov decided to continue to retreat.

The French followed hard on his heels. There was every prospect of taking Moscow and ending the war with Russia. The Governor-General of Moscow advised the inhabitants to leave, and on September 2nd Napoleon entered the deserted capital. There he intended to stay for the winter, but he had barely made all arrangements when Moscow went up in a blaze.

The Emperor of Russia refused to make peace. All Napoleon's efforts to open negotiations were ridiculed. Alexander refused even to compromise while a French soldier was on Russian soil.

Meanwhile, the French were in Moscow, or what had once been Moscow. The Russian army remained too near the city to allow their making foraging expeditions. The French soldiers had become demoralised.

A winter in fire-scarred Moscow was an impossibility. Napoleon resolved to spend the winter in Smolensk and Vilna and to resume operations in the spring.

The French retreat began on October 15th. The French commander led his army towards Kaluga, but they had no sooner begun their march than the Russians began to harass, falling on the ranks whenever the opportunity was favourable.

At Borisov the Russians made an attempt to surround the French forces, but Napoleon managed to cross the Berezina and reach Vilna.

Here, however, there was no food or protection. Napoleon marched on with his army reduced to about 20,000 men, a ragged, unkempt starving collection of dispirited warriors.

Thus ended Napoleon's campaign in Russia. It was also the beginning of the end of Napoleon himself.

OCTOBER 16TH

### *Marie Antoinette*

ALTHOUGH the part played by Marie Antoinette in the scandal of the diamond necklace was involuntary, the affair created

such a feeling in France that it can be said to have hastened the Revolution.

The sequence of events leading to the prosecution and conviction of Mme Lamotte for fraud really began in the days of Louis XV of France.

To keep warm the affections of his mistress, Mme du Barry, Louis decided to make her a handsome present.

"Bring me," he said to the Court jewellers, "the finest diamonds that money can buy. Make them into a necklace that shall be unique in the world."

The jewellers hastened gleefully to obey. Unfortunately for them the King died before a complete necklace could be made.

Moreover, Mme du Barry fell from grace and the throne being occupied by the more moral Louis XVI and his pretty Antoinette, the jewellers began to wonder where they stood.

To abandon the work at this stage would have meant a dead loss to them. They continued to collect the gems, hoping that Louis XVI would buy the necklace for his Queen.

But a wife never gets the presents of a mistress, and the completed necklace—valued at £72,000—remained in the strong rooms of the jewellers. Louis argued that a ship was more valuable than a necklace.

There entered into the drama Louis, prince-cardinal of Rohan, a man whom Marie Antoinette detested and the woman Lamotte, with royal blood in her veins, who had married a gendarme.

Considerably reduced in circumstances, Mme Lamotte called on the cardinal, and asked that, being royal almoner, he should help her.

Lamotte was not pretty—far from it. She was, however, an accomplished woman, had winning manners and little difficulty in making an impression on the cardinal-prince, who was induced to lend her money.

He then advised her to apply to the Queen for help. In an indiscreet moment he told her that he was in the bad graces of Antoinette. Lamotte showed sympathy and promised that when she had succeeded in getting an audience of the Queen she would speak on his behalf.

A few days later Lamotte returned and said that she had seen the Queen, had been received kindly and had been able to put in a good word for the cardinal.

The delighted almoner wrote a letter to the Queen and

asked Mme Lamotte to take it to her the next time she had an audience with Marie Antoinette.

A few days later Mme Lamotte called with a note which purported to come from the Queen. The contents were: "I have seen your note; I am delighted to find you innocent. I cannot yet grant you the audience you solicit; as soon as circumstances will permit, I will let you know. Be discreet."

The cardinal was thoroughly duped. He had never seen the handwriting of the Queen.

The correspondence which had thus begun between the Queen and cardinal continued, until one day there was a request that the almoner should borrow 60,000 francs for a charitable purpose, and send the money through Mme Lamotte.

The cardinal suspected nothing. He borrowed the money himself and sent it by Mme Lamotte. A second loan of a similar amount was obtained in a similar way.

With this capital Mme Lamotte and her husband furnished a house, bought horses and carriages, and lived sumptuously.

Mme Lamotte had heard of the diamond necklace, and, going to the jewellers, she said that she could influence the purchase of the jewels. A few days later she called again and announced that a certain nobleman would call that morning and negotiate for the necklace on behalf of a great personage.

The jewellers took it for granted that the purchaser was none other than the Queen.

The "certain nobleman" duly made his appearance. It was the Prince-Cardinal of Rohan who had received a note from the Queen—or so it appeared—to carry out negotiations on her behalf.

The cardinal had been told that the Queen wished to buy the necklace without her husband's knowledge, and that she was willing to pay instalments each quarter.

The necklace was duly delivered into the hands of the cardinal. The casket containing it was taken to the house of Mme Lamotte, where the cardinal himself saw it transferred to a messenger who purported to have come from the Queen.

Mme Lamotte also contrived to obtain an apparently genuine acknowledgement from the Queen.

The necklace was then sent to London by the woman. It was broken up, the small diamonds being reset in bracelets and rings, and the remainder being sold to jewellers and proceeds placed in the Bank of England in a fictitious name.

But the whole fraud came out when the cardinal advised

the jewellers to write to the Queen thanking her for the honour she had done them.

Instead of calling the conspirators to account, however, she wrote to the cardinal telling him that she was unable to pay the first instalment on the necklace and that he would have to provide the funds.

Unfortunately, the cardinal was not able to raise the money in time and the jewellers became impatient.

He urged them to apply to Marie Antoinette and point out that the delay was putting them to much inconvenience.

"Alas, Monseigneur," they replied, "we have had the honour of speaking to her Majesty on the subject, and she denies ever having given you such a commission, or received the necklace."

The cardinal was thunderstruck. He declared that he had placed the casket in the hands of Mme Lamotte and he had seen her give it to the Queen's valet.

"But see here," he added. "I have the Queen's authorization to buy the necklace."

"If that is all you count upon, my lord," they replied, "I fear you have been deceived."

The cardinal left the jewellers with his brain in a turmoil.

On his arrival home he found Mme Lamotte, who declared that the Queen now repudiated the whole affair. She pleaded with the cardinal to give her shelter until she and her husband could make their escape from Paris.

A few days later the cardinal was called to the presence of the King and Queen and confronted with the depositions of the jewellers. Asked what he had to say to the accusations, the cardinal admitted that the facts were correct.

He added: "I purchased the necklace for the Queen."

"Who commanded you?" she exclaimed.

"Your Majesty did so by a writing to that effect, signed, and which I have in my pocket-book in Paris."

"That writing," the Queen exclaimed, "is a forgery!"

The cardinal was ordered to retire. In a quarter of an hour he was in the Bastille.

Within a week Mme Lamotte was arrested, and she was also taken to the Bastille.

On May 31st, 1786, the two were tried before the Criminal Court. The cardinal was proved innocent, but was ordered to resign his posts at Court and go into exile to his abbey in the mountains of Auvergne.

The woman Lamotte was sentenced to be flogged, branded on both shoulders, and imprisoned for life. After she had been flogged, however, she was allowed to escape to England, on her threatening to expose some of the Court secrets.

Marie Antoinette was guillotined on October 16th, 1793.

#### OCTOBER 17TH

##### *Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey*

ON the evening of Thursday, October 17th, 1678, two men were walking across a field on the south side of Parliament Hill, Middlesex, when they stumbled across what was to prove one of the most fascinating mysteries that ever came into the English criminal courts.

Dusk was falling, and the men, not wishing an encounter with a footpad, hurried along the path towards the hamlet of Chalk Farm.

Suddenly one of them noticed some articles lying close to the hedge. They included a sword-belt, stick and a pair of gloves.

The men attached some sinister import to the discovery. Instead of touching any of the articles, they hurried on. When they reached the White House at Chalk Farm they told the owner what they had seen.

The master insisted that they should accompany him back to the spot. There one of them stooped to examine the articles and found in the ditch the body of a man. The man lay upon his face; a sword had been thrust through his back.

But it was obvious that the man had not died as a result of the sword thrust. His face was bruised and there was a livid mark round the neck as if he had been strangled.

At the inquest, two surgeons said that the man had been strangled, and that his body had then been pierced with the sword. There were no marks of blood in the ditch.

Identification of the victim gave the police little trouble.

A few days before it had been reported to them that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, one of the Westminster magistrates, had disappeared from his home in Green's Lane, Strand, near the Hungerford Market, where he carried on the business of a wood-merchant.

It appeared that he was seen near St. Clement's Church, Strand, soon after he had left home at 9 o'clock in the morning.



On the same day at noon he had an appointment with a business associate in St. Martin in the Fields. He was never seen again.

A search of London was made without result until the Parliament Hill body was identified as that of Godfrey.

Significance was attached to certain spots of white wax found on the clothing and to the absence of the dead man's pocket-book, in which he used to enter notes of evidence in cases which came before him.

The wax was of a type used by people of distinction and particularly, it was said, by Roman Catholic priests. Godfrey had never been known to use it himself.

It was at the time of the so-called Popish Plot and, with London stirred into a frenzy of excitement, the authorities had little difficulty in connecting the wax with the Catholics.

Three weeks before, Titus Oates, the chief informer against those who were supposed to be concerned in the "plot," had placed evidence before Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey giving the names of many prominent men.

Up to this time Oates's story of a Catholic plot to kill Charles II and substitute the Duke of York (afterwards James II) was discredited.

Even Godfrey, when he received the information from Oates, was inclined to treat the affair as a sinister hoax, as it ultimately proved to be.

The Privy Council, now in a state of panic, ordered the arrest of certain Jesuits and Roman Catholics.

According to Bishop Burnet, the historian, the action by the Council caused much concern to Godfrey. "He grew apprehensive and reserved; for meeting me in the street, after some discourse on the present state of affairs, he said that he believed he himself should be knocked on the head."

Godfrey's body was brought home and embalmed. It lay in state for two days at Bridewell Hospital, and was then taken to St. Martin's Church, where it was buried. The funeral was attended by eight knights, all the Justices of the Peace, the City Aldermen, seventy-two clergymen in canonicals, and a large crowd of citizens.

A tablet was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

There was, however, still no clue to the identity of the murderer or murderers.

A reward of £500 was offered. The King's protection,

was promised anyone who would come forward with information.

A few days later a certain William Bledloe declared at Bristol that he knew the circumstances of Godfrey's death. He was arrested and brought to London.

The story he told was fantastic. He said that he had seen the murdered body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey lying in Somerset House, and that he had been offered a large sum of money to assist in its removal.

Somerset House was then the residence of the Queen, and it was recalled that she had refused to see anyone for several days. When Prince Rupert called on her he was refused admittance. The circumstances were suspicious, and it was not surprising that the Queen should have been charged with implication in the Popish Plot.

The King ridiculed the suggestion.

Others came forward who swore they had seen Godfrey attacked in a house near Somerset House, that he had been strangled and that his body had been taken away in a sedan chair, and then carried on horseback to the ditch at Parliament Hill.

The evidence of the various witnesses contained glaring contradictions, but this did not worry the prosecutors of the conspirators. They formed their own conclusions, and produced a reconstruction of the whole thing to suit their own case.

A certain Miles Prance, a goldsmith, was taken on suspicion. It is said that he confessed, with the result that three men named Berry, Hill and Green, all employed at Somerset House, were convicted of the murder of Godfrey.

It was alleged that they had assisted two Jesuit priests, who had since disappeared.

Godfrey, it was said, had been lured into Somerset House under pretence that his assistance was required to settle a quarrel. He was immediately strangled with a twisted handkerchief, after which Green "with all his force wrung his neck almost round."

During the night, four days afterwards, the murderers took his body to the place where it was found, and there, it was said, one of the Jesuits ran his sword through the body.

Green, Berry and Hill were executed.

To the last they declared their innocence.

OCTOBER 18TH

*John Ziska*

THE strange circumstances of the birth of John Trocznowski, or Ziska, were said to have foreshadowed for him a great destiny.

It was while his mother was in the harvest field one day that the baby was born beneath an oak tree.

Ziska's father was a Bohemian noble, but the family had little money, and young Ziska was sent at an early age into the service of King Wenceslaus.

But the lad was a born soldier. In his veins ran the blood of generations of heroes. He soon entered the army, fought in Poland against the Teutonic knights, in the wars of Hungary against the Turks, and for England against France, distinguishing himself at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415.

He returned to his native country and was made Chamberlain in the Court of King Wenceslaus.

In the same year (1415) John Huss and Jerome of Prague suffered martyrdom at Constance for their religious convictions. The whole of Bohemia was shocked and clamoured for revenge.

Ziska urged the king to action. He himself was bitter against the church, for an alleged insult upon his sister by a monk.

"What are you musing about?" asked the King of Ziska one day.

"I am thinking," he replied, "of the bloody affront which the Bohemians have suffered at Constance."

"It is true," said the King, "that we have been insulted, but I fear it is neither in my power nor yours to revenge it."

Meanwhile, the Council of Constance closed in 1418, refusing to agree to the demands of the Reformers.

Cardinal-legate John Dominicho had been sent into Bohemia with full Papal powers to exterminate the heresy of the followers of the dead John Huss, and the Hussites were now prepared to take military action to prevent their being forced to give way.

"If you are able to call the emperor and Council to account, you have my permission," said Wenceslaus to Ziska.

"Very good, master," the other replied, "will you please give me your permission in writing?"

Wenceslaus thought it a good joke. Ziska had neither friends nor money to make a war. He gave the paper readily and added his royal seal.

Ziska left the court and went back to his native province. There he gathered together a number of nobles who had acknowledged the reformed religion, and measures were devised for resisting attack.

Meanwhile there was great excitement throughout Bohemia when the Pope issued his Bull against the Hussites. Citizens assembled to debate what should be done, but none took the initiative.

At this stage, Ziska appeared among them with the authorisation from the King. It was enough for them that such an important person in the confidence of the monarch was ready to take up the cause of the Hussites. They believed that Wenceslaus had at last decided upon action.

They were mistaken. Tumult and massacre broke out in Prague. Senators had to flee for their lives. Some were thrown out of the windows on to the pikes of the mob. The King had an apoplectic fit and died.

The Queen now went over to the side of the Catholics, and further tumults occurred.

Fighting went on night and day for a week between Romanists and Hussites on the bridge of Moldau, which led to the royal castle. There were terrible casualties. Churches and convents were pillaged, monks were driven out, and in many instances massacred.

The insurgent Bohemians were in desperate straits. The Emperor Sigismund, brother of the dead Wenceslaus, claimed the throne and marched on Prague to quell the outbreak.

The crown should perish entirely rather than be in the hands of Sigismund, the Bohemians declared. The result of the Bohemians' determination to keep the crown from the man whom they believed was in league with the Romanists led to a campaign which lasted eighteen years.

The Turks came to the help of the Bohemians and attacked Sigismund's empire on the opposite side to Bohemia. His armies were cut in two, and his front against Ziska was weakened.

Ziska saw his advantage and began to rally the Bohemian forces. He issued a manifesto, entitled: "Ziska of the Chalice."

"Imitate your ancestors the ancient Bohemians," he said.

"They were always able to defend the cause of God and their own. We are collecting troops from all parts, in order to fight against the enemies of truth, and the destroyers of our nation. . . .

"May God strengthen you.—Ziska of the Chalice, in the hope of God, Chief of the Taborites."

Ziska's army had few weapons, but they were able to purloin those of the enemy in initial combats.

Sigismund at last made terms with the Turks, and at the head of 100,000 men of all nationalities he marched on Prague, now in possession of the Hussites. The citizens of Prague, led by Ziska, drove them from the walls of the city, and Sigismund was compelled to retreat.

A second attempt was made in the same year (1420) with a like result. By now Ziska had obtained great renown as a general, and his followers' courage increased.

As a military genius, Ziska is believed to have had few equals.

Ziska died on October 18th, 1424.

## OCTOBER 19TH

### *King John*

KING JOHN had an unhappy knack of getting his country into trouble.

One of his worst blunders was to incur the wrath of Pope Innocent III, which resulted in England being placed under an interdict.

The trouble arose through John refusing to sanction the Pope's nomination to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The ecclesiastics at Canterbury supported the Pope, to the annoyance of John, who proceeded to treat the unfortunate clerics with the utmost brutality.

His actions brought a reproof from Rome and the threat to place England under an interdict if adequate reparation were not made.

John treated the threat with contempt. According to the contemporary historian, Roger de Wendover, he became "nearly mad with rage, and broke forth in words of blasphemy against the Pope and his cardinals, swearing by God's teeth that if they or any other priests soever presumptuously dared to lay his dominions under an interdict he would banish all

the English clergy and confiscate all the property of the Church; adding that if he found any of the Pope's clerks in England he would send them home to Rome with their eyes torn out and their noses split, that they might be known there from other people."

On Easter Monday, 1208, Innocent III carried out his threat. The three Bishops, London, Ely and Winchester, as the legates of the Pope, proclaimed a general interdict on the whole of England.

All the churches were ordered to be closed. Religious services were discontinued, with the exception of confession and the last ministrations to the dying.

The stubborn King was not disturbed, despite the discomfort of his subjects. He immediately retaliated by confiscating Church property and giving the ecclesiastics an almost starvation allowance of food and clothing.

"The corn of the clergy was everywhere locked up," proceeds Roger de Wendover, "and distrained for the benefit of the revenue. The concubines of the priests and clerks were taken by the King's servants and compelled to ransom themselves at great expense. Monks and other persons ordained, of any kind, when found travelling on the roads, were dragged from their horses, robbed and basely ill-treated by the King's satellites, and no one would do them justice."

The ultimate result of this persecution of the priesthood was a general exodus of clerics. Most of the more important ones fled to the Continent, as did many of the lower ranks who were able to escape.

This interdict lasted for six years and caused much suffering among the peasantry, whose piety was a conspicuous feature of the Middle Ages.

It is not surprising that a king of John's character should have been introduced into many legends. There is one which relates to the interdict.

In many parts of the country there still remain on commons and hill-sides what appear to be ploughed furrows, now, of course, grown over with grass.

Historians are satisfied that at an early period these stretches of country were actually ploughed up. One explanation of this is that the people of England during the interdict found a way of evading the ban on cultivated land by working the commons, moorlands and hill-sides.

The superstitious subjects of John believed that no

produce would grow on the land under interdict. They believed, moreover, that the interdict applied only to the land under cultivation at the time of the offence.

Any land that was cultivated afterwards could not, they felt certain, be included.

Thus, they left the cultivated land and ploughed up the commons and other undeveloped areas.

There is, however, another explanation of the remains of furrows. Many antiquaries believe that it was the Romans who ploughed up the ground, for it is well known that they obtained huge quantities of corn from Britain.

On the other hand, the interdict is quite a feasible reason for the furrows, for the most ingenious ruses were made to evade the bans of Rome.

King John died on October 19th, 1216.

#### OCTOBER 20TH

#### *John Henry Temple, Lord Palmerston*

ONE of the most popular Premiers England ever had was a racehorse owner, and was known to racing men and spectators as "Old Pam."

He was Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, a genial peer who, during his long and eventful political career, was out of office for only brief periods.

The rivalry of Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby in Parliament, and their close friendship on the Turf, were conspicuous features of politics and sport in the middle of last century.

In Derby week, 1859, the Derby government trembled in the balance. It was defeated two days before the race for the Blue Riband.

The rivals met in Tattersall's paddock at Epsom. Said Lord Derby: "Well, Palmerston, you don't expect to win the Derby, I hope? Two wins in one week would be too much!"

"I don't know about that," replied Palmerston, "my horse Mainstone is pretty good."

It transpired, however, that neither Mainstone nor Lord Derby's Cape Flyaway was successful. Mainstone, in fact, proved such a bad animal eventually that he ended his days on a farm.

Lord Palmerston was connected with the Turf for fifty

years. He won his maiden race in 1817 with a filly named Enchantress. He obtained his first big success with Luzborough, a Newmarket cast-off, for which he paid 75 guineas. This horse won dozens of plates in the West Country over a period of three years, and was sold eventually to an American. He proved the most successful sire in Virginia, and many of the fine cavalry chargers of the Confederate army during the Civil War owed their fine blood strain to this stallion.

One of Lord Palmerston's greatest triumphs was the victory of Buckthorn in the Ascot Stakes of 1853, at 100 to 1.

But Mainstone was the animal on which Lord Palmerston set so much store. As already stated he proved a bitter disappointment to his owner.

Lord Palmerston seldom betted. He raced for the love of the sport, and usually bred his horses himself and named them after his farms.

He was equally interested in boxing and is said to have been present at the famous encounter between Tom Sayers and Heenan, which caused an outburst of condemnation in the country.

The fight was the subject of a debate in Parliament. At the moment when Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the Home Secretary, was explaining to the house that such fights were illegal, a well-known sporting M.P. was collecting subscriptions for a testimonial to Tom Sayers.

Meeting Lord Palmerston in the Lobby, the Member said: "My lord, I want a sov. for Sayers."

"A sov. for Sayers!" exclaimed Palmerston. "Here are five. He's a splendid fellow."

"Thank you, my lord, but the subscription list is limited to one sovereign."

"Very well, here it is," his lordship replied, "but I wish you would let me give five pounds to show my appreciation of his pluck."

John Henry Temple was born on October 20th, 1784. He entered Parliament as Tory member for Newport, Isle of Wight, in 1807. At the age of twenty-three, he was First Lord of the Admiralty, at twenty-five, he was Secretary for War, a post he held for ten years. For four years he was Foreign Secretary in Earl Grey's administration.

He was out of office for only a year, and then came back as Foreign Secretary under Lord Melbourne for six years and under Lord John Russell for a further five years.



In Lord Aberdeen's short coalition he was Home Secretary. Finally, he became First Lord of the Treasury in 1855.

Three years afterwards he was defeated on the Foreign Conspiracy Bill and was a year out of office. But he came back again with the support of both Conservatives and Liberals.

Palmerston headed the Government during crucial times. In Parliamentary life he found it better to conciliate an opponent than attempt to crush him. In foreign politics, however, he adopted an attitude of bluster and brag.

When Napoleon III of France began to look dangerous he induced the House to vote nine millions for rearming and fortification.

When Ferdinand de Lesseps proposed cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez Palmerston opposed the scheme with all the weight he could bring against it. But he succeeded only in getting a reduction of the area of land conceded by Egypt for the purpose. He could not foresee, as Disraeli did soon afterwards, the advantages of the canal to British commerce.

He died on October 18th, 1865, through catching cold after a ride on his horse.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey with public honours on October 27th.

#### OCTOBER 21ST

#### *Lord Nelson*

No national hero left so many relics as Nelson. The scramble to obtain them, and the huge prices paid for authentic mementoes, have been a feature of auctions for many years.

Articles which belonged to Nelson at the time of the Battle of the Nile or of the Battle of Trafalgar are among the most highly prized.

A coat worn by Nelson on the former occasion found its way into the national collection in Greenwich Hospital without any trouble, but the one worn by him at Trafalgar was rescued for the nation after it had gone through some curious experiences.

Until the middle of last century there was an exciting controversy about what Nelson really did wear in his last battle. It was said by many writers that he wore a full-dress

uniform coat, the stars and orders on which were so brilliant that he could easily be picked out by French sharpshooters, and that it was to this that he owed his death.

In 1851 an author came forward with undeniable proof that Nelson had not worn his full-dress uniform. His outer garment in fact was the one he had worn the day before and on former occasions. He did, however, wear his stars, arranged in the form of a diamond, on his breast. They were actually embroidered on his undress coat.

An interesting story is told of this coat. In some manner or other it fell into the hands of Lady Hamilton (Emma), who pawned it with a London alderman in return for a loan.

In 1845 there was a dispute between the widow of the alderman and a curio dealer about the way in which it had been obtained from Lady Hamilton. This dispute drew attention to the relic, and the Prince Consort bought the coat, together with a waistcoat, and presented them to Greenwich Hospital, where they were preserved.

The musket-ball that killed Nelson was also treasured. According to Sir William Beattie, surgeon on board the *Victory*, who wrote the "Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson": "The ball struck the forepart of his lordship's epaulet and entered the left shoulder. . . . On removing the ball a portion of the gold lace and part of the epaulet, together with a small piece of his lordship's coat, were found firmly attached to it."

These fragments of lace were so embedded in the bullet that it seemed as if they had been inserted at the time the bullet was made.

Captain Hardy had the bullet mounted into a locket and gave it to Beattie.

In 1840 the locket was in the possession of the Rev. F. W. Baker, of Bathwick, and in 1851 it was said to be in the possession of the Prince Consort.

There is, however, another story of the bullet. Some years ago a finger ring with a bas-relief of Nelson in place of a stone was in existence. The bas-relief was executed in dark metal which was said to have been a part of the bullet.

In the middle of the last century there was a lawsuit concerning what was known as the Trafalgar sword, said to have been worn by Nelson at the time of his death.

In 1846 Lord Saye and Sele bought the sword for 100 guineas and gave it to Greenwich Hospital. It was inspected

by Sir Harris Nicolas, who immediately wrote to the Press and declared the relic to be fictitious. He further alleged that the dealer who had sold it had knowingly defrauded Lord Saye and Sele.

The dealer had made no secret of the fact that he had himself bought the sword for £1, but maintained, nevertheless, that the relic was genuine.

Sir Harris retorted that no admiral would wear a sword of that type in 1805: that the scabbard did not belong to the sword; and that Nelson did not wear any sword at all on the day of the Battle of Trafalgar.

This part of the argument was settled by a reference to the manuscript notes of Dr. Scott, who was Nelson's chaplain and friend, in which appeared the sentence: "In this action he had not his sword with him on deck, which in his other actions he had always carried; the sword was left hanging in the Admiral's cabin."

The curiosity dealer, in face of this authentic evidence, replied that this was the sword which Nelson would have carried at Trafalgar if he had carried any.

Finally the matter was settled in the courts, the curiosity dealer losing the actions for libel against Sir Harris Nicolas. There was a certain amount of proof that the sword belonged to Nelson, but it was decided that it was not the "Trafalgar sword."

OCTOBER 22ND

### *Sir Philip Francis*

WHO was the author of the "Letters of Junius," those scurrilous, sarcastic and merciless contributions to the "Public Advertiser" which appeared during the years 1769 to 1772?

In the middle of last century, after two generations of speculation, Joseph Parkes, joint author of the "Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis," gave the names of forty "probables," including many of the eminent politicians and authors of the day.

Most of the list, however, was based on guesswork, for some of the men could have had no object in slating the Grafton administration, which was the real reason for writing the letters. Others lacked the ability to write in such good style.

The critics of the middle of last century tried a process of elimination, but learned no more about the real identity of the author than the contemporaries of "Junius" themselves.

The Ministry of the Duke of Grafton was formed in October, 1768, when the Earl of Chatham had to retire from office through ill-health. "Junius" detested the new Ministry and advocated the return of those who had been associated with Chatham.

The letters began with an attack on the Government, alleged immorality against certain members, abused the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, King George III himself, and criticized Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

In one letter addressed to the Duke of Grafton, "Junius" alleged that the Duke had "cheerfully abandoned the engagements of private friendship and renounced the most solemn professions to the public."

Within two years about a dozen unauthorized editions of the letters were published. Others appeared in quick succession in subsequent years. Interest in their literary merit was subordinated to the one theme of the controversy: "Who wrote them?"

The one man who was suspected above all others was Sir Philip Francis, who had been the chief attacker of Warren Hastings' Administration in India. There was considerable evidence to support the contention that Francis was the author.

He denied authorship in public, but this was to be expected, in view of the character of the letters; it is said, however, that he gave his wife good reason to suppose that he was "Junius."

Sir Philip could do nothing else but keep silent. He had held office, had been decorated, and, in his later years, was ambitious for the post of Governor-General of India.

There was a conspicuous similarity between his writing and that of the mysterious "Junius" who contributed to the "Public Advertiser." Moreover, the opinions of "Junius" and Sir Philip were identical.

Sir Philip Francis, who was born on October 22nd, 1740, was the son of Philip Francis, D.D., of Dublin. The family left that city when he was ten, and young Philip was educated at St. Paul's School, London. At the age of sixteen he obtained a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of State, and when the elder Pitt succeeded to that office he employed Francis in his own service.

Through Pitt's influence Francis was appointed secretary

to General Bligh in 1758, and two years later became secretary to the British Ambassador at Lisbon. Later he was given an important post in the War Office, which he resigned in 1772 through a dispute with Lord Barrington.

He now left England on an extended continental tour, but on his return he received an important post on the Council of the Presidency of Bengal at a salary of £10,000, and with instructions to counteract the influence of Warren Hastings, then the Governor-General.

The changes brought about by Francis and his colleagues, Sir John Clavering, Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel Monson, immediately brought them into antagonism to Hastings. On the deaths of Clavering and Monson, Francis was left to fight the Governor-General alone.

Both men had violent tempers, and they were continually at loggerheads. At last Hastings wrote Francis a letter alleging that he was devoid of truth and honour. The enmity between them increased and, finally, they fought a duel in which Francis was injured.

When he recovered he resigned his post, left India and reached London in October, 1781.

He lost no time in making a determined attack on the administration of Warren Hastings, and did not moderate his attacks until he had succeeded in getting the Governor-General impeached.

In 1784 Francis entered Parliament for Yarmouth, and took his place among the Whigs, who were then in opposition. He soon began to take an active part in the debates in the House, becoming a warm friend of Burke and Fox.

Although Francis had had a good opinion of the elder Pitt (Lord Chatham), he appears to have taken a dislike to the younger. Once he insulted him by saying: "Your father is dead and has left nothing in this world that resembles him." Pitt never forgave Francis for this.

In April, 1787, Francis moved and carried against the Ministry his charge against Hastings. The same year Burke impeached Hastings, and members were nominated by him to conduct the trial. Francis was one of those included, but this was opposed successfully by the Government in a debate which made it seem that it was Francis who was on trial.

Francis took a great part in the controversy on parliamentary reform, and he was one of those who opposed the war with France. In 1792 he was active in the formation of

the association called "The Friends of the People," and he was a keen advocate of the abolition of the slave trade.

In 1796 he contested Tewkesbury, but was defeated; and it was not until 1802 that he was returned to Parliament as member for Appleby.

He died in London on December 22nd, 1818.

OCTOBER 23RD

*Godfrey de Bouillon*

NEAR the end of October in the year 1097, a horde of hundreds of thousands of ragged, unkempt, dirty and half-starving people pitched their tents outside the walls of the city of Antioch, the capital of Syria, with the intention of starving out the Turks.

They were the Crusaders, the pilgrim Christians, who had been induced to make the great trek from Europe by stories of unlimited wealth in the Holy Land.

For more than a year they had been on the march. Their leaking tents now failed to keep out the rain; their bodies were emaciated. Sickness and wounds had left many by the wayside. They were compelled to eat decaying food.

Their casualties had been enormous. It was computed that 600,000 pedestrians and 100,000 mailed knights had crossed the Hellespont to the Asiatic shores. Of these about 300,000 all told had crossed the Taurus mountains and descended on Syria, their objective being the ancient Christian city of Antioch.

When the spirit of this heterogeneous mass of nationalities was damped by the sufferings to which they were subjected, always the cry of "On to Antioch!" spurred them on to greater endurance.

Old greybeards marched with sullen determination; half-clothed women, many with newly born babies in their arms, staggered along reconciled to the inevitable—death from disease or starvation.

The most pathetic aspect of this great movement was the thousands of children of both sexes, who trotted along by the side of their mothers in open-eyed wonderment.

So this pitiful host arrived within sight of the bridge over the Orontes. Beyond were the pinnacles of Antioch.

If the Turks had issued in force from the gates of the city

and fallen upon the half-armed Crusaders, there would have been a massacre unequalled in world history. Instead they chose to defend the bridge with a small company of archers who were soon overpowered. This battle took place on October 21st. Within two days the Crusaders had deployed their forces at the various gates of the city and the siege began.

As days passed and there was no movement on the part of the Crusaders, the Turks became venturesome. Swarthy figures emerged from the unguarded gates and boldly foraged for food.

Some crept up to the besieging camp and saw the orgies that were going on.

This partial activity of the Turks induced the Christians to make one or two feeble attempts on the walls. These were easily repulsed, and the Christians again returned to their merry-making.

Meanwhile disputes arose between the various barons. Cohesion was gradually disappearing, and abortive attempts were made by the chief leaders to obtain unanimity.

Some urged that the city should be attacked, others declared that it was madness to make any move against the strongly fortified walls with the winter fast approaching.

The siege had lasted for two months and nothing had been done. Then winter came suddenly and the besieging host found themselves in dire straits.

The country had been denuded of food through the extravagance of the Christians. There was now hardly a beast to be had. Armenians occasionally came to the camp with meagre supplies of produce, but always demanded fantastic prices.

Time after time they were flooded out by rain, and once a tempest swept their tents away, while a series of earthquakes added to the horrors of the winter.

Both the Christians and the Turks within the city were in a terrible plight. Fighting became frequent. Even the Turkish children, both boys and girls, sallied out of the city and met the children of the Christians with slings and sticks, and sometimes knives.

Many a Christian child in after life was known as the "One-eyed" through having lost an eye from the stones slung at them by the little Turks.

Oaths were broken by many of the Crusaders, who deserted and tramped into Cilicia, where there was food to be had in

the towns that had been occupied by the host on their march to Antioch.

Peter the Hermit, the man who had actually preached the Crusade with vehemence, and had caused many thousands to leave their homes with promises of a land that flowed with milk and honey, slipped off silently in the night and disappeared.

He had been used to self-abnegation, but to go without food entirely was a little too much for Peter.

The siege dragged on. There seemed little hope of the fall of Antioch. The horsemen of the Christians had been reduced from 100,000 to about 700.

Then Turks, from Aleppo, numbering 20,000, moved to the assistance of their countrymen besieged in Antioch.

They were caught by the 700 knights in a defile in the mountains and completely routed. Thousands of Turks were slain. Their heads were stuck on lances and exhibited to the enemy in Antioch.

But this notable victory did not relieve the plight of the Christians.

In the nick of time further ships arrived in the Port of Antioch, St. Simeon. They brought reinforcements and provisions, and although the food was at first captured by Turks, several pitched battles left it ultimately in the hands of the Crusaders.

Moreover, the additional strength enabled the Christians to blockade each gate of Antioch on October 23rd, 1097.

It was not until June of the following year, however, that a determined assault was made upon the city. An attack was made during a heavy gale.

A number of Crusaders swarmed over the walls and opened several of the gates. The Christians rushed into the city. Without discrimination they put everyone to the sword. Women and children fell before the swords of the invader. The streets were covered with corpses. Houses were broken into and the occupants massacred.

The men who called themselves Christians were delirious with blood lust. The atrocities that were committed in the name of God surpassed anything that the Turks had hitherto done.

If it was a famous victory, it was nevertheless a stain on the cross of the Crusaders.



OCTOBER 24TH

*Joseph Lancaster*

JOSEPH LANCASTER, the son of a Chelsea pensioner, started from home at the age of fourteen to go to Jamaica. He had read Clarkson's "Essay on the Slave Trade" and had been moved by the author's exposure.

Lancaster did not get to Jamaica, for his friends brought him back before he had got very far.

His intention was to teach the "poor blacks" to read, although he himself had had but a meagre education.

Although he was frustrated in the Jamaica enterprise he began another in London which was destined to become an important movement.

Lancaster became a member of the Society of Friends, and at the age of eighteen he began to gather a few poor children under his father's roof, providing them with the rudiments of an education.

In a few weeks he had ninety children under instruction. Most of them paid no fee, while the others paid only what could be afforded by their parents.

The school soon outgrew its first modest schoolroom and new premises had to be taken in the Borough Road, London.

But as the number of pupils increased so did Lancaster's difficulties. He could not afford to employ teachers, and he could not handle all the children himself.

At last he hit upon the plan of training the elder and more advanced children to teach the others, and he called this method of conducting a school the "monitorial" system.

To overcome the difficulty in regard to books, Lancaster had the lessons printed on large sheets of paper and pasted on boards which were hung on the school walls.

A desk spread with sand did duty as a slate, and the children wrote with their fingers.

The orderliness of this scheme soon attracted attention. By placing the teaching in the hands of the elder children, Lancaster had leisure to accept invitations to lecture on his method. The propaganda resulted in many more schools being formed on similar lines.

In 1805 Lancaster was to explain it all to George III, who remarked: "It is my wish that every poor child in my kingdom may be taught to read the Bible."

Royal patronage soon brought greater prosperity to the schools. One of his helpers was the Duke of Bedford, who flattered him with the suggestion that he should give up the Quakers and join the Established Church.

Lancaster, however, declined.

Almost simultaneously with the increased prosperity of his schools, Lancaster became vain, reckless and improvident. In 1808 he placed his affairs in the hands of trustees, who paid his debts and founded the society at first called the Royal Lancasterian Institution.

The committee soon found that Lancaster was a problem. He refused to be controlled, and it was impossible to work with him.

At last there was a quarrel, and Lancaster left the institution that he had founded and opened a private school at Tooting.

The work was taken up and put on a sound footing by William Allen, the Quaker, who became treasurer of the organization.

About the same time the Church of England began the "National Society" in opposition to Lancaster's "monitorial" system.

Lancaster soon lost all his money. He became bankrupt, and in 1818 emigrated to America.

At first he received a warm reception, and was asked to lecture in many of the principal towns. His meetings were well attended, and in some of the letters he wrote home he showed much enthusiasm for his new work.

But illness now added to his misfortunes. He left New York to recuperate in the West Indies, but seems to have derived little benefit. Returning to New York he was completely down and out, and out of pity for his condition the corporation voted him five hundred dollars.

He afterwards visited Canada, and was asked to lecture in Montreal. Here, too, he was induced to open a school which enjoyed success for a time, but was soon abandoned.

A small annuity was provided by his friends in England, and this was his only means of support.

At one time he resolved to return to England and reconstruct his system. He declared that it would be possible "to teach ten thousand children in different schools, not knowing their letters, all to read fluently in three weeks to three months."

But the idea was never put into operation. He was run over by a carriage in a street in New York on October 24th, 1838. Within a few hours he was dead.

OCTOBER 25TH

*Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough*

It was as well, perhaps, that the autobiography of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, was never printed. For, it is said, he confessed therein to having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty.

As a youth, Mordaunt was fond of practical jokes, but it is doubtful whether he went as far as this.

Nevertheless, he went quite far enough for some of his victims.

One day he was riding in his coach when he saw a dancing-master, wearing pearl-coloured silk stockings, and looking in every way a fop. The man was stepping daintily along the street in his attempts to avoid the mud.

Mordaunt jumped down from the coach, and producing his sword chased the dancing-master. He forced the man off the pavement into the gutter.

The pearl stockings and the beautiful dress of the gigolo were completely ruined. But Mordaunt did not have it all his own way, for the dancing-master dragged his assailant into the road, and Mordaunt found himself in quite as bad a pickle.

The following anecdote also relates to one of his youthful escapades :

Mordaunt was in love with a young lady who was extremely fond of birds. One day while the couple were walking along Charing Cross Road they were attracted to the window of a coffee-house where a fine canary was whistling gaily.

Said the young lady to Mordaunt : "Will you please get me that canary as a pledge of your affections ?"

He swore that he would. He immediately walked into the coffee-house and offered a good sum for the songster. But the landlady refused to sell the bird at any price.

Somewhat crestfallen, Mordaunt returned to the street, only to receive the snubs of his lady love. Whereupon he vowed that he would get the bird by fair means or foul.

It was days before he was able to obtain a canary which resembled the one in the coffee-shop. It was a still longer period before he could get an opportunity to change the canaries. The woman always sat behind the bar of the coffee-house, the cage just in front of her.

One day Peterborough managed to get her out of the way under some pretext or other, and the deed was done.

A month or two after the revolution and the flight of James II, Mordaunt called at the coffee-shop, and suggested that the woman was now sorry that she had not sold the canary to him.

"Indeed, sir, I am not sorry," she replied. "Since the time our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note. I would not sell it for anything."

Charles Mordaunt was the son of John, Viscount Avalon, and was born in 1662. He was brought up in the Court of Charles II, but at the age of seventeen he tired of the profligacy that existed among the courtiers, and ran away to sea.

He served in the Mediterranean, and distinguished himself against the pirates.

Meanwhile his father had died and he had succeeded to the family estates.

He took his seat in the House of Lords at an early age and was conspicuous in his opposition to the unconstitutional acts of the King, particularly in regard to the employment of Roman Catholics in the forces.

Mordaunt's income was not large enough for a spendthrift, and he was soon in difficulties.

His debts, together with the fact that the Court disliked him, caused him to go to Holland and remain there until the revolution. He was one of the first English nobles to go over to William of Orange.

He accompanied the Prince to England in his expedition of 1688. On William's accession, Mordaunt was made a member of the Privy Council and a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Soon afterwards he was made head of the Treasury and created Earl of Monmouth.

He resigned and was given a pension, and when William went on his Irish campaign, Mordaunt was one of the nine councillors deputed to advise the Queen.

Next year he served in Flanders, and on his return home went into retirement for a time.

During this period of leisure he appears to have gone the pace. He often boasted of his intrigues with women. Many of these exploits, however, existed only in his own imagination.

By flattery he gained the favour of the Duchess of Marl-

borough, and on the death of the King, Mordaunt was made Earl of Peterborough.

During the war of succession in Spain, Peterborough was appointed in 1705 commander of the expedition sent to support the claims of the Archduke Charles to the Spanish throne.

Peterborough soon tired of the lax way in which the Archduke was conducting his affairs, and he obtained permission to leave the army. He went to Genoa to raise a loan for the Archduke, and from the moment he left the seat of action everything went wrong for the allied cause.

He returned to Valencia in 1707 as a volunteer. He offered advice to the Austrian generals, which they refused to adopt, and thereby made their case the more deplorable.

Peterborough returned to England to defend charges made against him by the Archduke, and triumphantly vindicated himself.

In 1710 he went to Italy to carry out negotiations with the Duke of Savoy, and three years later was made a Knight of the Garter.

On the accession of George I the Earl was appointed commander-in-chief of the naval forces of Great Britain. He retained the post under George II, but took no further part in fighting.

In 1717 he was arrested while travelling in Italy, at the order of Pope Clement XI. His papers were taken away and he was lodged for a month in Fort Urbain. For this indignity the Pope had to apologize.

Peterborough died on October 25th, 1735.

OCTOBER 26TH

### *David Garrick*

DAVID GARRICK looked at the card which had been left at his house and wondered.

Who was Mr. Frodsham?

Garrick made inquiries and found that Frodsham was an actor, not without a certain amount of popularity.

Garrick concluded that he was a strolling player, one who might possibly have secured favour among the lower class of society—possibly a mountebank who had been used to performing before habitués of hostelrys in a temporary structure of canvas and wooden struts.

The egotism of David Garrick asserted itself. Here was an opportunity of showing the said Mr. Frodsham what a real actor could do.

Mr. Garrick would, therefore, be pleased to see Mr. Frodsham when he called the following day.

If Garrick thought that he would impress Frodsham with his histrionic ability, he was mistaken.

The York actor walked into Garrick's parlour with complete self-assurance. The man was certainly very familiar.

There was a conversation, not too friendly on the part of Garrick, who, however, had to admit that Frodsham was an affable young man.

The great actor waited for the inevitable request—a job. But the request did not come. Either Frodsham did not want a part, or he was playing his cards in a subtle way.

Pleading that he was busy, Garrick presented the York actor with an order for the pit at Drury Lane, and requested that he might be present to see him perform the role of Sir John Brute.

In addition, Frodsham received an invitation to breakfast on the following day.

At the same time Garrick inquired whether Frodsham had seen a play since he had been in London.

"Oh, yes," replied the York actor. "I saw you play Hamlet two nights ago. Hamlet is my favourite character."

"Well, now, Frodsham," prompted the London Roscius, "how did you approve? I hope I pleased you."

On that particular occasion Garrick had, in fact, surpassed himself.

"Vastly clever, my dear sir, in several passages," said Frodsham. "But I cannot subjoin my opinion to that of London as to say I was equally struck with your whole performance in that part."

Garrick was never so disconcerted in his life.

"Why, Mr. Frodsham," he stammered, "why—to be sure—now—why, I suppose you in the country—Pray, Mr. Frodsham, what sort of place do you act in at York? Is it a room, or a riding-house, occasionally fitted up, sir?"

"Dear me, no, my dear sir," retorted the player from York. "It is a theatre."

Whereupon if Garrick had been asked at that moment to recite lines from Hamlet, Mr. Frodsham of York would have been completely disgusted with that actor's performance.

He could only reiterate, somewhat incoherently, his invitation to breakfast, which Frodsham accepted with alacrity.

On the following morning, the actor from York presented himself at the appointed time. During the meal Mrs. Garrick, who was present, regarded Frodsham with amazement.

Why did not the man prostrate himself before her husband and give him the honour due to him? How long was he going to be before he petitioned for a part in the play?

Garrick, who had vivid recollections of the previous day's encounter, was ill at ease. For some reason or other Frodsham was reluctant to begin a conversation.

It was left to the Drury Lane manager to speak first.

"Why now, Frodsham," said Garrick, "I—I—suppose you saw my Brute last night. Now, no compliments—tell Mrs. Garrick; was it right?"

"Do you think," added Garrick, "that it would have pleased at York?"

"Certainly," replied the other, "without compliment, I was highly entertained. But having seen you play Hamlet first, your Sir John Brute exceeded my belief. For I had been told, Mr. Garrick, that Hamlet is one of your chief characters. But I must say, sir, I can flatter myself that I play it almost as well.

"But your Brute, Mr. Garrick, was excellence itself! I appreciated the way you flourished your sword in the drunken scene. I am sure you saw me in the pit at the same time and, with your eyes, seemed to say: 'Damn it, Frodsham, did you ever see anything like that at York? Could you do that, Frodsham?'"

Garrick was astounded. Used to flattery from all sides, he did not relish the familiarity of this low-class player.

He hid his chagrin in a forced burst of laughter, and then blurted out: "Well now, Mr. Frodsham, let us have a little taste of your own quality. A speech, Mr. Frodsham, from Hamlet, and Mrs. Garrick shall decide."

There was not the slightest sign of nervousness as the York actor recited Hamlet's first soliloquy.

The blazing eyes of Garrick stared unwinkingly, boring the other man in the way that he was accustomed to disconcert his inferiors.

When Frodsham had finished Garrick declared that he had "a smattering." But in some parts Frodsham had acquired tones of which he did not approve.

"Tones, sir!" retorted the visitor. "Of course I have tones. I have seen you act twice and thought that you had odd tones."

"You are a damned queer fellow, Frodsham," returned Garrick. "But my stage shall be open for a trial of your genius. You shall act any part you please, and if you succeed we will then talk of terms."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Garrick," said the other. "I have not come here to solicit an engagement. I am a Roscius in my own quarters. I came to London to see a few plays, and I judged it a proper compliment to call on a brother actor. I would not abandon Yorkshire for the highest terms you could offer me."

With a courteous bow, Frodsham then withdrew.

Bridge Frodsham, who was descended from an ancient Cheshire family and was educated at Westminster School, London, was a good actor.

That he chose to remain in Yorkshire where he was very popular rather than accept an engagement in London was no detriment to his ability.

In his early days he had run away from Westminster to join some strolling players. He obtained an engagement at Leicester and afterwards at York, where he remained to the end of his life.

He died on October 26th, 1768. It is said that his career was brought abruptly to an end by the frequent resort to the brandy bottle.

#### OCTOBER 27TH

#### *The Reform Law Riots*

ON October 27th, 1831, serious rioting occurred at Bristol as a result of the House of Lords throwing out the Reform Bill. The Tory candidate was assaulted, and the gaol and the Mansion House were fired by an incendiary mob.

The military were called in to restore order, and this resulted in the deaths of five hundred people.

This affair at Bristol was one of many outbreaks of similar type. At Nottingham the castle was burned down, and the general exhibition of popular fury was such that Parliament at last saw that the people were in earnest and that they would not tolerate any longer the corrupt parliamentary system.



Proclamations were made to stop the disorders, for King William himself was much alarmed. There was every indication of a rising all over the country and only the final capitulation of the Lords staved off the catastrophe.

Space does not permit giving in detail the deplorable methods used in getting men into Parliament in the early days of the nineteenth century, or the long agitation for reform. It may be said in brief, however, that direct bribery and undue influence was used to get votes.

The chief abuses were in what were known as the "rotten boroughs," although the other constituencies known as "nomination boroughs" were by no means free from corruption.

The nomination borough was in the hands of a patron who appointed his representative to the House of Commons. So long as this type of seat remained in the hands of the patron all was well, but it was a common practice to advertise them for sale and knock them down to the highest bidder. Thus a candidate could buy his own seat.

In the "rotten borough" a different form of corruption obtained. At every election representatives of the Government did a brisk business in buying and selling seats, and if this were possible for officialdom it was equally easy for the private individual.

Parliamentary reform was talked about many years before the matter really came to a head. In 1793 it was stated by an advocate of a change in the parliamentary system that 354 English and Scottish Members of Parliament were returned by the Treasury and 197 patrons. In the same year the Society of Friends offered to prove that 357 members were returned by 154 patrons.

It could be shown that 200 members had been returned by towns with fewer electors than 100, and of these 50 were for nomination boroughs who had no electors at all.

At last a committee was appointed to inquire into the whole matter. Its report was laid before the Cabinet in January, 1831. Meantime, however, riots had begun.

On November 8th, 1830, a Reform meeting at the Rotunda in Blackfriars Road, London, had just finished when a man opened a tricolour flag—in those days the symbol of revolution—and cried: "Now for the West End!"

About a thousand men rushed over Blackfriars Bridge shouting: "Reform! Down with the police!" "No Peel!" "No Wellington!"

They hurried down the Strand and drew up in front of Earl Bathurst's house in Downing Street.

A man appeared at the balcony with a brace of pistols in his hands and threatened to shoot the first demonstrator who attempted to gain an entry. Fortunately, he was soon followed by another who calmly took the firearms from him and told him not to be such a fool.

The rioters then made for the House of Commons, but an urgent message was sent to Scotland Yard and a strong force of police arrived in the nick of time to bar their way.

Nevertheless, a free fight ensued. Many heads were broken and the tricolour Reform flag was captured.

Three demonstrators were arrested and taken to the watch house in the Almonry and Westminster. Throughout the night Horse Guards were ready for emergencies and bands of policemen paraded the streets.

Next day the riots continued. About four hundred youths marched down the Strand crying the usual Reform slogans and, in addition, "Down with the raw lobsters!" This was an allusion to the new "peelers."

By seven in the evening the West End was in a turmoil. Frequent charges were made by the police; brickbats were thrown, and the scaffolding pulled down from the front of the Law Institute which was then being built.

The provinces readily imitated London, but there was a temporary cessation of trouble when the Reform Bill was presented in the House of Commons in March, 1831.

There was a seven days' debate; leave was given to bring in the Bill. The second reading was passed by a majority of one amidst indescribable scenes. But, less than a month later, an amendment against the Bill was passed.

The King dissolved Parliament and the Government went to the country.

It was the signal for further rioting. Vast mobs followed electors to the polls, who were forced to give their votes for Reform. Scores of certain Tory seats returned Whig members.

In June the Government returned to find themselves with a majority of a hundred. Lord John Russell warned the Tories against opposing the new Reform Bill. It was impossible for them, he said, to oppose the wishes of the country.

The measure was carried by a sweeping majority. It then went to the Lords and was thrown out by a majority of 41.

Renewed rioting occurred in the provinces, particularly at Bristol and Nottingham.

In December the third Reform Bill was introduced. It was couched in a slightly different form. The number of rotten boroughs, reduced to one-member seats, fell from 46 to 30. The counties were given an addition of 65 members; Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham and nineteen other large towns were assigned two members, and twenty-one other towns, hitherto without representation, were given one member each.

To overcome the opposition from the Lords, it was suggested that peers should be created. But this proposal was opposed by the King.

The anxiety of the Government was now intense. It seemed certain that the Bill would never survive the committee stage in the Lords.

On May 8th, 1832, the Lords did as was expected and threw out the measure.

Rioting began again. Streets were placarded with bills attacking Wellington.

The King suggested that a certain number of peers should withdraw their opposition to the Bill. The Duke agreed to withdraw enough to get the Bill through. A violent scene occurred in the Lords and the peers who withdrew used the most obscene language.

Within a month the Bill, without modification, received Royal assent.

Even schoolchildren marched about the streets crying: "The Reform Bill has passed!"

OCTOBER 28TH

*John Smeaton*

LIKE most inventors John Smeaton, builder of the third Eddystone Lighthouse, began to invent at an early age. But his experiments were attended by inconvenient results.

For instance, there was his miniature atmospheric steam engine which was so successful when applied to the fish-pond in the garden that it pumped the pond dry in a few minutes and left the goldfish flapping about out of their element.

What Smeaton senior thought of his boy's mechanical pursuits is not recorded, but soon after this incident the boy

was told that he would have to follow his father's vocation—the Law.

At the age of sixteen, therefore, young Smeaton was installed in his father's office at Leeds, where it was proposed to cram him with the rudiments of an attorney's business.

Two years later he went to London to continue his legal studies. He was now no longer able to dabble with his inventions. Moreover, the law was as dry as dust to him, and it was not long before he pleaded with his father to let him try a new career.

His father was annoyed, but it appears that John had firmly made up his mind, for he entered the service of a mathematical instrument maker in London, and lodged in Great Turnstile Street, a turning off Holborn. At the same time he amused himself by thinking out engineering problems.

At the age of twenty-six—he was born on June 18th, 1724—Smeaton began business on his own account. He sent papers to the Royal Society on scientific subjects, the first of a long series of contributions to the discussions of that body.

In 1759, the Society awarded him its Gold Medal for his paper, "Experimental Inquiry concerning the natural power of Wind and Water to drive Mills."

Other of Smeaton's papers were on "Mechanical Power," read in 1776, and "Collision," read in 1782. The last two dealt with the action of moving forces.

On a storm-tossed rock, fourteen miles out at sea from Plymouth, stands a thin white pillar. It is the Eddystone Lighthouse, a familiar sight to the mariners of the world.

Though the present building was erected by Sir James Nicholas Douglass, the pioneering credit must go to Smeaton, for it was he who proved the efficacy of stone over wood, and designed the most effective type of building for overcoming the dangers of storms.

In the year 1696, an engineer named Henry Winstanley obtained the permission of the Government to build a lighthouse on one of the rocks close to the entrance to Plymouth Sound.

Winstanley appears to have used his own money for the purpose. When the lighthouse was finished, it was seen to be a weird but picturesque building, which resembled a Chinese pagoda.

It was completed in the autumn of 1698, and the tallow

candles in the wooden lantern cast their first fitful glow over the waves on the night of November 14th that year.

Winstanley had the utmost confidence in his lighthouse. "I would like to be under its roof in the fiercest hurricane that ever blew beneath the surface of heaven," he said.

On the night of November 26th, 1702, Winstanley and his gallant companions perished with the fall of the lighthouse, which was demolished by a gale of unprecedented violence.

A more skilful and successful attempt to build a lighthouse on the rocks was made by John Rudyerd, a silk mercer of Ludgate Hill, London. It was well designed and strongly constructed, mainly of wood. It stood for forty-six years and then it was destroyed by fire which broke out in the lantern in the early hours of December 2nd, 1755.

The company of lessees who farmed the light dues approached the Earl of Macclesfield, then President of the Royal Society, for advice. He recommended that they should apply to John Smeaton.

In March, 1756, Smeaton inspected the site. At that time the only example of a lighthouse built on a site that was exposed to the full force of the sea was the well-known Tour de Cordouan, near the mouth of the River Gironde in France, but in this case the tower was screened from the waves by being enclosed in a circular sea-wall.

The peak of the Eddystone Rock was too narrow to admit the use of that kind of protection, and Smeaton therefore determined to make the lighthouse tower itself strong enough to withstand the shock of the waves. To carry out his idea he devised an entirely new method of building, and a new design.

He further decided that no wood should be used in the construction of the new tower.

During the first year after his decision to undertake the task, Smeaton spent the whole of his time in making plans and models, and preparing the materials and site.

The first stone was laid on Sunday, June 12th, 1757.

In the summer of 1759, the column was completed with forty-six courses of masonry. The lantern with its surrounding balcony was seventy feet above the level of the rock, and beneath a gilded ball on top of the pillar was a stone with the inscription "Laus Deo" (Praise be to God).

The lantern was lighted on October 16th of the same year. Smeaton died at Leeds on October 28th, 1792.

OCTOBER 29TH

*King Christian the Second*

A FAT old woman with pendulous cheeks made a low curtsy as Prince Christian of Denmark rode into the market-place of Bergen at the head of his entourage.

She was a repulsive figure, despite her finery. Yet Christian seemed to single her out for his especial favour, a circumstance that astonished the other market sellers, for most of them had a pleasing appearance, decked in their picturesque national costume.

But the Prince of Denmark was not a fool. He had learned beforehand of the old woman's amazingly beautiful daughter. Emissaries had brought him tidings of the "Rose of Bergen."

He had come to see the jewel himself; and there she was, tending a stall next to that of her mother.

"We are natives of Amsterdam," the old woman told the prince. "My name is Sigbrit Wylms, and this is my daughter, Dyveke."

If the prince were surprised that such a hag could be mother to such a beauty, he made no comment. He rode away with the resolve that he would have the girl at all costs.

Sigbrit raised no objection to Dyveke becoming the mistress of Christian, and when the latter became King on the death of his father, King John, the old woman and her daughter were installed at his palace at Copenhagen.

The King made no secret of his intrigue; it was known to the Court and people alike. But, in order to regulate the succession, he was urged to take a wife.

Choice fell upon Isabella, daughter of Philippe le Bel, a princess of the House of Austria, and sister of the Emperor Charles V. With a reputation for piety, virtue and beauty, and with the prospect of a valuable dowry, she was an attractive wife for any European monarch.

But there were difficulties to be overcome before the marriage could be arranged. Chief of these was Dyveke.

The King's representatives had to promise that this affair would stop at once. Christian agreed. The young queen was brought to Copenhagen, and Dyveke and her mother were kept out of sight.

This change in Christian's domestic affairs did not affect

the fortunes of Dyveke for any length of time. Sigbrit, who had wormed her way into the confidence of the King, saw to that. He made his mistress a present of the Castle of Hvideur, built a new house in the middle of the Antager market-place, and visited the two women there daily.

Sigbrit knew all the State secrets. She actually passed or annulled Orders in Council, and the King began to rely upon her absolutely.

Despite urgent representations from the Emperor Charles V, Christian refused to break off his relations with Dyveke:

The Queen complained bitterly, but without result. Then Dyveke suddenly fell ill.

The best doctors were called in, but they were unable to do anything for her. It is supposed that she was poisoned while eating cherries from the royal gardens. The responsible person was never discovered.

Dyveke died in the arms of her royal lover in 1517. The loss of his mistress drove the King almost insane, and the worst side of his character was displayed in the cruelties he practised.

Those who had welcomed the death of Dyveke now began to fear for the safety of the country. Despite the death of her daughter, Sigbrit secured a greater hold on Christian. Both were satisfied that Dyveke had not died a natural death, and they did their utmost to discover the murderer.

The chief steward of the household was a certain Torbern Oxe who had never failed to keep secret his admiration of Dyveke. Some, wishing to curry favour with the King, trumped up a story that he had been seen making love to her, and Christian, maddened by his loss, decided to test him and show no mercy if there was a trace of suspicion.

At the first opportunity—it happened to be a court function of some kind—the King said to him: "Tell us, dear Torbern, without reserve, is it true that you yourself had a great longing after the beautiful little dove? Do not hesitate to tell the truth; no harm shall come to you for it. But there are reasons why I should like to know."

The foolish Torbern, disarmed by Christian's mild manner, replied: "It is indeed true that I coveted her, but I was never intimate with her."

Whereupon the King blazed with wrath. One of the

courtiers near Torbern remarked to him: "You fool; you could not have said anything more imprudent."

For a while the King said nothing. Then one day the Crown Marshal appeared and ordered Torbern Oxe to deliver up his sword and follow him. He was thrown into prison, and later brought up before the Imperial Diet.

He was faced with his confession about his infatuation for Dyveke, but there was a more serious charge—that of murder.

The Diet, however, refused to convict Torbern on evidence of such a flimsy character, and the result of the trial was conveyed to the King, who cried in anger, "If the business cannot be carried through in this way we must find other means."

A jury was empanelled. About a dozen peasants were called in, an improvised Bench was set up, and the Royal herald proclaimed the charge of murder against Torbern.

The peasants, who had been instructed in their duty, formally brought a verdict of murder.

Oxe was executed on October 29th, 1517.

OCTOBER 30TH

*Elizabeth Ann Linley*

THEY called her the "Nightingale of Bath," for there was no one to compare with Elizabeth Ann Linley, either for beauty or golden voice.

The young bloods who went to Bath to make conquests, and marry women with dowries, fell victims to the charms of this impecunious daughter of a singing-master.

The "swell mobsmen" almost became honest under the influence of her modesty and virtue: the courtesans felt ashamed of themselves; and the duchesses and countesses simulated a simplicity they did not possess.

Though the fairest women in the land flocked to the Assembly Rooms, there was none so bewitching as the girl who sang daily in the concerts.

Her fame spread all over the country. She was summoned to sing before George III, and brought that monarch to tears. The poets wrote verses about her, or tried to do so, for as Charles Dibdin remarked, only a Milton could do her beauty and talent justice.



It is not surprising that little Elizabeth Ann Linley should have hundreds of suitors. Even stern clerics spoke of her, the Bishop of Meath declaring that she was "the link between an angel and a woman."

Dr. Charles Burney, the musician, wrote of her: "The tone of her voice and expression were as enchanting as her countenance and conversation. With a mellifluous-toned voice, a perfect shake and intonation, she was possessed of the double power of delighting an audience equally in pathetic strains and songs of brilliant execution, which is allowed to very few singers."

And, lastly, Horace Walpole: "Miss Linley's beauty is in the superlative degree. The King admires and ogles her as much as he dares do in so holy a place as oratorio."

Gainsborough and Reynolds painted two immortal pictures of her. The latter portrayed her as Cecilia, sitting at a harpsichord with face of ethereal loveliness.

To all who offered marriage, Elizabeth declared that she was wedded to her music. Then it was learned suddenly that she had actually promised to marry a man named Long, almost old enough to be her grandfather.

The explanation of this betrayal of her own feelings was soon known to the habitués of the Assembly Rooms. Her father had urged her to marry Long, whose name described accurately the character of his purse.

But the wedding bells never rang for Long. Though he had loaded her with jewels and had bought her a magnificent trousseau, his conscience triumphed at the last minute. The pleading of the "Nightingale" had effect.

Linley senior was furious when Long intimated that the wedding could not take place. He threatened a law action, but Long compromised with £3000 as an alternative to going to the altar.

The nine-days' wonder had barely subsided in Bath when another wooer appeared on the scene. He was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Born on October 30th, 1751, Sheridan was a man of whom his own sister wrote: "He was handsome. His cheeks had the glow of health; his eyes—the finest in the world—the brilliancy of genius, and were soft as a tender and affectionate heart could render them. The same playful fancy, the same sterling and innoxious wit that was shown afterwards in his writings, cheered and delighted the family circle."

Here was a different proposition, entirely. As early as 1769, when "Sherry" was a mere schoolboy, he had fallen in love with the Bath "Nightingale." He had seen others worshipping at her shrine and awaited his own time.

His elder brother had offered his love and been repulsed. His friend, Halhed, had no better luck.

Then a certain Major Matthews, a wealthy roué, tried his luck. She was cold, but Matthews was persistent.

His importunities at last became unbearable, and in desperation the "Nightingale" appealed to young Sheridan for help.

Nothing could have been so opportune for the love-sick Sheridan. He talked the situation over with her, and at last a plan was decided upon.

One evening soon afterwards Miss Linley pleaded indisposition and did not sing in the Assembly Rooms. While the concert was proceeding a sedan-chair was brought by Sheridan to the Linley house. The "Nightingale" was carried to a chaise in which was a woman who had been hired to accompany them on the journey to France, where Elizabeth intended to enter a convent until she was of age.

The runaways reached London, took a boat to Dunkirk, and eventually arrived at Lille. During the last stage of the journey Sheridan declared his love for her. He argued that the only course for them to take was marriage to save scandal.

Elizabeth was not indifferent. A priest was found; the ceremony took place, and the couple went on their honeymoon instead of to a convent.

Within a few days Linley senior had traced the couple. He arrived in France and took his daughter away from Sheridan, who followed them back to Bath to find that Major Matthews had published in a local paper an insulting paragraph in which he described Sheridan as a treacherous scoundrel.

The outcome was a duel. As a result Matthews was compelled to apologize. Later, however, the Major demanded a second meeting.

The men met on Claverton Down. There were a few exchanges and both swords broke. Matthews was able to throw Sheridan. Picking up a piece of broken sword, he pinned Sheridan's throat to the ground.

Sheridan, apparently dying, was driven to the nearest inn. Here he lay for some time between life and death. His wife

was singing at Cambridge. She hurried to Bath and with Sheridan's sister nursed him back to life.

The parents of both still opposed the marriage. Elizabeth sang in oratorio in London, and Sheridan followed her, appearing in the role of hackney coachman, and having the pleasure of driving not only his wife but her father home nightly from the concert hall.

Secret meetings took place between the couple, and for a time Sheridan and his "Nightingale" lived together in a cottage at East Burnham.

She gave up her career and they lived on the interest on the £3000 which had come from Long. It was, however, a precarious way of living, and soon Sheridan became restless, and decided to take a house in Portman Square.

He had no money, beyond £150 a year, and was soon in monetary difficulties. But, stimulated by his debts, he began to write plays with a success that brought him fame and riches.

OCTOBER 31ST

*"Butcher" Cumberland, of Culloden*

It was many years before the Scots could forgive the English for the atrocities of the Battle of Culloden.

The man responsible for Culloden and the subsequent "suppression" of the rebellion was the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II.

He visualised his father's crown being grabbed by the Young Pretender on behalf of his father, James III.

Charles Edward Stuart had already marched to the very centre of England, but had been compelled to beat a strategic retreat.

Cumberland was determined that the Jacobite army should not get an opportunity to reform.

It was on the morning of April 16th, 1746, that the Jacobite and Hanoverian armies came into contact in the decisive battle of the campaign.

The battle began at ten with an artillery duel. The Jacobites were inferior in ordnance. The Highlanders, however, advanced to the attack, hoping to beat the English in a hand-to-hand encounter.

The English had been well schooled in the method of

Scottish attack, and although the English line was almost broken at various points, it held together.

The clansmen were compelled to fall back. Within a few minutes of the beginning of the English cavalry onslaught, the rout was complete.

The Jacobites lost 1000 killed and 500 prisoners. The Government lost only 300.

Prince Charles's troops retreated westward across the Nairn, and towards Inverness.

On the following day, many of the Jacobite leaders deserted. Culloden had proved the death-knell of their hopes.

Cumberland craftily spread a rumour that Charles had given instructions that no quarter should be given to prisoners or wounded.

Cumberland ordered wounded to be put up against the wall and shot, or murdered as they lay on the ground.

A building full of Jacobites was surrounded and set on fire, the inmates being burned to death or murdered as they tried to escape.

General Wolfe, afterwards the hero of Quebec, indignantly refused to carry out an order by Cumberland to shoot wounded Jacobites.

But the greatest atrocities were inflicted on the civil population. The English soldiers, at the orders of "Butcher" Cumberland, began a systematic campaign of murder and pillage. Houses and villages were burned, crops were destroyed and stock driven far afield.

Inhabitants who refused to give information about prominent Jacobites—many of them could not have done so had they been inclined—were flogged.

At Fort Augustus, Cumberland devised a new way of entertaining his men. Young girls were seized, stripped naked, and forced to ride races on horseback.

At the Battle of Culloden the Highlanders were half starving. They had no advantage of ground, and Charles would have done better to postpone the encounter. His French officers, however, advised him to fight. They were becoming tired of the campaign.

A remnant of the Jacobite army was kept together. After a series of romantic escapes, Charles sailed for France.

The Government was just as guilty as Cumberland in the executions of the Jacobites. Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock and Lovat were beheaded.

Charles himself lived to be an old man, a broken-down drunkard. He died in 1788. His brother Henry became a cardinal, and thus renounced any claim to the English Crown.

William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, was the third son of George II, and was born in 1721.

He showed courage as a soldier, but little skill.

Cumberland was wounded fighting by the side of his father, George II, at the Battle of Dettingen in 1743, and was defeated at Fontenoy by Marshal Saxe. He was again defeated by Saxe in 1747 at the Battle of Lawfield.

After ten years' experience it seems that he was no better a campaigner, for he was compelled to surrender his army to the enemy after Hastenbeck.

The Duke died on October 31st, 1765. He never married, and the title lapsed on his death.

The following year it was revived in favour of Henry Frederick, son of Frederick, Prince of Wales and brother of George III.

**NOVEMBER**



NOVEMBER 1ST

*Dr. John Radcliffe*

DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE, the great physician and philanthropist, respected neither king nor commoner.

He had, moreover, a very poor opinion of his brother doctors.

When Queen Mary fell ill with the smallpox, Radcliffe was sent for by the Privy Council. Other doctors had already been attending her. Radcliffe read the recipes which they had prescribed, and said immediately that the Queen was a dead woman.

After her death Radcliffe declared publicly that this "great and good princess" had died through unskilful treatment. The medical attendants, he said, had produced a complication of diseases.

A few months afterwards he was requested to attend Princess Anne. Messengers found him drinking heavily, and to their earnest solicitations he calmly remarked that he would come soon. He was never known to leave a bottle unemptied.

Another messenger was sent to say that the Princess was very ill.

"Bah!" retorted the doctor, "her distemper is nothing but the vapours. She is in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, if she can only believe it."

Some hours afterwards he went to the Court and was refused admittance.

"The Princess has no further occasion for the services of a physician who would not obey her orders," was the statement. "She has made choice of Dr. Gibbons to succeed him in the care of her health."

Gibbons was a physician whom Radcliffe detested and ridiculed on every possible occasion. On returning to his drinking cronies, he remarked:

"Nurse Gibbons has got a new nursery, which I do not envy him the possession of, since his capacity is only equal to the ailments of a patient, which has no other existence than in the imagination."



Despite his eccentricities, Radcliffe was so famous that he was called in in every desperate case which concerned royalty or the peerage.

He was once asked to attend King William after other physicians had failed to bring relief.

"I must be plain with you," said Radcliffe, "if your Majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years; but beyond that time nothing physic can protract it. The juices of your stomach are all vitiated, your blood is corrupted, and your nutriment for the most part turns to water. However, if your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford's, I'll try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make your life longer than I have told you."

It was known that the King drank a good deal at the Earl's house.

Radcliffe left a prescription which had the effect of restoring the King's health temporarily. The King was able to go to Holland and amuse himself for a time.

The King returned from Holland and sent for Radcliffe.

"Doctor, what do you think of these?" asked William, pointing to his swollen ankles.

"Why, truly," replied Radcliffe, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

Such freedom gave the King offence, and he would never allow the physician to go near him again. He followed Radcliffe's prescriptions, and is said to have died about the time the doctor had predicted.

Radcliffe was as testy in his private affairs as in his profession. At the rear of his house in Bow Street there was a garden which extended to the one belonging to Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, who lived in the Piazza, Covent Garden.

Kneller allowed Radcliffe to have a gate between the two gardens, so that the physician might stroll in that of his neighbour's whenever he felt disposed.

One day Kneller complained that the doctor's servants had picked his flowers and destroyed them. He sent notice that the gate must be locked up.

"Tell him," said Radcliffe to the messenger "that he may do anything with it but paint it."

To which Kneller sent a reply : "I can take anything from you but physic."

Radcliffe was already a famous physician in the days of James II. James made every attempt to induce him to become a Roman Catholic, but without success.

Radcliffe made a big fortune. Every time he relieved an important patient he received a large fee. On one occasion he received £1200 from King William.

He was drinking one night at his favourite tavern when a peer called and requested him to go to his wife, who was ill. He promised to go as soon as he had finished the bottle.

The husband, a powerful athlete, immediately picked up the doctor and carried him off. After a time he put the doctor on his legs and apologised for his rudeness.

"You dog," cried Radcliffe. "I'll be revenged of you by curing your wife." He kept his word.

In July, 1714, Radcliffe was sent for to attend Queen Anne in the sickness which ended in her death. He was suffering from gout and was unable to go. He was accused of refusing to give his professional skill to his sovereign.

The public believed the rumour and Radcliffe was afraid to leave his residence in face of threats that he would be pulled to pieces.

Radcliffe died on November 1, 1714, two months after the Queen. In his will he declared that he was a "victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world, and the fury of the gout."

## NOVEMBER 2ND

### *Dr. Richard Hooker*

AMONG the many clerics who preached at St. Paul's Cross, London, in the sixteenth century, was Richard Hooker, who was one of the most contentious of all ecclesiastical propagandists.

It was regarded as an honour to preach at St. Paul's Cross, for it was an appointment backed by the reigning monarch, which generally meant preferment in the shape of a good living in a rich parish.

In the days of Hooker, Queen Elizabeth was generous to her favourite preachers.

It was customary for the St. Paul's preachers to put up for "lodgings and diet" at what was known as the "Shunamite's

House," presided over by a certain Mrs. Churchman, an admirably appropriate name.

Mrs. Churchman was a designing woman. She had a daughter named Joan, an unattractive maiden, whom she wished to place in a comfortable matrimonial berth. Joan had opportunities for studying the domestic behaviour of the numerous parsons who stayed their allotted week-end of four days at her mother's house. It is surprising, therefore, that she should have seconded her mother's advice to go in and win Richard Hooker, "a quiet and capacious soul with all the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists and schoolmen."

Joan had inherited the shrewishness of her mother. Richard Hooker was helpless against the two women. In a few months from his first visit to the "Shunamite's House" he married Joan, and thus tied himself to trouble for the rest of his life.

Soon after his marriage he was appointed to a living in Buckinghamshire, where he was visited occasionally by his pupils. Two of them, Edward Sandys and George Cranmer, nephew of the Archbishop, went to see him one day, and found him "tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field."

Going home to the house with him, they were startled to hear a shrill voice crying, "Richard, come and rock the cradle!"

Later, when they were alone, and out of hearing of Hooker's wife with her crying baby, Cranmer began to sympathise with his old tutor. But Hooker had long since given up worrying about his lot. He replied: "As saints have usually a double share of the miseries of this present life, it does not become me to repine. I submit to the Divine will, and labour to possess my soul in patience."

The visit of his pupils brought Hooker luck, for Sandys prevailed on his father, the Archbishop of York, to recommend the cleric to the vacancy of Master of the Temple.

There was a rival candidate named Walter Travers, a Presbyterian lecturer, who, after the appointment of Hooker, was allowed to remain at the Temple Church as an instructor. Hooker spoke in the morning, and Travers tried to refute in the evening everything that he said. This contest between the two men created much amusement. It was said that the "forenoon sermon spake Canterbury, the afternoon Geneva."

This might have developed into a free-fight of the partisans of each man if Archbishop Whitgift had not found it advisable to prohibit the preaching of Travers.

Travers retaliated by presenting a petition to the council to have the prohibition annulled. Hooker replied with "An Answer to the Petition of Mr. Travers," and then began to prepare an even more exhaustive treatise which, after some labour, he found was developing into something more than a mere attack on Travers.

It was, in fact, the beginning of his famous work, "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." He began work on it in 1586, and, finding it a large task, he petitioned Archbishop Whitgift to grant him a country parsonage in order, as he declared, "I may keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions."

In 1591 he was presented with the Rectory of Boscombe, near Salisbury. He completed the volume containing the first four books of the proposed "Eight Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," published about 1594.

In the following year he was promoted by the Queen to the Rectory of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury. There he spent the remaining five years of his life, and published the fifth book of his "Polity."

Hooker died on November 2nd, 1600, and was buried in his church at Bishopsbourne, where a monument was erected to his memory by Sir William Cowper thirty-five years afterwards.

#### NOVEMBER 3RD

##### *St. Winifred's Well, Flintshire*

CRADOCUS, a Welsh prince of the seventh century, had a rough way of making love. When he offered marriage to Winifred, a beautiful maiden of noble family, she refused to entertain the proposition. Whereupon he cut off her head.

But that was not the end of Winifred. Fortunately the good St. Bueno was thereabouts, and picking up the head which had rolled down the hill, dyeing red the stones and moss, he fitted it to the body, and the young woman was restored to life, prettier than ever.

In return for this kindness, Winifred agreed to enter a

monastery, and there she lived a life of sanctity for fifteen years. She was afterwards canonised.

That is the legend of St. Winifred.

There is, however, a great deal more to be told about this wonderful woman, for, like most of the saints, she had a posthumous "career" of miracle.

At the spot where the head of Winifred finished its flight down the hill, a wonderful thing happened. Water gushed forth from a bed of shingle and formed a large pool which is now the most famous holy well in Great Britain.

The well, which is at Holywell, Flintshire, was enclosed by a building in the Perpendicular Gothic style, dating from the reign of Henry VII. It forms a crypt under a small chapel which adjoins the parish church, and is entered by steps from the street.

The well basin is star-shaped, about ten feet in diameter, and is enclosed in a vault. Sculptured ornaments consist of representations of strange animals, and the armorial bearings of various benefactors of the shrine; among them, Catherine of Aragon, Margaret, mother of Henry VII, and members of the Stanley family, the founders of the crypt and chapel.

In ancient times the crypt contained statues of St. Winifred and the Virgin Mary. The latter was taken away in the seventeenth century; that of St. Winifred was removed later, but when is not certain.

There are stones at the bottom of the well on which a red moss grows, and this is known as St. Winifred's hair and blood.

A holy well without miracles is not to be entertained, and St. Winifred's is credited with many marvellous cures. It seems to have been a place of pilgrimage for centuries, even to the time of James II, who paid it a visit in 1688.

An attempt was made to revive the interest in St. Winifred in 1805. In that year a pamphlet was published recording the cure of a certain Winefred White, of Wolverhampton, after bathing in the well. It is to be feared, however, that it was an attempt on the part of the residents of Holywell to popularise the place.

The cure is certified by an inhabitant named Elizabeth Jones, who wrote as follows:

"I hereby declare that about three months ago I saw a young woman, calling herself Winefred White, walking with great difficulties on a crutch; and that on the following

morning the said Winefred White came to me running, and without any appearance of lameness, having, as she told me, been immediately cured after once bathing in St. Winifred's Well."

But despite these efforts to put St. Winifred on the map again, a less superstitious belief prevailed.

It was characteristic of the Middle Ages that wonderful powers should be attributed to a spring of clear water, but the spring always had to be backed up by legend and dedicated to a saint. Once it was placed in the category of holy wells it brought its votaries, many of whom may have been cured through faith in its efficacy.

Thomas Powell, writing in 1631, is sarcastic about holy wells. "Let them find out some strange water, some unheard of spring," he says, "and it is an easy matter to discolour or alter the taste of it in some measure, it makes no matter how little. Report strange cures that it hath done; beget a superstitious opinion of it. Good-fellowship shall uphold it, and the neighbouring towns shall all swear for it."

There was a period during which the superstition about wells was condemned. The Saxon King Edgar in 963 forbade the "worshipping of fountains," but in 1102 there appears to have been a partial relaxation of the ban, for the canons of Archbishop Anselm laid it down that no one must attribute reverence or sanctity to a fountain "without the bishop's authority."

There has always been another kind of superstition which has no saint or church for its basis, and to this day healing powers are credited to certain springs by rustics.

NOVEMBER 4TH

*Mr. Charles Churchill*

CHARLES CHURCHILL, the satirical poet, had a habit of carrying his little son about with him dressed in a Scottish plaid.

One day the child was asked why he was dressed as a Highlander. The boy replied: "Sir, my father hates the Scots, and does it to plague them!"

Churchill was not alone in his antipathy for the Scots. Many other people complained bitterly about them.

The fact was that under Prime Minister Lord Bute, Scotsmen were given preferment into the Government. The revenue

of the country had become the prey of men of that nationality, so it was said.

John Wilkes, the demagogue—he had not yet blossomed out into a rogue—worked hard for the Opposition, and did his best to make the Scots look ridiculous. He struck up a friendship with Churchill, who had a virulent pen and no qualms. The two put their heads together, and Churchill began a satire on Scotland.

As the work proceeded, Wilkes became more jubilant. "It is personal, it is political, it is poetical," he exclaimed. "It must succeed." It did.

In January, 1763, the satirical poem was published under the title of "Prophecy of Famine." It gave an extravagant idea of Scotland from a Cockney point of view; but that contributed to its success.

Scotsmen who had been angling for places in the Government were dismayed. They stopped their canvassing of ministers; and even those who were already dug-in felt uncomfortable.

The plaid shawl worn by Churchill's young son was like a red rag to a bull.

Charles Churchill was a satirist of the type of Alexander Pope. But while Pope found it necessary to be protected by an Irish giant to prevent assaults by his victims, Churchill, who offended equally as many people, was able to take care of himself.

One day an incident—typical of many—occurred at the Bedford Coffee House, then frequented by the wits of the day. Several men sworn to settle Churchill once and for all waited for him in a dark corner of the street.

Churchill sauntered up, humming a tune and swinging his bludgeon. At the door of the coffee-house he paused, turned round and smiled, and then walked in and called for a dish of coffee with the utmost composure.

Still on the alert he began to remove his gloves; but not for one moment did he relax his grip on the cudgel.

The broad shoulders and stout arms of the poet, together with a sight of the business-like stick, were enough for his would-be attackers. They dispersed silently.

Churchill's period of notoriety lasted only four years. He was the son of a clergyman and was born in Westminster in 1731. He was educated at Westminster School where he met Warren Hastings, William Cowper and Robert Lloyd.

At the age of seventeen he married, a disreputable parson of the Fleet Prison solemnizing the nuptials.

He was intended for the Church, but had no inclination for a parson's life. Nevertheless, he had to earn his living, and when he became of age he was ordained and received a country curacy.

In his own words he "prayed and starved on £40 a year."

When his father died in 1758, the parishioners chose his son to succeed him. At the age of twenty-seven, therefore, Churchill was installed curate and lecturer of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster.

He now had a better income but took no interest in his duties as a clergyman. Of his parishioners and work he wrote :

I kept those sheep,  
Which, for my curse, I was ordained to keep ;  
Ordained, alas ! To keep through need, not choice,  
Whilst sacred dullness ever in my view,  
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew.

Churchill produced his satirical poem called the "Rosciad" in which he attacked the leading actors. No bookseller would buy it, but Churchill had it printed at his own expense, and it appeared anonymously as a shilling pamphlet.

In a week or two it was obvious that the "Rosciad" had made a hit. The players satirized in the poem combed London to find the name of the author. Several authors disowned it, until in an advertisement Churchill announced that he was the author. He intimated that he was engaged on another poem that would annoy the theatre critics.

It made its appearance under the title of "An Apology addressed to the Critical Reviewers." The authors were as much incensed as the actors.

From every side came a shower of pamphlets attacking Churchill. They merely advertised him, and in a few months he had made a thousand pounds from the sale of his works.

Churchill had become separated from his wife soon after their marriage. He now set apart some of the money he had earned to provide for her an allowance. He paid off his debts, repaying many of the lenders with interest.

He died on November 4th, and his body was brought to England for burial.



NOVEMBER 5TH

*Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland*

THE extent to which Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, was involved in the Gunpowder Plot may be a matter of dispute. But the evidence brought against him amounted to no more than bare suspicion, so the punishment inflicted on him was a disgrace to that timid monarch, James I.

The penalty included his removal from the Privy Council, from his post of Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, and from the Lieutenancies he held in the provinces; his disablement from holding any public office, a fine of £30,000, and imprisonment for life in the Tower.

Jealousy and malice of other Ministers of the Crown can be blamed for Northumberland's downfall, for in the preliminaries to James's accession he appears to have acted loyally towards the King.

He was, in fact, one of the first to open up correspondence with James on the best means of securing his inheritance to the Crown. Though Protestants, both he and his father had supported the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Henry Percy was the eldest of eight sons of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, and was born in 1563. His father died in the Tower—probably by his own hand—and the young Earl managed to save himself from suspicion in the conspiracy by volunteering for the war in the Low Countries.

He was present at the siege of Ostend in 1601, and at the conclusion of the reign of Elizabeth he became a partizan of James VI of Scotland, next heir to the throne of England.

Northumberland employed his kinsman, Thomas Percy, as agent in his negotiations with James. Thomas was a Roman Catholic, and it was partly because of this that Henry found himself in difficulties later.

Thomas Percy undertook, with the approval of Northumberland, to speak to the King on behalf of the Papists. James, eager to win over such a powerful section of the country, promised to look after their interests.

While these negotiations were proceeding, Elizabeth died, and Sir Charles Percy, brother of Northumberland, was commissioned by the Privy Council to go to Scotland to convey the news to James. The King ordered that Northum-

berland should be immediately sworn a member of the Privy Council.

Northumberland met the King on his way to London ; was received cordially and was appointed Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, an important office in the Royal Household.

Fate seemed to favour the Earl of Northumberland. But trouble was brewing.

James had not been long in England when he found that the Protestants were ready to admit his title to the Crown, a matter upon which he had been doubtful. He discovered also that they were the majority party in the country, and that it was in his own interest to favour them.

Thus, he forgot his promises to the Catholics, and was even persuaded to enforce the penalties against the recusants. The Earl of Northumberland allowed himself to be nominated on the commission for that purpose.

This enraged the Catholics, who heaped bitter reproaches on him, but more particularly on their agent, Thomas Percy believing he had acted treacherously.

Thomas Percy joined the Gunpowder Plot conspirators. He died fighting against those who had been sent to capture him.

Northumberland was ordered to keep to his house, and was afterwards committed to the custody of Archbishop Bancroft. On November 27th he was removed to the Tower.

Seven months afterwards he was arraigned in the Star Chamber on the grounds that he had tried to place himself at the head of the Papists, and had attempted to obtain for them toleration. He was also charged with admitting Percy into the Band of the King's Pensioners, without administering to him the oath of Supremacy, knowing him to be a recusant, and with attempting to arrange Percy's escape.

Northumberland contrived to postpone payment of the fine for some years. At last the sum was reduced to £20,000 to be paid in three annual instalments. Northumberland refused to pay, and protested to the Earl of Salisbury, who appears to have been one of his leading enemies.

In 1611, his estates were seized by the Crown and leased out until the rents had produced the sum demanded.

Northumberland soon after submitted to payment of the fine. The leases were revoked and before the end of the year he had paid the whole of the £20,000.

On July 18th, 1621, he was released at the intercession, it is said, of Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, who had married a few years before, against her father's consent, Lucy Percy, the Earl's youngest daughter. By this act Hay hoped to pave the way for a reconciliation.

Northumberland's health had suffered by his imprisonment.

The remainder of his life was spent in his country house at Petworth in Sussex, where he lived until November 5th—a fatal date in his history—1632.

NOVEMBER 6TH

### *Princess Charlotte*

THE premature death of Princess Charlotte, only child of George IV, was a shock to the nation.

In the first place, she had a reputation for virtue possessed by few of the Hanoverians; secondly, it threatened a difficult succession problem, for it made the King's brother, William (afterwards the Fourth), heir presumptive without issue.

It is true that William was now compelled to break off his association with Mrs. Jordan, the actress, and to marry Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, but he was fifty-three.

There was little incident in the short life of Princess Charlotte except, perhaps, her resolute refusal to marry the Prince of Orange, whose father and family were living in England, refugees from the victorious Napoleon.

The Princess Charlotte Caroline Augusta of Wales was born on January 7, 1796. Her mother was the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick, whose domestic quarrels with her husband, George IV, scandalized the country.

The Duke of Gloucester, brother of the reigning monarch, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and other officers of State were present to prove the birth. The baptism was an elaborate affair, for the princess was heir apparent. Prominent statesmen attended, relieved that the succession was now certain, even though the child were a girl.

The little Princess Charlotte was carefully educated to the high estate she was expected ultimately to fulfil. She knew little of a mother's love, for Queen Caroline and her father parted soon after her birth.

Some concern was felt by the Government about her

delicate health, but, as a result of spending as much time as possible at the seaside, this seemed to improve.

In 1807 she was placed under the care of Lady De Clifford, who took up residence with her charge at Warwick House, Pall Mall, a country house being provided at Windsor.

In 1815, Charlotte appeared for the first time at Court, and the question of marrying her to some deserving prince engaged the attention of George IV.

The Prince of Orange was in London. He, thought the Royal family, would make an admirable consort for the young woman who would become Queen of England. The Prince had been educated at Oxford, was well grounded in English affairs, and was only too ready, now that it was doubtful whether he would ever again reign over his principality, to become the consort of the British Queen.

Thus encouraged, the Prince proposed to the young Princess. Unlike Mary II, who had detested her Prince of Orange at first but had given way, Charlotte refused to entertain his proposal for a moment, in terms which admitted of no doubt that she would not have him at any price.

The Battle of Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon changed the prospects of the Prince of Orange. He thereupon renewed his suit, but was again refused, although he accompanied it with the offer of the Crown of his country.

Charlotte told him that his material possessions had nothing to do with her acceptance or rejection of him. In short, she had given her heart to someone else.

Her lover eventually became her husband. He was Leopold George Frederick, Prince Coburg of Saalfeld, the third brother of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, a branch of the family of the King of Saxony.

This Prince, who had visited England the year before Waterloo, had had an active career. At the age of sixteen he was called upon to join the army fighting against Napoleon. He had been presented to the English Court, and had forthwith fallen in love with Charlotte. The young people had many opportunities of enjoying each other's society, and the Prince had made a favourable impression on the Princess.

He approached her father, Prince George, then Regent, during the illness of George III. The Regent approved, and the marriage was solemnized in May, 1816 at Carlton House, London.

The Royal couple took up residence at Claremont, near

Esher, Surrey, a country house bought especially for them. No prince and princess lived in more modest style.

This admirable domestic existence was doomed to come to an early and sudden end.

On November 5th, 1817, the Princess gave birth to a still-born child. Despite every effort on the part of her physicians the Princess grew weaker, and she died early in the morning of the following day, November 6.

#### NOVEMBER 7TH

#### *Two Die for Murder*

SHORTLY after dawn on the morning of November 7th, 1750, a wagon rattled over the cobble-stones of Ely market-place and drew up in the open space before a crowd of sightseers. In the vehicle were a man and woman, both condemned criminals. Their names were John Vicars and Amy Hutchinson. Vicars had been convicted of murdering his wife; Hutchinson's offence was the murder of her husband.

The crimes were not connected, but man and woman were tried at the same assizes.

The murder of a husband by a wife was considered a greater crime than the murder of a wife by a husband. A woman's crime was deemed to be petty treason, next in degree to high treason, or an attempt to assassinate a reigning monarch.

The penalty on conviction was strangulation, the body afterwards to be burned at the stake. All this was done in full view of the crowd. A convicted wife-murderer was hanged.

Vicars and Hutchinson knelt down together in the bottom of the cart, and a brief service was held.

The shrill soprano of the woman, the guttural baritone of the man and the quavering voice of the chaplain could be heard above the suppressed tones of the crowd. The service ended and the critical moment arrived.

Vicars showed unconcern at his tragic situation, but asked that the woman should be first to suffer her punishment.

Hutchinson was accordingly blindfolded. Her face and hands were smeared with tar, and her execution garment was daubed with pitch. She was led to the stake. A rope was drawn around her neck and she was strangled by the executioner.

When the flames had secured a firm hold on the faggots the executioner turned to Vicars. The doomed man assisted in the adjustment of the rope round his neck. The faggots crackled and a lurid glare lit up the dull November day.

Vicars, asked if he had anything to say, made no reply. Suddenly he threw himself from the cart. The gibbet creaked and the body of the criminal swung to and fro.

John Vicars was the son of a Doddington farmer. He became a gardener in the employ of the Earl of Leicester, but lost his job through intrigues with married women.

He secured another post as gardener at a house in Kensington, but gave this up to join the Navy.

The ship was suddenly paid off and Vicars threw in his lot with a gang of smugglers. He was caught on the Sussex coast by a party of Dragoons and lodged in Southwark gaol. On being brought to trial, Vicars, much to his own surprise, was acquitted.

He obtained a post as gardener at Chelsea, but had to leave through more intrigues with married women.

He returned to Doddington and married. But there was no domestic harmony. The couple frequently quarrelled and when the Jacobite rebellion broke out in 1745, Vicars enlisted in the Dragoons.

On his discharge he went home, but his wife died within a few months. He became acquainted with a certain Mary Hainsworth and the couple lived together as man and wife. The woman often asked Vicars to marry her, but he refused.

Driven to distraction by her condition, Mary Hainsworth swore that she would commit suicide. Whereupon he left her. She implored him to come back and agreed to live with him as before. The association was thus renewed on the former basis.

Eventually the two were married and then Vicars' troubles began. His wife's mother insisted upon interfering with their domestic affairs, and when he remonstrated, Mrs. Vicars packed her bag and went to her mother's house.

If Vicars had shown little affection for his wife before marriage, he appears to have fallen in love with her afterwards. When she left him, he was so anxious to get her back that he made several unsuccessful calls at her mother's to persuade her to come home.

One day he took her some fruit, and was just about to leave the house when his mother-in-law appeared and began

to beat him with a stick. She advised her daughter to stab him with the knife which she had in her hand.

His wife rushed at him, and he retreated to the door, where he stumbled over the step. The two women made a further attempt to wound him. In the fray Vicars received a badly cut thumb.

He escaped and went to a justice of the peace, who told him that his mother-in-law had sworn out a warrant and that he was about to be arrested for assault.

He was advised to leave the village, which he promised to do. On the way home he met his wife and, in a fury, drew a knife and stabbed her. He gave himself up to justice and confessed.

Amy Hutchinson was also born in the Isle of Ely. At the age of sixteen she had a love affair. When her sweetheart left her and went to London, it broke her heart. In a fit of pique she married a man named John Hutchinson, whom she had always detested.

The couple had not been married long when her former lover returned to the village to complete the fateful triangle.

Soon the village tongues were wagging. Mrs. Hutchinson and her former lover were associating in the old way.

Hutchinson became jealous and began to beat his wife. This had no effect, and the husband took to drink. Meanwhile, the lovers continued their guilty relations until at last they decided to remove Hutchinson.

Mrs. Hutchinson bought a quantity of arsenic which she put one night into her husband's hot ale. She then left him, saying that she was going out to buy something for next day's dinner.

She met her lover and told him what she had done. He advised her to buy more poison as the first dose might not be fatal. She did so, but on arriving home her husband was dead.

But tongues now wagged more energetically. Suspicions were aroused and the body of Hutchinson was exhumed. When the coroner's jury returned a verdict "That John Hutchinson had died by poison," the woman was arrested and lodged in Ely gaol.

A counsel was engaged to handle her case, but the evidence against her was too convincing. She was found guilty and sentenced to death.

NOVEMBER 8TH

"O LIBERTY! what things are done in thy name!"

*Mme Roland*

It is the voice of a woman that rings across the Place de la Revolution—a woman, tall, majestic, coal-black hair streaming in a wavy cascade over her shoulders.

Large black eyes stare scornfully above the sea of white faces at the gigantic statue of Liberty which overshadows the scaffold. She is Mme Roland, the most remarkable woman of the French Revolution, saving Marie Antoinette herself.

Beside her cringes a man. He is Lamarche, "Director of Assignat-printing," who has also incurred the displeasure of the ruling political party, the Mountain.

His head, too, is to fall under the guillotine.

The sinister, massive form of executioner Sanson completes the tableau.

A request by Mme Roland for pencil and paper causes an ironical laugh.

"What do you want them for?" she is asked.

"To write the thoughts that are rising in me," is the reply.

Mme Roland had been an indefatigable scribe during the Revolution. Nothing was too unimportant to put on paper. At her famous public dinners on Fridays, when the great Girondins ate with her and her husband, she had withdrawn to her desk and recorded the conversations.

She carried this habit to the scaffold, desirous that her memoirs should be as complete as possible. But her request is refused.

The immobile Roland, statuesquely beautiful in her dirty white execution gown, gazes down with pity on the shivering Lamarche, who is bewildered into incoherency by the scene in which he is playing the leading role.

Sanson is becoming impatient. He moves to begin his dreadful work. The woman steps forward as graceful as a swan and, taking the hand of Lamarche, whispers a few words of encouragement.

It is soon over. The heads and the decapitated bodies are removed. The crowd disperses singing ribald songs.

Mme Roland's maiden name was Manon Phlipon, and she was born in Paris in 1756.



It is said that she allowed her imagination to get the better of her religion. Like Charlotte Corday, the girl who murdered Marat, Manon was well read in the classics at an early age. It is said that at the age of fourteen she wept because she was not a Roman or a Spartan woman.

In 1781 she married M. Roland, a man twenty years her senior. He was a native of Villefranche, near Lyons. At the time of their marriage he held the post of Inspector-General of Manufactures.

When the Revolution came, in 1789, the Rolands threw in their lot with the revolutionaries. M. Roland was elected representative to the National Assembly for his native place.

Of the two revolutionary sections, the Girondists and Jacobins, the Rolands chose the former, who were less violent and bloodthirsty.

On the founding of a Girondist ministry Roland became Minister of the Interior. His wife assisted him in his work, and it is said that she wrote the famous warning letter to King Louis XVI in May, 1792.

It resulted in the dismissal of Roland from the Ministry, but he was recalled soon afterwards.

Roland boldly denounced the September massacres in the National Convention, but the Jacobins, led by Robespierre, Marat and Danton, were now becoming too powerful to listen to reason.

Often Mme Roland herself tried to dissuade these madmen from their atrocities and sometimes thwarted them.

Soon the extremists planned to get rid of these two people. Arrangements were made for them to leave their home at the Hôtel de l'Interior, but Mme Roland declared: "I am ashamed of the part I am made to play. I will neither disguise myself nor leave the house. If they wish to assassinate me it shall be in my own house."

On May 31, 1793, the Girondists were overthrown by the Jacobins. Mme Roland was thrown into prison, her husband being absent from Paris at the time.

She grieved for her husband, who, to save himself, kept out of the city. She fascinated her gaolers and won their pity, but they could do nothing to save her.

Once she determined to take poison to end her miserable existence in prison, but finally resolved to meet her fate bravely.

On October 16th, Marie Antoinette went to the guillotine

as Charlotte Corday had done a few months before. Late in October about twenty Girondists, all friends of the Rolands, ended their lives on the scaffold.

What induced the Jacobins to hold Mme Roland so long in gaol is not known. Perhaps they believed that her husband would return to Paris.

She was successively imprisoned in the Abbaye—actually in the room which had been occupied by Charlotte Corday—in the Sainte Pelagie and the Conciergerie.

At last she was brought to trial as an accomplice of the Girondists.

At her trial she was an even more beautiful figure than Charlotte Corday had been when she faced her accusers. One would have expected that she would have invoked the pity of the Tribune. But in their eyes a beautiful victim made a more attractive spectacle at the guillotine.

She was unruffled by the insults thrown at her. Maintaining her dignity, she refused to be drawn into any statements that would be likely to condemn others. Her death was predetermined, and the result certain.

Thus on November 8th, 1793, the guillotine took the life of a woman of indomitable courage and great heart.

To her little daughter she wrote a letter full of motherly love and prudent counsels.

## NOVEMBER 9TH

### *Lord Mayor's Day*

SINCE Richard I appointed Henry Fitz Ailwyn Mayor of London in 1189 the Civic Chair has been filled by all sorts and conditions of men—foundlings, eccentrics, revolutionaries, demagogues and philanthropists.

Some have exercised an authority greater than kings, so that the monarch has had to eat humble pie before the ruler of the One Square Mile.

Henry III, for instance, found the London Mayors a little troublesome. In 1264 one boldly remarked to him: "My lord, so long as you unto us will be a good lord and king, we will be faithful and duteous to you."

The next Mayor, however, was not so lucky. Both he and the chief aldermen were imprisoned for daring to fortify the City, and the mayoralty was left in abeyance for four years.

Similarly, in 1285, Edward I suspended the office when Sir Gregory Rokesley refused to leave the City to answer an offence at the Tower of London.

Sir Nicholas Farindon was a notable mayor who was appointed by Edward II. That area of the City known as Farringdon Ward belonged to the family, and the king allowed it to be called after the mayor in consideration of "twenty marks and one clove or gillyflower."

Sir William Walworth, another mayor who gave his name to a district, was the fishmonger who in 1380 during his term of office stabbed the Kentish rebel Wat Tyler when the young King Richard II invited the rebels to discuss terms for settlement of the rebellion.

It was during this reign, it is said, that the word "Lord" was first added to the title of London's first citizen.

There is little fact in the Whittington story of Bow Bells and the cat which made its owner's fortune by catching the Barbary mice.

Dick certainly did marry his master's daughter, the vivacious Alice Fitzwarren, became a wealthy merchant and Court banker to three kings, Richard II, Henry IV and Henry V.

He was mayor four times—not three—and in his last year of office Henry V and Queen Catherine dined with him in the City. On that occasion, it is said, Whittington "caused a fire to be lighted of precious woods, mixed with cinnamon and other spices, and then, taking all the bonds given him by the king for money lent, amounting to no less than £60,000, he threw them into the fire and burnt them, thereby freeing his Sovereign from his debts."

"Surely, never had king such a subject," exclaimed the astonished monarch.

"Surely, sire, never had subject such a king," replied Sir Richard.

Dick had other good points, for he fined the Brewers' Company £20 for selling bad ale.

He had no heir. Thus the City benefited greatly from his munificence. During his lifetime he built conduits at Cripple-gate and Billingsgate, and founded a library at the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newgate Street.

He paved the Guildhall and gave a large sum towards its library, and restored St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

He left his wealth to charitable causes. Newgate was rebuilt and almshouses erected on College Hill.

Although a merchant Whittington was also a great architect, and he enlarged the nave of Westminster Abbey for Henry V. It can be said truly that Whittington was the personal friend of kings. He died in 1427.

The Lord Mayor of 1479 was cantankerous. It is recorded that he, Bartholomew James, had Sheriff Bayfield fined £50 (about £2000 present day value) for kneeling too close to him while at prayers in St. Paul's. He was afraid of plague.

One of the most illustrious of Lord Mayors was Sir Thomas Gresham (1537). At the dissolution of the monasteries during the reign of Henry VIII he was granted five parcels of Church lands.

He helped Wolsey after his fall, but was liked no less for it by Henry VIII. He died in 1548 and was buried in St. Lawrence Jewry.

#### NOVEMBER 10TH

#### *The Pilgrim Fathers*

ON August 5th, 1620, a ship set sail from Plymouth with a rich freight.

On board were 101 souls—resolute men, timid women, some hourly expecting childbirth, and children whose curiosity about the ship and its appointments had overcome the pangs of parting from their friends ashore.

The vessel was the "Mayflower."

There were many among that little company of Puritans who dreaded the outcome of the venture they had undertaken. Already their sister ship, the "Speedwell," had belied its name and returned to port, her captain refusing at the last minute to brave the Atlantic with his little craft.

Thus the pilgrims, reduced in numbers—for not all those in the "Speedwell" had joined their friends in the "Mayflower"—left their native shores sadly and without enthusiasm.

It was a hazardous voyage. The 180-ton vessel was soon in difficulties. Huge waves crashed against its wooden hull, and the craft was tossed about like a feather.

One storm followed another with relentless regularity. Those who were not sick in their berths kept below, afraid to venture on deck, and spent their time in prayer.

After a terrible voyage of sixty-three days, the "Mayflower" entered the harbour of Cape Cod. Here they fell upon

their knees and "blessed God for having brought them safely across the great waters."

But they did not leave the ship. There was yet a good deal to be done before those families could be allowed to venture ashore and begin to carve out a living for themselves in strange country.

The more intelligent and courageous among them proposed the formation of a committee of ways and means. Finally, "In the name of God, Amen," they put their hands to the remarkable document that goes down in history as a kind of charter of New England.

This document was signed by forty-one persons, representative of the various families. It was intended, too, to be a covenant for their descendants.

John Carver, "a pious and well-approved gentleman," was elected governor of the community for the first year.

Although the pilgrims had experienced harrowing conditions crossing the Atlantic, their difficulties had hardly begun when they arrived at Cape Cod. It had been their intention to land and establish themselves in the district of Virginia, but either through inclement weather, or the treachery of the captain of the "Mayflower," who is said to have been bribed by the Dutch settlers to prevent the pilgrims doing so, the community had to take up a position on a bleak and barren coast.

Winter was setting in, and the prospect was uninviting. An exploration of the district on November 10th served only to increase their fears. Death seemed to stalk everywhere, symbolized more particularly by the rude Indian graves that seemed to be dotted here and there.

The pilgrims dug into these sepulchres, and found several baskets full of Indian corn, which they took away, and which served later as seed-corn for their first harvest.

Their second investigation of the ground offered no more hope than the first. It was not yet the end of November, but winter had come suddenly with a severe snow-storm and a hard frost. They travelled up and down the steep hills and valleys, scraped away the snow here and there and dug in the hope of finding more corn. But though there seemed now to be an abundance of graves, they found nothing else.

Many of the pilgrims caught cold and died, and soon there was another, but a more sacred-looking cemetery, in which lay

the remains of those who were never destined to see the milk and honey of the promised land.

Two Indian wigwams were seen in the distance, but there was no sign of human beings other than themselves.

It is recorded in the log that Mrs. Susanna White gave birth to a son, the first of European parentage to be born in New England. The child was called Peregrine, and he lived to the age of eighty-four.

The next entry on the register of the little community records four deaths.

On December 6th another attempt was made to discover a suitable place to settle. The weather was still intensely cold, and in the afternoon a tempest arose; but what was worse, they heard the war-whoops of Indians.

A flight of arrows showed that the natives meant business, but the discharge of a few muskets sent the Indians scurrying into shelter.

The pilgrims coasted farther along the shore and, in due course, found an island. "And this, being the last day of the week, they here dried their stuff, fixed their pieces, rested, and returned thanks to God for their many deliverances; and on the following day kept here their Christian sabbath."

Finally, on Monday morning, they negotiated some dangerous rocks and landed on the mainland.

The pilgrims now marched inland, saw cornfields and running brooks. Eight days later the "Mayflower" was safely harboured, and in a thaw that had taken place they saw the beauty and fertility of the land.

They decided to settle on the mainland on high ground facing the bay, where corn had been planted three or four years before, "a sweet brook running under the hill, with many delicate springs."

They began to build huts, interrupted by storms of wind and rain, and occasional raids by Indians.

"On the last day of the year, being Lord's Day," says the record, "the Sabbath was kept for the first time in the place of their building, and the name of Plymouth given to the settlement in grateful memory of the Christian friends they found at Plymouth in England the last time they left their native land."

NOVEMBER 11TH

*The Marquess of Hastings*

At the second October meeting at Newmarket in 1868 an incident occurred which cast a gloom over the proceedings, and which lived in the minds of racegoers for many years afterwards.

The bookmakers were calling the odds, and the horses were being saddled for the first race of the day. Suddenly the crowd in the paddock opened out, and through the lane thus made there appeared a bath-chair with an occupant upon whose face was the hue of death.

Glassy eyes peered out from jaundiced features, and the arms which lay upon the rug over his knees were emaciated.

The man in the bath-chair had come to pay his final visit to Newmarket races. He was Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet, Marquess of Hastings.

In six years Lord Hastings had changed from a slim, comely lad to an apparently old man. In that period, too, he had got rid of a fortune, and had been the most talked-of man on the Turf.

His name had been scandalized. He had won fortunes and lost them without turning a hair.

Hundreds had been glad to shake his hand; now they glanced at him with contempt and pity. The man who had owned the finest racehorses of the day was not now worth a "Good afternoon."

Lord Hastings had come to bet on a horse. The beautiful mare Athena had once belonged to him, but she had gone with the rest to pay his gambling debts. His bath-chair was wheeled up to a bookmaker, and Lord Hastings wagered £25 on Athena.

"Mind you," said the bookmaker brutally, "I shall expect to be paid for this."

It was the last wager Lord Hastings ever made. The horse won, and when she was being led into the unsaddling enclosure there was a pathetic reunion between the broken peer and the animal.

Lord Hastings painfully got down from his conveyance, and hobbling to Athena, he patted the shining neck, the horse whinnying in recognition.

The Turf never saw Lord Hastings again. It was arranged

that he should take a winter in Egypt, but he never lived to make the journey. He died on November 11th, 1868, at the early age of twenty-six, and the title died with him.

The career of Lord Hastings was short but hectic. It was while at Oxford that he decided to become an owner of thoroughbreds.

He was early recognized as a pigeon to be plucked, and when he purchased a horse called Kangaroo for £13,500—the highest price ever paid for a horse up to that time—he was defrauded. Kangaroo was useless. He never earned his oats.

His owner cut his loss and the horse finished his career in a London hansom.

This should have been a lesson to the Marquess of Hastings. Unfortunately it was not. He soon had fifty horses in training. Some were good, others useful, but many bad.

He won the Cambridgeshire with Ackworth in 1864 and the Goodwood Cup with The Duke in 1866. A horse called The Earl won the Grand Prix de Paris, but the animal broke down before the English classics.

In 1864 the Marquess won £10,000 in stakes, in 1866 £12,837 and in 1867 £30,353.

As a reckless gambler Lord Hastings was known everywhere. He won £75,000 when Lecturer won the Cesarewitch, after which he boasted that he could regularly win £30,000 a year in betting on horses.

The bookmakers could easily draw him into a huge bet.

One of Lord Hastings's biggest blows was the success of Mr. Henry Chaplin's Hermit, which won one of the most sensational Derbys on record.

As soon as the ante-post betting was opened on this event the Marquess began to lay heavily against the animal. When the horse broke down in training some time before the race, Lord Hastings appeared to be on a good thing.

The race was run in a snowstorm, and when Hermit passed the winning post at the head of the field, the great gambler had lost £100,000.

On settling day his agents were first at Tattersall's. Every penny was paid, although Lord Hastings had to sell his Scottish estate at Loudoun.

Never did Fate take such a drastic revenge on a man. For behind the story of Hermit's Derby there was a romance of outraged love.

Three years before it was said that Lord Hastings had



stolen from Mr. Chaplin his sweetheart, Lady Florence Paget. Lady Florence had driven up to a West End store with Mr. Chaplin. She entered the shop while he waited outside. She did not return. She had slipped out at a back door and had been whisked away by Lord Hastings in a hansom.

Thus did Hermit amply avenge the wrong done to his master.

At Ascot a few weeks later Lord Hastings was cheered by the bookmakers for the sportsmanlike way he had settled his debts.

But that year was to be even more tragic for the gambling Marquess. At the autumn meeting at Newmarket he ran his two-year-old filly Elizabeth and lost £50,000 when she ran a bad fifth.

The Marquess was now getting to the end of his tether. This was the first occasion on which he had shown any emotion.

Maria Marchioness of Aylesbury, who stood by, noticed the paleness creeping over the features of the gambler.

She strode up to him, and, by way of relieving the tension, pretended to be concerned with her own losses.

"Tell me how I stand," she said, handing him her betting book.

"You have lost £23," coolly replied the Marquess after a swift calculation.

The colour returned to his cheeks. Lady Aylesbury's ruse had succeeded.

It was almost the final throw. The Marquess had to dispose of all the property he owned. Hunters, hacks, hounds, the reversion of his ancestral estate at Castle Donington all went into the hands of the bookmakers.

Even then he was unable to save his honour. At the Derby of 1868 he was hooted, for he still owed the Ring £40,000.

The Marquess died on November 11th, 1868.

## NOVEMBER 12TH

### *Mr. Peter Williamson*

"A SINGULARLY unfortunate man," is the description applied to Peter Williamson by an old chronicler.

Peter had some amazing experiences. If a document

which he published in England in 1756 is to be relied upon, he must have had a unique career. He tells hair-raising stories of his experiences among the North American Indians, of atrocities committed by the natives, and the deplorable condition of the emigrants in Pennsylvania.

Here is the story :

Orphaned at the age of eight, Peter was placed under the care of an aunt. While playing one day on the quay at Aberdeen, he was invited by two sailors to visit their ship. He had no sooner reached the deck when he was picked up and carried below.

There he found himself in the company of several other children.

Peter was too young to understand the significance of what had happened. He knew afterwards that he had been kid-napped.

At the time there was a brisk market in America for young children, who were put to work as slaves on the plantations.

Peter was kept aboard the ship a month before it actually sailed with its cargo of merchandise and children.

When the ship arrived at Philadelphia, people came on board and began to bargain for the children. Peter was sold for £16 to a Scotsman who had himself been a slave in his youth. Luckily for Peter, his master had no children, and he was kindly treated.

When Peter was seventeen his employer died, and left him £200. This he judiciously banked, and for seven years he worked in various parts of the district, adding to his capital.

He married the daughter of a planter, who gave him a tract of land which lay on the frontier of the province of Pennsylvania near the Delaware River. He sank his capital in stock, and was gradually becoming rich when the Indians began to be troublesome.

They appeared frequently in small parties and ravaged the farms. Williamson records that the barbarities committed by the savages "are not to be paralleled in all the volumes of history."

On October 2nd, 1754, the Indians attacked Williamson's house. His wife had gone to visit friends, and he was alone in the building. At 11 o'clock at night he heard the howling natives approaching.

He flew to the window and found that the party numbered

a dozen. They began to beat on the door, whereupon Williamson demanded what they wanted.

One of the Indians, who could speak a little English, threatened to burn him alive if he did not come out of the house. They promised not to kill him if he left immediately.

Williamson had no alternative. He went out of the door carrying his gun, but was instantly disarmed. The Indians then plundered the house and destroyed what they could not carry away. Finally, they set fire to the barns which contained two hundred bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses and five sheep. All were destroyed.

Williamson was forced to go with the party, pinioned, but carrying a load on his back. At night he lay on the ground near the fire while the natives performed a devilish war dance around him.

After several days they arrived in the neighbourhood of the Apalatin Mountains, where the Indians raided another farm.

The owner, Jacob Snider, and his wife and children were scalped, but the life of a manservant was spared, and he became a companion prisoner to Williamson. The manservant, however, soon collapsed under the heavy burden that he was carrying. He was now useless to the natives, and they ended his misery with a tomahawk.

In a few weeks the Indians attacked a score of farms and wiped out the families. Sometimes the menfolk were captured and forced to go with the party, which by now had been reinforced by other bands of natives.

Some of their victims were cruelly tortured. Some were roasted alive, while others were badly mutilated. Williamson was compelled to witness indescribable horrors; some of the atrocities he has set down in writing are revolting. He was made to dig the graves for the bodies of the unfortunate victims, so that no trace should be left behind for white people to locate the natives.

The party was now one hundred and fifty strong, and Williamson had little hope of making his escape. But one night the Indians decided to divide into parties of twenty, in order to carry out a number of raiding expeditions. Williamson was left behind on the hills with ten Indians.

He succeeded in getting away from them and hiding in a hollow tree.

After many days wandering in an Indian disguise he reached

a white settlement, and was taken into the house of an old acquaintance.

Williamson records that he could not settle down to his plantation, and therefore joined an expedition for the extermination of the Indians who had been ravaging the country.

They came upon one party and "killed every man of them," rescuing a white woman who had been dragged naked at the end of a rope.

After this expedition Williamson joined a regiment at Oswego, where he remained until the town was captured by the French in August, 1756.

Williamson was one of those taken prisoner at Oswego. He was exchanged and in November, 1756, he was brought home to Plymouth, where he was eventually discharged unfit for further service, owing to a wound in his left hand.

He exhibited himself in London during 1760 and 1761, dressed in the garb of a Delaware North American Indian.

He is said to have died on November 12th, 1767.

#### NOVEMBER 13TH

##### *Queen Philippa of Hainault*

IF the affections of King Edward III, who was born on November 13th, 1312, were liable at times to wander from his consort, it needed merely a comparison between other women and Queen Philippa to bring him back to his senses.

She was a wise and clever helpmeet, and Edward knew it.

"We have, my husband, enjoyed our long union in happiness, peace and prosperity," said Philippa, as she lay on her death-bed at Windsor Castle.

"But I entreat, before I depart, and we are for ever separated in this world, that you will grant me three requests."

The King promised, the tears coursing down his face. "Whatever be your requests, they shall be granted."

"My lord," said the Queen, "I beg you will fulfil whatever engagements I have entered into with merchants for their wares as well on this as on the other side of the sea. I beseech you to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I have made, or left to churches wherein I have paid my devotions, and to all my servants, whether male or female; and when it shall please God to call you hence you will choose no other sepulchre than

mine, and that you will lie by my side in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey."

What, then, did this virtuous woman achieve for the country of her adoption?

An old chronicler makes the following pious reference: "Blessed be the memory of King Edward III and Philippa of Hainault, his queen, who first invented clothes."

It must not be inferred from this that the English did not wear clothes before the fourteenth century. The word "clothes" in this connection means garments made with cloth. Philippa was the first to introduce the art of making cloth into this country.

As early as July, 1331, a few months after the accession to sole power by her husband, she wrote to a certain John Kempe of Flanders offering him an inducement to come to England and set up as a cloth-weaver. She also asked that the servants and apprentices of his "mystery" should come with him.

Kempe brought the whole of his establishment, and he was given facilities for carrying on the industry at the King's manufacturing colony at Norwich.

It had always been a mystery to Philippa why wool produced in this country should be sent to Holland to be made into cloth, to become clothes for the people of the Continent.

She was a frequent visitor to the industrial colony. She was interested not only in the industries themselves, but the condition of the workers. While she was still only a girl in years, she made Norwich a rich manufacturing city.

Philippa often accompanied her husband on his military expeditions. She was with him when he entered Berwick and annexed the town to the British crown.

It was while on a northern campaign that her second son, William of Hatfield, was born in a village in Yorkshire, in the winter of 1336. The child lived only a few weeks, and was buried in York Minster.

Once Edward was so reduced in circumstances that he had to pawn the Queen's crown at Cologne. But the people of England would not hear of its remaining there. They subscribed 30,000 packs of wool and redeemed the crown.

When the King was on his Flemish campaigns, the Queen kept her court at Antwerp and Ghent, where her third son, Lionel, was born. This child grew up to be seven feet in height.

In 1340 she paid a long visit to her industrial colony at Norwich. She now found a big business being done in weaving and dyeing, and induced the King to go to Norfolk, where a great tournament was held, to the delight of the colonists.

Towards the end of 1340 Edward became enamoured of a lady, fortunately of "exemplary virtue." Had this not been the case the good relations between himself and Philippa would have been jeopardised.

Catherine de Grason, wife of the Earl of Salisbury, was the woman who attracted the attention of Edward.

Edward was resting at the castle of the Earl when he was smitten by the marvellous beauty of the Countess. He confessed his love for her. She repulsed him as courteously as possible.

On parting the King said: "My dear lady, God preserve you safe till I return, and I pray that you will think well of what I have said, and have the goodness to give me a different answer."

To which the virtuous woman replied: "God of His infinite goodness preserve you, and drive from your noble heart such villainous thoughts: for I am, and ever shall be, ready to serve you, but only in what is consistent with my honour and yours."

NOVEMBER 14TH

### *The Duchess of Portsmouth*

WHEN John Evelyn, the diarist, visited on one occasion the Court of Charles II, he was astounded by the magnificence of the apartments of Louise de K roualle, Duchess of Portsmouth.

"That which engaged my curiosity," he records, "was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down to satisfy her prodigality and expensive pleasures; while Her Majesty does not exceed some gentlemen's wives in furniture and accommodation."

Louise was then at the height of her glory. As mistress of Charles II she was a queen without a crown. She could afford to snub Queen Catherine. But there was one individual at Court who assessed the Duchess at her true value. That was Nell Gwynn, the Drury Lane orange-seller.

London boiled with indignation at the way Louise was playing ducks and drakes with the King's income, which meant the country's finances. She had a nominal allowance of £10,000 a year, but this was always exceeded. One year it reached the enormous sum of £136,000.

She was the richest woman in England. She made many additional thousands of pounds by selling peerages and Court appointments, or obtaining the King's pardon for those who had committed offences.

The country knew that she was merely a spy of the French King, Louis XIV. Charles himself knew it, but, blinded by his infatuation, he was seemingly indifferent to the fact that he was becoming an easy prey of Louis.

The patience of London was exhausted when the King, in exchange for an advance of £4,000,000 from Louis, agreed to dissolve Parliament.

Indignant crowds packed Whitehall and shrieked for the execution of the "Jezebel." Whenever her equipage passed along the streets, it was followed by a howling mob.

The prodigality of the Duchess was not the only complaint. There was a religious aspect. One of the commissions entrusted to her by Louis was to make Charles II a Roman Catholic.

Whether she succeeded or not has always been a matter for speculation. Burnet declares that the King received extreme unction on his death bed.

Louise de K roualle was the daughter of a Breton wool-merchant. At an early age she possessed a fatal attraction. At boarding school she was incorrigible, so that her father sent her away—to Paris of all places.

After several conquests, she was sent to England in the company of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who was paying an ostensibly sisterly visit to the English King.

When Henrietta returned to France she reported how much Charles had been impressed by the beauty of Louise. Whereupon the crafty Louis saw an opportunity of getting Charles in his toils.

He announced that he was sending her as an emissary to England. The idea appealed to Charles, and he ordered the Duke of Buckingham to escort her to England from Dieppe. The Duke, however, forgot her. Thus Louise was left at Dieppe to find the best way to England.

The mission of Louise to England was understood by everyone. They called her a spy, and her reception was an unpromising one. Only the King gave her a welcome.

She was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen. Her activities were watched by the French Ambassador, who wrote home to Louis: "I believe that she has so got round King Charles as to be of the greatest service to our sovereign lord and master, if she only does her duty."

The "if" related to the fact that Louise had so far kept Charles at a distance. But the Ambassador had no need for qualms. Her attitude was dictated by subtlety—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

The inevitable happened when the Court was at the King's country seat, Euston. One of the amusements got up to entertain the dissolute monarch and his courtiers was a mock wedding in which the King was the bridegroom and Louise the bride.

After that there was no doubt about the relations between them.

Louise was raised to the dignity of Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and given the title of Duchess of Portsmouth.

Over in France Louis was pleased. As a reward he made her Duchess d'Aubigny, she undertaking on her part to induce Charles to declare war on Holland and to persuade him to become a Catholic.

She was now the most powerful woman in the land. When her father, the humble merchant of Breton, came to see her, he was astonished at the magnificence of his "little Louise."

She had no rival at Court, for the King's other mistresses, notably the Duchess of Cleveland, had had their day and been discarded. Only Nell Gwynn remained, and she was not ambitious.

Popular rage increased at what the people called the "painted French spy." She decided to visit France where she received a regal reception from the French Court. Meanwhile the clamour in England died down.

On her return to London she was as powerful as ever. She led a life of gay abandon. It is said that her paramours included the young Duke of Monmouth, the King's son. She played at the gaming tables for huge stakes.

Pepys records that the Duchess de Mazarin won in a



single night 1400 guineas from Nell Gwynn and £3000 from the Duchess of Portsmouth.

But the end was now beginning. The King fell ill, and the Duchess was concerned for her promise to Louis that she would make Charles a Roman Catholic.

The French Ambassador wrote thus to the French King : "I found her overcome with grief. But, instead of bewailing her own unhappy condition, she led me into an adjoining chamber and said : 'The King is a Catholic at heart, and there he lies surrounded by Protestant bishops. I dare not enter the room, and there is no one to talk to him of his end and of God. The Duke of York is too much occupied with his own affairs to trouble about his brother's conscience. Pray go to him and tell him that the end is near, and that it is his duty to lose no time in saving his brother's soul.' "

The end of Charles II was the end of the Duchess.

She had to fly to France before the end of the reign of James II, and there she became a woman of no importance, glad to accept the pension of £800 reluctantly granted to her by Louis.

She died on November 14th, 1744.

## NOVEMBER 15TH

### *Thomas Parr*

THREE hundred years ago to-day death claimed a remarkable individual. He was Thomas Parr, known to posterity as "Old Parr."

He was reputed to be one hundred and fifty-two years old and might have lived many years longer but for the indiscretion of Thomas, Earl of Arundel.

"Old trees must not be transplanted," says a German proverb, and when the patriarchal Thomas was brought to London from his native heath to satisfy the prying curiosity of society, he withered and died.

Parr was born at Winnington, in the parish of Alderbury, Shropshire, in 1483, in the reign of Edward IV.

His father, John Parr, was an agricultural labourer, and Thomas followed the same occupation.

For eighty years he avoided all matrimonial snares, and then he fell a victim to the coy glances of Jane Taylor, the daughter of John Taylor.

The second Jane, who became Parr's spouse when he was one hundred and twenty, was the daughter of "John Flood, of ancient house and gentle Cambrian blood."

The poet relates that Parr had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter. The boy, who was named John, lived ten weeks. The girl, Joan, lived three weeks.

Thomas had passed his century when he got into trouble through an intrigue during the life of his first wife.

Faire Katherin Milton was this beauty bright  
(Faire like an angell, but in weight too light),  
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far,  
The ardent fervor of old Thomas Parr,  
That for lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,  
He should be purged, by standing in a sheet.

Thus Old Parr, at the age of one hundred and five, was compelled to stand in penance in the local church before a congregation of villagers.

We are not told what his wife thought of this exhibition. No doubt he was adequately castigated by the tongue of that lady.

Some writers declare that Old Parr married Katherin Milton after the death of his first wife, and had by her a child. But this does not tally with the story told by the Water Poet.

Thomas Parr was thrifty and temperate in his habits. But he was crafty even in his extreme old age.

After three leases of his property, which lasted sixty-three years, he induced his landlord to grant a further lease for the duration of his life.

When Parr became blind, he was unable to till his soil, and the landlord sought to obtain possession of his property.

One day Old Parr was sitting in his chair by the fire, when his wife, looking out of the window, saw the landlord's son coming towards the house.

"Husband, our young landlord is coming hither," said Mrs. Parr.

"Is he so?" said the old man. "I prithee wife, lay a pin on the ground near my foot or at my right toe."

This was done.

When Master Porter had come into the room and was beginning to argue about the question of the lease, Old Parr exclaimed: "Wife, is not that a pin which lies at my foot?"

"Truly, husband," she replied, "it is a pin indeed." She picked it up.

Young Porter was amazed. He went home to tell his father that Old Parr had recovered his sight. The lease was renewed.

In September, 1635, the Earl of Arundel went down to his estates in Shropshire and was introduced to Old Parr. Struck by the old man's intelligence and great age, the Earl induced him to go to London.

The Earl ordered a litter and two horses for the carriage of Parr and a horse for his daughter-in-law, who was asked to accompany him on the journey.

Another member of the party was a certain John the Fool, noted for his quips and jests. He was required to keep Thomas in a good humour. Finally, Brian Kelly, one of the Earl's servants, was instructed to look after them and to pay all expenses on the route.

Large crowds came to see Old Parr on his arrival in London. The poor, blind old fellow was in a state of collapse, and he continued in that condition during the few remaining months of his life.

He was presented to Charles I at Court, when the King observed: "You have lived longer than other men; what have you done more than other men?"

To which Parr replied: "I did penance when I was a hundred years old."

Old Parr died on November 15th, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

#### NOVEMBER 16TH

#### *The Duke of Ormond*

IN the spring of 1712, James Butler, second Duke of Ormond, Commander-in-Chief of the army, set out for Flanders with instructions to superintend the operations of the allied armies, in conjunction with Prince Eugène.

England was divided into two factions, one in favour of prosecuting the war against Louis XIV of France, and the other against. Queen Anne wobbled from one side to the other.

But when Ormond arrived at The Hague he had in his possession instructions to tell the States at war against France and Spain that the Queen was resolved to prosecute the war

with all vigour. The allied armies marched towards the Scheldt, where the French lay, and preparations were made to attack.

On May 24th, a month after he had arrived, Ormond received a letter from the Secretary for War, conveying "the Queen's positive command that he should avoid engaging in any siege, or hazarding any battle, till further orders."

Ormond immediately entered into a private correspondence with Marshal Villiers, the French commander, to whom, it appears, he disclosed his instructions.

On the news reaching the allied commanders they complained that they had been betrayed, and Prince Eugene, who seems to have known—though somewhat imperfectly—about the Queen's intentions, registered his annoyance in severe terms.

Ormond was the scapegoat. He was reviled by the war advocates in England as well as by the allied commanders. Ormond himself considered that his dignity had been grossly insulted by the orders he had received, although, from public motives, he determined to retain his command.

On June 5th, Queen Anne came to Parliament and told them the terms on which she believed peace might be obtained. It was in this way that she disclosed that negotiations had been going on with Louis XIV without consulting the allies.

The two Houses of Parliament passed a vote of thanks to the Queen for communicating these terms of peace, and desiring her to bring the war to an end. But both the Lords and the Commons added the ominous words "in conjunction with her allies," and although this phrase was rejected finally in divisions, the fact remained that a large proportion of the members were against a unilateral settlement.

The opponents of the Ministry had a powerful backing in the country and were so persistent that Ormond was allowed to join Prince Eugène in besieging Quesnoy.

The place was on the point of capitulation when Ormond informed Prince Eugène that he had received orders to proclaim an armistice for two months. Prince Eugène refused to entertain the proposal; whereupon Ormond approached all the German troops in the Queen's pay and gave his orders to cease fighting.

But the princes to whom these troops belonged refused to obey Ormond's orders, and he threatened to cut off their supplies.

Meanwhile Quesnoy capitulated, and the garrison were

taken prisoners. One of the conditions for the cessation of the war was the occupation by Britain of Dunkirk as a pledge of the fulfilment by the French of their undertakings, and the port was taken over by a body of troops and a squadron of ships.

The Duke of Ormond made a second attempt to get the allied commanders to agree to the armistice, but they declared that they had orders to continue the campaign.

Ormond, therefore, retired to Ghent and Bruges, thus separating his forces from those of the allies, and occupied those two cities.

The Duke had carried out his orders, and when he returned to London, he found that both Queen and Parliament approved of what he had done, and he was rewarded with the appointment of Warden of the Cinque Ports and Governor of Dover Castle.

The tragedy of the Duke of Ormond now begins.

Within a year Queen Anne died. On August 1st, 1714, the Duke was one of the first to sign the proclamation of the succession of George I. Ormond met him at Greenwich and assisted the new king to land his curious retinue, which included his two mistresses—one tall and the other short.

He was present in the procession when the populace of London made rude remarks about the King and his encumbrances. There was, therefore, no suggestion that Ormond was disloyal to the Hanoverians.

Within a few days, however, Viscount Townshend, one of the Secretaries of State, called upon the Duke and intimated that the King had no further use for his services, in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief. George would nevertheless be pleased to see him at Court whenever he cared to call.

Six months later, to the astonishment of everyone, Ormond was impeached of high treason in the House of Commons by Mr. Secretary Stanhope for his conduct of the campaign. The House passed the necessary resolution, and Ormond found it advisable to leave the country on the advice of Bishop Atterbury.

His estates were forfeited ; he was deprived of his honours, and a reward of £10,000 was offered for his apprehension.

Such was the severe penalty on a man who had carried out orders which, had he disobeyed them, would have brought him a charge of high treason.

It is not surprising, after this treatment, that Ormond

should have thrown in his lot with the Pretender, although his activities in that connection never brought him into the forefront of Jacobite politics.

Born on April 29, 1665, he was the son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, and the grandson of James, first Duke of Ormond. He was a volunteer at the siege of Luxembourg, and then received a commission of colonel of a regiment of horse in Ireland. He was appointed a Lord of the King's Bedchamber, his title then being Earl of Ossory.

He succeeded to his grandfather's title and estates in 1688, and was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

He was one of the first of the nobility to leave the Court of James II when the King refused to listen to the demands for reforms, and with others, presented himself to the Prince of Orange immediately on the latter's arrival in England.

William made him a Lord of the Bedchamber, and Colonel of the second troop of Horse Guards. A few months later he received the Order of the Garter, and was made High Constable of England for William's coronation.

The Duke was in the Flanders campaign of 1693, and distinguished himself at the Battle of Landen, where his horse was shot from under him; he was taken prisoner and afterwards exchanged.

Ormond died on November 16th, 1745, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

## NOVEMBER 17TH

### *Sir John Mandeville*

TOWARDS the end of the fourteenth century, the few people in England who were able to read were entertained by a publication that purported to be the story of the travels of a certain Sir John Mandeville.

During the thirty-five years of his wanderings between 1322 and 1356, Mandeville had some amazing experiences—that is, according to an autobiography said to have been written by this mysterious knight.

In a preamble, Mandeville summarises his experiences. He writes :

"I, John Mandeville, Knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of Saint Albans, passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ in 1322, in the day of Saint Michael,

and hitherto have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse lands, and many provinces and kingdoms, and isles, and have passed through Turkey, Armenia the Little and the Great, through Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, the high and the low, through Libia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia, through Amazonia, Ind, the less and the more a great part, and throughout the many Isles that be about Ind, where dwell diverse folks, and of diverse shapes of men. Of which lands and isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter."

Mandeville was a romanticist of the highest order. Had he kept to a plain description of the countries, manners, and customs of their peoples, through which he passed, more credence would have been given to the story of his travels.

There is much in Mandeville's autobiography which suggests Sinbad the Sailor. There is, too, so little known of the individual Sir John Mandeville, that it is doubtful whether he ever existed at all.

He tells us that he was born at St. Albans about 1300, that he devoted himself to mathematics, theology and medicine, and for some time practised as a physician. In 1322 he tired of doling out physic, and went on his eastern tour.

Above all other countries he wanted to see the Holy Land, which had excited much interest in Europe through the Crusades. Therefore, on the feast of St. Michael (Michaelmas Day) he set out on his peregrinations.

He describes Bethlehem, and then proceeds to tell an outlandish story of a "fair maiden who was blamed with wrong." For her offence she was "demned to death, and to be burnt in that place, to the which she was led."

"And as the fire began to burn about her," the author continues, "she made her prayer to our Lord, that as wisely she was not guilty of that thing, that he would help her, and make it to be known of all men of his merciful grace.

"And when she had thus said she entered into the fire, and anon was the fire quenched and out. And the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that any man ever saw. And thus was this maiden saved by the Grace of God; and therefore is that field clept 'the Field of God's Flowers,' for it was full of roses."

In course of time Mandeville reached the dominions of the great King of Tartary, whose possessions included the

greater part of Central and Eastern Asia, including the northern provinces of Cathay, now called China.

He fought for this monarch against the King of Mançi, who apparently ruled the southern half of China. He describes Persia and the dominions of the celebrated Prester John, who, from Mandeville's account, appears to have been a prince of India, but other chroniclers make him the King of Abyssinia.

Mandeville would have gone on travelling for many years more but for gout which, he relates, "sore distressed" him. During this enforced rest he declares that he wrote the account of his travels, "as it would come into my mind, the year of grace 1356, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our countries."

A manuscript of Sir John Mandeville's travels is in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum. The first English edition came from the press of Winkyn de Worde in 1399, and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was a popular work.

His story was believed for centuries, although there was no independent account of him in existence, except that of John Bale, who, in his *Catalogue of British Writers* (1548), declares that John Mandeville, Knight, was born at St. Albans, and that he died at Liège in 1371, and was buried there in the Abbey of the Gulielmites.

He is said to have confessed on his death-bed that he was "Messire Jean de Mandeville, Chevalier, Comte de Montforte en Angleterre," and had to flee his country for killing a nobleman.

Research has failed to trace Sir John Mandeville, but it is an interesting coincidence—if coincidence it is—that a certain John de Mandeville was concerned in the death of Piers Gaveston, favourite of Edward II, in 1312. There was, moreover, a John de Bourgogne who offended Edward for taking a part against the Despencers in 1321.

Mandeville tells us he set out on his travels in 1322, which coincides with the time of the royal disfavour.

In St. Albans Cathedral there is an inscription on one of the piers in the long nave which declares that in the building are the remains of Mandeville. At one time some bones were exhibited in a stone coffin and declared to be the relics of the traveller knight, but their authenticity has long been disputed and abandoned.



Isaac D'Israeli, the father of the Earl of Beaconsfield, defends Mandeville, whom he describes as "the Bruce of the Fourteenth Century," and as a "cautious" as well as "ingenious" traveller.

The word "cautious" is a good one to apply to Mandeville, for he does not claim to have seen the marvellous things he relates. He generally prefaces his story with "And men say," or some similar phrase.

Sir John de Mandeville is reputed to have died on November 17th, 1372.

#### NOVEMBER 18TH

#### *Cardinal Pole*

No Pope of Rome had a more zealous servant than Cardinal Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury.

When Julius III was asked by Mary, Queen of England to receive the country back into the Catholic fold, after the brief "schism" of Henry VIII and Edward VI, Pole was the man chosen as legate for the purpose.

He brought a letter from the Pope to the Queen, saying: "That since she carried the name of the Blessed Virgin, he called on her to say the Magnificat, applying it to the late providences of God toward herself."

Pole's task was to clean up the heretics. English Protestants dreaded his arrival from Rome, where he had lived since Henry's assumption of the leadership of the Church. They had good reason, for though the Cardinal was honest in his beliefs and true to his convictions, it heralded an era of persecution.

It has been claimed for Cardinal Pole that he was lukewarm towards the introduction of the stake, but it cannot be denied that he and Bishops Gardiner and Bonner were the triumvirate ruling England when the order went out from the Court for the appointment of secret informers to watch for those who did not go to Mass.

When these people were speedily tracked out, the persecution began. Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, London; Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester; Rowland Taylor, Vicar of Hadleigh, Suffolk; Saunders, Vicar of All Hallows, Bread Street, London; and Bradford, one of the Prebendaries of

St. Paul's, were brought before the three accusers, interrogated, and consigned to the stake when their answers were not satisfactory.

These martyrdoms were followed by those of Ridley and Latimer and then Cranmer. On the death of the last named Pole was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

The last martyrdoms occurred in November, 1558, and actually took place at Canterbury, Pole's own archdiocese. They included three men and two women. Froude declares that Pole ordered their execution himself.

Pole was born at Stourton Castle, Staffordshire, in 1500. His mother, Margaret Plantagenet, was a daughter of the famous Earl of Warwick, "the king-maker." Her brother was unjustly executed by Henry VII.

After marrying Sir Richard Pole, a relative and supporter of Henry VII, the King showed remorse for the death of her brother. When Sir Richard died, Henry created her Countess of Salisbury in her own right.

The household of Princess, afterwards Queen, Mary was placed under her care, and the family estates were restored to her.

Reginald Pole was educated at the Carthusian Monastery at Sheen, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, at the expense of the King.

At the age of fifteen he took deacon's orders, and valuable preferments were given him by the King, who intended him to become high in the Church.

When Pole was seventeen, Henry VIII appointed him a prebendary in Salisbury, and soon afterwards to the deaneries of Wimborne and Exeter.

Sir Thomas More, his friend, declares that he was as learned as he, and as virtuous as he was learned.

At the expense of Henry VIII, Pole was sent to Padua to finish his studies, and in 1525 he went to Rome. Returning two years later he was taken in hand by Thomas Cromwell, who instructed him in statesmanship.

When the question of Henry's divorce from Catherine arose, Pole seems to have favoured it at first. After some hesitation, however, he decided to oppose the measure, despite the fact that he was next in running for the position of Archbishop of York.

The difference with the King caused him to go to the Continent, where he was well received by other ecclesiastics.

At the same time Henry treated him courteously and allowed him to draw the revenues of his deanery at Exeter.

In the early summer of 1536, Pole figuratively took the bit between his teeth, and published his treatise, "De Unitate Ecclesiae," which defended the papacy and attacked Henry for his attitude to Rome.

This was really intended for the King alone, but it was afterwards in general circulation.

Pole was ordered to England to explain his conduct, and was on the point of coming, when he was ordered by Pope Paul III to go to Rome. Two months afterwards he was made cardinal, and sent to France and Flanders with the object of trying to alter the situation in England, and to incite the princes of France and Flanders against Henry.

His missions, which lasted for some years, failed, the only result of his activity being to procure his own attainder, and to cause his brother, Lord Montague, and his mother, the Countess of Salisbury, to be beheaded for treason.

He attempted to return to England during the reign of Edward VI, but was frustrated; he once more set his foot in his native country when Mary succeeded to the throne. As already recorded, he was one of the chief accusers of the Protestants.

Strangely enough, the relations between Pole and the Pope of Rome now became strained.

Matters had not proceeded in England exactly as Rome had hoped. Pole's personal enemy, Caraffa, occupied the Papal Chair under the name of Paul IV.

He deprived the cardinal of his power as a legate and as Archbishop of Canterbury set the Inquisition against him, and ordered him to Rome to answer for his heresies.

Queen Mary had been warned by her ambassador what the Pope intended to do, and withheld the order from Pole.

The Pope's treatment of him broke his heart. It is possible, too, that the near approach of the death of the Queen had a depressing influence, for it was known that Elizabeth had Protestant sentiments.

Sixteen hours after the death of the Queen, Pole, on November 18th, 1558, breathed his last. According to Froude these events signalled the end of the "reign" of the Pope in England and "the reign of terror."

NOVEMBER 19TH

*Ferdinand de Lesseps*

At the entrance to the Suez Canal is the statue of a man. With arm outstretched, like a direction indicator, it dominates the shipping entering the channel.

It is a monument to Ferdinand de Lesseps, the maker of the Canal, who died in poverty, crushed by political agitators.

Occasionally a traveller raises his hat in acknowledgment of the genius of this world-benefactor—and then passes on, knowing little of the career of the man or the scurvy tricks that were handed out to him by Fate.

De Lesseps was a Frenchman, but he was also an internationalist. He acted loyally towards Great Britain after Lord Beaconsfield had acquired the Suez shares belonging to the Khedive of Egypt, by admitting to the board of directors of the company three British Government representatives.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles on November 19th, 1805, of a family which could trace its ancestors to the fourteenth century.

From the middle of the eighteenth century the family were concerned principally in diplomacy, and Ferdinand followed the same career. His uncle was made a noble by Louis XVI, and Napoleon made his father a count.

Ferdinand lived in Italy while his father was French Consul there, and was afterwards educated at the College of Henry IV in Paris.

Until the age of twenty he was in the commissary department of the French Army, following which he was Vice-Consul at Lisbon. In 1828 he became Vice-Consul at Tunis, where his father was Consul-General.

Gradually his duties took him father east. In 1830 he went on missions to the army of occupation in Algeria, the success of which brought a compliment from the French commander. "I have had the pleasure of meeting your son," Marshal Count Clausel wrote to de Lesseps, senior, "who gives promise of sustaining with great credit the name he bears."

In 1832 Ferdinand was appointed Vice-Consul at Alexandria. It was while the ship in which he was travelling was in quarantine that de Lesseps became interested in the possibility of cutting through the isthmus.

Next year he was sent as Consul to Cairo, and was afterwards given the control of the Consulate at Alexandria, a post he occupied until 1837.

He returned to France at the end of 1837 and married the daughter of an attorney. His next post was Consul at Rotterdam. In 1842 he was sent to Barcelona, and soon afterwards promoted to Consul-General.

He carried out other missions in quick succession, including one to Rome. He negotiated with the Roman Government for the return of Pope Pius IX to the Vatican. While these talks were going on the French Government changed its policy.

De Lesseps was recalled to Paris and charged with having exceeded his instructions. He was given no chance to defend himself and thereupon retired from the diplomatic service.

He was now unemployed, and when Said Pasha of Egypt invited him to visit the country, he landed at Alexandria on November 7th. In three weeks Said Pasha had signed the concession to de Lesseps to begin work on the Suez Canal.

Two French engineers in the Egyptian service were commissioned to draw up plans. They provided for direct communication between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and after slight modification the plans were adopted in 1856 by an international commission of engineers.

There was a storm of criticism all over Europe. Some people declared that it would interfere with natural laws. Lord Palmerston, in England, maintained that it would prejudice the commercial position of Great Britain.

Many distinguished engineers believed that it was not a practical scheme. The sands from the desert, they said, would soon fill the trenches that were dug.

De Lesseps took no notice. He was satisfied with the support of Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugénie. In the end the French were solidly behind him, and when subscriptions were invited, his own countrymen found half the capital of two hundred million francs for the formation of the company.

The Egyptian Government bought eighty million francs' worth of shares.

The company was formed at the end of 1858, and in the following April the first spadeful of soil was removed. Ten years later (November 17th, 1869) the Canal was opened by Khedive Ismail Pasha.

How Lord Beaconsfield obtained the Egyptian interest in the Canal, while the Khedive's finances were at low ebb, has often been told. De Lesseps raised no objection to three British directors being placed on the board.

In 1884 seven other British directors, chosen from shipping merchants and business men, were included in the directorate.

Meanwhile de Lesseps was importuned to enter politics. He resolutely refused to do so, declining offers of candidatures for the Senate in 1876, and the Chamber in 1877.

At the age of seventy-four he undertook to carry out the construction of the Panama Canal, but politics were against him. Attacks were made on the Panama Canal Company by adversaries of France. They were developed so vigorously that France, in self-defence, had to take proceedings against de Lesseps and his son Charles, and their co-workers.

Young Charles succeeded in diverting the attacks to himself to save his aged father, and fled to England to escape. In this country he was received with a pleasure that amounted to affection.

Meanwhile de Lesseps senior had died, a broken man, pauperized by the failure of the Panama scheme.

#### NOVEMBER 20TH

#### *Saint Edmund*

BURY ST. EDMUNDS is a good example of the rise of a magnificent monastic establishment on a mixture of history and tradition.

Edmund, brother and predecessor of the great King Alfred, was crowned at Bury on Christmas Day, A.D. 856, at the age of fifteen.

Of Royal Saxon descent, he is reputed to have been of pious disposition, and was thus chosen as his heir by Offa, King of the East Angles, when that monarch resigned his throne to retire to the privacy of a monastery at Rome.

The fifteen-year-old king was a worthy successor to Offa, but was far more adapted to be a martyr than a warrior.

In 870 Edmund was taken prisoner by the Danes and, being a Christian, was tortured to death.

He was first scourged and then tied to a tree, shot at with arrows and, lastly, beheaded.

His head was thrown into a neighbouring wood.

Having made what seemed to them such a satisfactory job, the Danes departed, and Edmund's subjects began to search for his remains to give them an honourable interment.

They found the body still tied to the tree, and buried it in a small wooden chapel at Hagilsdun.

Up to this point there is nothing wrong with the story.

But what follows must remain for ever a pretty legend.

Edmund's sorrowing retainers searched for weeks, and, after forty days had passed, they found a wolf in the wood with the king's head between its paws.

The animal delivered up the head, which was in an un-mutilated condition, and then retired gracefully into the trees, never to be seen again.

It is not surprising that Lydgate, the poet, a monk of Bury, should observe: "An unkouth thyng, and strange ageyn nature."

But there is a stranger part to the legend.

They took the head to Hagilsdun and fitted it to the body of Edmund, to which it united so closely that no sign of its previous separation could be detected!

The corpse was now taken to Bury, which thereafter was known as Bury St. Edmunds.

In this story there is a similarity to that told of St. Winifred, whose head was cut off by a wicked knight, restored to the body, and she lived again to become a nun.

Such a "miracle" was bound to rouse the pious enthusiasm of the people, and there was soon plenty of money forthcoming to build a magnificent monastery for men whose lives were to be devoted to the honour of the King, martyr and God.

The initiative was taken by six priests who met to decide the best way of commemorating Edmund.

A number of the nobles rallied to their support. Then the highest and the lowest came forward with the request that they might participate in the work.

Among the helpers were King Athelstan, and Edmund, son of Edward the Elder.

But it was a bad time to start religious houses, for the Danes were still raiding the country and knocking down the religious houses as fast as they were built.

The matter was deferred, a modest shrine being erected in the meantime.

It was nearly a hundred and fifty years afterwards that the monks of Bury found it necessary to safeguard the remains of

Edmund by removing them to London, for Sweyne, the Dane, had made no secret of his intentions of destroying Bury.

Monk Ailwyn accompanied the body to London, and immediately found himself in the centre of a dispute.

The Bishop of London claimed the remains and refused to deliver them up when Ailwyn was about to return to Bury.

There were many altercations between these two before Edmund was safely back at Bury.

The country was now enjoying peace, and the projected building of an ecclesiastical establishment could now proceed without molestation from the Danes.

In the year 1020 Ailwyn dismissed all the secular clergy and replaced them with Benedictine monks, at the same time obtaining complete independence from the authority of the church.

He then began to build a beautiful wooden church, which survived for many years. Two other wooden churches arose on the site until, in 1065, Abbot Baldwyn laid the foundation of another of stone.

This church was about 500 feet long, with a transept extending 212 feet, and it had twelve chapels. It took twelve years to build.

The structure might have been standing intact to-day had it not been for the destructive activities of the opponents of the monastic institutions, for Leland writing in the sixteenth century describes it as "an illustrious monastery, whether we consider its wealth, its extent, or its incomparable magnificence."

He proceeds: "You might even say that the monastery itself is a town; so many gates are there, so many towers, and a church than which none can be more magnificent; and subservient to which are three others, also splendidly adorned with admirable workmanship, and standing in one and the same churchyard."

Thus, less than four centuries ago, there was no sign of decay, and even if the buildings had been left uncared for to the ordinary ravages of time, experts are convinced there would have been little or no depreciation.

The household of St. Edmundsbury included eighty monks, sixteen chaplains and one hundred and eleven servants.

The abbot of the establishment had almost unlimited powers.

He sat in Parliament as a baron of the realm, appointed the



parochial clergy of Bury, tried all the civil and criminal causes in his area, and had the power of life and death over malefactors.

The monastery coined its own money, and the monarch's as well. Edward I and Edward II had mints at the monastery.

In the thirteenth century some Franciscan friars appeared at Bury and began to build a handsome monastery. The monks objected to the friars and deliberately pulled down the building and drove them out of the town.

The friars had no redress, as the Government dared not interfere with the privileges of the monks.

The wealth of St. Edmundsbury was enormous. This was shown at the Dissolution, when the commissioners of Henry VIII carried away in gold and silver "five thousand marks and many ornaments of great value."

A writer of 1727 declares that the income of the monks would have represented at that time about £200,000.

NOVEMBER 21ST

### *Abraham Newland*

ONE of the most popular men in the latter part of the eighteenth century was Abraham Newland. Yet his popularity had nothing to do with his temperament; it had nothing to do with him as an individual at all.

Abraham was cashier of the Bank of England and, in twenty-five years, he never slept outside that institution. Thus few outside his little circle of friends ever saw him.

His greatness was due to the fact that his signature appeared on every bank-note.

He and his bank-note were the heroes of a street corner ditty.

Abraham Newland was nearly sixty years in the service of the Bank of England during the most difficult period of its history. His name became the synonym for a bank-note, for it appeared on these useful articles of exchange for a quarter of a century.

Newland was one of a family of twenty-five children, and was born in Southwark in 1730.

He entered the service of the Bank at the age of eighteen as a junior clerk. In his youth he was fond of music, and it is said that this led to much dissipation, though what form the

dissipation took is not clear. It certainly did not affect his business acumen, for he gave so close attention to his work that in 1782 he was appointed chief cashier, with a suite of rooms for residence in the Bank.

In 1807, Abraham retired from the office of head cashier, absolutely refusing to take a pension. After the business in his department at the Bank was closed, it had been his custom to dine moderately, and then to order his carriage and drive to Highbury, where he drank tea at a small cottage. He is said to have had a little love affair in that cottage, but Abraham was so discreet that he was never the subject of scandal.

He naturally regretted having to retire from the Bank after so many years, but he was often heard to say that he would not go back for £20,000.

One of his favourite recreations was to walk up and down Highbury Place, a district to which he went to live on his retirement. That retirement was hastened by a series of frauds at the Bank.

Robert Aslett, a promising young cashier on whom Newland had lavished much affection and had treated as his own son, was responsible for forgeries which went undetected for some time. It was impossible for the Chief Cashier to cover up the defalcations of Aslett, and when he made his decision to retire he felt that a certain amount of disgrace rested on him, though nothing was ever imputed against him.

It was well known that Abraham had accumulated a large fortune. His property amounted to £200,000, besides £1000 a year landed estate.

Newland's great fortune was made through lending money to the Government. A certain amount of the Bank's loans were always reserved for the Cashier's office, and it is believed that Newland lent large sums of money to the Goldsmiths, the great stockbrokers, the contractors for many of these loans, as he left them legacies of £500 each to buy mourning rings. The loans always came out at premium; thus the profits were always great.

One Parliamentary Report mentions that the Cashier's office at the Bank dealt with £100,000 worth of one loan. The loans to Goldsmiths were always profitable, for they were continually speculating and seldom made a mistake.

Having no direct heir, Abraham Newland was pestered with legacy-hunters. Once an acquaintance sent him a ham as

a present, but Newland saw through the "gift." A few days later he met the donor of the ham, and remarked: "I have received a ham from you; I thank you for it." Then he raised his finger in a significant manner and added: "But it is useless to send gifts to me. In the first place I can buy them myself, and, secondly, it will not bring you any nearer fortune."

He died without owing a penny and without an obligation to anyone. He wrote his own curious epitaph shortly before his death. It was as follows:

Beneath this stone old Abraham lies;  
Nobody laughs and nobody cries.  
Where he's gone and how he fares,  
No one knows, and no one cares.

Abraham Newland died on November 21st, 1807, without pain and without regret.

NOVEMBER 22ND

### *Henry Wainwright*

"Come to see a man die, have you, you curs?"

THE little court of well-dressed men—some of them top-hatted—recoiled with shame.

Though Henry Wainwright had committed one of the foulest murders in the annals of British crime there was something about the demeanour of the man which made these privileged sightseers feel uncomfortable.

As one said afterwards: "He died like a man, and I have felt sick and ashamed of myself ever since."

Wainwright's callous indifference to his fate was typical of the coolness he had exhibited in the murder of his mistress, Harriet Lane, the disposal of the body, and his attitude during the trial.

It is incredible that such a man as he should have made the careless slips which have brought many a murderer to the gallows.

One fatal mistake that Wainwright made was to bury his victim in chloride of lime, a preservative. He confused this commodity with quicklime which, of course, causes speedy disintegration.

There was another blunder that was even worse. This led to his arrest as described below.

A year or two before Henry Wainwright became a murderer he was a well-known and popular man in the East End of London. He was much in demand as a lecturer on the poets, was a clever amateur actor and was fond of music.

A really good fellow was Henry Wainwright, in the eyes of his friends.

Unfortunately some "good fellows" lead double lives. It was the case with Wainwright.

There was a little woman named Harriet Lane, who lived at Waltham Cross; she fell a victim to the charming personality of Henry Wainwright.

For three years he kept her as a mistress, allowing her £5 a week out of the fortune that had been left to him by his father. Wainwright himself was a brush-maker in a good way of business in the Whitechapel Road.

He had a house in Tredegar Square, Mile End Road. He was a married man, his wife and four children still living.

He brought Harriet Lane to lodgings in Sidney Square, close to his home, and she bore him two children.

A year before the murder a change began in Wainwright's circumstances.

Nothing seemed to go right. His business declined; a partnership with his brother, William, was dissolved, and he was compelled to mortgage his premises.

Harriet Lane was now a drain on his financial resources. The general affection between the man and his mistress had become antipathy one for the other.

She declared that she had as great a claim on his money as his legitimate dependents. Wainwright told her frankly that he could no longer support her.

There were numerous quarrels, and threats on both sides.

Wainwright's family knew nothing of this other woman. He seldom spent a night away from his home. His visits to Harriet were during the day, when he was believed to be at business.

One night "Fricake" and Harriet arrived in the house in Sidney Square in a state of intoxication, and Harriet was promptly given a week's notice by her landlady.

Wainwright's difficulty was to find a new lodgings for her and her family. A night or two later he told Harriet that he had succeeded, and she was in quite good spirits when she left

Sidney Square for her new abode, at four o'clock in the afternoon of September 11th, 1874.

About an hour afterwards some workmen in the vicinity of 215 Whitechapel Road, Wainwright's warehouse, heard revolver shots, but took little notice.

Wainwright now had to concoct a story for the girl's parents. He told them that Harriet had run away with "Fricake." Letters and telegrams came to Wainwright from the Continent. They were proved later to be in the handwriting of Thomas Wainwright.

These communications the murderer produced as proofs. Others were sent to Miss Wilmore, Harriet's friend.

Inquiries were made with the object of finding the whereabouts of Harriet, but were soon dropped, the explanation apparently being satisfactory.

But Harriet Lane was dead, and her body lay beneath the floor of the warehouse.

Weeks passed, and the murder of the woman seemed a perfect crime. But Nemesis was on the track of Henry Wainwright.

His financial circumstances became precarious and the mortgagees gave notice of foreclosure on the warehouse. The body must be removed to a safer place without delay. Wainwright consulted his brother Thomas, and they decided to move it to Thomas's premises in the Borough.

The well-preserved body was cut up and wrapped in parcels. A cab was ordered and the parcels placed inside. At this point, Wainwright made the mistake which took him to the gallows.

To help in carrying the parcels to the cab, he obtained the services of a young man named Stokes.

Stokes was curious as to the contents of the packages. He opened the corner of one of them and saw a human hand!

The slow-moving horse cab rattled away from the warehouse. Running behind was Stokes, who had determined to see the sequel. Wainwright sat back in the cab, smoking a huge cigar, oblivious of the fact that he was being followed.

Up Commerical Road, along Leadenhall Street, across London Bridge, and finally along Borough High Street Stokes trailed the vehicle.

He was out of breath and exhausted when the cab stopped, but was just able to shriek to a policeman: "For Gods' sake run after that man in the high hat with those parcels."

The policeman went up to investigate, and as Wainwright came out of the premises for the second parcel the constable insisted upon opening it.

The whole affair was then disclosed. The frantic murderer offered £100 and then £200 to be released. The constable made no reply. He took Wainwright and the parcels to the nearest police station.

The identification of the body of Harriet Lane was not an easy matter. A decayed tooth and a scar on the leg, however, eventually established the identity of the dead woman.

The trial of Wainwright and his brother Thomas, which began on November 22nd, 1875, took ten days. The former was sentenced to death, while Thomas received seven years' penal servitude.

Wainwright never confessed. The night before his execution he smoked a cigar with the utmost composure.

#### NOVEMBER 23RD

#### *Louis, Duke of Orleans*

LOUIS, Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI of France, was the prince charming and idol of the ladies of the Court.

When Louis should have been assisting his insane brother to rule France, he was causing dissension in the Court by making the women jealous of each other and the men annoyed with him.

He had so many "affairs," and so many illegitimate children, that it was even seriously suggested that the son of Charles VI, who afterwards became Charles VII, was Louis's son and not the King's.

Charles VII had grave doubts about his own parentage. When the English were pressing on towards Orleans, the only stronghold yet to fall to the invaders, he retired to his oratory and prayed: "O God, if I am not the legitimate heir to the throne of France, then allow me at least to retire safely to Dauphiny of Castile."

But there was no question that Louis was father of Dunois, the famous "Bastard of Orleans," one of Charles VII's most faithful friends who, together with Joan of Arc, reconquered France for the King.

Among the love affairs of Louis of Orleans was one with Isabeau de Bavière, his sister-in-law, and wife of Charles VI,

and there was some reason to believe that Dunois was her son. Isabeau was accused of adultery by the English, who declared openly that the dauphin was not a legitimate son of the insane king.

It was said that Louis hung the portraits of his mistresses on the walls of his study. One day John the Fearless, Count of Nevers, and afterwards Duke of Burgundy, walked into the study by accident and was astonished to find the picture of his own wife.

Unfortunately John did not know that Louis was boastful and that many of his so-called conquests were merely products of Louis's imagination. He vowed that he would get rid of the Duke of Orleans by fair means or foul.

Meanwhile the Duke's affairs were becoming involved.

He had married, with the blessing of the Pope, Mariette d'Enguien, a woman apparently below his station. At all events that was the opinion of Charles VI, who, in one of his sane moments, ordered the marriage to be annulled. He requested the Duke to marry someone of his own rank, and Louis was compelled to wed Valentine de Milan, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Milan.

Some historians declare that Dunois was a son of the first marriage.

It would appear that Valentine knew the secret of Dunois' birth, for she offered no objection to the boy being educated with her own children.

Valentine was a charming woman, but was not clever enough to keep the Duke within hail of the domestic hearth. It was not long before she was apprised of her husband's latest love affair.

"What!" she cried, "a year has scarcely gone since our marriage and my husband is already unfaithful to me! Am I not attractive, affectionate and devoted?"

The Duke was not so lucky in this new venture, for when the young woman was approached by his wife, she refused to have anything more to do with him.

Valentine went to live at the Court, but she and the Queen disliked each other, one reason being that Valentine could handle the King in his insane moments better than his own wife.

The story soon got abroad that Valentine de Milan had bewitched the King. Valentine was also accused of trying to poison the dauphin, so that her husband and children might

ascend the throne of France. Finally Valentine had to leave the Court and go to Blois.

The Duke's enemies were now plotting to kill him. Among them was the Duke of Burgundy, who had not forgotten his wife's picture in the Duke's study. Apart from this private feud, the two factions of Orleans and Burgundy were in open hostility. At last a peace was arranged and the two heads of the factions took the Sacrament together in token of their sincerity.

But the next event that startled France was the murder of the Duke.

"On a Wednesday, the day of St. Clement, pope," says the historian Monstrelet, "was murdered and put to death the Duke of Orleans, only brother of the King of France, Charles, the well-beloved. The murder was perpetrated by eighteen men who lodged in an hotel, which had for its sign the image of the Blessed Virgin, near the Porte Barbette, where they had remained several days waiting their opportunity.

"They had as an accomplice one named Thomas de Courthouse, valet-de-chambre to the King, and on this Wednesday they sent him to the Duke of Orleans, who was gone to see the Queen in an hotel which she had in the neighbourhood of the Porte Barbette. The Queen had just been confined of a child, which, however, deceased as soon as it was born."

The Duke had received a message, purporting to come from his brother, Charles VI, asking him to call upon him, as he wished to speak to him on important matters.

On November 23rd, 1407, the Duke mounted his mule, and with only two squires on horseback, and four or five valets on foot, set out for the Porte Barbette.

Some distance from the place, eighteen men suddenly jumped out, and with the cry of "Death!" they surrounded Louis and struck at him. An axe severed his hand at the wrist. Thinking he had been set upon by mistake, he called out: "I am the Duke of Orleans." Whereupon one of his assassins replied: "That is quite right; you are he whom we seek."

The Duke was thrown from his mule to the ground and received repeated blows on the head. Finally, they mutilated his dead body. One of the Duke's valets was killed.

When the Duke's other attendants arrived they saw what had happened and hurried to the hotel crying "Murder!"



But the assassins retaliated with the shout of "Fire!" a diversion which was true enough, for they had set fire to the house in which they had been lodging.

There was great grief among the partisans of the Duke of Orleans. The disfigured body of Louis was taken to the church of St. Guillaume, and all night the monks prayed beside the coffin into which he had been put.

NOVEMBER 24TH

*William Sancroft*

ON June 29th, 1688, a barge left Westminster Stairs, near the Houses of Parliament. In it were the Bishops of Bath and Wells, St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, Peterborough and Bristol, and William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.

They were on their way to the Tower of London.

As the small craft made its way along the river, the boatmen kept within hail of the north bank, which was thronged with people. The prelates had almost a royal progress; in fact, they received a greater ovation than James II would have had. For James's treatment of the seven bishops was only one of the numerous complaints the people had against him.

Many people dropped on their knees as the barge floated by, to invoke the blessing of the bishops, and when the seven arrived at the Tower and passed between a double row of officers and soldiers, they were received as confessors, everyone kneeling.

It was bad tactics on the part of James to send the bishops to the Tower in full view of the crowds. In doing so he once again misconstrued the feeling of London. It was bad policy to imprison the bishops in any case; it proved one of the last foolish acts of a stupid reign.

The arrest of the seven bishops arose out of a new Declaration of Liberty and Conscience which the King had issued and ordered to be read during Divine Service in all the churches of the kingdom. Several bishops and vast numbers of the clergy refused to read this paper.

They thought that it was the thin end of a wedge by which the King was aiming at the destruction of the kingdom's laws and institutions, and that James was making the Church of England an accessory to its own ruin.

The seven bishops were apprehended and examined by Judge Jeffreys, and then sent to the Tower.

Next day they were brought to Westminster Hall and acquitted by a bench of judges. The ancient building was packed with spectators, and when the result was announced the roof echoed with the shouts of joy. The jubilation was taken up by the people outside, who began a procession through Westminster and the City, crying: "Not Guilty!" It was such a noisy demonstration that it was heard by James's army at Hounslow Heath. The soldiers demonstrated in turn, and James, who was in the Earl of Feversham's tent, asked what it meant.

"Nothing but the soldiers shouting upon the acquittal of the bishops," replied Feversham.

"And do you call that nothing?" was the King's querulous reply.

James took no warning from the storm that was muttering on every side. Within a few months he was no longer King of England.

William Sancroft, the man who had led the rebellion of the Church against the King, was opposed to Puritanism and Popery alike. He was one of the chief opponents to the scheme of James to reintroduce Roman Catholicism into the country.

He was born at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, in 1616, studied at the grammar school at St. Edmundsbury and Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

In 1642 he obtained a fellowship, but seven years later he was ejected from it for refusing to take the solemn league and covenant.

While away from the university he wrote a work entitled: "Modern Policies and Practices," which discussed politics and government with special references to the Civil War. He also visited France and Italy.

Returning to England just before the Restoration, he was reinstated in the university, and appointed one of its preachers. At the same time he was presented with the living of Houghton-le-Spring, and made a prebendary of the Church of Durham.

In 1661 he assisted in revising the liturgy and took an active part in the re-establishment of the Church of England. From this time his rise in the Church was rapid. In 1664 he was made Dean of York, and before the end of the year Dean of St. Paul's, London.

Sancroft spent much of his own money in repairing the

fabric of the cathedral, and then in the rebuilding. Four years later he became Archdeacon of Canterbury, and was subsequently elected prolocutor of the lower house of Convocation.

His appointment to the See of Canterbury was unexpected. It came on the death of Sheldon. He was a keen Anglican churchman and never wavered from that standpoint, opposing both the Dissenters and the Roman Catholics.

Thus, when King James attempted to reintroduce the old faith he found a strenuous opponent in Sancroft.

After the abdication of King James, Sancroft was one of the lords spiritual and temporal who assembled at the Guildhall, London, on December 11th, 1688, to sign an address to the Prince of Orange, demanding a free Parliament, security of laws, liberty of property, and recommending indulgence to Protestant Dissenters.

On the accession of William and Mary, however, Sancroft refused to take the Oath of Allegiance. For some time it appears he had been meditating on the Revolution, and had come to the conclusion that his Anglicanism did not permit him to approve of the change. In consequence he was removed from his office of Archbishop, and Tillotson was appointed in his place.

He thereupon retired to the place of his birth, Fressingfield, and there he lived in seclusion.

Sancroft was one of the most learned prelates of the seventeenth century. He was a man of strong opinions, and sometimes was a little fanatical on the question of the supremacy of the Church of England.

He died on November 24th, 1693.

NOVEMBER 25TH

*Dr. Isaac Watts*

YOUNG Isaac Watts began to write poetry at an early age. One wet afternoon his mother, to amuse the children in her husband's boarding-school, offered a prize of one farthing for the best rhyme. Isaac, who was one of the pupils, produced the following :

I write not for a farthing, but to try  
How I your farthing writers can outvie.

This poetical gift, together with an extraordinary piety, made him one of the most famous of hymn writers. He was the author of "There is a Land of Pure Delight," and "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."

Isaac Watts's father was a Nonconformist, who suffered for his principles. He was imprisoned and had to leave his family at Southampton and hide himself in London. The distress of the wife and children was not relieved until the Revolution of 1688. Isaac was then fourteen, and already contemplating a pulpit career, with the turn of the tide in the favour of his father, he went to London, and became a student under the Rev. Thomas Rowe in the famous Dissenting academy at Newington.

Watts learned Latin, Greek, French and Hebrew and then proceeded to educate himself further according to a plan that he recommends in his "Improvement of the Mind." He took a standard work in theology or science, and either wrote a careful abstract, which he re-read until he had memorised its contents, or wrote down his thoughts on blank sheets of paper at the end of the book.

He returned to Southampton after three years of study with an extraordinary amount of knowledge gleaned in this way.

For two and half years he remained under his father's roof and then, in 1696, at the age of twenty-two, he obtained an appointment as tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp at Stoke Newington.

He began to preach while still with the Hartopps, who were members of a community which met in Mark Lane. Under the pastorate of a Dr. Isaac Chauncey, the congregation here had dwindled, and the remnant that clung together were unenthusiastic. On his twenty-fourth birthday, Watts preached his first sermon at this chapel, and in the same year, 1698, he was invited to become Dr. Chauncey's assistant. Four years later he took charge on the resignation of Chauncey.

In June, 1704, he and his congregation moved from Mark Lane to Pinner's Hall, and finally in 1708 to a new chapel in Bury Street.

Watts was unlucky in his pastorate. At the outset he had a long illness. He was, moreover, a timid man, afraid to pay visits to his flock. Yet his congregation overlooked these things, being grateful for such sermons as he preached from time to time, and refusing to accept his resignation. They

found him a co-pastor, a Mr. Price, who did for forty years what Watts was unable to do.

During one of his long illnesses Watts was invited to spend a week at Stoke Newington in the mansion of Alderman Sir Thomas Abney. This visit lengthened to thirty-six years.

One day the Countess of Huntingdon called to see him. "Madam," said he, "your ladyship has come to see me on a very remarkable day."

"Why so remarkable?" said she.

"This day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years."

"Sir," retorted Lady Abney, "what you have termed a long thirty years' visit, I consider as the shortest visit my family ever received."

Stoke Newington was thus Watts's home, and at Theobalds, Hertfordshire, where Sir Thomas had a summer retreat, he wrote most of those "Divine and Moral Songs" for which he is famous.

Watts often admitted that some of these hymns were capable of improvement, and had he known that they were to be handed down through the centuries he would have taken greater pains with them.

When old Sir Thomas Abney died in 1722 Watts continued to reside at Abney Park with Lady Abney and her daughter until his own death.

Watts was chaplain to the household, and morning and evening he led the prayers. His study was in a turret on the roof.

Though he was a Nonconformist, no church to-day would repudiate Isaac Watts. His hymns are sung by all denominations. Representatives of all sects have eulogized him.

There is a monument to him in Abney Park Cemetery, an effigy in Westminster Abbey, and another monument indicates where his remains were laid in Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

The inscription on the pedestal of the statue in Abney Park, erected by public subscription in 1845, is: "In memory of Isaac Watts, D.D., and in testimony of the high and lasting esteem in which his character and writings are held in the great Christian community by whom the English language is spoken. Of his Psalms and Hymns, it may be predicted in his own words:

Ages unborn will make his songs  
The joy and labour of their tongues."

The inscription adds that he was born at Southampton on July 17th, 1674, and died November 24th, 1748, after a residence of thirty-six years in the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, Bart., "then standing in these grounds."

The date of death given on the statue does not accord with his biographers, all of whom state that he died on November 25th.

#### NOVEMBER 26TH

#### *John Elwes*

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY London society could never understand John Elwes.

He was a rich man, owning about half a million pounds. He would play cards all night and lose or win thousands at a sitting. Afterwards he would walk home to save the cab fare.

He once played for two days and a night without a break. The room was small, and at the end of the session the players were almost knee deep in cards. Elwes lost several thousand pounds.

Elwes had a farm at Theydon Hall, Essex. About once a week he would leave his gambling companions at about four in the morning and walk to Smithfield Market to meet his own cattle. There he would stand in the cold and rain and haggle with the butchers over a shilling.

If the beasts had not arrived at the market, Elwes would begin to walk along the muddy lanes in search of them. It is said that he often walked the seventeen miles to his farm after playing cards all night.

He had a country seat at Marcham, Berkshire, and on the death of his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, he became the owner of another country residence at Stoke, in Suffolk.

Elwes once invited his nephew, Colonel Timms, to stay with him at Marcham. During the night it began to rain, and a large quantity of water fell through the ceiling of the colonel's bedroom. The colonel was soon wet through.

He got up and moved the bed, but soon found himself as much exposed to the rain as before. After making a tour of the room, he found one dry spot in a corner, in which he settled.

On the following morning at breakfast, the colonel told Elwes what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old miser. "I don't mind it myself, but to those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

At Stoke, where Elwes kept foxhounds, he employed a man whom he always described as a lazy dog.

Nominally a huntsman, the man performed a variety of duties. He rose at four in the morning, milked the cows, prepared his master's breakfast. Then, slipping on a green coat, he went to the stable, saddled the horses and let out the hounds.

After the hunt he would wash down the horses, then lay the cloth and wait at dinner. His next duty was to feed the horses and dogs, milk the cows and clean the stables. After this there was always plenty to do about the house.

Elwes had the best stable of hunters in the kingdom, and yet, by his economy, his whole establishment cost him less than £300 a year.

At times the generosity of Elwes belied his reputation as a miser. Occasionally he attended the races at Newmarket, but never raced horses himself. Once Lord Abingdon ran an animal in a match for £7000, and lost. He was unable to pay the money, and Elwes offered to pay it for him, with little hope of a refund.

Elwes's companion that day was a clergyman. They had set out at seven o'clock in the morning on horseback. Expecting to get some refreshment at Newmarket, the clergyman had omitted to take his breakfast.

The match was over, the afternoon had gone, and still Elwes made no suggestion about food. At last his friend hinted that the keen air of Newmarket had made him hungry.

"Very true," replied Elwes. "Here you are."

He took from his coat a piece of old crushed pancake which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new.

They reached home at nine at night, Elwes being in an exceptionally good humour because he had saved about three shillings for food.

Elwes was once kicked by his horse, but he refused medical attention and rode through the hunt with the flesh cut to the bone. It was not until serious complications threatened that he consented to treatment.

When nearly sixty years of age, Elwes was elected to

Parliament for Berkshire. He sat for twelve years, through three successive Parliaments. He never confined himself to one side of the House. Sometimes he sat with the Government and sometimes with the Opposition. It was all the same to him.

The eccentricities of this remarkable man would fill volumes.

In the spring of 1785, when he was about seventy-three, he felt a desire to visit his country seat at Stoke, which he had not seen for some years. His man-of-all-work was now dead, and his stud was composed of two worn-out brood mares.

Elwes himself was gradually going the way of all flesh, and it was doubtful whether he could ride a horse.

Somebody suggested a chaise. "Where am I to get the money?" he whined.

At last he was carried down to the country by a friend far less rich than he.

During the later years of his life the craze to save was a mania. The quantity of bad meat Elwes ate would have killed any other person.

He would never allow his shoes to be cleaned for fear that they should be worn away the more quickly. He would often wake in the night and go to his bureau to see that his money was safe.

Occasionally he went shooting, and one day received two pellets in the cheek from a man known to be an indifferent shot.

Full of apologies, the culprit came and expressed his sorrow. "My dear sir," said the old man, "I give you joy on your improvement. I knew you would hit something by and by."

Elwes died on November 26th, 1789, at the age of seventy-seven. He is reputed to have been worth £800,000. Half a million pounds went to his two sons and the rest of his fortune to the son of Colonel Timms.

#### NOVEMBER 27TH

#### *John Murray*

A THIRST for adventure caused young John MacMurray to join the Marines. It was the same thirst for adventure which induced him to throw up his lieutenant's commission and come home.



"It was a dull life," John told his friends. "I want something more exciting."

So he became proprietor of a bookshop in Fleet Street!

What thrill John expected to get from book-selling was best known to himself. There is no record of his having received even a mild quickening of the pulses. For about that time it was a humdrum occupation.

He bought for £400 the stock and goodwill of Paul Sandby, opposite St. Dunstan's Church. Here he was in hail of the famous Devil Tavern, and one assumes that he soon became acquainted with its distinguished habitués.

In the course of twenty-five years John Murray—who had dropped the prefix "Mac" because of the London prejudice against Scotsmen—built up an extensive business.

On November 27th, 1778, the second John Murray came into the world. As he was destined to become the proprietor of the bookshop some time or other, it seems strange that old John should insist upon such an elaborate education for his son.

The lad attended the High School of Edinburgh and Dr. Burney's, at Gosport. To the proprietor of the latter establishment John Murray wrote that he wished his son to be educated in the following: Latin, French, Arithmetic, Mercantile Accounts, Elocution, History, Geography, Geometry, Astrology, the Globes, Mathematics, Philosophy, Dancing and Martial Exercises.

Murray died in 1793, and young John took over the business. Samuel Highley, his father's assistant, was taken into partnership, but he was too slow and cautious for the enterprising youngster, and a dissolution of the partnership occurred in 1803.

Anxious to develop the publishing side of the business, John Murray conceived the idea of "The Quarterly Review." But he took the precaution of getting adequate backing for the project.

On February 1st, 1809, the first number of the "Quarterly Review" was published. The circulation quickly rose to twelve thousand copies. It brought together the literary geniuses of the day.

In 1812 John Murray moved from Fleet Street to Albemarle Street. In the drawing-room of the new establishment were frequently to be seen such men as Scott, Byron, Campbell, Heber, Isaac D'Israeli, Canning, Hallam, Croker,

Mme de Staël, Southey, Washington Irving, Lockhart and others.

Murray took a fourth part of the interest in Scott's "Marmion" before it was written. When it was published Scott was in financial straits, and Murray, always ready to assist an author temporarily embarrassed, made him a present of his share in the book.

In 1811 Murray made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, and gave him £600 for a part of "Childe Harold," at a time when the reputation of the author was still to be made.

A few years later, when Byron, too, was short of money, Murray sent him a draft for £1500, and promised a like amount in a few months' time. He also offered to sell Byron's copyrights if the necessity arose.

Altogether Murray paid about £20,000 for the poet's works.

Byron would often drop into the establishment in Albemarle Street after he had been to fencing practice. But Murray could not be expected to approve of that young man's exuberance when he turned the valuable books on the shelves into objects of attack for his rapier. Many exquisite bindings were destroyed in this way.

Byron humorously described Murray as "the Anak of stationers." Once he sent the publisher a Bible with the text "Now Barabbas was a robber," altered to "Barabbas was a publisher."

When George Crabbe, the Suffolk labourer-parson-poet, came to town in 1817, he soon found his way to Albemarle Street. Murray offered him £3000 for his "Poems."

Some of Crabbe's friends thought this sum too little. Actually, it was an exceedingly generous offer, but the poet began negotiations with another firm, and was surprised when their offer was much less.

Crabbe was alarmed. Anxious to secure the £3000 before it was too late, he wrote to Murray saying that he was ready to accept the offer.

No reply was forthcoming from Murray. Whereupon Crabbe prevailed upon two friends to see Murray.

The publisher was amused when he discovered their errand. "Yes," he said with a smile, "I have heard from Mr. Crabbe and looked on the matter as quite settled."

When Southey wrote an article on Nelson in the "Quarterly Review" in 1810, Murray offered him £100 for an amplification

of the article for publication separately. It resulted in Southey's famous work, "Life of Lord Nelson." Later Murray paid a larger sum for a new edition.

No publisher had to contend with such a string of eccentric authors as Murray. Some of them were frequently getting into difficulties through their own profligacy. Inevitably the publisher had to put his hand in his pocket for the wherewithal to get them out of their scrapes.

Murray died on June 27, 1843, at the age of 65, and the business was taken over by the third John Murray.

NOVEMBER 28TH

*William Blake*

OVER a century has passed since that eccentric genius, William Blake, died in the sordid back room in Fountain Court, Strand, London.

Blake's contemporaries had no patience with him. They could not understand the nightmares which the painter-poet conveyed to his canvases, or the apparent incoherencies in his poems.

But time brings a maturer understanding and the prophecies of his thin circle of friends that Blake's paintings would be in demand by a later generation were fulfilled. As to his poems, some will bear comparison with the work of more renowned poets than William Blake.

Neither Shelley, Byron nor Keats could have bettered those verses "On the Tiger."

He was a mystic almost from his birth, which took place on November 28th, 1757. When, at the age of four, he saw "God put his forehead to the window," and, at seven, saw a tree full of angels at Peckham Rye, his doting mother was convinced that heavenly guardians watched over the destinies of her child.

The elder Blake, a hosier in Carnaby Market, laughed at his son's dreams. He put the boy behind the counter of his own shop. But young William could not take to anything so prosaic as selling stockings. When he should have been attending to customers he was studying Raphael and Reynolds prints.

Drawings appeared on the back of the shop bills, and the counter was covered with sketches.

At last his father grudgingly acknowledged that his son possessed genius. An "eminent artist" was approached, but his fee for teaching young Blake was too heavy.

Apparently doomed to the counter, William pleaded tearfully with his mother. It resulted in a compromise, and the boy was apprenticed to an engraver in Green Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He worked hard during the day and, at night, studied under Flaxman and Fuseli. In his spare moments he locked himself in his room and made drawings illustrated with verses, which he hung in his mother's room.

To Blake idleness was folly; recreation a sin.

At the age of twenty-six Blake was jilted by a maid for whom he believed he had a great affection. He moped over the broken romance until, one day, he blurted out his sorrows to little dark-eyed Katherine Burtcher.

Katherine was a domestic servant. Time after time they had passed each other on the way to their respective places of work. Blake stopped and spoke to her. In a few minutes he was pouring out the story of his rejected love.

"I pity you, with all my heart," said Kate, with a sigh.

"You pity me?" exclaimed Blake. "Then, I love you for that."

"And I love you," said Kate. And so they were married.

Blake's father objected to the marriage. William showed his independence by leaving home.

The couple found a home in Green Street, near William's place of business.

When the elder Blake died, William took his young brother, Robert, into partnership in a printseller's business, together with a fellow apprentice named Parker.

Robert died suddenly, and when Blake and Parker quarrelled, they went their separate ways.

The painter-poet went to live in Poland Street, where he began to design, engrave, compose music and write songs, and to hear ghostly voices.

He brought out his sixty-eight "Songs of Innocence and Experience" and other books. But they did not sell, and he continued to earn a living by engraving, a hazardous existence, for he was barely able to afford the plates for his work.

There followed the "Gates of Paradise" with sixteen illustrations, and then "Urizen," with twenty-seven designs, which nobody understood, or cared to understand. They

were the result of infernal dreams. His wife could not fathom them, but believed they had "a meaning and a fine one."

Flaxman, the sculptor, liked Blake's paintings. He introduced him to Hayley, who was writing his life of Cowper. The result was an invitation to Blake to go to Felpham, in Sussex, to illustrate the work.

There he remained for three years, dreaming more dreams and meeting in them Moses and Dante.

Taking a house in South Molton Street, he produced his "Jerusalem" with a hundred tinted engravings, for which he wanted twenty-five guineas. In the preface to this work, Blake says: "After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean I again display my giant forms to the public."

But the "giant forms" did not attract. Nobody understood them, and they did not find a market.

Blake was not a fashionable artist. Some of his designs were dull and ludicrous. Some of them, however, reached a high state of grandeur.

He took liberties with his illustrations.

The angel who blew the last trump stood on his head in the air.

Blake quarrelled with fellow artists, and was never friendly with any of them, except perhaps Flaxman.

He detested oil painting, and lampooned the Italian artists.

In course of time there was a tendency to sift the grain from the chaff, and Blake attained a certain recognition.

Charles Lamb became interested and sent Blake's chimney-sweep song to the poet Montgomery. Others who saw it were delighted.

In his back room, study, kitchen and bedroom together—rent 18s. a week—Blake continued to defy the critics. He painted a portrait of Lot with the devil glaring at him through a grating on the staircase.

He then sat down to illustrate Job, which caused more consternation among contemporary artists. One illustration, "The Morning Stars singing together," was the only one that received approval.

The little fame which Blake had gained through an exhibition of his works at his brother's house in Broad Street was gradually diminishing. People grew tired of his eccentric originality.

Yet he continued to be independent, refusing to conform

to convention, content with his garret and satisfied to be free from debt.

His next works were prophecies concerning the destinies of Europe and America. They were understood, but disbelieved.

More incoherent grew his dreams: his verses became rhymeless, his illustrations more diabolical. Goblins, sea-serpents, huge fishes eating dead bodies, angels pouring out the last plagues, the fires of hell, and similar scenes, found their way into colour.

Blake claimed a secret in regard to colour which he said had been revealed to him in a vision.

In 1823, five years before his death, he retired to the back room in Fountain Court, and set to work illustrating the works of Dante. His drawings were bought by friends who pitied him, but they preferred his poems.

On the evening of August 12th, 1828, Blake lay back on his pillow tinting "The Ancient of Days," his favourite work. He sang snatches of song which he composed while he laboured. By his side sat Kate, watching him anxiously.

At the age of seventy-one Blake was dying. To his wife he said: "I glory in dying: I have no grief but in leaving you, Kate."

He fell back exhausted, and not even Kate knew the exact time that the remaining spark of life was extinguished.

NOVEMBER 29TH

### *Earl of March*

ROGER, Earl Mortimer, was one of the blackest-hearted villains who darkened the pages of English history.

It was he who contrived the murder of Edward II, after a love affair between himself and Edward's wife, Queen Isabella.

It was inevitable that the barons who had supported Mortimer and helped him to depose the weak Edward II, should in turn counterplot for the destruction of the Earl. The situation in the country was now worse than it had been before.

The young King, Edward III, in his eighteenth year, was restless and anxious to take full control. The yoke of Mortimer, as regent, was becoming intolerable.

Day after day the barons poured into the ear of the King stories of the profligacy of Mortimer. They complained of the illegal practices which the Earl adopted to keep his grip on affairs.

Edward was willing enough to listen. They told him that he himself was in danger unless Mortimer was removed.

It was a long time before he realized that his own mother, Isabella, and her lover Mortimer, were the real murderers of his father.

About Michaelmas, 1330, a Parliament was summoned to assemble at Nottingham. Edward, his mother, and Mortimer, were all lodged in the castle.

In the enterprise which the young Edward was now meditating he was assisted by Lord Montacute. One morning Montacute was seen riding away from the castle after an apparently secret interview with the King.

Mortimer was told of this occurrence and became alarmed. He charged the King in council with plotting against him and the Queen-mother. Naturally Edward denied the charge, but it failed to convince Mortimer.

There was another factor which aroused the suspicions of the guilty pair. The soldiers of the barons had been increased and were separating themselves from the Royal retinue. The guard of one hundred and eighty knights and their followers was obviously inadequate if the barons attempted an insurrection.

Every night the castle was locked and the keys were brought to Isabella, who placed them under her pillow. Every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise.

Meanwhile, the plot was working. Montacute consulted a number of barons known to be opposed to Mortimer, and together they obtained the warrant of the King for the apprehension of the Earl.

But the castle was regarded as an impregnable fortress. The only thing to be done was to obtain the collaboration of Sir William Eland, the constable of the castle.

They approached him with some trepidation, for, in the event of his refusal, the whole plot would be exposed. To their relief, Eland immediately agreed to show his loyalty to the King and his detestation of the tyrant.

He pointed out to them, however, that it was impossible for him to let the plotters into the castle as the Queen kept the keys at night.

"But," he added, "I know of another way by an alley that runs under the castle which neither Queen Isabella nor Mortimer knows aught about. I will lead you through the alley, and so ye shall come into the castle."

On the night of October 19th, 1330, Edward and his loyal associates were conducted through a secret passage in the rock to the interior of the castle.

They all passed noiselessly into a hall adjoining the Queen-mother's chamber. They paused to listen. Voices could be heard in the adjoining room. Soon they were able to recognize them as the Bishop of Lincoln and Mortimer himself.

They were actually discussing precautions to prevent the very tragedy that was about to take place.

At a signal the door was burst open. Two men who attempted to bar their passage were run through with swords. The castle resounded with the shrieks of the Queen-mother, Isabella, who cried: "Sweet son, spare the gentle Mortimer."

But for her intercession, Mortimer would have been killed on the spot.

The Earl of March was seized notwithstanding the Queen's cries. He was torn from her arms and conducted down the secret passage.

The whole affair took less than ten minutes and the guards on the ramparts of the castle were unaware that anything was happening in the chambers beneath.

The secret passage beneath Nottingham Castle has always been known as Mortimer's Hole.

On the following day the announcement was made to the people of Nottingham that the tyranny of Mortimer, Earl of March, was ended. A clean sweep of Mortimer's adherents was made, including his sons, who were arrested.

Mortimer was impeached and convicted of high treason and other crimes. No witnesses were heard either for or against the guilty man. The Council merely read the accusation and pronounced the sentence.

He was condemned to die as a traitor.

On November 29th, 1330, the Earl of March was dragged along the streets and hanged on the common gallows at "The Elms," Smithfield, London.

His body hung for two days on the gallows and was then buried in the Church of the Greyfriars.

The guilty Queen-mother was shut up for life in her



manor house at Risings. Edward did not forget his mother. He paid her frequent visits.

NOVEMBER 30TH

*Jack Rann*

THE turnpike man at Tottenham Court Road lighted his churchwarden and sat down for a quiet smoke.

A party of Bow Street Runners had just passed on their way to Barnet to inquire into a highway robbery. Thus he did not anticipate any further interruption that night by the minions of the law.

He had barely settled himself comfortably when he heard the rattle of horse's hoofs. In a minute or so a man riding a brown mare pulled up in the meagre light of the oil lamp.

The man was dressed in a scarlet coat, tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings and a laced hat.

"Anyone been asking for me?" he demanded of the tollman.

"No," said the custodian, annoyed at the rider's arrogance. "Why should they? Who are you?"

"Why," replied the horseman, "I am Sixteen-string Jack, the highwayman. Have any of Sir John Feilding's people been this way?"

"Yes," said the man, "some of them are but just gone through."

"Good!" exclaimed Jack. "If you see them again tell them I have gone towards London."

Jack Rann, known as Sixteen-string Jack, was one of the cleverest highwaymen operating on the Great North Road. He defied the Bow Street Runners to catch him. He would turn up under their very noses, disclose his identity and escape.

Rann was born near Bath, and obtained a livelihood in his early years by selling goods which he carried about on a donkey.

He came to London and obtained work as an assistant in stables at Brook's mews. He then became the driver of a post-chaise. Afterwards he was an officer's servant. In each of these situations he bore an excellent character.

After serving several noblemen, he turned pickpocket with three other men named Jones, Clayton and Colledge.

In April, 1774, Rann, Clayton and another named Shepherd (not Jack Sheppard) appeared at the Old Bailey on a charge of robbery on the highway. They were acquitted because of insufficient evidence.

Soon afterwards Rann became acquainted with a young woman named Roche, whose occupation was no more honourable than Rann's. In May of the same year Roche attempted to pledge a watch. The messenger whom she sent to the pawnbroker's was arrested.

Roche was interrogated and had to admit that the watch had been given to her by Rann. The ownership of the article was finally traced to a certain Mr. Devall, who had been robbed on the highway.

When Rann faced Sir John Feilding, the Bow Street magistrate, he affected an attitude of indifference to the whole affair.

"I know no more of the matter than you do," Rann told Fielding. "I may add that I do not know half as much as you."

Rann was dressed in a lavish habit. There was a bunch of flowers in his coat, as large as a bouquet. He was in irons, but his shackles were festooned with blue ribands.

He was committed for trial, and in July, 1774, answered the charge at the Old Bailey. Again he was surrounded by an atmosphere of festivity. There was a similar bouquet, the irons were decorated, and the highwayman adopted a cynical air.

For lack of evidence Rann was acquitted.

Three days later Rann had an appointment with a girl at her lodgings. He failed to appear on time, and she went to bed. Unable to obtain admittance, Rann proceeded to get in a window.

At that moment a watchman appeared and took him into custody.

He was again charged, this time for attempted burglary. But the girl appeared to give evidence in his favour. He was a welcome guest, she declared. Thereupon, Sir John Feilding had no option but to discharge him.

On the following Sunday Rann appeared at a public-house in Tottenham Court Road. After a few drinks, he was in a festive mood. A few more, and Jack Rann became quarrelsome. There was a scuffle with one of the other customers, and Rann lost a ring which he valued at a hundred guineas.

Commenting on this loss, the highwayman said: "Never mind; a night's work will get its value back."

Later in the evening the row developed and Rann was thrown through a window, complaining bitterly of the treatment to a gentleman of his character.

He was next in the clutches of the law through failing to pay a debt of fifty pounds. He was lodged in the Marshalsea Prison, but later released on the money being paid by his friends.

Soon afterwards Rann appeared at Barnet races in the most elegant sporting habit. His waistcoat was made of blue satin, trimmed with silver. The spectators, aware of his identity, followed him about gazing at him with awe.

On September 26th, 1774, Rann and a man named William Collier were "operating" on the Uxbridge Road, when they were arrested.

Once more Rann appeared at Bow Street, and evidence was given by Dr. William Bell that the highwayman had held him up demanding: "Give me your money, and take no notice, or I'll blow your brains out."

It was the doctor's watch, pawned by Roche, which led to Rann's arrest and conviction.

Miss Roche was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. Extenuating circumstances were argued in favour of Collier and he was released. But Rann was sentenced to be hanged.

He was executed on November 30th, and his body handed to his friends for burial.

DECEMBER



DECEMBER 1ST

*Ebenezer Elliot*

THE intense suffering of the masses in his native Yorkshire made a great impression upon the youthful Ebenezer Elliott.

It was a sordid generation in which Elliott lived. War stalked over the whole of Europe; monopoly was withholding food from the poor. Thousands of people were suffering agony. Hunger was forcing many to adopt a life of crime.

There was plenty of corn and cattle in the country; there was no lack of work; yet starvation wages and high rents caused widespread poverty.

It was in the midst of these scenes of pauperism that Ebenezer Elliott was born. He grew up in an atmosphere of mingled horror and beauty, for to escape the grim life of the towns he would go to the woods, collect wild flowers, watch the kingfisher flitting along the Don, and play with grass snakes.

He worked at his father's foundry for a few coppers a week pocket-money. He studied botany which, he said, lifted him "above the inmates of the alehouse at least a foot in mental stature."

Always taking the shortest road to an object, he never read a feeble book, but saturated himself in the masterpieces of Milton, Shakespeare, Swift, Gibbon, Dante, Hazlitt and many other great writers.

At twelve Elliott knew the Bible almost by heart, and in his sixteenth year could repeat the first, second and sixth books of "Paradise Lost" without missing a word.

In his seventeenth year he wrote and published a poem called "The Vernal Walk." This was followed by some metrical legends and tales: "Love," the "Corn-Law Rhymes," "The Village Patriarch," "The Splendid Village," and "Corn-Law Hymns."

In his character of a Corn-Law Rhymer, or the Poet of the Rabble, he produced a tremendous quantity of songs, sarcasms, curses and battle-cries. The people seized on them avidly. He harangued them at street corners, and wrote

slogans on the walls : "Up ! Bread-taxed Slave ! Up ! Our Bread is Taxed—Arise !"

Hands and hearts, and minds are ours ;  
 Shall we bow to bestial powers ?  
 Tyrants, vaunt your swords and towers !  
 Reason is our citadel.

he wrote, and thus kindled a flame that burned from one end of Yorkshire to the other.

Writers of prose took up the plea of the poet. The Corn-Law League came into being ; the country was filled with stump orators, and year by year the agitation increased until the Government were forced by public opinion to abolish the Corn Laws.

But the voice of Ebenezer Elliott was lost in the great clamour. He who had begun it was forgotten, for politicians became the heroes of the masses. Yet he left behind in his poems the proof of his work for them.

It was not to be expected that Elliott in his poetry should display calmness and impartiality.

"If my composition smell of the workshop," he says, "I cannot help it ; soot is soot ; and he who lives in a chimney will do well to take the air when he can, and ruralize now and then, even in imagination."

His rhymes give the impression of a fierce, coarse demagogue, an agitator for the sake of agitating. But Elliott was really one of the most gentle and tender men.

Elliott was born on March 17th, 1781, being one of eight children. His father was a clerk in a Rotherham iron-works and earned seventy shillings a week, a large salary in those days. In his childhood he was a great favourite of servant girls, nurses and old women. One in particular was Nancy Farr, who kept the York Keehman public-house near the foundry at Masborough, Rotherham, where he was born. To her Elliott admits he owed his fondness for ghost stories.

Elliott died on December 1st, 1849, comparatively poor.

His last verses were dictated as he lay on his death-bed and were dedicated to his favourite bird, the robin, which sang beneath his window :

Thy notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,  
 Heard soon or late, are dear to me ;  
 To music I could bid adieu,  
 But not to thee !

When from my eyes this lifeful throng  
Has passed away, no more to be,  
Then Autumn's primrose, Robin's song,  
Return to me.

Elliott had thirteen children, of whom two daughters and six sons survived him.

He was buried in the little rural village of Darfield.

## DECEMBER 2ND

### *Cortez*

TOWARDS the close of 1518 a party of five hundred Europeans set sail for the conquest of Mexico. They were commanded by Hernando Cortez, the man who ultimately conquered the country.

Born at Medellin, in Estremadura, in 1485, he was a boy of seven at the time of the triumph of Columbus. His early youth was a stormy one, and at the age of nineteen Cortez left Spain on a career of adventure in what was then termed the "far west."

His first enterprise was to Hispaniola, where the successor of Columbus, Ovando, was governor. From him Cortez received a concession of land and a minor official dignity.

After a lapse of seven years Cortez was associated with Velasquez in the conquest of Cuba.

In this campaign Cortez first disclosed his military abilities, but another seven years passed before he received any official command.

By that time he had made a small fortune out of his Cuban estate, and despite his love of adventure he had no particular desire to leave his money-making.

Nevertheless, when he was asked to follow up the discoveries of Juan de Grijalva on the Mexican coast, Cortez placed his estate under the control of an overseer and became chief of the expedition.

A company of five hundred men seemed far from adequate, but Cortez believed that he could win over many of the natives, and this ultimately proved to be the case.

His first conflict with the natives occurred at Tabasco, which he took after a severe battle, and he then went on to San Juan de Ulloa. Here he learned a good deal about the vast Mexican Empire and its great wealth.



In the early spring of 1519 Cortez landed on the site of Vera Cruz and met with a friendly reception from the native chief. The chief sent word to the Aztec Emperor, Montezuma, that the Spaniards desired to visit Mexico City, the capital.

Montezuma could measure craft with craft. He knew that an army of Spanish soldiers could have no peaceful mission and he refused to allow Cortez to pass through the country.

It was not long before he was menaced by an army of thirty thousand Tlascalans. A pitched battle ensued, the natives being thoroughly beaten by a force that was much inferior in numbers.

It was a great victory, but the sequel was even more to the credit of Cortez, for he turned foe into friend and formed an alliance with the Tlascalans.

When Montezuma heard the news he was frightened. He actually gave Cortez permission to enter Mexico City and received the Spaniards as friends.

The people were incensed at the profanation of their temples by the Spaniards, and it is probable that Cortez would have been overwhelmed if a diversion had not occurred at the right moment.

Velasquez had not approved of any of Cortez's exploits. The latter had refused to accept orders. Velasquez sent an army to bring back his rebellious subordinate.

Cortez evacuated Mexico City and marched against the Spanish force. He surprised it, took prisoner its leader, and turned the Spanish soldiers into friends.

He then returned to Mexico with a much larger force. On his arrival he found that the Aztecs were not disposed to receive him. He had to fight a number of pitched battles. In the end, outnumbered, he had to retreat.

During the retreat the Spanish Army was almost decimated. Six months later, however, Cortez returned with a much bigger army, with many thousands of Indians. The siege of Mexico lasted three months.

Finally the Spaniards gained possession of the city, which they entered on August 13th, 1521.

Cortez was confirmed in his self-conferred governorship of Mexico and ruled the country with common sense. He was as fair to the natives as to the others who now resided in Mexico.

But in 1526, Cortez was summoned to Spain to answer

vague charges brought against him by people in Mexico as well as at home.

For nearly two years he refused to go to Spain. Although the people knew the reason for his return to his native country, they insisted upon receiving him with great enthusiasm, and the Emperor Charles V had to treat him honourably. He refused, however, to reinstate Cortez in the governorship of Mexico.

The adventurer returned to America in 1530 and discovered California, but when he learned that a new governor of Mexico had arrived he resolved to go to Spain and assert his claim to the position.

The Emperor treated Cortez with coldness. He was employed in the Emperor's expedition against Algiers in 1541, which proved disastrous. In this campaign Cortez was under orders. Had he been in command there might have been a different result.

For six years Cortez hung about the Spanish Court with nothing to do but continue his claims in regard to Mexico. He took his complaints to law, but the wheels of litigation moved so slowly that he became disgusted and was about to return to Mexico when he died at Seville on December 2nd, 1547.

DECEMBER 3RD

### *Giovanni Belzoni*

It is said that Daniel Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe" as a warning to adventurers.

If that were the case, it had a contrary effect, for many a youngster has been incited to leave home through reading this immortal story. It was the case with Giovanni Battista Belzoni, the barber's boy of Padua. He ran away from home before he had weighed the consequences.

A few days of poverty and misery sent him back home, where, for a time, he wielded the brush and razor to good purpose.

But he had not forgotten "Robinson" and "Man Friday." A little older in years and discretion he again left his native place and went to seek his fortune in Rome.

He fell in love with a Roman maid. But when she failed to reciprocate his affection, Belzoni entered a Capuchin

monastery. There he remained until the French occupied the Eternal City, and drove the monks out of their monasteries.

Homeless, Belzoni began a vagabondage through Europe, exhibiting himself as a strong man. He travelled through Germany and Holland and in 1802 he arrived in England.

He was soon engaged as a "turn" at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, where he appeared under the name of "The Patagonian Samson."

A newspaper of the time describes his act thus: "Signor Belzoni's performance consists in carrying from seven to ten men in a manner never attempted by any but himself. He clasps round him a belt, to which are affixed ledges to support the men. He first takes up one under each arm, receives one on either side, one on each of his shoulders and one on his back, the whole forming a kind of pyramid.

"When thus encumbered, he moves as easy and graceful as if about to walk a minuet, and displays a flag in as flippant a manner as a dancer on the rope."

In 1809 Belzoni appeared in a pantomime at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin. A part of his duty was to superintend the last scene, which included a shower of water from the roof after the players had left the stage, which represented a temple.

The over-anxious Belzoni released the deluge too soon, and Harlequin and Columbine finished their performance in a terrific downpour.

About this time Belzoni exhibited himself at many of the large towns in the country. The following is a copy of one of his handbills:

"Theatre, Partick Street, Cork. Cut a man's head off!!! And put it on again! This present evening, Monday, Feb. 24, 1812. And positively and definitely the last night. Sig. Belzoni respectfully acquaints the public, that by the request of his friends, he will reopen the above Theatre for one night more, i.e. on Monday, Feb. 24, and although it has been announced in former Advertisements, that he would perform for two nights, he pledges his word that this present evening, will be positively and definitely the last night of his Re-presentations, and when he will introduce a Feat of Legerdemain, which he flatters himself will astonish the Spectators, as such a feat never was attempted in Great Britain or Ireland. After a number of entertainments he will Cut a man's head off!! And put it on again!!!

Also the Grand Cascade."

After marrying in Ireland, he exhibited in France, Spain

and Italy. Having made enough money for the time being, he decided to visit Egypt, then, as now, the Mecca of the Italians.

He conceived a scheme for teaching the natives how to raise water by means of the tread-wheel. There was nothing new in this idea so far as English mechanics were concerned, for it was known in this country as "the monkey."

The scheme was not successful, and Belzoni turned his attention to removing Egyptian works of art. He spent years in Egypt under the patronage of the British Consul and, as a result of his travels, wrote his book, entitled "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs and Cities of Egypt and Nubia."

He was now comparatively wealthy; on his way to England to publish his book he called at his native Padua, where he was fêted. He was presented with an address by the municipality and a medal was struck in his honour.

In London he was lionised, and he carefully refrained from making any allusion to his previous mode of earning a living in England.

In 1822 Belzoni left London for Africa for more adventure. On his way to Timbuctoo he contracted dysentery. He was put on board a ship in the hope that the sea air would help him to regain his health.

He died on the vessel and his body was carried ashore at Cato, where he was buried beneath a tree. A monument was erected with an appropriate inscription, giving the date of his death as December 3, 1823.

At Padua a statue was built to the memory of the City's barber. Later the Government of England awarded a pension to his widow.

Several important relics in the Egyptian Galleries of the British Museum were discovered by Belzoni.

## DECEMBER 4TH

### *Thomas Hobbes*

THEOLOGIANS of the seventeenth century did not like Thomas Hobbes. But he amused Charles II, who loved a controversy if it affected the Church.

He likened Hobbes to a bear against whom "the church played its young dogs in order to exercise them."

A century later a biographer of Hobbes declares that he

was the terror of his age. "The press sweat with controversy, and every young churchman-militant would try his arms in thundering on Hobbes's steel cap."

Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, Wilts, on Good Friday, 1588. It was the year of the Spanish Armada, and it is said that his birth occurred prematurely owing to his mother's terror at the anticipated arrival of Philip II's navy.

He was precocious, and at an early age was able to translate Greek into Latin. At fifteen he was sent to Oxford, and at twenty he became a tutor in the employ of the Devonshire family, where he remained, with a brief intermission, to the end of his life.

Hobbes's first work was a translation of Thucydides in collaboration with Ben Jonson. This was published in 1628. Soon afterwards he went to Paris to escape the troubles of the Civil War, where he met Descartes and other eminent men.

Hobbes had no intention of taking any active part in the troubles which England was experiencing. Nevertheless, he was not indifferent to what was going on.

He began to inquire into the origin of society, and to ask himself whether the King had a right to the title of Divine ruler.

The result of these meditations was a treatise in Latin called "De Cive." It was printed in Paris in 1642, and was translated into English under the name "Philosophical Rudiments Concerning Government and Society."

Later Hobbes developed his theme with "Leviathan; or the Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," published in London in 1651.

In this he declared that God made man, and man in his turn made society. He gave the king absolute power, and demanded absolute obedience on the part of his subjects.

This philosophy was not satisfactory to the Parliamentarians, but, strangely enough, it was left to the Monarchists to make a protest against the views of Hobbes.

One would have expected them to be highly desirable after the Restoration, but in 1666 Parliament censured "Leviathan" and "De Cive."

Meanwhile, however, Hobbes had had adventures. In Paris he narrowly escaped assassination, and had to fly back to his own country. He became friendly with Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Selden, the jurist,

and Cowley, the poet. He returned to the family of Lord Devonshire, who settled upon him a small pension.

At the restoration in 1660 he obtained royal favour, and received a privy purse pension of £100 a year. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that six years later he should be censured.

A Bill was brought into Parliament against atheism and profaneness, which seemed to Hobbes to have a particular reference to himself, because he had argued against the theologians.

When a high Parliamentary official confirmed his own fears Hobbes was on the point of leaving the country. But though Parliament condemned Hobbes he was still a favourite with Charles II and his Court.

For a time Hobbes had been mathematical tutor to Charles while he was in exile, and though after the publication of the "Leviathan" he had been forbidden the royal presence, the King was really fond of his old master.

Once the King saw Hobbes in a London street as he passed by in his coach. He halted the vehicle and sent for the philosopher and offered him his hand to kiss.

Hobbes was denounced freely as an atheist. But everyone who dared to argue against the theologians was bound to be called such in those days.

To be fair to Hobbes, however, he was not an atheist. He acknowledged God as "the Power of all powers, and First Cause of all causes." At the same time he denied that anyone could know "*what* He is, but only that He *is*."

Hobbes objected chiefly to the scholastic terms used by theologians which nobody could understand, but he conformed to the Church of England and partook of its sacraments. He would, however, seldom remain for a sermon.

The unintelligent prejudice against Hobbes existed even in the middle of the nineteenth century, for when Molesworth put up for Parliament for Southwark in 1845 the slogan of the opposition was "Will you vote for Molesworth, the editor of Athiest Hobbes?"

In his old age—he died on December 4th, 1679 at the age of ninety-two—Hobbes's face was deeply wrinkled: but his eyes were quick and sparkling to the end of his life.

Generally speaking, Hobbes attached little importance to the study of books. He once remarked: "If I had read as much as some others, I should be as ignorant as they are."

DECEMBER 5TH

*King Pedro II*

WHEN Dom Pedro I abdicated the throne of Brazil on April 7th, 1831, he left behind a state of anarchy. The new emperor was his five-year-old son.

The establishment of a regency did not bring a more settled state of affairs. Three separate parties, the Government, the Republicans, and one in favour of the restoration of the abdicated monarch, strove for mastery.

Fortunately for the young Emperor, Dom Pedro II, a compromise was effected in 1834 which altered the composition of the regency. Instead of three members, one only was elected by the people of Brazil. Feijoo was chosen regent.

But Feijoo soon lost his regency, for when the province of Rio Grande broke out into rebellion he was accused of fomenting insurrection, and was compelled to resign. In his place, Francisco de Lima was chosen by a large majority.

With Lima at the helm, republicanism had small voice in affairs, and a movement for deposing the young Emperor was completely suppressed.

A suggestion was made that the regency should be in the hands of a member of the Royal family, and Princess Januaria, then in her eighteenth year, was proposed. It was soon decided, however, that it was better to give Pedro—although only fourteen—full powers than to allow the country to be governed by a girl.

The new movement resulted in a Bill being presented to Parliament declaring the majority of Pedro. After a noisy debate the measure was carried, and the boy was duly proclaimed on July 23rd, 1840.

The next eight years Brazil was comparatively tranquil.

In 1843 the Emperor Pedro II married the Princess Thérèse Christine Marie, daughter of King Francis I of the Two Sicilies. The offspring of this marriage were two sons, who died in boyhood, and two daughters, Princess Isabella and Princess Leopoldine.

In 1848 trouble arose with the British Government. The Brazilians had failed to put into force a treaty made in 1826 for the abolition of the slave trade. At the same time, General Rosas, Governor of Buenos Aires, was trying to stir up another revolution in the Rio Grande.

It was chance which settled the dispute with Britain. In 1849 yellow fever broke out in Brazil. Convinced that the epidemic was caused by the importation of slaves, public opinion denounced the traffic. Laws were passed against it, and were severely imposed.

Meanwhile Rosas, who had dreams of a united South America, had begun operations for the uniting of the Republics of Uruguay and Paraguay with Buenos Aires. As a counterstroke, the Brazilian Ministry entered into alliances with the Governors of Montevideo, Paraguay, Entre Rios and Corrientes for the maintenance of the independence of the menaced republics.

Rosas, with an army before Montevideo, had to withdraw. But the dictator lost no time in declaring war against Brazil. The allied States began a march on Buenos Aires, and the forces of Rosas were completely routed.

In 1855 a long-standing dispute with Paraguay came to a head. It concerned the right of way along the Paraguay River to the interior of Brazil. The Emperor sent a squadron of men-of-war and transports along the river, but the expedition had to return without accomplishing anything tangible.

Nine years later Brazil and Paraguay were again at loggerheads. Without any formal declaration of war Francisco Lopez, dictator of Paraguay, seized a Brazilian vessel which lay in the river.

He followed this up by an invasion of the Brazilian provinces of Matto Grosso and Rio Grande as well as Corrientes in the Argentine.

A triple alliance with Uruguay was formed and Lopez was soon on the defensive. Paraguay was invaded, and for some time the dictator fought with his back to the wall.

The war dragged on until 1870, when it was ended by the capture of Lopez and his last handful of men by the Brazilians.

Dom Pedro II was a wise ruler. He was no politician; he was chiefly concerned with the economic development of his country. He was quiet and unassuming and demanded no demonstration.

He devoted much of his time to the study of education. When Socialist doctrines began to spread over the country as a result of the propaganda of Benjamin Constant, the Emperor, who was of Liberal principles, believed that it was a step in the right direction.

It was the educated classes who were mainly affected by



the preaching of Socialism. Within nine years the Emperor had lost his throne and a republic was established.

At the outset the propaganda produced no reaction against the monarchy. Pedro was respected by all his subjects. Gradually, however, a change began to take place.

In 1864 Princess Isabella had married the Comte d'Eu, a member of the Orleans family. The alliance was not popular in Brazil, for the Comte d'Eu was reserved, and took hardly any part in the social life of the country.

In the absence of a male heir Princess Isabella would become Empress on the death of her father, and with this in view she took her share in the duties falling to her. But the progressives viewed with suspicion the influence which the clerical party wielded.

When Dom Pedro went on a tour of Europe Isabella was appointed Regent, and immediately it was seen that the priesthood were the real rulers of the country.

A new law abolishing slavery without compensation to owners caused further dissatisfaction.

At the end of 1888 the Emperor returned to Brazil and was received with a demonstration of affection by the populace. There was, as yet, no intention of deposing Dom Pedro, although there was a strong movement to prevent the Princess from becoming Empress on the death of her father.

But matters moved so swiftly that on November 14th, 1889, the palace was surrounded by soldiers. The Emperor and his family were seized and put on a ship bound for Portugal.

He lived mainly in France and died at Paris on December 5th, 1891.

DECEMBER 6TH

### *Catherine Clive*

CATHERINE CLIVE, the celebrated comic actress, who appeared on the London stage at the middle of the eighteenth century, was eccentric. She had a blunt manner, which did not have so much appeal in private life as before audiences.

On one occasion, after her retirement from the stage, she was one of a party at the house of a well-known hostess.

Cards were proposed, to Mrs. Clive's delight, for she liked nothing better. At that time a game called quadrille was

fashionable and had not yet given place to whist. It was played in a similar way to whist, but additional payment was made to holders of certain cards, such as the aces.

Mrs. Clive's luck was out and the game went against her. She lost her temper and alternately reddened and turned pale.

When the final card was played and the actress had lost heavily, tears of rage appeared in her eyes.

Her opponent, an elderly dowager with white hair and eyebrows, reminded Mrs. Clive that she had not received payment for the "two black aces."

"Two black aces!" exclaimed Mrs. Clive. "Here, take the money, though instead I wish I could give you two black eyes, you old white cat!"

Though liable at any moment to fly into a passion. Mrs. Clive could be pleasant and charming. Here is a pen picture of her by a contemporary :

"Mrs. Clive was a mixture of combustibles. She was passionate, cross, vulgar, yet sensible, a very sensible woman and a comic actress of genuine worth. Indeed, she was a diamond of the first water.

"When her scene of the *Fine Lady* came on, she was received with the usual expression of gladness on her approach, as so charming an actress truly deserved ; and her song from the Italian Opera, where she was free with a good ridiculous take-off of Signora Mingotti, was universally encored, and she came off the stage much sweetened in temper and manners from her first going on.

"'Ay,' said she, in triumph, 'that artful devil (Garrick) could not hurt me with the town, though he had struck my name out of the bill.'

"She laughed and joked about her late ill-humour as though she could have kissed all around her, though that happiness was not granted, but willingly excused."

Dr. Johnson always declared that Mrs. Clive was the best player he ever saw. "What Clive did best," he said, "she did better than Garrick, but could not do half so many things well."

Mrs. Clive's maiden name was Raftor. In 1732 she married a lawyer named George Clive, but it was an unhappy marriage, and she had a separation.

From her earliest years she showed a talent for acting, and in 1728, at the age of seventeen, she became a member of the Drury Lane company under Manager Colley Cibber.

Her first part was that of the page Ismenes, in the tragedy "Mithradates."

She had a good voice, and it was mainly owing to this that she obtained her first engagement. She was not, however, recognized as an actress until she demonstrated her ability as Nell, the cobbler's wife, in "The Devil to Pay." Up to that time she was merely qualified to entertain the audience with a song between the acts, or to act a minor part.

She soon developed into a comic actress, and it is said that her abilities in that direction have seldom been excelled. She was naturally humorous and she had only to recite her words in her particular droll way to set the audience rocking with laughter.

Catherine Clive acted very little outside Drury Lane. In 1747 she became one of the original members of Garrick's company. She was, however, a friend of Handel and took part in some of his oratorios.

After being a member of Garrick's company for twenty-two years she retired from the stage, and went to live at a house at Twickenham, which had been given her some time previously by her friend Horace Walpole.

Mrs. Clive was not pretty; she was even described as ugly.

While she was on the stage and afterwards she supported her father and members of her family.

In his garden Horace Walpole placed an urn to her memory with the following inscription:

Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,  
A matchless actress, Clive her name;  
The comic muse with her retir'd,  
And shed a tear when she expir'd.

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot), who had an affection for Mrs. Jordan, the mistress of William IV, regarded Walpole's lines as a slur upon the ability of his heroine. He retorted with the following:

Know Comedy is hearty—all alive;  
Truth and thy trumpet seem not to agree;  
The sprightly lass no more expir'd with Clive  
Than Dame Humility will do with thee.

Catherine Clive died at her home at Little Strawberry Hill on December 6th, 1785.

DECEMBER 7TH

*James Hill*

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon of December 7th, 1776, smoke was seen issuing from the round-house of Portsmouth Dock. In a few minutes the whole place was ablaze.

All efforts to cope with the flames were unavailing, for it was in the days before fire-fighting had become a science.

Tarred ropes and other combustible material sent up a lurid glare through the damp mist. Hours passed, and the blaze gradually died down, leaving a mere shell of a building.

It was a month later, and the debris had almost been cleared away, when a significant discovery was made. A tin resembling a tea-canister and a wooden box containing inflammable material were unearthed.

The matter was reported to the commissioner of the dock and when inquiries were made, suspicion fell upon a certain James Hill, known as "John the Painter."

Advertisements appeared in the newspapers offering a reward of £50 for his apprehension. As a result, Hill was arrested at Odiham.

He was examined before Sir John Feilding at Bow Street Police Station, where he refused to make any statement. But a certain John Baldwin gave evidence of a conversation which he had had with Hill.

Baldwin declared that Hill had told him that he had investigated most of the dockyards and fortifications in England. He had, moreover, ascertained the number of ships in the Navy, knew their strength, and had been to France several times to hand over the information to Silas Dean, an American.

He further described how he had obtained a tin canister from a tinman at Canterbury, how he had prepared matches and combustibles, and how he had obtained entry to the hemp-house of the dock, sprinkled turpentine over the stores, and lighted a candle. He did the same in the rope-house.

The candles would burn for several hours and would thus allow him to get clear away before the fire began.

Having accomplished his task, he set off towards London, obtaining a lift in a cart. At ten next morning he arrived at Kingston, remained there until dusk, and then booked a passage in the stage-coach.

On arrival in London he reported to a certain merchant,

presumably in the pay of the Americans, but, as Hill could not present any evidence of his transactions with Silas Dean, the merchant promptly repudiated him.

Hill then left London and found his way to Bristol, where he set on fire several houses and attempted to fire the dock.

This was the story which Baldwin told when Hill was placed on trial at Winchester Castle on March 6th, 1777. Other witnesses were produced who were able to confirm the evidence of Baldwin.

Called upon to produce his defence, Hill declared that Baldwin had faked the whole story. He was not represented by counsel, and, having made a somewhat incoherent statement, he asked the judge, Baron Hotham, to repeat to the jury in an intelligible way, the evidence that he had given in his own defence.

It was shown that Hill had lived for some years in America, and, according to an old document, had "imbibed principles destructive to the interests of this country."

He was sympathetic with the Colonials in their fight for independence, and it was alleged that he had come over to England on a sabotaging expedition.

The jury needed little direction from the judge. They agreed upon their verdict without retiring.

Hill was allowed four days to repent of his sins. He was hanged at Portsmouth, in sight of the remains of the round-house, on March 10th.

It is said that the day after his conviction Hill offered to confess.

In his statement Hill said that he was a Scotsman by birth, and had lived in the American colonies from an early age.

The scheme of setting fire to dockyards and shipping had entered his mind on the outbreak of the rebellion in America. He could get no peace of mind, he declared, until he had begun to put the scheme into practice.

He crossed the Atlantic, and immediately proceeded to survey the dockyards, and, having obtained valuable information, he went to France and reported to Silas Dean, the rebel minister to the Court of France.

At first, it appears, Dean was horrified, and refused to have anything to do with Hill. But such was the antipathy between the first American Congress and the Mother Country that he supplied Hill with money, a passport and a letter of credit on a merchant in London.

This merchant was never traced, and there seems some doubt as to whether he ever existed.

Hill added, further, that, in return for setting Portsmouth Dockyard on fire, he was to receive a commission in the American Army.

Despite this alleged confession, there is doubt as to whether Hill was employed by the Americans at all. No definite evidence was produced in court that he had received American money. If he did set fire to the dockyard, it was more likely the scheme of a lunatic, the Americans being introduced to inflame public opinion against the Colonials.

DECEMBER 8TH

*Thomas de Quincey*

THE eccentricities of Thomas de Quincey, "the Opium Eater," often exhausted the patience of his friends and of their servants.

At one house at which he was staying he stipulated that he should daily consult the cook about his food, for he had a poor digestion.

The cook, a brawny Scotswoman, appreciated De Quincey's genius, but lost patience at the extreme wordiness of his instructions.

The following is a sample :

"Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibilities of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise ; so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and to prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form."

To which the cook replied :

"Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days. The body has an awfu' sicht of words. If it ha' been my ain master that was wanting his dinner he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' with little mair than a waff o' his haun, and here's a' this claver aboot a bit o' mutton nae bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quinshey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at."

For a long time De Quincey was a slave to opium.

At one time he was taking an ounce of laudanum a day.

He was frequently found in his room lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed on his breast.

He would lie in this state for hours until the effects of the drug had passed.

It was through "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" that De Quincey won the admiration of the reading public. In all his works published subsequently there is not the same eloquence.

It is believed that De Quincey was born on August 15th, 1785. He was the son of a Manchester merchant. After his father's death he went to live with his mother at Bath.

In 1800 De Quincey went to Eton, and becoming acquainted with Lord Westport, he joined him in an excursion to Ireland.

A few months later he returned to England and went to Laxton, in Northamptonshire, as the guest of Lady Carbery.

Next he was sent to the Manchester Grammar School, the object being to obtain a bursary to facilitate his studies at Oxford.

School life, after social companionships, caused a depression which De Quincey could not overcome.

It ended in a nervous breakdown. At the end of a year he decided to leave the school. A quarrel with his guardians followed, and he disappeared into the Welsh mountains.

Then he came to London. For nearly a year he wandered about the city. His money disappeared.

At last he was found by his friends and reconciled to his guardians. He went back to his mother, then living at St. John's Priory, near Chester.

In 1803 he went to Oxford, where he remained for five years.

It was while on a visit to London that he first made acquaintance with opium. Pain from neuralgia caused him to have recourse to the drug. Soon he became an addict.

After the termination of his Oxford career he took rooms in the Middle Temple.

In London he was the friend of Charles Lamb and his sister. From them he received much help and encouragement.

In 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, referred to as "Dear M." in the "Confessions."

He was a frequent visitor to the Wordsworths at Grasmere, and for some time he lived close to them.

In 1821 his "Confessions" appeared in the "London Magazine." He also contributed to "Blackwood's" and other magazines.

His connection with "Blackwood's" took him to Edinburgh in 1828, and he lived there for twelve years. He contributed from time to time to the "Edinburgh Literary Gazette."

After his wife died in 1837 he spent most of his time in lodgings. He seems to have left each lodging as soon as his room became filled with papers.

He had made various attempts to overcome the opium habit. The death of his wife caused another relapse, and it was not until 1844 that his fight against opium met with any success.

He was able to reduce his daily quantity to six grains.

He died in Edinburgh on December 8th, 1859, and was buried in the West Churchyard.

One writer has described him as "the master-builder of dreams."

#### DECEMBER 9TH

##### *Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon*

"I pray that I may be allowed to die in my own country."

THIS was the plea of Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, brought specially from Rouen to his erstwhile master, Charles II.

Clarendon could not believe that such a request would be refused. Surely the King would remember how, in the days of his exile, Clarendon had saved him from becoming a vagabond; how, as Chancellor of the Exchequer of the banished Court and an empty treasury, he had to find clothes and even a fire for the Royal Family.

Often they were without decent clothing and sometimes without warmth. Greatly embarrassed by the profligacy and improvidence of the exiled Prince Charles, Hyde literally begged for funds.

Always he preserved a cheerful frame of mind, and nobly exerted himself on behalf of his master, though he was frequently treated with contempt and ingratitude.

To be buried in his own soil—that was all Clarendon asked. It would cost the King nothing; it would bring happiness to the last hours of a faithful servant.



But the reply was a cruel refusal. Whatever Charles II may have thought of Clarendon's plea, however much he may have relented of his scurvy treatment of his chancellor, he could not refuse the "No!" of his notorious mistress, Lady Castlemaine. Thus Clarendon died on foreign soil, disgraced, a broken man.

Bigoted throughout his official career, he had nevertheless shown an honesty achieved by few members of the Court. He detested the King's mistresses, and particularly Lady Castlemaine.

A member of the Established Church, he was bitter against both Roman Catholics and Nonconformists. Thus half the Court and two-thirds of the nation were perpetually against him.

His "History of the Rebellion" is a masterly story of the Civil War, while his memoirs have helped to give posterity a more favourable estimate of his character.

Edward Hyde was born on February 18th, 1609, and was the third son of Henry Hyde, of Denton, Wilts. Educated first by the vicar of the parish, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, at the age of fourteen.

He was first intended for the Church, but afterwards was admitted a student in the Middle Temple.

Gay and dissolute companions and ill-health held up his studies, and when he married, in 1629, the daughter of Sir George Ayliffe, he seemed less inclined than ever to follow a legal career.

The death of his wife, six months after marriage, completely changed Edward Hyde. Although he was heir to a fortune he applied himself to his work and soon obtained a good knowledge of the law and literature.

He was friendly with Ben Jonson, Izaak Walton and other eminent writers, as well as with a number of prominent statesmen.

After three years he married a daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Master of the Mint, and a few months later succeeded to the family estates on the death of his father.

Meanwhile his Bar reputation increased. In 1640 he was returned for the Short Parliament, and he joined the party of Pym and others against the so-called unconstitutional acts of King Charles I. He would not, however, go as far as John Hampden in the agitation to prevent the voting of supplies to the King.

When he was returned for the Long Parliament Hyde gave up his legal duties and gave his whole time to politics.

He now whole-heartedly supported the patriots, condemned the imposition of Ship Money, assisted to impeach the judges who sanctioned it and, it is said, voted for the Bill of Attainder. However, he denies this in his "History."

Then suddenly, when revolution seemed certain, Hyde and some of his friends went over to the other side. In 1641 he voted against the Bill for the exclusion of bishops from Parliament, and soon afterwards was invited to a private conference with the King.

He declined the office of Solicitor-General, though he agreed to meet members of the Council and assist in the King's affairs.

The political horizon darkened and the King was called upon to answer the demands of Parliament. Hyde was the man appointed to prepare the answers.

In March, 1642, the King left Whitehall, but Hyde remained at his post. When he was requested to go to the King, he had difficulty in escaping from London without being molested.

In the spring of 1643 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and tried to negotiate a peace. After two years of strife it seemed certain that the King would be defeated, and Hyde was appointed to accompany Prince Charles out of the country.

They fled to the Scilly Isles and then took up their residence in Jersey. When the Prince joined the Queen at Paris, Hyde remained behind on the island and began to write his "History."

An order from the King sent him to the Hague to look after the Prince. On the way he was seized and robbed by pirates.

After the execution of Charles I Hyde went on a futile mission to Madrid to obtain help for Prince Charles, and later took up his residence with the exiled court in Paris.

In 1658 he was appointed Lord Chancellor, a somewhat dubious office in view of the changed regime in England.

But the death of Cromwell and the abdication of his son Richard swiftly changed the situation, and on May 25th, 1660, he landed at Dover with Charles and was with him on his triumphal entry into London. On June 1st Hyde took his seat on the Woolsack as Speaker of the House of Lords.

For seven years Hyde was the virtual ruler of the country. It has been said that he "carried the Crown in his pocket."

A break between the King and Clarendon occurred eventually over the King's desire to ameliorate the condition of Roman Catholics. The break was merely temporary, however, and Clarendon became apparently as powerful as ever.

But his Conventicle Act which prevented more than five people meeting for religious purposes, caused a storm throughout the country. It was the beginning of his decline.

When the Dutch War proved a disaster Clarendon was blamed, although he had advised against hostilities.

With Dissenters, Romanists and the Court against him the Chancellor was doomed.

Lady Castlemaine at last prevailed on the King to deprive him of the Great Seal. This occurred in August, 1667, and it was a signal for an assault upon him by all his enemies.

The House of Commons met in October and articles of impeachment were prepared. The Lords refused to entertain them and there followed a quarrel between the two Houses.

At last Clarendon was prevailed upon to retire to France. A vindication of his conduct, which he left behind, was burned by the common hangman through the influence of the profligate Duke of Buckingham. Finally, an act of banishment was passed by the two Houses.

His death took place on December 9th, 1674, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

#### DECEMBER 10TH

### *The Spanish-American War*

ON February 15th, 1898, an explosion occurred in Havana harbour which caused the destruction of the United States battleship "Maine," and resulted in the loss of 266 lives.

An American court of inquiry decided that the ship had been struck by a floating mine, but the responsibility was never satisfactorily determined.

Cuba, a colony of Spain, was in revolt against the mother-country. The Spaniards had introduced severe repressive measures which had called for protests from America, who had sent the "Maine" to watch their own interests.

The Spaniards were never blamed for the sinking of the vessel. It was suggested that the explosion was the work of sympathizers with Cuba who planned to obtain American assistance against Spain.

If this were the case, it had the effect intended, for a month after the occurrence President McKinley sent an ultimatum to Spain demanding withdrawal from Cuba. But before the demand could be presented in Madrid the American Minister had already received his passports. Spain had thus committed the first act of the war.

On April 22nd America declared a blockade of Cuban ports, and two days later the Spanish Government officially declared war.

Next day the United States Congress declared that a state of war had existed since the 21st. In actual fact, however, America had been preparing for war for several months.

The American strength in large ships was far greater than that of the Spaniards, but Spain was superior in torpedo craft and small gunboats.

Admiral Cervera, commander of the Spanish Navy, knew it was useless to fight a pitched battle. He told the Spanish War Council what he thought of the affair, but on April 24th he was ordered to leave the Cape Verde Islands for Porto Rico, with no definite instructions as to course of action.

Meanwhile, American battleships patrolled the east coast of the United States, and preparations were made for a military campaign.

No troops could be landed in Cuba, however, until the Spanish Navy had been made ineffective.

The Havana blockade progressed with little incident beyond the capture of a number of Spanish merchantmen and a bombardment of earthworks at Matanzas.

Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands on April 29th with four armoured cruisers and three torpedo-boat destroyers. Hearing of this, Rear-Admiral Sampson, the American commander, set out to intercept with one armoured cruiser, two battleships, two cruisers and one torpedo-boat.

Sampson miscalculated his speed, and, when he arrived at San Juan he had not sighted Cervera, who was, at that time, at Martinique. He subjected San Juan to a mild bombardment and departed.

Cervera arrived at Santiago de Cuba on May 19th without being molested, and it was not until the 27th that the Americans realized where he was.

On the morning of the 29th some American ships arrived in the neighbourhood of Santiago and made an attack on two Spanish cruisers in the harbour as well as on the batteries.

Two days later Sampson arrived with his complete fleet, and preparations were begun for sinking the collier "Merrimac" at the entrance of the harbour, which was less than two hundred feet wide. The scheme was not a success, for the collier was sunk in a broad part of the channel which did not prevent Cervera's ships coming out of the harbour.

The blockade went on until June 29th, when thirty-two American transports with 15,000 officers and men arrived off Santiago. A point eighteen miles east was chosen for the landing, and no opposition was made.

An advance was made towards Santiago, but the invaders were harassed at every point.

Out of the 15,000 Americans engaged, over a tenth were killed or wounded, while the Spaniards lost 50 per cent of their effectives. Eventually, the Americans invested Santiago, and a message was sent to the Spanish commander demanding his surrender.

On the same day the Spanish ships attempted to leave harbour. They were caught coming out.

The vastly superior American Navy made short work of the Spaniards. The whole Spanish fleet was destroyed. Admiral Cervera was taken prisoner and over five hundred Spaniards were killed and wounded. The survivors, except a few who escaped to Santiago, were taken prisoner. The Americans lost only one man killed and ten wounded, while no ship was seriously damaged.

A formal treaty of peace was signed at Paris on December 10th, 1898, under which the Spaniards evacuated Cuba, the Philippines and other islands, receiving an indemnity of twenty million dollars.

#### DECEMBER 11TH

#### *Pope Leo X*

It is said of Pope Leo X that he would have been a perfect pontiff if, in addition to his learning, "he had united some knowledge in matters of religion, and a greater inclination to piety, to neither of which he appeared to pay any great attention."

This is the opinion of the Roman Catholic writer, Father Paul, the historian of the Council of Trent.

Leo gave more time to politics than religion. He loved

art and literature more than the purple. Beautiful architecture was his passion, and it was this that eventually led him to make his biggest blunder.

Giovanni de' Medici, Pope Leo X, who was born on December 11th, 1475, was the second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. At the age of thirteen he was made a cardinal by Pope Innocent VIII, whose son had married Giovanni's sister.

When Italy was invaded by Charles VIII of France the Medicis were expelled from Florence, and Giovanni was an exile for some years.

He assisted his brothers to obtain their lost supremacy in Florence, but all their efforts were unavailing. After wandering through Germany, Flanders and France, Giovanni settled down in Rome as a cardinal.

There he studied literature and the arts until in 1511 Pope Julius II made him legate of Bologna, and commander of the papal forces endeavouring to expel the French from Italy. Giovanni's army was badly beaten, and he himself was taken prisoner.

In a few months, however, the tide of battle changed; the French were beaten, and Giovanni entered Florence as a conqueror.

Julius II died in February, 1513, and Cardinal de' Medici was elected Pope, and assumed the name of Leo X.

Soon afterwards another war broke out with France, and Leo formed a league against them consisting of himself, the King of Aragon and Henry VIII. The French were once more driven from Italy, and Louis XII of France, now completely humiliated, became reconciled to the Pope.

Louis XII died and was succeeded by Francis I, who again laid claim to Milan for France. This resulted in another league between the Pope, Maximilian, King of Aragon, and the Swiss.

At the battle of Marignano, Francis I defeated the allies and recovered Milan.

Leo now had to compromise with the French king. He agreed to a conference, and in December, at Bologna, they came to an arrangement whereby Francis retained Milan.

In the following year, however, Leo forgot his alliance with France when Maximilian forced his way to the walls of Milan, and was negotiating to assist the enemies of France when the latter scored a notable victory.

Once again Leo remembered that he had an alliance with France. While peace was being discussed Leo seized the Duchy of Urbino and handed it over to his nephew, Lorenzo.

There followed a period of prosperity for Rome. All kinds of goods were now freely imported and exported. Leo founded colleges and libraries, brought Greek scholars to Rome and defrayed the cost of printing classical works. He patronised the arts, and rewarded discoveries in antiquity.

Raphael, who had earlier painted for him the Transfiguration, executed the famous cartoons now at Hampton Court.

Inspired by his love for fine architecture, he decided to beautify Rome; he intended to begin with the Church of St. Peter, the enormous structure first projected by Julius II. But when he examined the papal exchequer he found that there were no funds.

Pope Leo X was not disposed to be beaten by this little difficulty. He resorted to the artifice of selling indulgences.

In 1517 a licence was issued to papal representatives in the Catholic countries to open the indulgence market. In Germany permission was given to the Archbishop of Mainz and Magdeburg, who thought it a good opportunity to enrich himself as well as the Pope.

He obtained the services of a Dominican monk, John Diezel or Tetzl, the son of a goldsmith of Leipzig, a man of striking eloquence and audacity, who tramped through the country in procession with his drummers and trumpeters.

That Diezel's campaign was successful is shown by the strenuous opposition of Luther.

So far as the Pope was concerned he was at first good-humoured about the whole matter. Funds were now coming in and Leo could afford to treat Luther with mildness and even benevolence.

The Pope was reluctant to interfere in ecclesiastical matters, and to the end he seems to have failed to estimate the strength of the opposition to the sale of indulgences.

When the cardinals shook him out of his apathy he wrote to the Vicar-General of the Augustines, and recommended him to plead with Luther to stop his campaign.

He was next persuaded to call Luther to Rome, but when the recalcitrant monk refused to acknowledge the Pope's bull, Leo sent an envoy to the court of Luther's patron, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, on a mission of mediation.

Even after the publication of the monk's letter condemning

the Pope and calling Rome the modern Babylon, it required all the persuasion of the cardinals and other ecclesiastics to get Leo to convoke the conference of cardinals and theologians, who drew up the famous bull publicly burned by Luther at Wittenberg.

Leo died at Rome on December 1st, 1521.

## DECEMBER 12TH

*Marie Louise*

NAPOLEON is unblushingly frank about his first meeting with Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria.

He had married her by proxy, following his sensational divorce of Josephine, who had failed to produce an heir. It was sixteen days after the proxy marriage that he drove to meet her.

"I stopped my carriage, for I did not want her to know who I was," he records in his Memoirs. "But the Queen of Naples, who was sitting beside her, called out: 'There is the Emperor!'

"I got out of the carriage quickly and kissed Marie Louise. The poor child had learned off by heart a long speech, which she was to repeat to me kneeling. She had read it through over and over again."

Napoleon adds that he had previously asked Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, and the Bishop of Nantes whether he could spend the night under the same roof as Marie Louise, and had been told that it was quite proper.

"I asked her what they had told her when she left Vienna," Napoleon continues. "She answered me very naïvely that her father had directed her as follows: 'As soon as you are alone with the Emperor you must do everything he tells you.'

"She was a delightful child!" is the great man's final summing up.

To those who raised the question of the propriety of the whole affair, Napoleon said: "Go to the Devil!"

He describes his wife as innocence itself. But she was not quite such a prude as he thought.

He declares that she never lied. Nevertheless, she was able to deceive him, for there is no doubt that, very soon after her marriage, she formed an attachment for her chamberlain, Count Neipperg, whom Napoleon calls a "buffoon."



Even before he had divorced Josephine negotiations had been going on with the Russians for his marriage to the Czar's sister.

In the Emperor's circle opinions were divided between a Russian and an Austrian princess. In St. Petersburg, however, Napoleon's overtures were received coolly. On the other hand, Count Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, was anxious for him to marry the Archduchess, Marie Louise, of Austria.

Francis of Austria was satisfied that if Bonaparte obtained the Russian princess, his empire was in danger of disintegration. He readily agreed, therefore, to his daughter's marriage.

Though Napoleon preferred the Russian alliance, he did not intend to wait and have his pride humbled by a refusal from St. Petersburg. Thus the wedding ceremony was hurried along.

Such a marriage was against the canons of the Romish Church. But this did not worry Bonaparte. The Austrian people made no secret of their objection to the alliance.

On March 11th, 1810, a proxy marriage took place at Schonbrunn, Napoleon's Marshal, Berthier, acting in place of the bridegroom. Four days later Marie Louise set out for France, and she was met by Napoleon on the high road between Soissons and Compiègne.

A second wedding ceremony took place at Notre Dame on April 2nd, at which the Emperor Napoleon was, of course, present. It was followed by a period of festivals and public rejoicing.

Napoleon was so pleased with the whole affair that he advised his courtiers to marry Germans. "They are the best wives in the world," he declared, "naïve and fresh as roses."

He told Metternich that he was now beginning to live, and had now the home for which he had longed.

On March 20th, 1811, the Empress gave birth to a son, which caused tremendous rejoicings in Paris. Napoleon in his *Memoirs* minutely describes the birth of the "King of Rome."

"The Empress had given herself up for lost, and was convinced that they wanted to sacrifice her life to save the baby, and yet I had given orders to the contrary," he declares.

Having got what he hoped—an heir—Napoleon seems to have shown some little affection for his wife.

In 1812 she went with him to Dresden, and was the hostess at the magnificent entertainments given to the German sovereigns who had come to pay homage to the conqueror.

Following Bonaparte's Russian disasters, and the coalition

of those very sovereigns against him, Marie Louise was appointed regent to act in his absence from Paris while he was on his German campaign. Assisted by a council, she acted the part efficiently and showed courage and prudence.

Napoleon and Marie Louise never saw each other again. The allies gradually drew nearer to Paris. Towards the end of March, 1814, it was obvious that the great conqueror was in turn conquered.

Perhaps Marie Louise knew of that little silk bag of poison which her husband always carried since the retreat from Russia, and which he had determined to take in order to avoid capture by his enemies.

He did, in fact, take the poison, but time had taken away its strength. There were fearful pains and sickness; but Napoleon was destined for another fate.

Marie Louise did not wait to hear what had happened to her husband. She hurriedly left the capital and returned to Blois with her infant son.

Twice she was compelled to quit her domains by revolutionary movements, the first time in 1831 and the second in 1847. After this she took refuge in Vienna, where she died on December 18th of that year at the age of 56, her birth having taken place on December 12th, 1791.

#### DECEMBER 13TH

#### *King James V of Scotland*

WHEN James V ascended the throne of Scotland, at the age of eighteen months, the country was in a deplorable condition.

There was war with England, internal feuds among the nobles, and estrangement from the French Court.

The baby King was placed under the care of Sir David Lindsay and trained "to the practice of virtue and self-restraint."

But the interference of the Queen-Dowager, when the boy was thirteen, turned a promising character into one liable to be influenced by flattery.

She was a daughter of Henry VII of England, and thus influenced by the English Court. She insisted upon the Prince being put at the head of affairs.

His education was neglected, and he was at the mercy of his sycophantic ministers. He was placed in the custody of the

Douglas family, who became the virtual rulers of the country for the next few years.

At length, at the age of sixteen, he began to show independence, and cut himself adrift from the toils of the misrulers.

In the short time during which the Douglasses had been all-powerful they had entered into a league with England. This was regarded as a traitorous alliance, and the King repudiated it.

The conspiring councillors were expelled from Scotland, and their estates confiscated.

The young King soon became popular with his people, and when he began to visit the cottages of the poor they called him the "King of the Commons."

James was twenty-four when he thought of marriage. In the summer of 1536 he went to Paris in the hope of finding a French princess to his liking.

He had in mind the daughter of the Duc de Vendôme, but when he saw her he was not impressed.

Hearing that the Scottish King was in France, Francis I invited him to meet his family at his castle near Lyons.

The invalid Princess Magdalen fell in love with James at first sight. Despite the fact that she could not ride horseback and had to be carried everywhere in a chariot, it appears that the Scottish King reciprocated her affection.

The King returned to Scotland with his young bride and a dowry of 100,000 crowns, together with many chargers, suits of mail and a large quantity of jewels. In Edinburgh the royal invalid was acclaimed with great joy.

Notwithstanding her happiness, she was like a delicate flower out of its natural element. She gradually drooped, and in less than two months she was dead.

Scotland went into a national mourning, the first time in its history. James had to begin all over again.

In June, 1538, he married Mary of Guise, widow of the Duke of Longueville. This marriage brought disastrous consequences.

Meanwhile the reformed religion increased in power in Scotland, as in most countries of the Continent and in England.

Henry VIII had made himself head of the English Church, and advised James to do the same in Scotland. At one time the Scottish King almost became a Protestant.

But he had other things on hand besides the suppression of the religious houses. He was more concerned wit

the barons from becoming powerful, and for this purpose had to rely on the clergy and assist them in their fight against the new faith.

The clergy, on their part, schemed for a rupture with England to save the Romish cause.

James had engaged to meet Henry VIII at York in the autumn of 1541, but cancelled the meeting at the instance of the ecclesiastics. Henry took it as an insult. Discreet ministers of each country tried to effect a reconciliation, but by the following summer war seemed certain.

It broke out in July, and the Duke of Norfolk, at the head of a powerful army, invaded Scotland.

James made an appeal to the barons, who, however, refused to do more than repel the invasion. Thus the retreating English army was allowed to escape.

The Scottish King dismissed his mutinous troops and returned to Edinburgh.

Soon afterwards the clergy raised another army with the object of invading England. Again the troops mutinied, and at Solway Moss were badly defeated, most of them being taken prisoners by a handful of borderers.

When the news of this disaster was brought to James V he became despondent, and was attacked by a fever, the nature of which was never known.

While in this bad condition tidings were brought that his wife had given birth to a daughter. His two sons had died shortly before, and the heir apparent was now a girl.

"It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," muttered the invalid King. This was an allusion to the fact that the Crown had come into the family through the daughter of King Robert Bruce.

The heart-broken monarch turned his face to the wall and died on December 13th, 1542.

The little Princess who had just been born was Mary Queen of Scots.

## DECEMBER 14TH

### *John Braham*

JOHN BRAHAM, the celebrated tenor and builder of St. James's Theatre, was a proselyte, but conscious of his Jewish origin.

Braham's father was short and stout. As his name was

Abraham he was nicknamed Abey Punch. The tenor was once performing in a comic operetta, the scene being a country inn.

With a stick and bundle over his shoulder he was playing the part of a wanderer in search of his father. He was on the point of demanding food from the landlord when he appeared to recognize in the host his long-lost father.

"It is strange," he cried, "but that voice—that look—that figure—tell me that you are my father!"

The landlord repudiated any connection. Whereupon the homeless beggar exclaimed: "Heaven protect me! Who, then, is my father?"

Immediately a little Jew at the back of the hall got up and shouted: "I knowed your farder well. His name was Abey Punch!"

It was impossible for Braham to proceed with the scene. The play was suspended for a few minutes while the audience exhausted their mirth.

Braham had a voice of extraordinary range, extending from A in the bass to E in the alto, a total of twenty notes.

His father was a Portuguese Jew and John Braham was born in Rotherhithe in 1774. He was trained by Leoni, and when this impresario went to Jamaica Braham went with him. In 1797 Leoni died abroad and Braham returned to London to take a place in the front rank of vocalists.

John Braham was sixty when he conceived the idea of building the St. James's Theatre. It did not occur to him that he was staking the savings of a lifetime on a doubtful venture.

Braham spent £26,000 on the scheme, and the theatre was built in 1835 from a design by the architect, Beazley. It was opened on December 14th, 1835, with an original operatic burlesque by Gilbert A'Beckett, entitled "Agnes Sorel." Braham himself took one of the principal parts.

During the early part of 1836 "The Beggar's Opera" was produced.

The first season of the new theatre lasted about three months. Braham soon found that he had burned his fingers, and did not hesitate to let the building to Mme Jenny Vertpré for French plays.

The tenor reopened the theatre on September 29th, 1836, with the announcement: "The theatre having been, during

the recess, perfected in all parts; is now admitted to be the most splendid in Europe."

The performances began with "The Strange Gentleman," by "Boz" (Charles Dickens), followed by "The Sham Prince," by John Barnett, and ending with "The Tradesmen's Ball," all described as "new and original."

In the following month "Artaxerxes," by Dr. Arne, was produced.

"Boz" was the author of the libretto of "The Village Coquettes," which proved less popular than "The Strange Gentleman."

Despite the fact that Braham always put on the best talent available, and he himself generally appeared in the cast, at the end of 1838 he was a ruined man, and at the age of sixty-four had to go to America to sing back his lost fortune.

He died in 1856, in his eighty-third year.

## DECEMBER 15TH

### *Izaak Walton*

IZAAK WALTON thought there was no better recreation than angling. Thus he writes with enthusiasm: "We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did, and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"

All anglers may not agree with him when he advises that the frog, impaled on the hook as live bait, shall be used as tenderly "as though you loved him, in order that he may live the longer."

Apart from one or two little inconsistencies such as this, Walton appears to have been a lovable old man who charmed the sporting public of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

His book "The Compleat Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," published in 1653, was received with zest.

It is redolent with the freshness of rural life and quiet pastoral scenes and enriched with the fruits of long experience.

As an author he had exceptional descriptive powers, and the ability to record lively dialogue.

The Lea was his favourite river for fishing, and often, with the grey streaks of dawn, Izaak would arrive at a likely spot on its banks, cast in his line, and after an hour or so,

breakfast under the sycamores alone, or with his friend and student Venator, disturbed only by the song of a milkmaid or the whistle of the birds.

The port of call of Walton and his companion was Bleak Hall, situated about a mile from Edmonton, described as "an honest ale-house," where might be found a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; with a hostess both cleanly and handsome and civil.

The fish that Izaak has caught have to be dressed in his own peculiar way, and the pair sit down to supper with good liquor, indulge in song-singing, tale-telling and other recreations, before going to a bed which is so "white," and smells so sweet of the "lavender."

Bleak Hall was formerly a kitchen, with a room above used for the deposit of fishermen's tackle and thus called the "fisherman's locker."

Little is known of Walton's early life, but he is believed to have earned a bare living as a sempster or linen-draper in London. He had a shop in Cornhill which was only seven and half feet long and five feet wide. Of this small place Walton would declare that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts.

Often he would lay aside his business and go fishing, presumably closing up the shop completely. From the Royal Burze he removed to Fleet Street, where he had half a shop, the other part being occupied by a hosier.

In 1626 he married Rachel Floud, who died in 1640, and seven years later married again, his second wife being Anne, half sister of Bishop Ken.

Through this alliance Walton became acquainted with many of the popular men of the period and dignitaries of the Church, at whose homes he spent the greater part of his time during the latter days of his life, particularly after the death of his second wife, in 1662.

When Walton retired from business in 1643 he spent forty more years of his life in leisure. He wrote a life of Dr. Donne, which was attached to a collection of his sermons, and a delightful small biography which he was called upon to write on the death of Sir Henry Wotton, who had originally been entrusted with the task.

Walton's chief production was "The Compleat Angler." Two other biographies were written by Walton, and the whole of the biographical works were included in one volume.

In 1680 he wrote two letters anonymously on the Distempers of the Times "written from a quiet and conformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry."

Walton died on December 15th, 1683.

## DECEMBER 16TH

*Wilhelm Grimm*

THE famous fairy-tale tellers, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were getting old, and in their bachelor condition a little helpless

Many of the things they had been in the habit of doing themselves were being neglected, and an old aunt, years older than the Grimms, was becoming too infirm to take additional responsibilities, however much she loved her boys.

She could not expect to live much longer, and she began to worry about their future. What would become of them? Who would mend their stockings and look after their linen?

She pondered over the problem for some time, and then proposed to them that they should marry.

Jacob and Wilhelm were horrified. Satisfied with the company of each, the thought of marriage had never entered the mind of either.

Aunt Grimm was adamant; marry they must—there was no alternative.

Jacob and Wilhelm discussed the matter. Although they were writing an important work they laid it aside to consider the difficulty. The more they debated matrimony the more they were determined not to try it.

But their aunt had made up her mind. She laughed at their confusion and told her nephews that it was not so bad as they thought.

At last the Brothers Grimm decided on a compromise. One only would marry, and his wife would look after them both.

Another difficulty now arose. Which of them should take the plunge? There was another period of inactivity from work while they discussed the new problem.

Neither brother wanted the other to be caught in the toils of a woman, and each was ready to become the victim. At length Jacob insisted that as he was the elder it was his duty to make the sacrifice.

Aunt Grimm had set her mind on a beautiful young lady



of twenty-two. She was as accomplished as she was attractive, but when she was introduced to Jacob he was bashful and inarticulate.

How could he hope to win the lady. He knew nothing of the art of gaining a woman's affections. He consulted brother Wilhelm who, being more of a society man than Jacob, offered to help.

Said Wilhelm: "Leave it to me," or words to that effect.

The young woman knew nothing of the plot. She found the two men interesting, and loved to talk to them about their books.

The proxy courtship continued apace. The young woman was becoming something more than merely interested in Wilhelm. Then Wilhelm, himself, discovered the horrible truth. He was in love with her, and she with him.

Wilhelm stopped his wooing abruptly, and consulted his aunt. He told her that he had betrayed his brother, and was robbing him of a bride. What was to be done?

Aunt Grimm did not think the difficulty was insuperable. Together they went to Jacob and told him the truth.

Wilhelm expected his brother to fall into a rage. He did nothing of the kind. Instead he laughed heartily, and said that this was the best news he had heard for years.

And so everything ended happily—just like a fairy tale.

When the marriage was over Jacob went off into the Harz Mountains, and there he roamed about, singing for joy that he had escaped his brother's fate.

He returned after a time to find that Wilhelm and his wife had settled down and had prepared a great welcome for him. Thereafter all three lived together. Wilhelm's wife as head of the household.

The biography of one Grimm is interlocked with that of the other.

Jacob was born on January 4th, 1785, and Wilhelm on February 24th, 1786. Both were sent to the public school at Cassel, Germany.

They studied law together at Marburg. Jacob, after a short spell in Paris, returned home and obtained a small clerkship in the War Office.

In 1808 he was appointed superintendent of the private library of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and combined this with the post of auditor to the State Council. When Bonaparte was expelled and an Elector appointed

Grimm became Secretary of Legation, and accompanied the Hessian Minister to the headquarters of the allied armies fighting Napoleon.

In 1814 he attended the Congress at Vienna in his official capacity.

Meanwhile, Wilhelm had received a post in the Cassel library, and in 1816 became second librarian.

In 1817 the two brothers moved to Gottingen. Here Jacob received an appointment of professor and librarian, while Wilhelm was made under-librarian.

Jacob lectured on antiquities, historical grammar, literary history. In 1837 he was one of the seven professors who signed a protest against the abrogation of the Constitution by the King of Hanover. As a result he was dismissed from his office and banished from Hanover.

Both brothers returned to Cassel, and in 1840 went to Berlin, where they were both given professorships and elected to the Academy of Sciences.

It was about the year 1812 that the Brothers Grimm began to collect the material for their fairy tales. Some of the information they obtained by word of mouth, and the rest from manuscripts and old books.

In 1815 the first edition of "Kinderund Hausmarchen" was published. It made fairy tales popular throughout Europe, and was instrumental in establishing the science of folklore.

An interesting story is told of Jacob Grimm and a little girl of eight who had read the fairy tales.

One day, the child, who belonged to a good family, called at the house of the Grimms, and said she wished to see the "Herr Professor."

She was shown into the study, where Jacob inquired what she had to say.

"Is it thou who hast written those fine Marchen (fairy tales)?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," replied Jacob, "my brother and I have written the Hausmarchen."

"Then thou hast written the tale of the clever little tailor where it is said, at the end, Who will not believe it must pay a thaler (dollar)?"

"Yes, I have written that, too," admitted Jacob.

"Well, then, I do not believe it, and so, I suppose, I have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen on account, and pay the rest by and by."

Jacob inquired the name of his visitor, and accompanied her home. Ever afterwards he had a kind of parental affection for the child.

When Wilhelm died on December 16th, 1859, it concluded a renowned literary partnership. Jacob lived a further four years.

#### DECEMBER 17TH

#### *Alexander the First of Russia*

ALEXANDER I of Russia was a riddle which even Napoleon could not solve.

He was one of the most interesting figures of the nineteenth century, at one moment an autocrat, at another a revolutionary.

Napoleon described him as a "shifty Byzantine"; Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, thought him mad.

Lord Castlereagh once wrote to Lord Liverpool that Alexander had "grand qualities," but, he added, he was "suspicious and undecided."

The fact was that Alexander was looking after himself and Russia. Though Europe was gradually being disintegrated by Napoleon, the Tsar of Russia did not intend that his country should be carved up by the Corsican corporal.

It was Alexander of Russia who goaded Napoleon on to his downfall. In subterfuge the French Emperor was a child compared to Pavlovich.

When Bonaparte, temporarily distressed at Alexander's vacillations, began to march on Moscow, the Tsar took little notice. But when Napoleon occupied the Kremlin and desecrated the sacred place, Alexander changed his sentiments for the French conqueror into hatred.

Napoleon wrote a letter of distress to Alexander, and pointed out that the Grand Army was in great straits, appealing to "any remnant of his former sentiments." To which Alexander returned no answer.

"No more peace with Napoleon," said Alexander to his ministers. "He or I, I or he; we cannot longer reign together."

Thus Moscow was burned, and Napoleon retreated to France with a different estimate of the character of the Tsar.

Alexander declared that it was at the burning of Moscow

that he found his own soul. He was conscience-stricken at the horrors of the 1812 campaign, and sought consolation in religion.

An evangelical revival was proceeding on the Continent, and Alexander, to save his soul, got into correspondence with the leaders. He fell an easy prey to the Baroness de Krudener, a religious adventuress, who made a point of converting princes. From that time Alexander was at peace.

Mme de Krudener and her colleague, the evangelist Empaytaz, became confidants of the Tsar, and when the campaign against Napoleon ended with the occupation of Paris, Alexander held prayer meetings in the city at which the heavenly powers were invoked to reveal the fate of the world.

But the more religious Alexander became the more he was regarded with suspicion by the chancelleries of Europe. Metternich, in fact, did not disguise his belief that Alexander was contemplating the conquest of Europe, as Napoleon had done.

It depended upon the mood of the Tsar. At the moment he was swinging round to Jacobean opinions which might well have meant the substitution of an autocratic Alexander for the autocratic Napoleon.

Fears were confirmed when, at the Congress of Vienna to remodel the map of Europe, Alexander insisted upon holding Poland. Castlereagh, the Englishman, with instructions to restore a just equilibrium, reproached the Tsar with having an elastic conscience.

But Alexander was quite sincere. He was out to get what he could from the general scramble for prizes, and was no more avaricious than the rest of the European rulers.

Having advocated the suppression of the Kingdom of Saxony, he succeeded in obtaining for himself the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. The territory, with other parts of Poland, was made into a kingdom of which Alexander was declared sovereign. He granted it a constitution, but only on paper.

He was a son of Paul Petrovitch and Maria Theodorovna, Princess of Wurtemberg. He was born at Petersburg on either the 17th, the 23rd or the 28th December, 1777. The most reliable opinion favours the 17th.

His grandmother was Catherine II, who took him out of the hands of his parents and placed him in the care of Count Soltikoff. Cæsar la Harpe, a Swiss of republican opinions, who became one of his tutors, seems to have modelled his opinions.

At the age of fifteen he married the Princess Louisa Maria

of Baden. The union was unhappy and a separation followed. On the death of Catherine II Alexander's father, Paul, succeeded.

There was no secret of the fact that Paul was probably insane, and when he was murdered on March 23rd, 1801, Alexander is believed to have known of the conspiracy.

Immediately on his accession Alexander brought about many improvements in Russia. He founded four universities, and reorganised that of Vilna. He abolished judicial torture, liberated many people unjustly condemned, and gave liberty to the Press.

He made peace with England, but, at the same time, he sought the friendship of Napoleon. He induced the King of Georgia to cede his dominions to Russia.

When he fell out with France he formed a coalition with England, Austria and Sweden, but when Austria submitted to Napoleon following the Battle of Austerlitz, Alexander formed a fresh coalition with Prussia and Sweden.

This proving unsuccessful, he at last made an alliance with Napoleon, and actually accepted one of the provinces of his late ally as a peace offering from Bonaparte.

Wars with Turkey and Persia resulted in an addition to his domains, and Alexander openly sided with France when Austria renewed her struggle against Napoleon.

But a rupture occurred between Russia and France over Poland, and Napoleon began his futile conquest of Russia.

Alexander now visualised himself as the liberator of Europe. When Napoleon retreated from Moscow, Alexander was constantly at his heels. Prussia and Sweden, forgetful of the way they had been treated by Alexander, joined him. They were quickly followed by Austria, and it was at the great Battle of Leipzig that Napoleon received his death-blow.

After the defeat of the French Emperor, Alexander visited London and was received with acclamation.

Alexander died on December 1st, 1825, leaving the throne to his brother, Nicholas.

DECEMBER 18TH

*Samuel Rogers*

ONE Saturday afternoon towards the close of the eighteenth century, two lads, each about seventeen years old, stole into

Bolt Court, that quiet backwater of Fleet Street, London, and walked up the steps to the door of the great Dr. Johnson.

They were Samuel Rogers, a bank clerk, and a friend and colleague named Maltby.

On the top step they hesitated, grinned at one another self-consciously, and then, taking courage, one of them lifted the knocker and let it fall.

There was something about the knocker of Dr. Johnson's house that destroyed a caller's confidence if he were nervous. The concussion of metal on metal had a sinister echo in the house.

The effect upon the two youths was instantaneous. They turned, jumped down the steps and fled into the friendliness of Fleet Street.

When Frank Barber, Johnson's old negro footman, opened the door and gazed out, he was just in time to see the heels of the boys disappear round a corner.

He returned to the kitchen muttering a complaint against street boys who took liberties with his distinguished master's knocker.

But Rogers and his chum had no mischievous intentions. The truth was that Samuel had written some poems, and they had gone to Bolt Court with the object of getting an expert opinion on the lines.

In later years, when Rogers himself had attained distinction, he was fond of telling the story of how he had bolted from Bolt Court.

Samuel Rogers was the third son of Thomas Rogers, head of the banking house of Rogers, Olding and Co., and was born on July 30th, 1763.

He began in the bank with the view of becoming a partner, but was more interested in literature than in banking.

In his eighteenth year he contributed eight essays under the title of "The Scribbler" to the "Gentleman's Magazine," their only merit being good grammar. Five years later he published his "Ode to Superstition, with Other Poems," but it sold only twenty copies in four years.

He visited France and Scotland, and was introduced to celebrities in both countries.

In 1792 he again tested the public taste with his "Pleasures of Memory."

In the following year Rogers's father died, and although

Samuel still remained a partner in the banking firm, he withdrew from active participation.

In 1798 he published his "Epistle to a Friend," and had now achieved enough fame to be included in the best society of London. He lived in the Temple until 1803, when he took up his residence in St. James's Place, where he spent the remainder of his life.

For more than half a century this house was the resort of wit, beauty, learning and genius.

The chief guest was Charles James Fox, the politician, whom Rogers idolized. In later years the poet entertained Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Moore, Coleridge, Southey, Sydney Smith, the Duke of Wellington and Washington Irving.

It is fortunate that Rogers did not depend upon his pen, for it was fourteen years before he made another contribution to poetry with "Columbus," which was included in a new edition of his poems in 1812. This piece did not add to his reputation. It was adversely criticised, in common with his next work, "Jacqueline."

In 1819, however, he pleased the critics with "Human Life," and it is said that in this his genius reached the culminating point.

Thus wrote one celebrated critic: "The verses are very sweet; they overcome us with a bewitching softness, and soothe the troubled spirits with a refreshing sense of truth, purity and elegance."

His last work was "Italy," the first part of which appeared in 1822, when he was nearly sixty. It was completed at intervals extending over sixteen years. Thereafter Rogers wrote verses only occasionally.

He spent about £15,000 on special editions of "Italy" and his "Poems," the illustrated editions being among the most beautiful in English literature.

At one period towards the end of his life it appeared that he had been ruined by a robbery at his bank. Some generous friends offered him many thousands of pounds to put him on his feet, but a large part of the stolen money was ultimately recovered.

Rogers was renowned for his generosity to distressed artists and writers. It is said that a third of his income was spent in this way.

He was, however, bitter and caustic in his remarks and

made many enemies, while his friends were often disturbed at his indiscretions.

He had acquaintances and hangers-on by the hundred, and he had fewer real friends at the age of ninety than he had in his younger days.

It is said of Rogers that he never produced a complete line of poetry at one sitting, and Sydney Smith once sarcastically remarked: "When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed, the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answer to inquiries is that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Many of the smart sayings attributed to the wits of the day, such as Sheridan and Walpole, were really those of Rogers, but a good many others for which he got the credit were not his.

In 1850 the aged poet met with a fall in the street, and this confined him to a chair for the rest of his life. He died on December 18th, 1855, in his ninety-third year.

During his life he collected a large quantity of valuable art treasures, including pictures, books, gems, vases and antiques. On his death they were sold and realized £50,000.

In 1850, following the death of Wordsworth, Rogers was asked to succeed him as poet laureate, but he declined on account of his age.

## DECEMBER 19TH

### *Mutiny on the High Seas*

IN November, 1763, a sensational mutiny occurred on the high seas, almost within sight of the south coast of England.

Had it occurred in unfrequented waters, it would have come down in history as a case analagous to that of H.M.S. "Bounty."

The chief victims of the mutiny were Captain Glass, his wife, and a twelve-year-old daughter.

Glass was one of the most intrepid adventurers in the days of the privateers. He had the further distinction of being the son of a remarkable man, the Rev. John Glass, the leader of the religious sect known as Glassites, which became more conspicuous under the name of Sandemanians.

John Glass maintained that religious establishments were unscriptural. He gained a large following in Scotland, and



was deposed from the ministry for unorthodoxy. On his death the body carried on under the leadership of Robert Sandeman, son-in-law of Glass.

At the end of the war with France, Glass decided upon a voyage of discovery to Africa. He returned to England and, having made a favourable report on the commercial advantages of a harbour which lay between the River Senegal and Cape de Verd, he was given an exclusive commission to use the harbour for trade for a period of twenty years.

A syndicate was formed, a ship specially fitted, and Glass sailed for the African coast.

But the natives were not inclined to trade. A messenger whom Glass sent to the chief on a peaceful mission was murdered. Shortage of provisions drove the captain to the expedient of going to the Canaries in an open boat with three of his crew. Meanwhile the natives attempted to plunder the ship, but were repulsed by the crew.

The sailors decided that it was dangerous to remain in the harbour, and, leaving Captain Glass to fare for himself, set sail for England.

Glass arrived at the Canary Islands and presented a petition to the Governor asking for permission to buy provisions. He was arrested as a spy, thrown into a Spanish prison, fed on bread and water, and denied ink and paper.

After six months of close confinement he managed to get a message to an English vessel in the harbour. When the captain of that ship demanded the release of Glass, however, he was also thrown into a dungeon.

The news reached England and an application was made to the King of Spain, who issued an order for the release of the two men.

Soon after Glass was freed, his wife and twelve-year-old daughter arrived at the Canaries, and they all embarked on a ship bound for London under the command of a Captain Cockeran.

The vessel had not left the Canaries before certain members of the crew schemed to seize all aboard and take command.

The would-be mutineers were Peter M'Kinlie, the boatswain, George Gidley, the cook, Richard St. Quentin, and Andrew Zekerman, a Dutchman. There was considerable treasure in the hold. About £100,000 worth of the specie belonged to Glass and his English partners.

Opportunity to carry out the project did not occur until

the night of November 13th, when the ship was actually in the English Channel.

All four conspirators were appointed to the night watch. About midnight Captain Cockeran went on the quarter-deck to see that everything was in order. On his return he was seized by the boatswain and held, while Gidley struck him with an iron bar and fractured his skull.

The captain was thrown overboard, and two sailors who had heard the disturbance and rushed on deck met a like fate.

Captain Glass now came up the gangway, having guessed that a mutiny had occurred. He returned to fetch his sword, but M'Kinlie followed him down the steps leading to the cabin. He waited for the captain's reappearance, got behind him, seized both his arms and called one of his accomplices.

Glass put up a good fight, but was overpowered by the ruffians. He was run many times through the body and then thrown into the sea.

Mrs. Glass and her daughter came on deck, and were immediately surrounded. They fell upon their knees and pleaded for mercy. But Zekerman advised them to prepare for death, and lifting each in his arms he threw mother and daughter overboard.

The rest of the crew were put to death, excepting a boy who had attended Captain Glass, and another lad who was a ship's apprentice.

The mutineers steered towards the Irish coast and on December 3rd arrived in the vicinity of Ross harbour. They hoisted out the long-boat, and loaded it with two tons of dollars, and they scuttled the ship, leaving the two boys on board.

Glass's boy was drowned, but the other lad was able to swim to the boat. While the boy was attempting to get over the side, Zekerman struck him a blow with an oar, and the boy sank.

The mutineers proceeded up the River Ross, landed, and buried two hundred and fifty bags of dollars in the sand. The more valuable part of the treasure they carried to a village called Fishertown and, while having refreshment, were robbed by an Irishman of a bag containing 1200 dollars.

Next day they went to Ross, bought pistols and hired some horses to take them to Dublin. They put up at the Black Bull in Thomas Street, and proceeded to enjoy themselves.

Wreckage from the ship was washed up on shore, and fearing discovery the conspirators hurried out of the district.

But they had already aroused suspicion. They had lived in lavish stile at Dublin and had thrown their money about in Fishertown and Ross. Officials wanted to know something about them, and the Lords of the Regency at Dublin were urged to move for their arrest.

A commission was hurriedly established to examine the wreckage, but first M'Kinlie and Zekerman were taken into custody. Their accomplices managed to get away to Cork.

The two men were separately examined by a magistrate ; they broke down and confessed. The others were discovered at an inn in Cork and arrested. They also confessed their guilt.

The bags of dollars was found in the sand, and placed to the credit of the proprietors of the scuttled ship.

The men were brought to trial at Dublin Assizes, were convicted and condemned to death.

On December 19th, 1763, they were hanged and their bodies suspended in chains near Dublin.

#### DECEMBER 20TH

#### *The " Crime " of being an Actor*

DURING the Civil War actors were regarded as wastrels. Shakespeare had raised the drama to a pinnacle ; the puritans dragged it down, and then banned stage-plays altogether.

Probably one of the chief reasons why the Parliamentarians were prejudiced against the theatres was that they were supported mainly by the King's courtiers, and that Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, had encouraged play-acting.

Soon after the outbreak of the rebellion, Parliament issued the following :

"Ordinance of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-plays.

"Whereas the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God appearing in these judgments ; amongst which fasting and prayer, having been often tried to be very effectual, have been lately, and are still, enjoined ;

"And whereas public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation

this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other being spectacles of pleasure too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity; it is therefore thought fit and ordered by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage-plays shall cease to be forborne.

"Instead of which are recommended to the people of this land the profitable and seasonable consideration of repentance, reconciliation and peace with God, which probably will produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring again times of joy and gladness to these nations."

Stage-players immediately produced a protest to this enactment.

It was called "The Actors' Remonstrance," and was full of logic.

They wanted to know why Parliament had closed down the theatres, supported by the nobility and gentry, but continued to allow the bear gardens to remain.

The manifesto argued that these resorts were patronized by "boisterous butchers, cutting cobblers, hard-handed masons, and the like riotous disturbers of the public peace."

The actors also referred to the fact that puppet shows were allowed. They made a stout defence of the theatres, and then proceeded to make an appeal.

If they were allowed to reopen them, they would not admit any female unaccompanied by her husband or a near relative. They would agree to restrictions on the sale of tobacco, and would guarantee that there should be no ribaldry on the stage.

"We will not entertain any comedian that shall speak his part in a tone as if he did it in derision of some of the pious, but reform all our disorders and amend all our amisses."

If Parliament had been inclined to respond to this appeal they became less friendly to the actors when an anonymous wit presented to Parliament a petition that was calculated to stir members into a frenzy.

There were bound to be amusements at Christmas, whether Parliament liked them or not, the petitioner argued. He then proceeded to make suggestions.

The plays should be confined to scriptural subjects. "Joseph and his brethren would make the ladies weep," the writer said. "David and his troubles would be popular at present, but Susannah and the elders would be a scene that would take above any that were ever yet presented."

He added that, instead of music between the acts, psalms should be sung.

The Parliament indulged in subterfuge. They refused to reopen the theatres on the grounds that "the ranks of the Royal Army would be materially weakened," as if they were conscientiously concerned for the welfare of the King's cause!

It was true that many of the famous performers had joined the Royal forces. But this did not make their arguments less foolish.

The players who had not joined up made surreptitious attempts to carry on.

A few months after the ban against theatres, officials raided the Salisbury Court Theatre, and dispersed an audience listening to the play "King and no King."

The poorer players, however, defied the Parliament and performances were held in secret.

Parliament knew what was going on and issued a second order, instructing the civil authorities to arrest any actor breaking the law. Many were sent to prison as common rogues. Still the plays continued.

In 1647 a more stringent act was passed empowering the lord mayor, sheriffs, and justices of the peace to demolish all theatre appointments such as boxes, seats, scenery. Any person attending a performance was fined five shillings, and box-office receipts were seized and given to the poor of the parish.

Any person caught following the profession of an actor was publicly whipped and compelled to find surety for his good behaviour. Caught in a second offence, an actor was declared an incorrigible rogue, and this meant all sorts of penalties.

Eventually the drama was suppressed. But when the war was over and the leading actors returned, they amalgamated, and in the winter of 1648 secured the Cockpit, in Drury Lane.

For a few days the performance went on without interference. On the afternoon of December 20th, 1649, while the audience were listening enthralled to a performance of a play called "The Bloody Brother," a troop of Roundheads entered the theatre.

They drew their swords and drove out the playgoers. All the actors were arrested and taken to prison in their costumes. To emphasize that this seventeenth-century "Dora" was still in operation, a provost-marshal was appointed who was given power to stop not only plays, but ballad-singing!

But performances went on under the noses of officials and in fact, with their connivance, provided the bribe was big enough.

DECEMBER 21ST

*Dick Whittington*

MANY thousands of people will soon be entertained by the evergreen story of Dick Whittington.

There is evidence that this pantomime was played in the days of the Stuarts in much the same form as it appears to-day.

It would be interesting to ascertain the age of the Whittington legend—for legend it is, there being little fact in the narrative of Dick's adventures.

The cat which did a good turn to its owner by freeing Barbary of mice and rats did not exist. It is thought that the cat tradition may have arisen from the fact that Whittington's trading ship was called "Cat."

Dick was the third son of Sir William Whittington, of Gloucestershire, and was born about the year 1356. He came to London and was apprenticed to Sir Ivo Fitzwarren.

The traditional story is that he became disgusted with the drudgery in the Fitzwarren kitchen and ran away.

Footsore and tired, he rested against a stone cross at the foot of Highgate Hill, and there he heard the sound of the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, which seemed to say: "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," or, as Whitehead puts it in the "Legends of London":

The music told him in the chime  
That Whittington must turn again,  
And by good fortune high should climb,  
And as the city's magnate reign.

And then, finally,

He hastened home, that rustic bell  
Lulled him to sleep upon that night;  
The pastoral dream, remembered well,  
Lifted his hopes to high delight.

It was at the time of curfew that Bow Bells used to ring, so that it would appear that Dick's tramp back to London took place during the night.

There was, until 1869, a crude stone on Highgate Hill which was believed to be the milestone on which Dick rested. In that year it was replaced by a more elaborate monument to London's famous Lord Mayor. It was an upright block about three feet high, resting on a circular slab of stone, and enclosed by an iron railing.

On the stone was placed the following inscription :

#### WHITTINGTON STONE

Sir

Richard Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor  
of London,

1397, Richard II.,

1406, Henry IV.,

1420, Henry V.,

Sheriff in 1393.

This stone was restored.

The railing fixed and lamp erected

A.D. 1869.

There appears, however, to have been a succession of memorials on this spot. An old historian records that Whittington himself placed a stone there.

This remained until 1795, when a parish officer of Islington had it removed, cut in half, and used for making a kerb in Lower Street, Islington. The pavement around it was also taken up and laid in a public-house.

The parishioners of Islington rose in arms against this sacrilege, and subscribed for another with the plain inscription "Whittington's Stone." In 1821 this stone in turn was taken away and replaced by another which remained until 1869.

According to Stow, the London historian, Whittington dealt in wool, leather, cloth and pearls, which were worn generally by the ladies of the day.

He married Alice Fitzwarren, the daughter of his master, and became one of the most wealthy men in the land.

It is on record that he supplied the wedding trousseau for Princess Blanche, eldest daughter of Henry IV, when she married the son of the King of the Romans, and also the pearls and cloth of gold for the marriage of the Princess Philippa.

There were few Englishmen rich enough to supply the

Royal Exchequer with funds, but Whittington did this regularly for two kings.

Sir Richard was a popular mayor. According to a banner which once existed in the Guildhall, but which was destroyed by the Great Fire, he served his first mayoralty in 1397. Before this, however, he had held the office of chief citizen in a temporary capacity.

There is evidence that Whittington became a rich man in a very short time.

The story that he was a scullion in the employ of Fitzwarren has no foundation. He made his money by trading and lending money. When Edward III was at war with France, and appealed to his subjects for funds to carry on, Whittington contributed £10,000, an enormous sum in those days.

When Edward demanded an advance of £4000 from the city, and the then mayor, Adam Staple, refused to comply, Staple was turned out of office and Whittington substituted until the end of the year. At the same time he was knighted.

All this occurred within ten years of Whittington coming to London. It would seem that he was only then about twenty years of age. No wonder a pantomime has been built around his career.

In 1377, the first year of the reign of Richard II, Whittington was called to the Parliament which met at London. It was about the year 1395 that he married Alice Fitzwarren, his partner's daughter, and in 1397 became Mayor. He was now about forty years of age, and was chosen for the office for his great "loyalty and patriotism."

He was one of the city's representatives who waited on Richard II to remind him that he had promised to establish a democratic form of Government.

He assisted at the coronation of Henry IV, and was present at the important council which that King summoned soon afterwards to demand funds for his expeditions against the Scots and the French. In that council Whittington's name stands second to the Archbishop of York.

Whittington's second mayoralty occurred in 1406, and his third in 1419.

His age at death is uncertain, nor is there any definite evidence as to when he died. His will, however, was dated December 21st, 1423.



DECEMBER 22ND

*Richard Plantagenet*

IN the parish church of Eastwell, Leicestershire, appears the record of the death of Richard Plantagenet, who died on December 22nd, 1550.

This man is believed by some historians to have been the natural son of Richard III.

Particulars derived from various sources have woven a story around him which, without having definite foundation in fact, is circumstantial enough to make it interesting.

Sir Thomas Moyle, having purchased the estate of Eastwell, began certain renovations to the mansion. One day he was surprised to see one of the workmen furtively studying a book while off work.

Sir Thomas's curiosity was aroused and he asked the old man to show him the book. At first the workman refused, but on being pressed handed over the volume, which was in Latin.

Asked how he came to know the language, the old man replied with a number of particulars which he asserted he had told to no one before.

In his earliest years he had been boarded out with a schoolmaster, and was occasionally visited by a gentleman who paid for his education and lodging, but who refused to disclose to the boy the facts of his parentage.

At the age of sixteen the boy was taken away from the schoolmaster to a large mansion, where he was introduced to another important gentleman wearing a star and the Order of the Garter. The boy and the man conversed together for a long time, and later was told that he was to be taken to see the King.

The boy was taken into Leicestershire and to the camp of the King, where he was surprised to find that the King was the very man with whom he had had the long talk.

Richard III embraced him and declared that he was his own son, and added that if he survived the battle which was to take place immediately, he would see that the lad was duly provided for. He ordered the boy to take up a position some distance from Bosworth Field till the end of the fight.

On the other hand, if the King were to be defeated and killed, the boy must conceal the relationship, as it would be fatal to him.

Standing upon an eminence overlooking the scene of the battle, the boy was intelligent enough to see that Richard was losing the day, and he thereupon hurried away and walked to Leicester.

In the city he saw a dead man brought in naked, tied to a horse, and soon learned that it was the King who the day before had fought at the head of his army.

For a long time, it appears, he wandered about doing odd jobs, and eventually entered the service of a builder and became a bricklayer, spending the whole of his life in the work, but adding to his store of knowledge by reading books,

The story made such an impression upon Sir Thomas Moyle that he had a small house built for him in his grounds, and gave the old man liberty to take what food he required from the pantry of the mansion.

He lived only two or three years after this generous gesture of his benefactor.

Historians who have written about the period of Richard III believe that there is truth in the story. One writes :

“Anciently, when any person of noble family was interred at Eastwell, it was the custom to affix a special mark against the name of the deceased in the register of burials. The fact is a significant one, that this aristocratic symbol is prefixed to the name of Richard Plantagenet. At Eastwell his story still excites curiosity and interest.

“A well in Eastwell Park still bears his name ; tradition points to an uninscribed tomb in Eastwell churchyard as his last resting-place, and, lastly, the very handwriting which more than three centuries ago recorded his interment is still in existence.”

### *Mrs. Sarah Mapp, the Bone-setter*

ON December 22nd, 1737, appeared the notice of the death of Mrs. Mapp, the notorious Epsom bone-setter, who was one of the many hundreds of people who grew rich on the gullibility of race-goers.

Early in the eighteenth century her earnings, £20 a day, made her a rich woman, and she came twice a week from Epsom to London in her chariot and four horses to attend town patients.

For some time her services were in great demand and she was famed for her wonderful cures. Unfortunately for the poor patients her cures were effected by her bodily strength

rather than a knowledge of anatomy, but they were nevertheless spectacular.

Considering that she was able to earn her own living and was dependent upon nobody, she made a strange mistake when she married the footman of a Ludgate Hill mercer. It was a most unhappy alliance.

The outcome of this marriage was recorded in the Grub Street Journal of April 19th, 1736, as follows :

“We hear that the husband of Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter at Epsom, ran away from her last week, taking with him upwards of a hundred guineas, and such other portable things as lay next to his hands. Several letters from Epsom mention that the footman, whom the fair bone-setter married the week before, had taken a sudden journey from thence with what money his wife had earned ; and that her concern at first was very great, but as soon as the surprise was over, she grew gay, and seems to think the money well disposed of, as it was like to rid her of a husband.”

There was evidently method in the footman's madness in marrying the bone-setter. When it was learned that the two were to be married the sympathy was with the footman, for the bone-setter was a masculine type of woman with a strong frame and a not very attractive face.

She could, too, exhibit a somewhat vicious temper, which was likely to make things awkward for anyone who upset her.

Thus the footman must have had his eye on her money rather than her personal attractions.

In London she carried on her business at the Grecian Coffee House. Here she operated successfully upon a niece of Sir Hans Sloane, and on the same day straightened the body of a man who had been deformed for nine years.

One man who went into the shop with a shoe-heel six inches high was cured of a lameness which had last twenty years.

Sometimes she was not successful, and once a certain Thomas Barber, tallow-chandler, of Saffron Hill, issued a warning to people to have nothing to do with her.

When Mrs. Mapp began to descend the social scale it was like a thunderbolt. In 1836 she was at the height of her prosperity ; a year later she died in miserable circumstances—why, no one seems to know—and was buried in Seven Dials at the expense of the parish.

DECEMBER 23RD

*Joseph Smith*

IN the seventh century B.C., at the beginning of the "golden age of Judaism," when the Jews were showing extraordinary intellectual activity, there was a certain man in the city of Jerusalem whose name was Lehi.

Lehi was a visionary, who claimed he had revelations from God. One day he was told to pack up and go into a far country, and Lehi hastened to obey the message.

He, his wife, four sons and ten friends began a trek across the face of the world, and ultimately landed on the coast of Chile. They multiplied in numbers and became wealthy.

When Lehi, the leader of this community, died there were dissensions among the rest. His son Nephi was elected to command. But this did not suit his brother Laman.

There was continual strife between the Nephites, the righteous, and the Lamanites, the licentious and idolatrous.

In course of time the Nephites developed fair skins and golden hair, while the Lamanites fell under the curse of a dark complexion.

Wickedness prevailed, and in the course of seven centuries the white men were destroyed by the dark. When the great explorers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries landed in America they discovered the Lamanites, whom they called the North American Indians.

In the great final struggle between the whites and Indians, a few of the former escaped. They included Mormon and his son Moroni, who collected the records of the history of their race and embodied them in one volume.

These records were buried at the hill of Cumorah, near Palmyra, in New York State, where the battle between the two sections had been fought.

There they lay, so it is claimed, until the early part of the nineteenth century, when Joseph Smith, jun., the son of a farmer, appeared on the world's stage.

Smith was born on December 23rd, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. His parents are said to have been superstitious, neurotic, and believers in miraculous healing. But this is denied by the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

The family lived later at Manchester, near Palmyra, and here young Joseph began to see visions.

He declared that on the night of September 21st, 1823, the angel Moroni appeared to him three times, and informed him that the Bible of the Western continent, a supplement to the New Testament, lay buried on the hill of Cumorah.

Exactly four years later, Joseph, now twenty-two years old, dug up—as he declared—a stone box in which was a volume of six inches thick made of gold plates strung together with gold rings.

Other articles were found with the book, including two crystals called "Urim and Thummim." It is said that by the aid of these Smith was able to translate the mystic characters written in the "book."

His wife acting as his secretary a translation was completed, and soon afterwards a heavenly messenger took the plates away from mortal eye.

The Book of Mormon was the result of this translation. The whole story was testified as correct by three witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. They declared they had seen the sacred plates with the "eye of faith" as well as with the naked eye.

In the year 1830 the first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed, and ran to 5000 copies. The word "Mormon," according to Smith, meant "more good," "mo" actually being the Egyptian for "good."

It was an ideal time to form a new sect. There was much religious unrest in America, and new cults flourished.

Thus many people rallied to Joseph Smith, and on April 6th, 1830, a church was established at Fayette, Seneca County. Smith and Cowdery, having been ordained priests by John the Baptist, had baptized each other. This, it is claimed, brought back the sacrament of baptism, which had been allowed to fall into disuse.

In October, 1830, missionaries were sent out, and one of their converts was Sidney Rigdon. Later, Rigdon claimed to have had a revelation, and made a new translation of the Bible in which he included prophecies of the coming of Joseph Smith. This, however, was condemned by Smith, and was never used in Mormon churches.

In January, 1831, Smith, as the result of persecution, went with Rigdon to Ohio, and established himself at Kirtland. There he opened a general store, a saw-mill and a tannery. He planned a city, and a stone temple was consecrated in 1836.

While the numbers of Smith's followers increased so did the persecution, and he came to the conclusion that Kirtland was not Zion after all.

Missouri seemed a more likely place, and messengers were sent out to explore. They returned with the story that Missouri flowed with milk and honey. Smith and some of his followers went to investigate, and while there claimed to have had a revelation that this was indeed the Promised Land.

In January, 1838, Smith and Rigdon joined some of the Mormon missionaries at a spot which is now the town of Independence. But the Latter Day Saints, as they called themselves, were driven farther west.

On July 4th, 1838, Smith, impatient of the persecution which still continued, preached his famous sermon advocating resistance if the attacks continued. The Mormons followed his advice, and this led to conflicts between the "Saints" and the "gentiles." Eventually, the State militia was called out to keep order.

In one fight about twenty Mormons were killed. Finally, Smith was compelled to shut himself and his followers in the town of Far West.

Prejudice against the Mormons continued, and the militia were ordered to surround the town. In October it capitulated, and Smith and Rigdon, together with others, were arrested and charged with treason and felony.

About 15,000 of their adherents crossed over into Illinois, and settled near Commerce, Hancock County.

Smith escaped from custody and joined them. In Illinois the reception of the "Saints" was different. The political parties were anxious to obtain the big Mormon vote, and did not concern themselves with the activities of the sect.

Eventually, Smith obtained a charter and became mayor of the town of Nauvoo, almost independent of the State Government. He organized a small army called the Nauvoo Legion, and received a commission as "Lieutenant-General" from the State authorities.

For a time the Mormons were unmolested. Foundations of a new temple were laid, the city grew rapidly and a university was established.

Meanwhile, the question of polygamy was exercising the people of Illinois. There was some evidence that the Mormons had practised polygamy in Ohio, but in Illinois there was no secret that Smith was cohabiting with women. On July 12th,

1843, it was said he had received a vision approving plural wives. This was not published officially until ten years afterwards, but it was generally known in Nauvoo.

There was a general rising against the Mormons. Fights took place, and eventually Smith's legion laid down their arms. Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were arrested and imprisoned at Carthage. On the night of June 27th, 1844, the mob broke into the prison and shot the brothers dead.

#### DECEMBER 24TH

### *Vasco da Gama*

IN the records of maritime adventure Vasco da Gama stands second to Columbus.

He was the first to accomplish the passage from Europe to India, and thus add a further triumph to the Crown of Portugal.

He was born about the year 1469—the exact date is not known—at the little port of Sines in Portugal.

Early in the beginning of the fifteenth century Henry V, son of John I of Portugal, conceived the idea of exploring the unknown seas. He was the driving force behind the old adventurers. He was known as "The Navigator," but he never actually sailed himself.

Year after year, up to the time of his death in 1463, Henry had sent out his ships on voyages of discovery, and the policy that he had begun was carried on after his death.

In 1484 Diego Cam reached the mouth of the Congo River, and two years later Bartholomew Diaz passed the southern extremity of Africa, and returned to Portugal with hair-raising stories of the perils to be encountered in the vicinity of the Cape.

Somewhere, either far east or far west, was a great and rich country which the Portuguese were anxious to add to their possessions.

Within the next ten years Columbus set out to discover this country. Believing that it might be easier to reach it by going west, he set out and discovered the New World in 1492.

Still believing that there were riches untold to the east, Emanuel, King of Portugal, equipped four ships for a voyage beyond the Cape. The command of the expedition was given to Vasco da Gama.

The expedition sailed from the mouth of the Tagus on

July 8th, 1497, with 160 men. The undertaking was regarded as of a sacred character. The King handed Da Gama his colours, emblazoned with the Cross of the Military Order of Christ.

The day before their departure the commander led his men to a chapel a few miles from Lisbon, and there they passed the night in devotion.

When the ships departed from the Tagus, the beach was crowded with inhabitants of Lisbon praying for the success of the enterprise.

There was little incident until the ships arrived in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. Then stormy weather was encountered, and the sailors became afraid of proceeding any farther.

There was a mutiny which was quelled with difficulty by Vasco da Gama.

On December 17th the expedition passed the point that had been reached by Diaz, and then steered along the east coast of Africa, watering and refitting at various places.

At Mozambique the Portuguese fell foul of the Moors, who were the only traders along that stretch of coast, and Da Gama escaped at the earliest possible moment.

At Melinda the expedition was hospitably received by the ruler of that city, who furnished a pilot to guide the ships to the shores of India.

The voyage from Melinda to the coast of Malabar took twenty-three days, and on May 20th, 1498, the ships anchored at Calicut.

Calicut was the capital of a tribe, and in the city lived a ruler whose title was Zamorin. Here, too, the trade was in the hands of the Moors.

Declaring that he was the ambassador of the King of Portugal, Da Gama secured an interview with the Zamorin. His first interview was favourable, and the Indian prince agreed to a commercial alliance with Portugal.

But the Moorish residents of Calicut soon got busy and changed the mind of the Zamorin. Da Gama was prevented from returning to his ship and kept virtually a prisoner.

His persuasive eloquence—of course, through an interpreter—at last convinced the Zamorin that he was acting against his own interests. He agreed to trade with Portugal, and allowed Da Gama to go back to his ship.

Again, however, the Indians changed their minds, and



attempts were made to capture his vessels. He escaped, carrying with him a ship belonging to the Zamorin.

He left Calicut and returned along the African coast. Feeling somewhat sore against the Moors, he attacked the city of Magadoxo, and burned the ships in the harbour.

He doubled the Cape on April 26th, 1499, with only two vessels, the others having been lost. During a storm they parted company, and that commanded by Da Gama's lieutenant, Coello, reached the Tagus first.

Da Gama's return was delayed because of the serious illness of his brother, who had accompanied him on his voyage. The patient died at the island of Terceira, one of the Azores.

When Da Gama entered Lisbon he was received with great pomp, and was created Admiral of the Eastern Seas. For weeks afterwards he was the honoured guest at public fêtes.

Two other squadrons were sent to the Indies before Da Gama received another command. This time he was placed in charge of twenty ships, divided into three squadrons. Ten ships sailed under Da Gama's orders, while five others were under the command of his brother Stephen.

This formidable fleet decided the question of the trading supremacy of the East. The Moorish sovereigns allowed Da Gama to establish commercial alliances in Eastern Africa. When he arrived at Calicut he was able to enforce his demands.

He destroyed a part of the city with his guns, and then proceeded to Cochin, where he renewed an alliance which had been arranged by an earlier expedition under Cabral.

This success was the beginning of the Portuguese domination in the East.

Leaving a squadron on the coast of Malabar, Da Gama returned to Lisbon with twelve vessels laden with rich merchandise. Again he was received with great enthusiasm and was made Count of Vidigueyra.

For the next twenty-one years Da Gama was inactive. It is not clear whether this was his own choice or whether he was neglected by the Portuguese Court.

Meanwhile a great empire was created for the Portuguese in the East through the genius of Albuquerque. When he died in 1515 the affairs of Portugal in India fell into confusion.

In 1524 it was found necessary to appoint a new Viceroy of India. Da Gama was now old, but the post was offered to him and he accepted.

Three months later, on December 24th, 1525, he died at

Cochin. He was first buried in this city, but his body was taken up and conveyed to Portugal in 1558.

Vasco da Gama was short and stout and had an exceptionally ruddy complexion.

DECEMBER 25TH

*Pagan Rites linked with Christian*

OUR Christmas customs are a strange mixture of Christian and pagan rites.

Yule log, mistletoe and Christmas tree all have a pre-Christian flavour.

Once the burning of the Yule log was one of the most important ceremonies of the season. In the Middle Ages a ponderous tree trunk would be hauled into the house. All comers would be welcome to sit and watch the sparks flying up the chimney.

When the log was dragged from the woods, wayfarers would raise their hats, for it was the symbol of the righting of wrongs and the reconciliation of enemies.

It was not to be expected that the huge log would burn itself out on Christmas Eve. In the morning it would be extinguished and placed in the cellar for the next Christmas, when it would be used to light the new log.

The preservation of the old log was believed to be efficacious against fire during the year.

The Yule-log custom was handed down from the days of the old Scandinavians, who, at their feast of Juul, kindled large bonfires in honour of the god Thor.

In Devonshire faggots instead of a log were burned after they had been dragged with much merriment by the labourers to the homes of their masters.

Master and men met on equality. Plenty of ale was drunk, but cider in large quantities was usually preferred. Whenever an ash band—there were nine around the faggot—burst, a fresh supply of cider was handed round.

There is a Scandinavian legend connected with the mistletoe.

Balder, god of poetry and eloquence, had a dream that he was about to die. He told his mother, who invoked all the powers of nature to prevent his death.

Reassured, Balder took his place in the periodical battle of the gods. He fought gallantly and sustained no hurt.

Loake, his enemy, anxious to discover the source of Balder's invulnerability, dressed himself as a woman and went to congratulate Balder's mother on her son's bravery.

She declared that nothing could hurt him as she had an oath from all the powers of nature.

But she had not taken the precaution of securing her son against a most insignificant plant—the mistletoe. Loake, discovering this fact, ran and obtained a sprig of the plant which he found growing on the bark of an oak.

He made an arrow from the mistletoe and handed it to one of the other gods, who, shooting it from his bow, killed Balder.

At one time it was thought that the mistletoe could not be grown artificially. Its propagation was said to be due to the missel-thrush, which fed upon the berries.

Then it was found that if the berries were bruised and rubbed on the back of fruit trees seeds would adhere and take root.

The custom of kissing beneath the mistletoe has been handed down from the ancient Druids, who regarded the plant with the utmost veneration.

The Christmas-tree custom was brought to England from Germany at the time of the marriage of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. It is, therefore, one of the latest of English festivities.

The custom is actually much older in America than in England, and was introduced there by the German settlers.

Of the indoor pastimes at Christmas snap-dragon is also pagan, and apparently bears relation to the Druidical fire-worship.

The game consists of snatching a raisin or a prune from a blazing bowl of spirit.

The decking of churches and houses with evergreen goes back to pre-Christian times.

It is a relic of the Roman feast of Saturn, held at about the same time of the year as Christmas.

Stow, the London historian, makes the following reference to the practice :

“Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, was decked with holme (oak), ivy, bayes and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green.

"The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished."

Stow relates that in 1444, a tree of evergreen which had been set up in the street was torn up by a gale, while pavement stones were hurled into houses "so that the people were sore aghast at the great tempest."

Holly, bay, rosemary and laurel were used for church decoration. Ivy was banned because of its connection with Bacchanalian feasts.

Mistletoe was excluded because of its connection with the Druids.

## DECEMBER 26TH

### *Thomas Gray*

"Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
In still small accents whispering from the ground  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

THESE lines indicate the temperament of their author. Thomas Gray had no need to stretch his imagination to produce them. He was a timid, unresting individual who loved peace.

At the university, where he lived the greater part of his life, they could not understand him.

He shrank from all the boisterous revelry of these "high-spirited sons of gentlemen." They ragged him.

Gray's one obsession was danger from fire. His room at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, gave him many an anxious thought until he caused an iron bar to be fixed to the window so that he could descend by a rope at the first warning of an outbreak.

One night young men returning from a "spree" raised the cry of "Fire!"

The nervous Thomas jumped from bed and rushed to the window. As he slithered down the rope the crowd below greeted him with roars of laughter.

Gray could stand no more. He packed his belongings and moved to Pembroke.

His nervous disposition was due to his upbringing. His father had an ungovernable temper. He was harsh to his wife, who had borne him twelve children. He had little use for Thomas, his only surviving son.

At last Mrs. Gray was forced to leave home to live with her sister. She supported herself by millinery, and it was a continual anxiety to her to feed herself and her boy, and continue his education.

That Gray appreciated the struggle which his mother made on his behalf is shown by the fact that he never spoke of her "without a sigh."

Young Gray's maternal uncle was an assistant teacher at Eton, and there the youth was sent. He formed an acquaintance with Horace Walpole, and on leaving Eton went to Peterhouse as a pensioner.

He was diligent in everything but mathematics. Writing to his friend, West, whom he had met at Eton, he says: "Must I plunge into mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat.

"Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am not an eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly."

On the other hand, he acquitted himself creditably as an original writer, and a translator from Latin and Italian.

In 1738 he came to London to study law, but an invitation from Walpole to go with him on a continental tour caused him to give up the idea.

In the spring of 1739 they began their travels, visiting nearly every continental country.

A disagreement caused them to part. It was extraordinary that two such men could ever have formed an alliance. They were entirely dissimilar in disposition and temperament.

On the death of his father in 1741 Gray found himself better off as the result of a bequest, and in 1742 he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law.

But he was too lazy to follow this profession. He found his mother a home at Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, and then went to live at his college.

He seldom left Cambridge, except when he desired to consult the manuscripts and books in the British Museum. Nevertheless, most literary men of the day sought his acquaintance, and the intimacy between him and Walpole was renewed.

In 1747 Gray published his "Ode to Eton College," which was criticised severely by fellow-writers, particularly Samuel Johnson, who generally carried with him the opinion of Society.

The "Ode to Spring" and the "Hymn to Adversity" appeared shortly afterwards.

In 1751 was published his famous "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

The death of his aunt, of whom he was fond, is believed to have been the inspiration of the poem. Gray began it in 1742 and finished it in 1749. It was for some time in manuscript before Gray had the courage to show it to any of his friends. At last he allowed Walpole to take it, and it was handed round to many influential people.

There is much disagreement as to whether the poem was written in Stoke Poges churchyard. There is a tradition that it may have been composed in the churchyard of Grantchester, near Cambridge, and that the curfew was the great bell of St. Mary's church.

On the other hand, the reference to "village Hampdens" has a Buckinghamshire association, and it is possible that both places inspired the work. Moreover, Gray would have spent some of his vacations at Stoke Poges during the seven years the poem was in preparation.

In 1753 Gray's mother died, and in 1756 occurred the ragging which made him leave Peterhouse. In 1757 "The Progress of Poetry" and "The Bard" appeared, printed by Walpole at his press at Strawberry Hill. They had, however, little success. Walpole praised them, but Johnson criticised them. They were burlesqued by some. Others, including Goldsmith, thought them excellent.

Gray was offered the laureateship, but he refused. He was too indolent to write to order.

In 1768 he obtained a professorship at his university at £400 a year. He was compelled to resign three years later through ill-health.

He died on July 30th, 1771.

He was buried beside his mother at Stoke Poges. John Penn, a member of the famous family, erected a monument to Gray in a garden near the churchyard.

Gray was born on December 26th, 1716.

DECEMBER 27TH

### *Johann Kepler*

THE most curious chapter in the history of Johann Kepler, the great astronomer, was his search for a wife.

His wife having died and left him with a young son and daughter, he decided to marry a sympathetic woman who would give the children a mother's care.

The matchmakers flocked round, and produced eleven candidates for Kepler's inspection.

The astronomer appears to have derived much amusement in questioning these women as to their qualifications. In a letter to a friend he describes the virtues and shortcomings of each.

It was a long time before Kepler made up his mind, and then he chose the one who appeared the least attractive to all but himself. She was a girl of humble station who had no dowry. But she had pleasant manners and had had a good education.

Kepler staged an elaborate marriage function. He stocked his cellar with casks of wine, but became more interested in the casks than the wine.

The casks had a bulge, which induced a train of thought in the mind of the scientist. He began to calculate what effect the bulge had on the contents of the barrels.

It was not long after this that he published a work on gauging.

Many astronomers have been born weaklings. It was the case with Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton, and John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer-Royal.

Of Newton it was said that he was small enough at birth to be placed in a quart pot.

Kepler was sickly from his birth, which took place on December 27th, 1571. He was the eldest child of a union between Henry Kepler, a reckless soldier of fortune, and Catherine Guldenmann, daughter of the Burgomaster of Eltingen, and was born at Weil, Württemberg.

At the age of four he contracted smallpox, which left him with crippled hands and impaired eyesight.

Johann's parents were convinced that his poor physique would give him little chance except in the Church. In 1584, therefore, he was sent to the seminary at Adelberg, and removed two years later to Maulbronn.

Contrary to all expectations, Kepler passed his bachelor's degree with distinction, and this gave him admittance to Tübingen University. Here he took to the study of astronomy.

Meanwhile, his father and mother had parted. They had never been able to agree, and Kepler senior left the country.

Thus, the young astronomer was left to his own devices. With the aid of the Duke of Württemberg he was able to continue his studies. He took his degree of Master in 1591, gaining second place in the examination, and in 1594 was appointed to the vacant chair of astronomy at Gratz.

In 1592 Kepler fell in love with Barbara Muller von Muleckh, a girl of nineteen, but her parents would not agree to their marriage. In 1596, after he had published some interesting researches on the planets, he renewed his suit, but was again refused.

The girl's parents insisted that he should produce proof of his nobility before any marriage could take place. His parents had been poor, but, after about a month's research he discovered that they were in fact descendants of noble families.

The marriage took place in 1597, the girl having been twice widowed in the meantime.

Kepler's salary was small and his wife's fortune less than he expected. He was soon in pecuniary difficulties and disputes with his wife's parents.

Religious troubles drove the Keplers into Hungary, but in 1599 he was able to resume his duties at the university. A year later he became the assistant of Tycho Brahe, who was exiled from his country and was living at Prague. His salary was 100 florins a year.

The two astronomers decided to pool their store of knowledge in the computation of new astronomical tables, the expense to be defrayed by the Emperor Rodolph.

But when Tycho died in October, 1601, it put an end to this arrangement. Kepler, however, became mathematician to the Emperor at a good salary, which was due to be paid in March, 1601.

The monarch did not keep his promise to pay; the work on the astronomical tables was postponed, and Kepler had to cast horoscopes for a living.

From 1602 to 1605 he published a number of works on astronomy, while in 1609 he produced his most noted work on Mars, in which he declared that Mars moved in an ellipse with the sun as one of its foci.

In "Dioptrica," published in 1611, he described the principle of the telescope, and particularly one of his own invention.

In 1610 his wife died of epilepsy and fever, and three of his children were attacked with smallpox. His favourite son



died of the disease. At the same time Prague was invested by Austrian troops, and Kepler could not obtain any arrears of salary to meet his expenses.

Two years later, on the death of Rodolph, the money was paid.

The Emperor Mathias allowed him to retain his position as court mathematician and it was then that he married for the second time.

Meanwhile, he continued to produce more books.

In 1620, Sir Henry Wotton, King James's Ambassador at Venice, visited Kepler, and invited him to live in England, but he declined.

In the same year his mother, whose activities had been the cause of much alarm to Kepler throughout the whole of his career, was arrested for witchcraft.

Kepler had to go to Würtemberg to try to obtain her release. She had been in prison under torture for thirteen months before he was successful. She died a few months afterwards.

When Ferdinand succeeded to the Imperial throne he supplied Kepler with money, and the astronomical tables were duly published in 1628.

The astronomer was now at the height of his fame. Honours were showered on him.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany sent him a gold chain, and he was induced by the munificence of the Duke of Friedland to live in Silesia.

He was appointed to a professorship in the University of Rostock, and it was there that he published his last work.

Arrears of his salary were again allowed to accumulate, and he was now owed 8000 crowns. He went to the Duke to try to obtain some money on account. The fatiguing journey and the lack of success caused a fever, and he died on November 5th, 1630, in the sixtieth year of his age.

## DECEMBER 28TH

### *Westminster Abbey*

THE ground on which Westminster Abbey stands was once an island surrounded by marshes which extended as far as Tothill Fields and St. James's Park.

The island was known as Thorney Island, and it was

about 570 feet long and 400 feet wide. Enclosing it were streams which were once off-shoots of the Tyburn Brook.

It stood high above the level of the surrounding marshland, was covered with thickets of thorn, and was probably the home of wild animals.

There is, in the Abbey records, a document which records the conveyance of a piece of land dated 693. The names of the parties to the document have been erased, but on the endorsement on the back—in a much later hand—there is a statement that the parties were Agelric, Bishop of Dorchester, and the church of St. Peter at Westminster, and this parchment is actually the title deed of the rights of the Abbey over the land in question.

Coming to history, rather than tradition, there is the charter, which can be seen in the Chapter House at Westminster, in which Offa, King of Mercia, granted some land at Aldenham, in Hertfordshire, to the monastery on Thorney Island.

It is dated 785, and although the authenticity of the charter has been disputed it is now generally regarded as genuine. The name "Westminster" was first used in this charter, and the words *in loco terribili* used to describe the property suggests that it was a wild tract of land.

A century and a half passes away before anything really tangible is heard of Westminster Abbey. At that time—the year 959—the famous Abbot of Glastonbury, Dunstan, became Bishop of London, and immediately became interested in the Abbey, which had suffered badly at the hands of the Danes.

Obtaining a charter from King Edgar, he rebuilt the convent, and brought twelve monks from Glastonbury at a time when monasticism was beginning to sweep over the country.

On the accession of Edward the Confessor, the history of Westminster Abbey really begins. Edward was moved to build a church, and tradition states that a Worcester monk had a vision in which St. Peter appeared and requested him to inform the King that the church which he had consecrated with himself should be restored.

The Confessor soon began to build the new church, leaving the monastery buildings for the use of the monks. It is believed that the design for the church was after the abbey at Jumieges, on the banks of the Seine, whose abbot was a

friend of the King and eventually became Archbishop of Canterbury.

The church was the first to be built in the Norman Romanesque style, and its design was followed all over the country in the course of the next centuries.

The church was begun in 1050, and was ready for consecration on Holy Innocents' Day, December 28th, 1065, but the King was ill and unable to be present, so that the ceremony was performed by another in the presence of the Queen.

A few days later Edward the Confessor lay dead, and his remains were buried before the high altar of the church which he had done so much to build.

It was the age of supersition and, naturally, it was not long before miracles began to be reported as happening in the new church. Edward himself was given the aspect of a saint; people thronged to his tomb, and his waywardness and fits of temper, which had always had a depressing effect upon his friends, were forgotten in the belief that he had been endowed with supernatural powers.

Harold the Saxon was hastily crowned in the Abbey on the day of the funeral of Edward the Confessor, and thus began the crowning in the Abbey of the King of England, carried out ever since in an unbroken line.

Twelve months had not quite passed before another coronation took place there, namely, William the Conqueror, who had determined to be crowned near the burial place of Edward, whose throne he claimed by right of inheritance and not by conquest.

A century after the building of the church Edward the Confessor was canonized through a special appeal to the Pope of Rome. Miracles had occurred in the church, declared Abbot Laurence, who was the messenger to Rome charged with obtaining the Pope's permission.

One miracle which occurred concerned the pastoral staff of the Saxon bishop, Wulstan, which when laid upon the burial place of Edward had stuck fast. Not one of the Norman bishops could remove the staff, which had been placed on the tomb as a sign of Wulstan's resignation, which Lanfranc had demanded.

This miracle was taken to mean that Edward the Confessor was in favour of Wulstan continuing in his post, and when Lanfranc agreed to Wulstan remaining in office the latter walked up and removed the staff without any difficulty.

Edward was canonized in 1161, and two years later his remains were removed and reinterred in a beautiful shrine in the presence of Henry II and Archbishop Becket. Previously, in 1098, the tomb had been opened to settle a dispute, and it was found that the body was still sound and flexible, the flesh still white and firm, and the beard "gleaming like frost."

During the reign of Henry III the great impetus in religion had a new feature, that of the worship of the Virgin Mary, and so far as Westminster Abbey was concerned it took the form of the erection of a Lady Chapel.

Henry was fired with the desire to give Edward the Confessor an even more beautiful shrine, and he began to pull down the east end of the building, and in 1269 the first service was sung in the new choir, and the body of the Confessor was removed into the shrine, the remains of which exist to-day.

The real credit for the erection of the Abbey rests with Henry III. By the time of his death in 1272 the whole of the eastern part, consisting of choir and chapels, transepts and two bays of the nave were completed. These improvements include most of the Abbey in existence to-day except Henry VII's Chapel and about two-thirds of the nave.

DECEMBER 29TH

### *William Crotch*

ONE of the most remarkable instances of juvenile precocity was that of William Crotch, the musician and composer.

Crotch was the son of a carpenter who, having a love for music, built himself an organ.

Although Crotch senior was only able to play the simplest tunes, his baby son could play before he was three years old.

William Crotch was born in July, 1775, and began to show an inclination for music at Christmas, 1776, when he was not more than eighteen months old. He refused to eat his food while his father was playing the organ, and insisted on sitting on his father's knee.

A few months afterwards he was able to pick out the key notes of his favourite tunes and induce his father to play them. If more than one tune had the same key-note, he would play the first two or three notes to indicate the piece he wanted.

Sometimes an accomplished musician would visit the

Crotch family and sing or play on the organ. It was in the evening of the day on which one of these performances had taken place that the baby howled to be allowed to go to the instrument.

He was on his way to bed in the arms of his mother when he struggled so violently that she had to give way.

She held him on the music-stool, and the child proceeded to beat the keys with his fists. Of course there was no sound, but the boy was satisfied for the time being.

Next day, however, William urged his elder brother, aged fourteen, to blow the bellows while he struck the keys. There was no one in the room at the time. Crotch senior was in his workshop next door.

When the strains of "God Save the King" reached him, he hurried to the room, his curiosity awakened. He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses when he saw who was playing.

There is indisputable proof by the baptismal register of William Crotch that he was only two years and three weeks old at the time.

So far the child had played only the treble. Next day he achieved the second part, and, the day following, the bass, which was correctly rendered except one note, which was an octave below the preceding one. This was beyond the reach of his tiny hand.

Two months later William was able to play the treble and bass of "Hope, thou Nurse of Young Desire," a popular song from the play "Love in a Village." In a few more months he could extemporise a bass for any tune played by himself or anyone else.

Such a remarkable child soon created a sensation. In October, 1779, William was brought to London from Norwich. He performed daily on an organ at Mrs. Hart's, a milliner in Piccadilly.

In addition to a musical ability young Crotch had considerable skill in drawing, an art to which he was attached throughout life.

In 1786 Crotch went to Cambridge, as assistant to Dr. Randall, the professor of music and organist of Trinity and King's Colleges, and Great St. Mary's Church.

At the age of fourteen he composed an oratorio, called "The Captivity of Judah," which was performed at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in June, 1789.

Meanwhile, however, he had gone to Oxford to study for the church. When his tutor, the Rev. A. C. Schomberg, of Magdalen College, fell ill William returned to the study of music.

In September, 1790, he became organist of Christ Church, and four years later graduated as Bachelor of Music.

In 1797, when in his twenty-second year, he was appointed Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. From 1800 to 1804 he lectured in the Music School, and in subsequent years he lectured at the Royal Institution.

His oratorio "Palestine," which he composed and published in 1812, was favourably received. In this work is the Epiphany anthem, "Lo, Star-led Chiefs," which is still popular.

In 1813 Crotch became an associate of the Philharmonic Society. When the Royal Academy of Music was established in 1822 he became its principal. He held this post for ten years and then resigned.

In June, 1834, Crotch produced another oratorio called "The Captivity of Judah." This was entirely different from his previous work of the same name, and was composed to celebrate the installation of the Duke of Wellington in the Chancellorship.

Up to this time Crotch had performed publicly on the organ. His final appearance was on June 28th, 1834, when he played the organ for part of the third day's performance at the Royal Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey.

Crotch was the author of many pieces for the organ and the pianoforte, anthems, and glees. He was of retiring disposition. Had he been more obtrusive he would have become much better known both in the musical sphere and in connection with his paintings.

Dr. William Crotch died on December 29th, 1847, at Taunton, while at dinner at the house of his son, the Rev. William Robert Crotch, headmaster of the Grammar School.

He was buried in the churchyard of Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, an inscription to his memory being placed over his grave.

DECEMBER 30TH

*Roger Ascham*

SHOULD Eton boys be flogged?

That was the theme of a debate between certain Ministers

of Queen Elizabeth and Roger Ascham, the Queen's tutor, which led to Ascham publishing his treatise "The Scholemaster," containing the famous plea for the substitution of gentleness for corporal punishment.

The occasion, Ascham relates himself, was while the Court was at Windsor.

On December 10th he was dining with Sir William Cecil, Secretary of State, and other Ministers.

Cecil remarked that he had "*strange news; that divers scholars of Eaton be run away from the schole for fear of beating.*"

"I wish," he said, "more discretion was used by schoolmasters in correction than commonly is."

This led to a keen argument between the floggers and the anti-floggers, Ascham putting the case for the latter.

Sir Richard Sackville, the Queen's treasurer, said that "a fond schoolmaster" had flogged him so much that he became to detest learning, to his great loss.

As a result, he had decided not to send his own son, and he offered to pay a tutor to educate the sons of those present, under the direction of Ascham.

He invited Ascham to write a work on "the right order of teaching." "The Scholemaster" was Ascham's contribution.

Ascham, a private tutor, had little sympathy with scholastic education, and his book was "specially prepared for the private bringing up of youth in gentlemen and noblemen's houses."

There was nothing novel in Ascham's plea for "gentleness."

The practice of trying to infuse learning into schoolboys by the use of the rod had attracted condemnation from others. Christopher Jonson of Winchester used the humane method, while Wolsey had laid down the same principles in connection with Ipswich College.

Ascham, however, was the first to put the idea into writing for the use of the public.

The treatise became notable for its story of Lady Jane Grey. She found Ascham more sympathetic than her parents, who were in the habit of boxing her ears freely.

Roger Ascham was born in 1515 at the village of Kirby-Wiske, near Northallerton, Yorkshire. His father was house steward to the Scroope family.

He was educated at Cambridge University, and rose to be University orator. He was an accomplished Latin scholar, and was the first to promote the study of Greek, a language which was just being introduced into England.

He wrote a treatise on archery, called "Toxophilus," which pleased Henry VIII, who awarded him a pension of £10 a year.

In 1548 Ascham was appointed instructor to Princess (later Queen) Elizabeth, but two years later he resigned through a dispute either with some of her attendants, or his own relatives, and returned to college.

Soon afterwards he became secretary to Sir Richard Morrisine, Ambassador to the Court of Charles V of Germany.

The embassy returned to England in 1553 on the death of Edward VI.

As Ascham was a Protestant, it was expected that he would lose all his Court preferments on the accession of Mary, a Roman Catholic. But he was retained at Court as Latin secretary, his pension increased to £20, and he kept his position as University orator.

He managed to hold the goodwill of the persons at Mary's Court. The Queen herself often had conversations with him.

When the Queen married Philip of Spain he had to write to all the princes of Europe in his own hand.

In 1554 Ascham married Margaret Howe, a lady of good family and rich.

On the death of Mary in 1558 Ascham became the Queens' instructor in Greek. He read with her for some hours each day.

In 1559 he was given the prebend of Westwang in the Cathedral of York, which he held until he died.

In his latter years Ascham indulged in sport to such an extent that he almost became impoverished, despite the generous allowances he was then receiving.

Gambling of all kinds appears to have attracted Ascham, but cock-fighting was his particular indulgence. In those days huge sums passed in wagers on this "sport."

There is evidence that Ascham wrote a book on cock-fighting, but it was not preserved.

Cock-fighting was common at the large public schools, and headmasters, it would seem, introduced a system of payment of admission called cock-pennies.

Ascham had a poor constitution, and he makes this—in his letters—a reason for his fondness of outdoor sports. At the age of fifty he was unable to read in the evenings. To counteract this he got up early.



On December 23rd, 1568, he returned to his night studies with the object of writing a poem for Queen Elizabeth on the New Year.

This caused an attack of ague and he died on December 30th.

## DECEMBER 31ST

### *John Flamsteed*

“ . . . forthwith to apply yourself, with the exact care and diligence, to the rectifying the table of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the so much-desired longitude of places for the perfecting the art of navigation.”

THUS were defined the duties of John Flamsteed, first Astronomer Royal or “astronomical observator,” as Charles II chose to call him.

Charles II had few good deeds to his credit ; this, however, was one of them—the inauguration of Greenwich Observatory.

There could not have been a better man for the job than John Flamsteed.

His appointment came about in a remarkable way.

Soon after the Restoration a certain Frenchman named M. de St. Pierre, came over to England, to demand a reward from King Charles for having found a method of determining the longitude by the moon’s distance from a star.

St. Pierre was an optimist. He believed that the English monarch would be easy prey. But though Charles was inclined to be wasteful in some respects, he did not intend to make a present to this Frenchman without investigation.

A committee was appointed to inquire into St. Pierre’s pretensions. It included Lord Brouncker, president of the Royal Society, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Jonas Moore, Master of Ordnance, and others. The committee had power to add to their number, and they co-opted John Flamsteed.

Flamsteed had already distinguished himself as an astronomer through his observations of the heavenly bodies from a turret of the Tower of London, which was called the “Observatory.”

It took Flamsteed only a few minutes to demolish the theories of the Frenchman. He then set to work on his own observations. The final result was that St. Pierre was not heard of again.

The Commission reported that Flamsteed could prove

that the presumed positions of the stars were wrong, an assertion which appeared to startle the King.

"I must have them anew observed, examined and corrected for the use of my seamen!" exclaimed Charles.

The Commission also declared that there was something wrong with the records concerning the moon and the planets.

This was an even greater shock to the King. He told the commissioners, in effect, to get busy and put things right.

"Who could, or who should, do it?" asked the Commission.

"The person who informs you of them," retorted Charles.

Sir Jonas Moore thereupon waited upon the young astronomer Flamsteed, and handed him a Royal Warrant appointing him "Our Astronomical Observator," as above.

Flamsteed's salary for this important office was to be £100 a year!

The next matter to be decided was the position of the observatory. It was left to Sir Christopher Wren to find the site, and he chose Greenwich Hill.

Up to the time of Charles II there was at this spot a tower called Greenwich Castle, which for centuries had served various purposes, generally, however, as a residence for mistresses of members of the Royal Family.

The old tower was ordered to be demolished, and the first stone of the observatory was laid in August, 1675.

It was completed in exactly a year, and was handed over to Flamsteed. It became known as Flamsteed House.

The new "observator" was monarch of his own domain, and left to his own devices.

Flamsteed began with a modest set of instruments. Neither telescopes nor clocks had yet been introduced into observatories. The catalogue of the stars compiled by Tycho Brahe had been obtained with plain sights to instruments.

The Rudolphine tables of the sun, moon and planets, worked out by Kepler constituted the nucleus on which Flamsteed relied.

Nothing was bought for him at the public expense. When he took up his quarters at the Observatory his outfit included only an iron sextant of six feet radius, two clocks, a quadrant of three feet radius and two telescopes.

He worked with these instruments until 1678 and then borrowed from the Royal Society a quadrant of fifty inches radius.

The Government made repeated promises to provide

him with better facilities, but always they went back on their promises. During the whole of the period of his office, nearly half a century, he received not a single instrument from them.

He had to pay his own assistants, except one whom he described as a "surly labourer."

Flamsteed from an early age had desired to enter the Church. His wife was gratified in 1684 when he was presented with the living of Burstow in Surrey.

When his father died a few years afterwards he left Flamsteed a small fortune with which he was able to buy and construct better instruments.

It was not until 1689 that Flamsteed was able to contribute anything new to the science of astronomy. With a new instrument, for which he himself paid £120, he at last added to the store of knowledge, and catalogued 2935 stars, described in his work "*Historia Cœlestis*."

Flamsteed made many friends, including Sir Isaac Newton. But a dispute eventually arose between them on a statement by the Astronomer Royal that he had supplied Newton with certain lunar observations which got into print.

Despite the open quarrel, Flamsteed continued to supply Newton with observations.

The "*Historia Cœlestis*" was first published at the expense of Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, and a committee was appointed to examine the manuscript. One of the members was Newton, and while the work was going on Flamsteed and Newton quarrelled again.

Flamsteed declares that when the book was published it was "mangled and garbled," and when, a few years later, the undistributed copies of the edition were given to the author he threw the lot into the fire.

He then decided to produce the work himself, but had reached only the second edition when he died, on December 31st, 1719.

Flamsteed was succeeded in the office of Astronomer Royal by Halley, of comet fame.



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