

times, having no sense of beauty, fails to do justice to the beneficial influence she exerted upon the decorative art of her time. But he is easily forgiven. He may well have had eyes for nothing save the disastrous effects upon the whole country of a carnival of extravagance in which the Marquise de Pompadour was the moving spirit. "Oh! the court, the court, the court! In that word lies all the evil." And the

KINGLAKE.

THE MAN AND THE WRITER.

A. W. KINGLAKE. A Biographical and Critical Study. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. 12mo, pp. 155. The Macmillan Company.

This volume is in truth what it purports to be—a study somewhat rambling and gossipy, yet in that very informality more illuminative, perhaps, than a more labored account might be. It contains a few but enough biographical statements; a slight but effective estimate of the work of the historian of the Crimea, the author of "Eothen"; it sets forth the recollections of some of his associates, and quotes various passages from his letters to Mme. Olga Novikoff, the brilliant woman who was a longtime friend. The material available is not great in quantity, however excellent in quality, for Kinglake's nature was reserved, his personality shy and elusive; except to a chosen few he showed little of his real self. It is not improbable that had he been consulted he would have been glad to forbid the publication of any memoir fuller than this.

The Kinlochs of old Scottish stock abandoned

ward in the sulks. Another coeval of those days calls him handsome—an epithet I should hardly apply to him later—slight, not tall, sharp featured, with dark hair well tended, always modishly dressed after the fashion of the thirties, the fashion of Bulwer's exquisites, or of H. K. Browne's "Nicholas Nickleby" illustrations; leaving on all who saw him an impression of great personal distinction, yet with an air of youthful abandon which never quite left him. "He was pale, small, and delicate in appearance," says Mrs. Simpson, Nassau Senior's daughter, who knew him to the end of his life; while Mrs. Andrew Crosse, his friend in the Crimean decade, cites his finely chiselled features and intellectual brow, "a complexion bloodless with the pallor not of ill health, but of an old Greek bust."

Still "wild about matters military," he went to the Crimea with his friend, Lord Raglan, in 1854, and through the campaign was much with him—he rode with the official staff, indeed, at the Alma fight. He had a deep affection for the general, and, as Mr. Tuckwell truly says, his book on the war is, in fact, a history of Raglan's share in the campaign. Ten years after they rode together at the Alma the first volume appeared; and in the interval Kinglake went through a Parliamentary experience of several years. He entered the House as an "advanced Liberal" and made excellent speeches, which his

witty, playful. With the Russian lady, Mme. Novikoff, known to all the world as "O. K.," he maintained a friendship, long, constant and to him most precious. When she was absent on the Continent he wrote to her weekly, and these letters furnish Mr. Tuckwell with some of his most entertaining pages. Graceful banter, poetic compliment, nonsense verse, are mingled with serious passages on theology and politics, subjects, we are reminded, on which O. K. was passionately in earnest. Another friend of many years was that brusque old lady, Mrs. "Barry Cornwall" Proctor, whose wit was always as acid as his sometimes was. She used to explain their firm friendship by saying that she and Kinglake sharpened one another like two knives. The chief characteristic of the man's wit, his biographer declares, was its unexpectedness. "His calm, gentle voice, contrasted with his startling caustic utterance, reminded people of Prosper Mérimée: terse epigram, felicitous apropos, whimsical presentment of the topic under discussion, emitted in a low tone and without the slightest change of muscle." His shyness was so great that he even had a horror of hearing his name announced at the door of a drawing room.

Visiting the newly married husband of his friend, Adelaide Kemble, and being the first guest to arrive, he encountered in Mr. Sartoris a host as contentedly undemonstrative as himself. Bows passed, a seat by the fire was indicated, he sat down and the pair contemplated one another for ten minutes in absolute silence, till the lady of the house came in, like the prince in "The Sleeping Beauty," though not by the same process, to break the charm. He gave up calling at a house where he was warmly appreciated because father, mother, daughter bombarded him with questions. "I never came away without feeling sure that I had in some way perjured myself." . . . Questions he would suavely and often wittily parry or repel: To an unhistorical lady asking if he remembered Mme. du Barry, he said, "My memory is very imperfect as to the particulars of my life during the reign of Louis XV and the Regency, but I knew a lady who has a teapot which belonged, she says, to Mme. du Barry!"

Kinglake's terse characterizations of his contemporaries are often quoted in this volume—most of them are tart and all are picturesque. Of Carlyle, who was his intimate, he used to speak as being essentially a humorist—intentionally a humorist: "So far from being a prophet he is a bad Scotch joker, and knows himself to be a windbag." He called Gladstone "a good man in the worst sense of the term, conscientious with a diseased conscience." As for Disraeli, "he always attributed Dizzy's popularity to the feeling of Englishmen that he had 'shown them sport,' an instinct, he thought, supreme in all departments of the English mind."

Enough; the reader is heartily advised to hearken himself to a collection of unusually interesting reminiscences. Some day perhaps a memoir of imposing volume will be devoted to Kinglake, but we doubt if such a work will give a clearer idea of the man than Mr. Tuckwell offers us in these pages.

AN ANECDOTE OF WORDSWORTH.

From The Spectator.  
Your interesting article on "Vastness and Isolation" recalls to my mind Wordsworth's own interpretation of the lines—

"Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings!"

as reported to me by the late Professor Bonamy Price. One day, as he was walking with the poet in the hills, he asked him what he meant precisely by the words, "Fallings from us, vanishings." Wordsworth's answer was to this effect: "Sometimes I find myself in a mood in which the whole material universe seems to fall away; the sense of outward things is lost; nothing remains but an immaterial self, detached from



KINGLAKE IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.  
(From a photograph.)

marquise was the court. The expenditures of the King's household amounted to sixty-eight millions in 1750, and a great proportion of this was due to the "needs" of the King's mistress. Money required for the public service was diverted to her uses. She appears at Marly in a gown trimmed with English lace that cost 22,500 livres. Pensions are given to her favorite actors, while the people starve. The King orders proclamations to the value of more than 800,000 livres; they are meant for his country houses, but more especially for the Pompadour's dwelling at Meudon. Millions are spent on public fêtes, the marquise being a great believer in the efficacy of the Roman expedient of *panem et circenses*, and Paris has interludes of enjoyment. But this policy communicates a poison to the entire national fabric, and the courtier, emulating in the country the habits of his masters in the capital, makes every province a sink of misery, in which the passions of the Revolution are slowly but surely generated. D'Argenson is full of interesting notes on the sufferings of the peasants, and the evils in provincial administration generally, but perhaps his most eloquent passage on this subject is the following:

I went yesterday to visit a courtier who owns a great chateau in my neighborhood. How little merit causes, accompanies, and follows fortune! How many resources are found at court to gratify the love of luxury! The strange thing is that rich men seek in good faith the useful in ruinous expenditures! a kitchen garden is constructed at enormous expense for its utility, and every vegetable that costs a sou in the market costs a crown in the garden. They make vast conduits and waterways to get, as they think, ten thousand weight more hay. The courtier is the same everywhere: prodigal of his own, greedy of that of others. On his estates, instead of protecting the inhabitants, he employs his power to punish unjustly, to revenge himself, or to maintain what is useful to his interests; he wants his tenants prosperous by the oppression of poorer men; he obtains from court the right to make paved roads, which crush the poorer people by enforced labor and take from them a quantity of land. He is proud and haughty with his neighbors; he thinks himself a king, surrounded by courtiers and vassals; he speaks little, he assumes to utter sentences of weight on the few and commonplace topics which his small pride and his great silliness dictate to him. That is the courtier residing in his chateau.

If D'Argenson ever excites a little more than respect, if the reader ever has a kindling emotion in his presence, it is when he is relating these examples of the cruel and stupid practices which were to bring down upon the heads of the nobles a fearful retribution. The Revolution owed much of its fury and many of its worst excesses to the sinister ministrations of demagogues, to their liberation of the most bestial elements in the mob. But what makes the memoirs of D'Argenson of value as an historical document is that in them he exhibits, with the authority of a profoundly sagacious observer writing at first hand, the true causes of that great upheaval. "This cannot last," he said, for he clearly perceived that the King and his nobles, the pillars of the old regime, were doing everything in their power, everything that profligacy, greed, extravagance and crass selfishness could do, to make their control of France impossible.

A PORTRAIT OF BUNYAN.

The National Portrait Gallery in London has lately acquired a work of peculiar importance, the portrait of John Bunyan, of which we give a reproduction to-day. It is said to be the only extant portrait, though it has a rival in one possessed by an English gentleman. The portrait now in the National collection is believed to have been painted by Thomas Sadler in 1685, when Bunyan was fifty-six years old. He died in 1688.



JOHN BUNYAN.

(From the portrait by Thomas Sadler.)

their own country for England in the train of the canny King, James I, found prosperity there in the shape of landed estates, and Anglicized the name into Kinglake. Alexander William Kinglake's father was a university man of some literary distinction, and later an eminent solicitor and banker. His mother was a charming and clever member of an old Somersetshire family. She taught her boy, he tells us, "to find a home in his saddle and to love old Homer and all that Homer sung." He adored her, and there is a story that on the night of the day she was buried he galloped alone five miles in the darkness, to watch beside her grave. As an Eton boy he followed old Homer from afar, Præd mentioning him as "dear to poetry." At Trinity College, Cambridge, he distinguished himself as writer and speaker among a set which included Tennyson, Spedding, Maurice, Monckton Milnes, Hallam and Trench. He hated the conventional even as a youth; he longed to get away from what he called "state civilization." His wish for a soldier's life was defeated by his shortsightedness, and he sought the excitement he loved in foreign wanderings. It was then that he gathered his material for that delightful classic of travel, "Eothen," a book which after he had been called to the bar in London he wrote at the entreaty of his closest friend, Eliot Warburton. He was disinclined to the task, and only settled down to it after two unsuccessful attempts. It is worth while remembering that John Murray refused the work—"the great blunder of his professional life," he said in after years. Olivier, a friend of Kinglake, at last published it, the author paying \$250 "to cover risk of loss." It had an immediate success, and Kinglake found himself as much of a social lion as so proud, sensitive and reticent a man would consent to be. He is described as being at that period quiet in the presence of noisy, clever people; liking their company, but never saying anything worthy of remembrance. His shyness yielded to the tactfulness of women, and they always liked him.

"If you were as gentle as your friend Kinglake," writes Mrs. Norton reproachfully to Hay-

ward in the sulks. Another coeval of those days calls him handsome—an epithet I should hardly apply to him later—slight, not tall, sharp featured, with dark hair well tended, always modishly dressed after the fashion of the thirties, the fashion of Bulwer's exquisites, or of H. K. Browne's "Nicholas Nickleby" illustrations; leaving on all who saw him an impression of great personal distinction, yet with an air of youthful abandon which never quite left him. "He was pale, small, and delicate in appearance," says Mrs. Simpson, Nassau Senior's daughter, who knew him to the end of his life; while Mrs. Andrew Crosse, his friend in the Crimean decade, cites his finely chiselled features and intellectual brow, "a complexion bloodless with the pallor not of ill health, but of an old Greek bust."

Unlike most authors, from Molière down to Dickens, he never read aloud to friends any portion of the unpublished manuscript; never, except to closest intimates, spoke of the book or tolerated inquiry about it from others. When asked as to the progress of a volume he had in hand, he used to say: "That is really a matter on which it is quite out of my power even to inform myself"; and I remember how once, at a well selected dinner party in the country, whether he came in good spirits and inclined to talk his best, a second hand criticism on his book by a conceited parson, the official and incongruous element in the group, stiffened him into persistent silence. . . . The claims of his Crimean book, which compelled him latterly to refuse all other literary work, gave little time for correspondence. Its successive revisions formed his daily task until illness struck him down. Sacks of Crimean notes, labelled through some fantastic whim with female Christian names—the Helen bag, the Adelaide bag, etc.—were ranged round the room. His working library was very small in bulk, his habit being to cut out from any book the pages which would be serviceable and to fling the rest away.

Kinglake never contemplated marriage apparently, although he delighted in the friendly, unselfish companionship of women, and was at his best with them—gracious, kindly,



MME. NOVIKOFF.  
(From a photograph.)

all physical conditions. In order to get back into the known world of consciousness I have to clutch at something—so." Here he grasped the bar of the gate on which they were leaning at the moment. I was much struck by the story at the time, and made a note of it. I have since mentioned it to several friends, but so far as I am aware it has not found its way into print.

The earlier volumes of the late Dr. Gardiner's "History of England from 1603 to 1660" have already become scarce. A few weeks ago \$87 was paid for Volumes I and II.