

## THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I.

BY LIONEL JOHNSON.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall:  
Only the night wind glides:  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are:  
Stars in their stations set;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal King:  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate,  
The stars; or those sad eyes?  
Which are more still and great,  
Those lions; or the dark skies?"

## The New-York Tribune

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1910.

How beautifully they order some things in France! It is reported that M. Henri Bernstein, having obtained a judgment against Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for a sum of money, proceeded to seize certain theatre receipts and property of hers. Whereupon the Association of Parisian Theatre Managers called a meeting and sent a telegram to the great actress worded as follows: "A French author, regardless of all that dramatic art owes you, has thought fit during your absence to seize your theatre receipts, property and furniture. We strongly protest against this abominable proceeding. Authorize your conferrees and friends to act for you. We all embrace you." But this was not all. If we mention the incident here, it is because of the comment of one of the Paris journals on the offer of M. Bernstein to devote 20,000 francs of the fine to the foundation of a prize for young poets. He is lectured thus:

It is in vain that the hero of this painful episode offers to devote 20,000 francs to the "Jeunesse Poétique." For the "Jeunesse Poétique" will have none of it. It honours, it loves Sarah, the Great Sarah, who, even in her mistakes, still remains the highest expression of contemporary dramatic art, whom we admire for her genius, her courage, her faith, and her sublime illusions. The writer who has acted thus, the author of "Faust," and this wicked process, has lost for ever the French public esteem. He is dead to us. Those who admire his talent will regret it, for talent alone does not suffice.

All honor to the "Jeunesse Poétique." That gallant body is worthy of the best days of the romantic movement.

Here is an amusing story about Mr. Thomas Hardy, revived apropos of his celebration of his seventieth birthday. It relates to the energetic curate of a Dorsetshire parish, who had the idea to invite some members of his flock, mostly farmers and their men, to an evening at his home, where he talked to them about Mr. Hardy's works, reading copious extracts from the latter. At the conclusion a farmer rose to move a vote of thanks to the curate, whereupon one of his comrades said: "I be very pleased to second the vote of thanks to our curate for his kindness in readin' to us and tellin' us all about Muster Hardy, but we don't want to hear that, it's all about we; we knows all that." When the incident was reported to Mr. Hardy he remarked: "I have had many criticisms, adverse and otherwise, but if the people recognize their own portrait, that is good enough for me." We wonder just what Mr. Hardy's feeling about criticism is. It has been said that he gave up the writing of novels simply because the critics didn't like "Jude" as well as they liked "Tess."

Though we have only just heard for the first time of Mr. Herbert Flowerdew we are exceedingly sorry for him. From an article of his in the "Pall Mall Gazette" it would appear that he is a novelist, and, says he, "I am tired of writing novels. It is not a dignified trade." In itself, no doubt, the calling of a novelist is honorable and useful. But there is no longer any inducement for Flowerdew to do the work of a novelist. When he has labored for six months on a story he is compelled to remember that his reward will depend less on the story than on the title he happens to give to it, or on the business ability of the publisher to whom he intrusts it. He is not even sure that a provoking title or lavish expenditure on advertisement would give his book quite the circulation which he might secure if he were to clope with a duchess, make an attempt on the life of a great ruler, or in some other ridiculous way make himself momentarily notorious. If the novelist wishes to earn more than a pound a week at his profession in England it is necessary for him, according to Flowerdew, to scramble for the market, to conspire with his publisher to secure public attention by almost any process rather than that of merely writing a good book. To make matters worse there is the cruel convention arrived at which decrees that no new novel should be issued at a higher price than four shillings and sixpence. Of course, if your novel does not have a very large circulation, all you have to do is to put a high price upon it and there you are—small sales and big profits. But they won't let Flowerdew do this. Poor Flowerdew! The tear bedews the eye.

## BYRON'S FRIEND

## Further Recollections of John Cam Hobhouse.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE. By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). Edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. With portraits. In four volumes, Vols. III and IV, pp. 374-333. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The second instalment of the reminiscences of John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Broughton, Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister and closest friend of Byron, brings us a welcome addition to the early volumes. These later records begin in 1822 and end in 1834, covering the period of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation and the fight over the reform bill. Hobhouse took an active part in these memorable battles, and his accounts, set down from day to day, are full of interest for the student of human nature as well as for the student of politics. His days in the House of Commons were sometimes full of exasperations, and he complains of the "fruitless endeavor to satisfy selfish, silly and

£50 of Swinburne to keep up his pose as a persecuted man though his pockets were full of money. Englishmen were still greedily listening to talk about the famous figures of eighteenth century France. Hobhouse does not forget to insert in his diary his friend W. R. Spencer's description of Necker sitting in a corner of Versailles while the Parisians were attacking the palace. He was *bien poudre*, and held a great pocket handkerchief to his eyes. Spencer heard the unhappy Queen say to him, "What are we to do? Speak, say a word; it depends on you." Not a word said Necker.

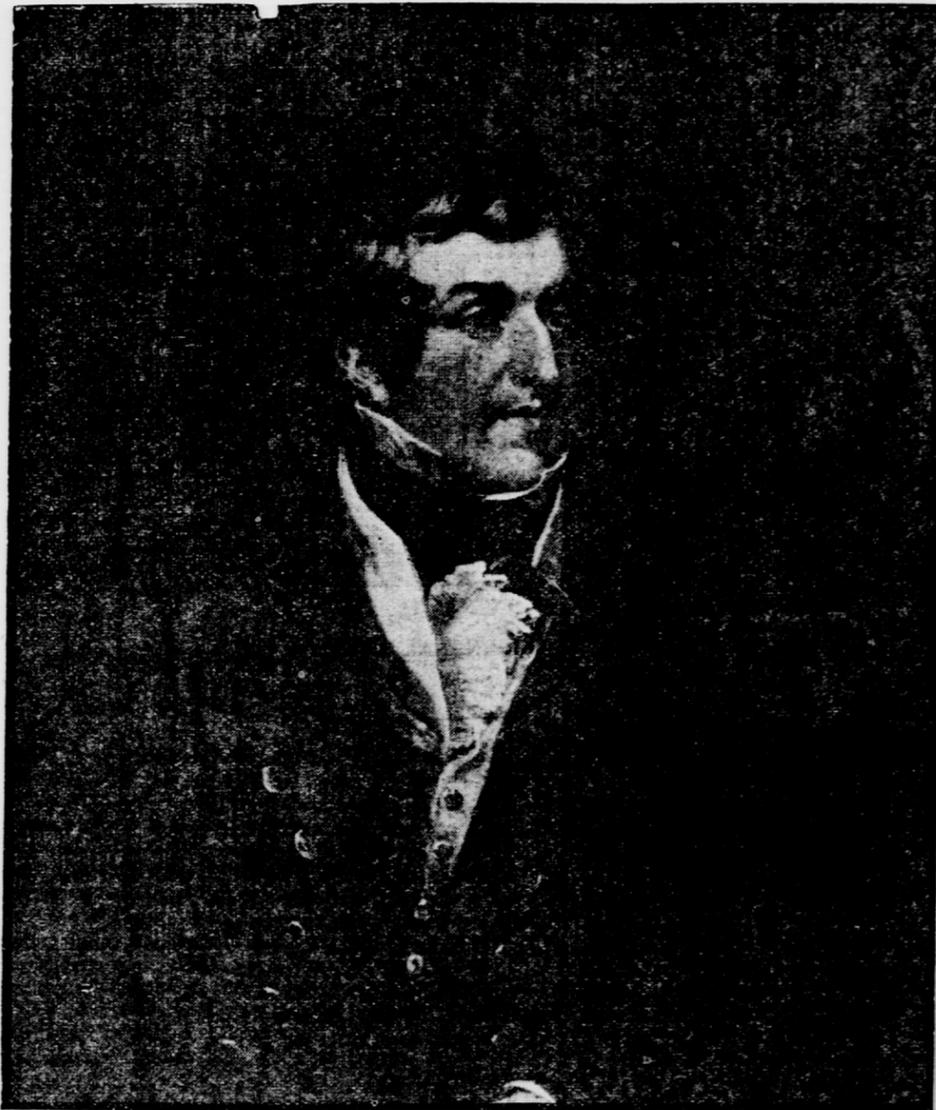
Among the entries dealing with Napoleon is Count Lavalette's curious assertion that when the Emperor Alexander came into Paris, in 1814, he had resolved not to treat with Napoleon, but had not resolved that young Napoleon should not reign. "He consulted Talleyrand, who was beset by all the old noblesse to ask for the Bourbons, but he did not do so, and not a word was said in their favor; and Alexander hesitated, until one day, whilst in conversation with two French marshals, an aide-de-camp came in and whispered that Marmont and his corps had

sensible of this magical influence. There was something commanding but not overawing in his manner. He was neither grave nor gay out of place, and he seemed always made for that company in which he happened to find himself. There was a mildness and yet a decision in his mode of conversing and even in his address, which are seldom united in the same person." Writing forty years after he saw his friend laid in the grave, Hobhouse testifies to the unimpaired strength of his affection for this "gallant gentleman." His heart is wrung when Byron's Genoese banker, Barry, tells him that the poet, when setting out on that unlucky expedition to Greece, confessed that he would not go even then but that "Hobhouse and the others would laugh at him." Colonel Stanhope, who was with Byron in Greece, told Hobhouse that the poet was sorry now and then that he ever came to the country:

He expressed anger at the Greek Committee for publishing his letter from Genoa in which he talked of going, so that when his intention was made known, he thought himself bound to act up to it. At other times he said he was glad he had come, and talked with enthusiasm of the cause. He would say that it was better being at Missolonghi than going about talking and singing at parties in London at past forty, like Tom Moore.

Count Gamba's detailed account of Byron's illness and death is published for the first time by Lady Dorchester, the translation having been made by her father. Particulars from all other sources Hobhouse gathered and faithfully preserved. He notes, on undoubted authority, that until the sick man became delirious, he was perfectly calm, and calls to mind how often he had heard him say that he was not apprehensive as to death itself, but as to how, from physical infirmity, he might behave at that hour. "Let no one," he said, "come near me when I am dying, if you can help it and we happen to be together at the time." Hobhouse, charging himself with the arrangements for the funeral, deputed Mrs. Leigh to ask Lady Byron if she had any wishes respecting it. That complacent lady answered that if the deceased had left no directions she thought the matter might be left to the judgment of Mr. Hobhouse. Hobhouse adds: "There was a postscript saying, 'If you like you may show this.' The coldness and calculation of so young a woman on such an occasion are quite unaccountable." Hobhouse says no harder thing than this of his friend's wife, but between the lines of all his references to her we can read sincere disgust. In mentioning his desire to publicly refute the charges made on her authority in regard to the separation, he says: "I consulted friends, and among them Lord Holland, who strongly recommended silence, and did not scruple to say that the lady would be more annoyed if she were left unnoticed than if, whether wrong or right, she had to figure in a controversy. I was far from wishing to annoy her at all; my sole wish was to do my duty by my friend; and I hope I have done that sufficiently by leaving behind me, to be used if necessary, a full and scrupulously accurate account of the transaction in question. I shall content myself here with asserting that it was not fear on the part of Lord Byron that persuaded him to separate from his wife. On the contrary, he was quite ready to 'go into court' as they call it."

Hobhouse's position as Byron's executor was no easy one. He had to prevent the publication by Dallas of a number of the private letters of the poet to his mother and others, thereby calling down in print the vituperative wrath of that gossip monger. He had to refuse Lady Caroline Lamb's request that he should give her her letters to Byron in order to make sure that she did not use Byron's letters to her in a novel. Worst of all, he had to labor mightily to make sure of the destruction of the memoirs in manuscript which, in an unthinking hour, Byron had put into the hands of Tom Moore. The executor's full and careful narrative of the proceedings which led up to the burning of the MSS. is included in these records. It certainly does not shed much lustre on the memory of Moore. After conceding that it was wise and right to destroy them and agreeing to the sacrifice, Moore still hankered for probable profits and attempted to retain part if not the whole of the material. Then rose John Murray, the publisher, who had paid him £2,000 for the MSS. which Moore then proposed to redeem. "I do not care whose the MSS. are!" he exclaimed. "Here am I as a tradesman; I do not care a farthing about having your money or whether I ever get it or not; but such regard have I for Lord Byron's fame and honor that I am willing and am determined to destroy these MSS. which have been read by Mr. Gifford, who says they would be damaging to Lord Byron's name. It is very hard that I as a tradesman should be willing to make a sacrifice which you as a gentleman will not consent to." This passionate declaration was only the beginning of an altercation which revealed little Moore in a very mean light. The day after the papers were burned Hobhouse received a curious message from Lady Byron, who wished him to give out that he should write the memoirs of Byron in conjunction with his family—including Lady Byron. This, she thought, would stop all spurious efforts and it would be particularly agreeable to her. Hobhouse's reply was to the effect that he had no spirits nor inclination for the task. "Poor Byron!" he adds. "Here is his dear friend, Tom Moore, his publisher Murray, and his wife: the first thing they think of is of writing his life or getting it written. Such are the friendships of great authors!"



JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, LORD BROUGHTON.  
(From the portrait by Lonsdale.)

unreasonable men." But when the course of events took him out of Parliament and out of office it was with difficulty that he adjusted himself to a round of occupations, invented or acquired; and it was with genuine satisfaction that he returned to office, without conditions, as a member of Melbourne's Cabinet of 1834. He notes his belief that he was the first man not in Parliament who ever had a Cabinet place offered to him. His pleasure in the work of government, by the way, was not shared by all his colleagues of the period with which he deals. He describes Lord Althorp—"the pure, the imperturbable, the virtuous Althorp"—as talking confidentially of his repugnance to office, saying that it destroyed all his happiness, and adding that he "removed his pistols from his bedroom for fear of shooting himself."

There are in these volumes various glimpses—though not as many as the reader would like—of famous personages of that far-off time. William Cobbett was one of them, and very unpleasant he made himself at a political dinner, gesticulating furiously, swearing tremendously, and, after drinking several glasses of wine, comporting himself like a madman. In contrast with that energetic politician is one of a different stripe, M. de Chateaubriand, to wit—a foppish little man, with a small cane in his hand, running up to a looking glass to adjust his locks. There is an interesting note on another Frenchman quoted by Hobhouse from the dinner table chat of Sir John Swinburne. Sir John was on his way to Berlin in 1786, when a French traveller, whose carriage had broken down, asked for a seat with him. This was "a large, round, pock-marked, powdered beau, in silk stockings dirtied to the ankles and a white handkerchief tied around his head." It was Mirabeau, going on his secret mission to Prussia. He talked most agreeably and borrowed

deserted Napoleon. Alexander told the marshals what he had heard, and said, "What do you say to that, gentlemen?" They said nothing, but that night Alexander published the proclamation declaring the dethronement of the Napoleon dynasty." General Lallemand told Hobhouse that in July, 1815, he was the bearer of a request to Napoleon from the French army to put himself at their head. He reached Malmaison to find that Napoleon had been gone only two hours. Concerning the sangfroid of Napoleon's antagonist, the Duke of Wellington, Hobhouse has many anecdotes. There is the story of his going to bed at Brussels after hearing of the French advance and appointing his next day's headquarters at Quatre-Bras. They presently wakened him with the intelligence that the French had taken Charleroi. He jumped out of bed and seized his map. "Ah, taken Charleroi," he said. "I dare say they have. Well, I have done all that man can do, let what will happen; I shall be at Quatre-Bras to-morrow morning." And so saying, adds our diarist, "he got into bed and in a minute or two was heard to snore." Wellington was as genially ready to acknowledge that he "got licked" at Burgos as he was to comment satirically on the flight of the Spaniards before the French at Toulouse. "D—fine, beautiful!" said the Iron Duke; "never saw twenty-five thousand men run away in my life before!"

Hobhouse's attachment to Byron is artlessly revealed in all its noble loyalty in these volumes. It survived many hurts at the hands of the poet, who in certain moods had something of a boy's wayward cruelty. "No man ever lived who had such devoted friends," wrote Hobhouse after Byron's death. "His power of attaching those about him to his person was such as no one I ever knew possessed. No human being could approach him without being