BOSTON.

LITERARY NOTES.

BLANCHARD JERROLD: HIS LIFE, HIS STRUGGLES, HIS MARRIAGE, HIS WORKS, HIS DEATH—GAIL HAMILTON'S "CHILD WORLD"—"OLD AND NEW" FOR OCTOBER—HOW TO TRAIN REPUBLICANS—EUROPEAN SOCIALISM—AN ORTHODOX MINISTER.

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, Sept. 18.—Messrs. Shepard & Gill propose to make, for the holiday sales, a handsome book entitled "The Best of all Good Company," by Blanchard Jerrold. It includes "Days" with Scott, Dickens, etc.; but the portion which has interested me most is the "Day" with the author's father, Douglas Jerrold, of which I have just seen the proof. The story is so touched with filial tenderness, and so interesting in itself, that few could read it unmoved. Douglas Jerrold said once of himself that, self-helped and self-guided, he began the world at an age when, as a general rule, boys have not laid down their primers; and that he was only thirteen when the cock-pit of a man-of-war was exchanged for the struggle of London.

Douglas Jerrold was born in London, on the 3d of January, 1803; but his first recollections were of Sheerness, where his father owned and managed a theater. In those days war made Sheerness a lively dwelling place. Gallant old salts tramped through the streets, with brave Lord Cochrane among them, and told stories of their exploits enough to fire the heart of any imaginative boy. Ships of war roared their salutes in the harbor, and press gangs came into town, seizing and carrying off more food for powder. In December, 1813, Douglas Jerrold, a slight, frail boy, hardly yet ten years old, was carried on board the Namur, guardship at the Nore, to become a midshipman in the service of the King. This honor had been procured for him through the influence of Capt. Austin, a relative of Miss Austin, the novelist. There were plenty other young middies to keep him company. Life was hard for these babies, whose mothers mourned for them in empty nurseries. But they were the children of the gentle and the brave, and they trod the deck proudly, and made no complaint of the rough discipline of those rough days. Indeed, young Jerrold, precocious baby, petitioned to be transferred to a ship that was something more than a log anchored at the Nore. He touched his hat to the Captain, and begged to be sent to glory. His petition was granted, and he went on board the Ernest, a gun-brig, and sailed away. Of the war he saw only its last horrors. The ship in which he sailed conveyed troops to Belgium for Waterloo, and brought back a cargo of wounded. This experience affected all his after life. He needed what strength and courage he could bring from the sea when he was put on shore after the peace. He reached London on a chill New-Year's Day, 1816, and prepared to commence his battle of life. His father was now a man of broken fortunes, for whom there was little more to hope. That bitter bread of poverty they tasted together, those two, father and son. Douglas betook himself to a printing house, and brought his father the little money he could earn. They shared it, in the humble court where they lived, and saved enough out of it to hire volumes of Walter Scott to read. These days of hardship produced an ineffaceable impression on Douglas Jerrold's mind. They aroused in him an abhorrence of tyranny, a hatred of injustice, a passionate sympathy with the poor and oppressed, which went with him through life. While yet a boy he emancipated himself from the drudgery of the printing house, and undertook, in its stead, the more congenial drudgery of the poorly paid writer. He performed so much labor and scattered it so widely that all trace of a great part of it is lost. It included scraps of poetry, squibs, dramatic criticisms, etc., etc., but they brought little grist to the mill where grist was so much needed.

What curious law of nature is it that impels a young man to seek to lighten his troubles by doubling them? Your curled darling of the aristocracy can wait till his curls turn gray before marrying; but he who has not bread enough for one always chooses that two should eat it. On this principle, Douglas Jerrold, in his 21st year, married Mary Ann Swann. His friend Blanchard congratulated him in verse, which should have been an encouragement. Mary Ann was a lovely, unselfish, gentle creature—she must needs have been, to cast in her lot with the bright, tender, poetic, penniless boy whom she married. They were happy—I think that shy little wild-flower, happiness, springs up most often in rugged soil, among the clefts of rocks. Babies come with little open mouths like birds, and unfortunately not, like the birds, clothed with feathers, by godmother Nature. Jerrold must work harder than ever; and men took advantage of his necessities to pay him poorly. Laman Blanchard—who had congratulated him in poetry on his marriage—used to sing to him—

"The time shall be
When men will find a music in thy name;"

but one dines but poorly on a prophecy, no matter how poetical; and what Jerrold most wanted was present comfort for wife and weans. The first success that made his name known in London was his nautical drama entitled "Black-Eyed Susan"—a drama which still holds the stage, because it has strong human interest in it. "Its pathos goes quite round the house. Its jollity tastes of the salt; and the British public relish the rough jargon from before the mast." The manager and the principal actor made a fortune by it, but only a few pounds reached the author's pocket. He made a reputation, however, which no manager could take from him; and he wrote steadily for the minor theaters, working his way toward the best. And all this time he was educating himself. He would rise by candlelight on Winter's mornings to read his Latin and French, and to make ready for his Italian master who was to come presently. He read all the old dramatists and poets, and he was not content until he could enjoy Rabelais in the original. He was a diligent student of Jeremy Taylor, and an enthusiastic Shakespearian. "Read your Bible and your Shakespeare," he used to say to aspiring young men.

Jerrold had strong political biases which grew out of his own sufferings. All his sympathies were with the oppressed; and he fought their battles, sometimes, with more heat and temper than his gentle friend Laman Blanchard approved. There was even, at one time, an estrangement between them, because they could not agree in their ways of taking the world. The one was fiery, and resolute to conquer—the other calm, and content to wait. They must have approached each other from different planets; but their mutual friendship sweetened their lives. Jerrold kept himself in difficulties by assuming other people's burdens as well as his own. He was generous to a fault, and used to give to almost any one who asked him, for no man was more easily imposed upon. His own honesty made him trustful; but when he found out that he had been deceived, his rage and contempt were violent. During the hard and struggling period of his career he wrote most of his minor pieces, as "The Schoolfellows," "Doves in a Cage," "The Hazard of the Die," "Nell Gwynne," "The Housekeeper," "The Wedding Gown," and the one-act tragedy called "The Painter of Ghent." In those years he also wrote dramatic criticisms and leaders for *The Morning Herald*; stories and articles for the annuals; magazine papers for *Blackwood*, &c., some of which were collected into three volumes, entitled "Men of Character;" he edited and contributed largely to "The Heads of the People," and he made a second collection of magazine articles under the title of "Cakes and Ale." Of course these multiplied literary activities gave him an acknowledged position among the known writers of the day; but, so far, his fame rested mainly on his successful contributions to the stage. He had, indeed, founded a domestic drama, of which he said "It is a small thing, but mine own."

It was when *Punch* was started, in 1841, that a permanent channel, perfectly adapted to the genius of Jerrold, was first opened to it.

His wit, his passion, his quaintnesses—all the forms in which he sought to communicate himself to the world, and be understood by it at last—would here find a place. The heartiness with which he threw himself into what was almost a new life to him was characteristic. He saw all the developments his new friend with the bunch might take. He might be a wild buffoon, or a wise fool, in his generation. *Punch* was not intended to be a merely comic periodical. *Punch* was to be a grave philosopher, a tender romancist. He should have his political strength. He should bring his wit, and humor, and satire, to bear upon very great shams indeed. The taped hole which the new world-renowned and most puissant *Punch* took of the British public, fairly astonished all the heavy wiseacres who had foretold the speedy discomfiture of a mountebank. The cap and bells were fitted upon wise heads; the fooling was not purposeless, and was even learned. The hunchback had been removed from the street corner to the drawing-room and the library, and might be seen in the palace of the sovereign and in the cabinet of the premier. He was a relief, a relaxation, a new stimulant to grave professors and jagged students. Just as men whose lives are spent in grave pursuits that stretch the intellect to its extremest tension, run away from the laboratory, or the study, or the studio, to some club, where they will see their fellow-workers roaring like lions and wagging their tails (being members of the British lions), so reverend readers and lecturers, pacing the quiet quadrangles of ancient colleges, found *Punch* a right welcome hour's laughter once a week.

From the establishment of *Punch* to within one week of Jerrold's death he was a constant contributor to it. It was a home for his mind, where he could be himself. He poured into its columns an infinite variety of quaint papers, satires, stories, essays, both humorous and grave, and facetiæ and *mots* by the hundred. Blanchard Jerrold says:

In addition to the miscellaneous list, the titles of which would fill pages, he contributed to *Punch* the tender "Story of a Feather," and "Our Honeymoon," "Mrs. Bib's Baby" and "The Female Robinson Crusoe" were soon abandoned; but "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" sprang into a wild popularity that traveled over Europe. I have a Dutch translation of what Mr. Job Caudle suffered, in my possession. The "Story of a Feather" had a success which my father valued more than the noisy triumphs of Mrs. Caudle. Mr. Dickens wrote to congratulate him on his "wise and beautiful book." A well-known critic wrote of it. "The predominant characteristic of this story is power, and the moral character of it earnestness; it is painted with intensity, for it has feeling in every paragraph. No 'wit' could have written it, any more than he could have written the funeral service." The same critic remarks on the manner in which my father got under weigh with a subject, and how he conducted the journey with "pomp and plentifulness."

These sixteen years of contribution to *Punch* were Douglas Jerrold's years of harvest—full years, made rich by his brilliant successes in dramatic literature, as well as by *Punch* and humor. Yet let the reader note what manner of worker he was, even during these prosperous years.

He edited successively *The Illuminated Magazine*, *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, and for the last five years of his life, *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*. Let any one run down the list of his republished dramatic works only (and they are not half he wrote for the stage), and he must be astonished to find that the writer had time to edit a newspaper and a magazine, and contribute every week to *Punch* into the bargain. In his *Shilling Magazine* he wrote his story of "St. Giles and St. James."

His last work of fiction was "A Man Made of Money," begun in 1851; and between 1851 and his death he wrote three more plays, viz.: "Retired from Business," "St. Cupid, or Dorothy's Fortune," and "The Heart of Gold." For the last twelve years of his life Jerrold enjoyed the fruit of forty years hard fighting. He was able to live much in the country, and this delighted him, for though he had spent so much of his life in London he was never at home there. He hated stony streets and noisy thoroughfares. He maintained always a simple yet lavish hospitality. If "my lord" came, he came, like the rest, "to a leg of mutton and a welcome," and it was this simplicity which attracted Lord Nugent so often to West Lodge. Sunday was Jerrold's happy day. He had with him, then, only his most intimate friends, and he used to pass his morning alone with his Bible, which he called his church. He had a passionate, sweet nature—quick to resent an injury; earnest and loyal in defense of the absent; but more ready than other men to forgive.

He was eminently a "clubable man." In early youth he belonged to "The Mulberries," a club of young literary men. To this early club others succeeded. Jerrold himself founded the Whittington Club; and, later on in life, the "Hooks and Eyes," and "Our Club."

Death met him in the full tide of successful living. He had settled himself, in 1856, in his house at Kilburn Priory, and had arranged his study, looking toward his garden, so that he could see his noble rhododendrons from his desk, and he felt that he had settled at last for the remainder of his days. In the Winter of '56, and the Spring of '57 great projects for travel, to be carried out in the Summer, were discussed in the snug study. Nice, Portugal, Rome were to be visited. Jerrold had been ill, but he was better, and it was Spring. Birds chattered at his windows, and buds were bursting. The last week in May he accompanied Charles Dickens to a dinner given by Dr. W. H. Russell at Greenwich. He was ill, then, but he attributed it to the smell of new paint on the garden steps leading from his study. A happy, merry day was passed at Greenwich, and Jerrold returned home thinking that he felt better. But his illness came back and increased; and on the 8th day of June he breathed his last. He was calm and resigned, took leave of all about him with most Christian courage, and died, seeing all he loved around his bed, with the words, "This is as it should be," upon his lips. On a sunny June day they laid him in Norwood Cemetery, near the grave of his boy-friend, Laman Blanchard, who had gone before him. Less than two years afterward they laid down beside him his faithful wife, the sweet love of his youth and solace of all his struggling years, to whom Blanchard Jerrold pays as tender a tribute as son ever paid mother, when he says:

"She was the most devoted wife I have ever seen in this world, and a mother whose loving eyes no worldly pleasures could ever turn for one moment from her children."

A very charming book for the young people, which Shepard & Gill are also to publish, is the second part of "Child-World" by Gail Hamilton, of which the first part was issued last Winter. The two volumes are quite distinct from each other, but both the last Winter's issue and this are equally delightful. Whatever fault may be found with the often too highly seasoned style of Gail Hamilton's writings for grown people, too much praise can hardly be bestowed on her stories for children. She always writes in the interest of truth and honor and noble living. Character, she insists, is of more consequence than clothes. If children are gentle, and just, and generous; if they are respectful to their elders and dutiful to their parents, the simplest attire will borrow grace from its wearer, and no one with gentlemanly or lady-like instincts will slight another for not possessing the externals which are, after all, but the accidents of life. Then she preaches another little sermon, which would be for many temperaments a yet harder gospel.

Above all things, my little friends, do not be envious. Be as willing to see good traits in your rich companions as in your poor ones. Because your schoolmate comes in with a new dress every week, do not try to make out she is proud. Because a boy has a pony, do not insist that he tells lies. Be just and generous toward rich and poor. Think the best you can of every one, make the most of everything you do possess, enjoy the pretty things which your friends have, even though you cannot get them yourself, and you will be as happy and contented as if you owned all the silk-worms and ponies in the world. Remember, also, this: However rich you are there are thousands of persons in the world who are richer than the richest of you. So why should you be proud of that? However poor you are there are thousands upon thousands poorer than the poorest of you. So why, should you complain? I know a father and mother who have more thousands of dollars than your fathers have hundreds; yet just the same these fathers and mothers must find their happiness in their children, precisely as your fathers and mothers do in you. It is no matter how many houses, horses, lands, a man may have; how many silks, and jewels, and caskets a woman may own; if their boy grows false, reckless, dishonorable, if their girl is indolent, vain, worthless, all their gold and garniture are of no avail. They are as unhappy as the poorest of the poor. The best things of life, my little friends, lie in your own hands.

Do not fancy, from this extract, that the book is all preachment and no story. The preachment is only now and then; while the stories are fresh, vivacious, and entertaining enough to satisfy the most exacting of young readers.

Old and New for October will open with a well-considered article concerning the best means of fitting a nation to be a republic. Every American who has been trained in the national confidence in republican systems trusts that the new-born Republics of France and Spain will succeed; but every one knows that the difficulties by which they are surrounded are immense. The anxious hope, and the sanguine believe, that these difficulties will be conquered; but the one which is most formidable is the lack of previous training. As the scholar must come up through schools and colleges, the merchant rise from shop-boy and clerk, so the really enlightened republican must have some previous training, such as neither the people of France nor Spain have been favored with. The American people did not undertake to be a republic until they had been trained by their local governments to an intelligent knowledge of the principles and machinery of government which qualified them to dispense with monarchy. De Tocqueville, in his eulogy of the system of town-meetings and town governments, called the attention of all the political students of Europe to the value of this training by local institutions in America. The training of the American, in the free discussion and personal supervision belonging to the system in which towns are governed as pure republics, is the training which makes the great machine run easily and well. This is so clearly understood by truly accomplished men that every political traveler from England or France who arrives in America asks invariably that he may see a town-meeting. Perhaps the moving forces of political life in their native simplicity can hardly be so clearly seen anywhere else in the world as in the Spring town-meeting of a New-England town. Thus governed, every little town is a republic; and it was these towns which defied George III. a hundred years ago—not waiting for any convention of their delegates to defy him. What is it but a declaration of war when the hill town of Paxton, counting perhaps 300 people, orders its selectmen to provide a store of powder, balls, and flints, completes the enrollment of its militia, and orders that one in ten of them shall be ready to march at a minute's warning, equipped with thirty rounds of ammunition?

Hundreds of towns—autocracies—passed such votes by way of preparing for the issue of blood with Great Britain. The vote was ridiculous, if one chooses to measure the strength of the defier and the defied. But it is sublime when one observes that the little town which defies is a complete political person—that it is at every point ready to spend its last penny and its last drop and its last crumb in carrying out the defiance. That is, it has to wait for no one. It has to consult no one. It bids all its citizens arm, and they must arm. Nor has it to fret and waste away its enthusiasm till the how and the why of action are dictated from some central bureau.

The writer of this article thinks that in New-York and in the Western and Southern States there is less of minute and detailed town government than in New-England; and he deplores it as a falling off in the means for political education. This difference in government suggests what seems to me a constitutional difference between New-England on the one hand, and New-York and the West on the other. In New-England everything is considered more in detail than elsewhere. Housekeepers take better care of candle ends and cold pieces—pennies are saved to make the traditional pound—small things of all sorts are more considered. But it may fairly be questioned whether this good housekeeping, domestic and social, is any more in the interest of morals than the freer living of other portions of the country. The Tammany Ring and the Brooklyn Trust Company had their rise in New-York and its sister city; but they pale their ineffectual though baleful fires before Crédit Mobilier and the Back Pay Grab. It remains unquestioned, however, that the town-meeting is one of the best possible means of political education for Republicans.

Another able article is "Socialism in Europe," (first part), by Austin Bierbower, in which are discussed the causes of the socialistic movement in Europe which threatens to destroy not only political but social order. The first of these is the extreme poverty of the lower classes.

Sixty cents is a good day's wages for a workingman anywhere in Europe. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden, men often work from 4 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening, and do not get any more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profits of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the street, or act as sutlers, do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair-cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from $1 to $8 a month. Servant girls in private families often get but $10 a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price. The most pitiable sights of Berlin and other large cities are of men hunting employment. The streets are daily filled with them; and at the corners of the streets there are often such crowds that the police must have a constant eye on them to guard against riots. They will sometimes beset strangers and all passers-by, if by any means they may get little chores to do. I have seen strong men crying, and others, with thoughtful, sad faces, waiting in despair for something to turn up.

Next is the political inequality which first creates a difference between the lower and upper classes, and then perpetuates it. All this has a perceptible influence on the minds of the people.

The lower classes are little respected, and soon become little respectable. They are privileged to be mean, just as the others are privileged to be "noble." The people know that nobody respects them, or expects an honorable course, either of virtue or of sin, from them; so that they act low, just as they dress low and live low. It is the privilege of their poverty; and all they can gain in honor by a course of upright conduct would not outweigh the half cent which their necessity impels them to get by dishonor.

In Europe they have snobs rather than demagogues. And, saddest of all, the common people themselves fall in with this state of things, and learn an awe for the high, and even for the snobs; and learn to hate those who are like themselves, like the slaves in the South who hated the poor whites who had "no niggers."

All this suggests to the people, if not to those most imbruted by this condition of things, at least to the free minds who can rise above and think over and beyond the evils weighing upon them, the need of a radical revolution; one that will not only destroy monarchy and aristocracy as the cause of these, but will change the institutions, customs, morals, and feelings into which they have developed.

There are various other essays, and among them a particularly bright article by G. Haven Putnam, entitled, "The Father of Zebedee's Children," in which, from the one or two slight allusions to Zebedee and his wife in the Bible, a whole family history is elaborated. Mr. Hale commences a "Tale of the Simplon," to be concluded in the next number, and which is left off in this one at an epoch sufficiently harrowing to satisfy the readers of the Sunday papers. Mr. Burnand's serial is continued; and there is a long installment of "Scrope." From this latter I must give you a capital study, drawn, say the malicious, from a well-known Orthodox minister. The hero, Adrian, had listened patiently to the sermon. The text was from Corinthians: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Adrian wondered, as he listened, why he didn't like it—why he never liked such sermons. Was he a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction? Let him consider it.

As he listened to one dry conventional phrase after another, he kept admiring the parallelism between the perfectly sufficient sense, clearness, and even noticeable strength and cogency of the statements, all, nevertheless, utterly without grace, eloquence, or proportion, and the personal appearance and bearing of the speaker; strong, homely, manly enough, but perfect in a long and wooden ungracefulness, which, if it had been conscious, would have been awkwardness even to agony. Then, he observed how exclusively the sermon was addressed to Christians; insomuch that he caught himself repeating a variation on a text—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save Christians—of whom we are chief;" and again, "For I am not come to call sinners, but the righteous, to repentance." This sentiment occasioned him, however, an astonishment all at once, when, at the very end of his discourse, the good old doctor, as if he had suddenly remembered that there was a sinner or two left, seemed to throw over a buoy into the dark waves of their guilt for them to catch if they could, while he sailed triumphantly away to glory with his shipful of Christians. He diverged, to speak without figures, into a brief appeal to sinners, by way of appendix or vermiform process, beginning with the words, "And now, a few words to you, my impenitent hearers, if any such be present"—and proceeding in sentences of admonition and warning, that, like a good deal of the previous discourse, seemed to have been used over and over before, as they build second hand bricks into a new wall. Still more observable was an indescribable tone or sentiment or something, which seemed to Adrian as if the doctor was saying to himself, "It won't do a bit of good; you'll be damned anyhow, but it's proper and usual to say something of this kind, so, here!" Adrian's own reflection was, that Christ used to begin with these same poor fellows, the sinners.

And no doubt it was just here that the good doctor made his mistake. There are two poems in *Old and New*, but its poetry is never its strong point. There is plenty of wise and pleasant reading in it, however; and the constant increase of its circulation is a proof that it meets the wants of a certain class of readers, though others there be so ungrateful as to complain that it is neither fish nor flesh, neither quite religious nor wholly secular, and to sigh for the old regime of its predecessor, the less frivolous *Examiner*.

L. C. M.

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