The Brooks to Matthews Letters.

These letters from Shirley Brooks to Torie Matthews are taken from the book '*A great "Punch" editor being the life, letters and diaries of Shirley Brooks*' by George Somes Layard. Published in 1907 by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, London.

The footnotes are an amalgam of Layard's and mine, which are mostly taken from the internet. This is a draft version, revisions will be made. The date of this version is May 19, 2002. Comments in square brackets are mine – David Man. Some of the references made by Brooks are quite obscure to us living in thee 21st Century. Endnotes may help although those taken directly from Layard and indicated as such don't always clarify what is being referred to.

The first mention of the Matthews is indirect in a diary entry:

January 29th, 1870.

By means of an arrangement with *Grindlay*s, I paid my chief Life Assurance, and the thought that the receipt was in the Tin Box behind my head comforted me more, during my illness, than I can well say.

March 5th, 1870.

A bad day for me. Miss Matthews kindly brought the carriage, with wraps, etc. and E. and I went with her for a drive twice around the Park. I enjoyed it hugely, but there was an East wind, which brought back the gout, and sent me back to bed for many days.

Letter 1.

6, Kent Terrace,
Regents Park,
NW

Wind N.N.N.
E.E.E.
Fires

9th May, 1870

My Dear Miss Matthews,

The Bishop came, but though very affable, he did not tell any very good stories – now 'S. Winchester' [Samuel Wilberforce] is, full of them - (I mean 'S Winton' by the way), but heard one from a lady. She was remarking, to a sort of petitioner for her charity, on the state of his wardrobe, and he said, "Yes, my lady. I dresses with a needle, and I undresses with a knife."

I dare say that you have been up to town, and have seen the Pictures, so I need say nothing about the Private View. There seemed 'a many' good things, but nothing great, and Gerome's ('Execution of Ney') is the most powerful work in the rooms. I mentioned this fact to sundry Academicians, who did not seem to see it. …

Ever yours faithfully,
Shirley Brooks.

[G.S. Layrad comments: "We have seen that Shirley's first editorship, that of the Literary Gazette, was but short-lived. His second was destined, like his third [Punch], to endure to the last year of his life.

In 1847 Messrs. Grindlay and Company, combining private enterprise with public spirit, had founded a weekly periodical for India called Home News. When this was five years old an Australian edition was started, and forthwith the twin papers bounded ahead. During its brilliant and successful career of over fifty years Home News numbered amongst its editors such men as A. B. Wright, Robert Bell, G. A. Sala, T. H. S. Escott, Edward Salmon and Shirley Brooks. On the death of Robert Bell this year [1867] the editorship was offered to, and accepted by, Shirley, between whom and Mr. Matthews, a member of the firm, a close friendship was sealed which lasted, like most of Shirley's friendships, as long as life.

Of his incessant toil and loyal devotion to his new employers until, seven years later, his busy fingers laid down the pen for ever, it is impossible to do more than say what might be said of all that he ever undertook, - that he never spared himself in the performance of his duty, that he gave of his best, which was very good, and that he was cut off from its continuance in the plenitude of his powers to the regret of all who knew him.

Home News,

A SUMMARY OF EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

PUBLISHED IN TIME FOR EACH MAIL TO INDIA VIA MARSEILLES.

VOL. V.—N° 106.] SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851. [PRICE 9d.

Summary.

MAY 24, 1851.

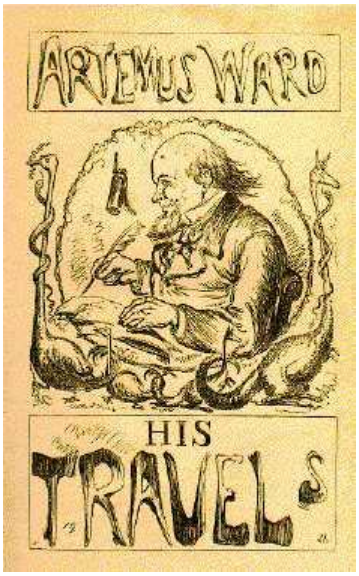
Here is a pleasant little account of his friendship with the Matthews family, kindly sent to me [G.S. Layard] by Miss Matthews, the "Torie" of the Diaries."

"*We knew Mr. Shirley Brooks," writes Miss Matthews, "from the time he took the editorship of my father's paper, the Home News, until his [Brooks'] death in 1874, and he became an intimate and valued friend."*

"It was at a time of his life when the strain of work was beginning to tell, and he seemed to find refreshment and pleasure in frequent visits to our country cottage [Lawn Cottage, Haliford], an easy journey from London. He was often accompanied by his wife and sons, but more often came alone when the boys and their mother were spending the holidays by the seaside or elsewhere and when his work obliged him to be in or near London. As I write the vivid recollection of such visits comes back to me, when he would arrive weary and jaded and, after resting awhile perhaps on a favourite long couch or on the grass under a large cedar tree, find amusement in composing nonsense verses for the younger ones, or in helping a harassed school girl to remember dry historical dates by turning them into humorous rhymes, throwing his harness aside in fact and entering thoroughly into the home life of the family circle. In between such visits his frequent letters, sparkling with spontaneous wit and gay good humour, with pretty allusions to public and private passing events, were eagerly looked for and appreciated by the young people as well as by the elders. Apart from his always interesting comments and criticisms on public topics and amusing anecdotes, there was a graceful atmosphere, an elusive charm about his letters which defies description. They seemed to come not only from the clever head, but straight from the warm heart. He was a genial host and the remembrance of many pleasant evenings at 6 Kent Terrace remains with us, especially the famous New Year's Eve parties to which both Mr. and Mrs. Brooks loved to welcome their friends, when mutual good wishes were exchanged just before midnight, and the New Year was ushered in by a graceful little speech. Once, too, the occasion was marked by Mr. Brooks's health being proposed by Artemus Ward[1] *with a grave humour which delighted us all. He would often dine with us, and sometimes joined our larger gatherings, and he made on (what proved to be) the last Xmas day of his life a happy memory to us all by toasting the*

large party after dinner in verses he composed for the occasion, each one containing a special word for the individual named, showing how fully he entered into the intimate life of ourselves and the friends gathered round our table. [This last party included Mark Twain].

Although most of the friends of his early life must have passed away, there may be some living who knew him better than we did, and for a longer period of his life, but we always thought he showed us one side of his character which was not visible to all; he seemed to expand in the atmosphere of unreserved appreciation, and showed in return an affectionate gratitude which, although we felt it to be wholly out of proportion, yet endeared him to young and old in the household."



Letter 2.

1st June, 1870.

My Dear Miss Matthews,

... Yesterday I accepted the Editorship of Punch. It will be a tie, and give me trouble, but I seem to have been generally expected to take the situation, and it is not good to disappoint General Expectations, as he is a stern officer. Wish me good fortune - but I know you do.

I was offered a seat on a four-horse coach for the Derby, alongside M. Gustave Dore[2]. But I am here. Who says I have no self-denial? Besides, I have seen a Derby or two, and don't want to see any more.

Ever yours faithfully,
Shirley Brooks.

Letter 3.

18th July, 1870.

My Dear Miss Matthews,

To-day is cloudy enough, but it is very close. I apologize for writing to you without my coat - but what is good manners in these days? I heard last night that the Prince of Wales allowed a man to write out some rubbishing song for him, the man being coatless, and though the Princess came in, the fellow did not resume his costume. I shall turn Republican, especially in presence of this abominable war, got up by an Emperor for the most selfish reason. Don't you hope the Prussians will 'give it him hot?'

Letter 4.

Henley Bridge

Tuesday, 13th September 1870

My Dear Miss Matthews,

... I can't get away much at this crisis. If peace broke out, I should have a holiday. I am quite tired of describing the fall of the Empire. I have done it in 5 leading articles - two for the *Home News*, one of them the Australian (I think as shouldn't say it) not bad.

The cut of me was a treachery - it was Reginald's joke, and I gave it Charles Keene[3], [picture left] but he audaciously[4] contends that it was a very good likeness. The 'Moke' lines were mine - written merely to fill up a hole, out of which I had taken something I did not care about - and they have had a great popularity. I think of having them printed on note -paper, as a standing I answer to correspondents'. These creatures trouble me much - after a good read at a batch of their rubbish, I feel demoralized.

Ever yours affectionately,
Shirley Brooks.

Letter 5.

6, Kent Terrace
Regents Park
NW

7th Nov., 1870.

My Dear Miss Matthews,

How beautiful are "my feet with shoes"[5] is the text from Solomon which you will set me quoting, my dear Miss Matthews, for many a morning and evening to come. Slippers, indeed if they are much handsomer than those in which the casual-minded party in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' likes to see Religion walk abroad. I might hunt the slipper allover London, and not run down anything so charming. I feel like a he-Cinderella. I wish I could write you as pretty a poem of thanks as Cowper did to the lady who worked him a patch-quilt :-

And thanks to one above them all
The gentle fair of Purtenhall,
Who put the whole together.

But take my thanks in plain prose, and believe that I am a great deal too much pleased with your kind present to say pretty things about it.

[Have you seen] to-day's Times? But if, as I hope, you are a constant reader of another journal, not unknown at No. LV, Parliament Street,[6] you would not have (here's bad English) supposed the Germans were going to give up any of their advantages. Goody Granville wrote pretty pretty, but 'Holy Willy's Prayer', will be said in Notre Dame for all that. As to putting off the wedding - you had better suggest that to the bride. Because (though she is full of merits) I should say she might think that a bird in the hand is better than two which are very likely not in the bush; (If a lady put *me* off, merely because a few hundred thousand of men were stabbing and shooting and slashing one another, she would have to go and look in the bush, anyhow, for another bird.). Besides, her learned husband would tell her that Hymen was nephew to Mars, so that it is all a family business. May they be happy - were I proposing the health at breakfast I should hope that he would find in her, and she in him, 'greater riches than the treasures in Egypt,' which is not saying much, so far as I saw. You may give this hint to your papa, if you like, as I conclude he will have to make a speech[7].

Mr. Hardman will probably be made Mayor of Kingston on Wednesday – (so he will be 'mayorised' too, as your friend Ernest would say), at least so says the *Comet*. He *has* been elected on the Council. I cannot imagine a greater bore, but I will console him with all the chaff I can think of.

Always yours faithfully,
Shirley Brooks.

Letter 6.

23rd November 1870.

My Dear Miss Matthews,

You will, I dare say, have received a *Musical World*, at least I wrote to the publisher to send it. The reason why you receive it you will discover by turning to a page on which you will see a wonderful poem by a friend of yours. Furthermore, you are respectfully requested to admire the same as much as you conveniently can, or to say you admire.

Nextly, in a day or two I hope that you will receive Mr. Punch's 'Pocket-Book,' which it has given me a deal of trouble to edit this year, but I think it is about as good as the average. For a wonderful drama called 'R.A.,' and a thing called 'The Skeleton in the Mirror,' and a lovely poem about a Brighton Butterfly, you will have no difficulty in finding an author. I am now much 'exercised' over the Almanac, but we have, I think, got some good notions for pictures. I have another literary idea, on which I shall like to have your judgment when you have seen a specimen – 'more anon.'

That was a most unconstitutional thunderstorm last night. This is November. There was a new moon, who heralded herself with all the row. I didn't think it ladylike, but everything is odd in these times.

You read THE *Times*, I know. That is a curious leading article to-day, written at the Germans. See also Russell's letter. They'll 'invite' him to leave Head Quarters at Versailles, and forego the delightful view of the Crown Prince's - how shall I put it - *inferior* garments (whereof he hath said so much, enough to delight Poole) unless he 'mends his line and sins no more.' *Mais*, I do not give up a fixed idea very hastily, and I don't believe that the army of the Loire is going to do wonders. By the way, did you ever know the poetry of the Rev. Henry Stebbing - a pleasing parson? It was not bad. Two lines cling in my mind - have clung for 25 years because of a rhyme - the poem was about Jeanne d' Arc -

"And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the armed destroyer."

One can defend it, but one's rhymes, like one's good name, should need no defence. However, it has been held that tobacco rhymes to Long Acre.

I suppose you ask with some indignation why I write you a long note about nothing. Well, if it is a conundrum, I give it up, but I suppose the solution is because I never see you, to talk about nothing.

The Xmas picture in the Illustrated News is pretty - a little, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, with no stockings, lying on a bank and looking at a lady-bird on her hand. If the engravers and colourists do it justice, it ought to be a success. By the way, I was not to mention the subject, Evans knows why, but you are discretion.

Lastly, I am, as ever,
Yours most faithfully,
Shirley Brooks.

[In his diary of 1870 Shirley Brooks began to make a list of those friends that had died in the year. The last entry reads "Bought a diary for the new year [1871]. May it contain few such sad records as this volume." There then follows a list of those friends deceased during 1870, the first entry is:

Feb. Mrs. Matthews, -- Wimpole Street.

[And others include: Charles Dickens, Lord Tenterden, Mark Lemon (first editor of Punch), etc. Picture below Ethel Hancock]

Letter 7.

January 9th, 1871.

My Dear Miss Matthews,

A tender mission has been confided to me. 'Cato's a proper person to entrust a love tale with' - but there is also 'a rat's tale' in it.

Cecil's [Shirley's son] chief pet, this last term and holiday, has been a *white Rat with Red Eyes*. It is harmless, if not affable. Eats oats, and a little bread and milk.

He has left it in my charge, and wishes me humbly to offer it to Ethel[8], who, if she does not pet it, will cause it to be treated kindly. I do not know whether your town arrangements include a menagerie, but at the College, of course, the creature could find a corner. I know he (I meant by 'he,' Cecil, but the pronoun suits the rat also) will be very much rejoiced if you allow Ethel to accept it, and I write to ask

whether you can. Needless to say, please say 'No,' sans phrase, if you think the beast is likely to be any sort of bore. He never squeaks, I believe.

Mrs. Brooks is just off with them, one for Manchester, the other for Isleworth, and 'my house is left unto me desolate'.

Ever yours faithfully,
Shirley Brooks.

Letter 8.

6 Kent Terrace
Regents Park
NW

20th Jan., 1871.
(Saturn in Aphelion)

My Dear Miss Matthews,

Thank you in my own name and my chyild's (as they say on the stage) for letting Ethel adopt the rodent. I leave him, herewith, as I am going to dine at 35 in your street[9].

I am quite ashamed of his house, but Cecil made it himself, taking a Sunday afternoon for the purpose. I hope my neighbours' devotions were not disturbed, but as one is a lawyer and the other a successful tradesman, there is reason to hope for the worst.

Confidential

My belief is that the rat can get out, through the loose wires, for which reason it is well to keep the 'bit of a desk' over them. But Cecil says that he never wants to come out. However, I give the caution. He used to be in Cecil's bedroom at night. If he be not similarly treated by Ethel, it may be well to tell the servants to keep the said flap on, or --

His food is oats, of which I send some, and every day some bread and milk mixed. He does not drink, I am told. I do.

I daresay that if Ethel puts on the coax-screw in the right quarter - I fancy uncle may be amenable thereto - she may get him a better abode if she takes to him. But this is an impertinent hint -- Only, I think he'll escape if no such measure is taken. I should have seen to this myself, but to-day I am not able to get into the right quarters, and do not like to delay delivering over my charge.

I'll only add that though he is, as I said, affable, but has a playful way of biting at a finger - I advise trying with a pencil or paper-knife, and you will see what I mean.

Reginald writes very cheerfully from Manchester - he says they have ice there, but he has a snug warm home.

Kindest regards to your papa and all,
Ever yours faithfully,
IMPRANSUS,
as Dr. Johnson signed, but I believe I am *going to* dine exceeding well.

Letter 9.

6 Kent Terrace
Regents Park
N.W.

Dies Cinerum, 1871. (Feb. 22nd.)

My Dear Miss Matthews,

If this were not Ash Wednesday, I should ask you whether the enclosed tickets for to-morrow were acceptable. If you do not care about using them, perhaps you can give them away. Do not trouble to return them.
If this were not Ash Wednesday, when every kind of penance is desirable, I would hope that your Papa is rapidly recovering from the results of vaccination.

If this were not Ash Wednesday, when all amusement should be forgotten, I should ask how you like the play of 'Revenge,' recently writ by a member of your family. The late Coleridge has one with the same title, I think.

Resolved that you, for one, shall do penance I write this with a steel pen, and I hope that you have not got a magnifying glass. That would be evading the penance, like the man that boiled the peas he was ordered to put into his shoes.

I went to the Zoological Gardens yesterday, and seeing the old keeper near the Lions, I asked how they had got on through the winter. 'Thank you, Sir,' he said, as if he were speaking of his family, 'we did pretty well, but the bad weather was against us.'

The primitive Christians did not begin Lent until the first Sunday therein. Pope Felix III, 487, stuck on these four days, to bring the fasting days up to 40. Gregory the Great introduced the sprinkling of ashes hence *dies cinerum*. Believe this if you like, anyhow believe *me*,

Yours ever faithfully,
Charles William Shirely Brooks
(Citizen as Goldsmith)

S.B. to Miss Matthews

Letter 10.

6 Kent Terrace,
Regents Park
N.W.

April 14th, 1871.

We went to see 'Joan of Arc.' I could only really see it, for I was deaf with a cold. It is splendidly got up, but I fancy the verdict is right, that T. Taylor[10] has rather given scenes in Joan's life than a play; moreover Mrs. Rousby is not robust enough for the fighting peasant girl. There is an idiotic outcry against the scene in which she is burned. It is real enough certainly, but I see no objection to the business in a drama of the kind, though I hate that class of drama. Shall we never have poetry in tragedy or wit in comedy again?

I dined in Curzon Street last night and met among others the Editor of Notes and Queries; he had some good stories, so had others, but they are too long to tell in ink. He is an official in the House of Lords. The present Lord Abinger was making a speech, of course a foolish one, when the late Duke of Wellington, then utterly deaf, put up his hand to his mouth, and as he thought whispered to his neighbour, 'Clear that Talent is not Hereditary!' - only the whisper might have been heard at Brighton - and Abinger 'shut up.' Charles Kemble[11] whispered to me in the same way once at the Club, 'I don't want to hurt those gentlemen's feelings, but between you and me I should like to see their friend flogged at the cart's tail.'

Shirley Brooks

[Above: Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks]

Letter 11.

June 2nd, 1871.

To Miss Matthews:-

Percival Leigh told me a good story last night; he stated that the inscription which Dante saw over a certain gate *'Lasciate ogni Speranza*,' etc., had been taken down and '*Ici on parle Francais*' put up.

P.S. - The 'Lasciate ogni Speranza,' etc., reminds me of another story in which we Protestants didn't get the best of it. In old days some Irish bigot wrote up over the gate of his almshouses-

Here, Jew, or Turk, or Atheist,
May enter in, but no Papist.

To which a Catholic rejoined-

Who wrote this verse has written well,
The same is on the gate of ____

Letter 12.

June 16th 1872

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

Do you get the *Quarterly Review* from your Circulating? There is an amusing article full of anecdote on Sir Henry Holland's book, clearly by Hayward, which his name is 'Abraham,' but they say if you ever address him so, he never answers; if you say 'A' he answers in a week, and if you say 'Alfred,' he sends up answer by special messenger . He who has the honour of addressing you has himself the honour of being a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries! - he was elected last Thursday - he may now sign S. B., F.S.A. But he postpones being proud until he shall have attended a meeting, and have been embraced by my Lord Stanhope in a 'Cocked Hat.' Then indeed he will 'strike the stars with his sublime head.' Do you think that the fact of the Ed. of the Home News having attained this glory entitles him to call on the proprietors[12] to give a banquet at the 'Albion'? If so the project shall be brought forward. It seems a national event rather!

I took Cecil to the Abbey yesterday. It was just the day to see it. The sun lighted up the coloured windows and made the most beautiful vista of the aisles. I know nothing like the Abbey when you can see it, and that roof of Henry VII's Chapel is simply divine.

But, of course, being a London thing, it's beneath the notice of people who rave about Notre Dame, etc. - which reminds me of what Canning wrote about Pitt and Addington:-

Pitt is to Addington
What London is to Paddington.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

Letter 13.

February 12th, 1872.

Mrs. Brooks has been very unwell. I want her to go away to Torquay, where friends keep asking her as to come, but there is the Thanksgiving Procession[13] to see. By the way, this will, of course, be a mull usual. They ought to have all the Bishops in their white robes walking, singing 'O Come to my arms my Beamish Boy,' and swinging censers. Have you seen the translation of that noble poem into German? I send it that you may learn it by heart. See here a bookseller received an order to send two books to a customer. This is the way they were described: -

1. Mill, on Liberty.
2. Ditto on the Floss.

Do you remember Byron says that Murray showed him an order from some country agent – "The '*Harold*' and '*Cookery*' much in demand!"

We saw 'Pygmalion and Galatea'[14] on Friday. It is the best thing for years, but the badness of English actors is frightfully displayed. Except Madge Robertson there is nothing good, and Miss _____ ought to be burned with fire. Still it is *the* piece of the time. See it, if you have not done so, but I dare say that you have, for I never, somehow, go until it has run for months. I fancy Sothern very savage at not coming back in May. It is certain that except in Dundreary he never drew largely in London, but he made heaps of money provinces.

Letter 14.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

Palm Sunday (March 24th), 1872.

My Dear Torie,

From what I hear of your sermon to-day, I think that this sort of woman would meet Mr. H.'s approval. She reads the papers, and she acts vigorously.

PROPER PRECAUTIONS - An old lady read a paragraph in one of the papers the other day, describing how a grindstone burst in a saw factory, and killed four men. She happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in her cellar leaning against the wall; so she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning her servant, and holding a pipeboard in front of her, so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out into the road, where 24 buckets of water were thrown over it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it is a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before this.

But what I want to say is this. We are invited on the 17th, and I want to know whether you are asked. Also which young lady is going to be wedded and to whom? Suppose it is Miss Ingram. But give me any enlightenment you can, and in reward here is another Americanism for you:-

A New York paper has issued the following 'first warning': 'We caution four black cats that are continually serenading in the back shed that there is a sausage shop two doors to the right.'

What did you do yesterday? Nothing, I suppose, and I helped you. I think it was the vilest day I ever saw. Charles Reade, [pictured left] in the Observer, simply and deliberately 'curses' it. He also uses 'excitive,' which is a word, but not the one he should have used, and lastly he speaks of 'Hemiplegia,' which means a palsy that afflicts one-half the body, and which therefore, I should think would disqualify a man rowing.

This is my last:-

'LATEST FROM NEWGATE.'
"No fools are found the Waggawock to bail;
So he who lied in Court still lies in Gaol."[15]

I had-have indeed, written some nonsense about Hot Cross buns, and given a recipe for making them less nasty. But I nearly escaped a hideous peril. I had suggested devilling them. Imagine *Devilling* a Hot *Cross* bun. As soon as it was on paper I saw my profanity, and tore it up. I have advised anchovies which are not wicked, I believe, though most people who like them are.

Shall I allude to Mr. Haweis's discourse, the part recommending ladies to read the Summary, and say that he meant the 'Essence'? Which, by the way, is uncommonly good this week, that is, it is full of quotations, one of them 'Yankee Doodle' in Latin:-

‘To town came Doodle with
Little horse and cudgel
He adorned with a plume his hat,
And said ‘Macaroni’.

‘Ad urbem ivit Doodlius cum
Caballo et calone,
Ornavit pluma pileum
Et dixit ‘Macaroni.’[16]

Macaroni means, as I need not tell you, ‘dandyfied’ – see ‘School for Scandal.’

“Were ever beheld such beautiful ponies,
Other horses are clowns, but these, macaronies.”

Most people think the edible is referred to. ‘How blest are we that are not simple.’

Here's a day. If it had been like this yesterday! My opinion is that it was intended to give us weather for yesterday, but the Clerk (who is married to the Daughter of the Winds, and therefore not beset with offers of wedlock) forgot Leap Year. Yet he ought to keep an almanac, the ‘Vox Stellarum,’ for instance.

Next Sabbath's Picture Sunday, and ...
Enter Hawes (a servant).
H: Miss Matthews and Mr. Matthews are in the Drawing-room, Sir . (Letter abandoned.)
S: I come.

Letter 15.

S. B. to Miss Matthews

April 9th, 1872

...The days are gone when:

“Barons o'er three counties galloped
The Hall's fair partner to behold
And humbly hope she caught no cold.”

But we may send a note to make the same enquiry, and hope none of you caught any. That wind all night was keen and the walk to the carriage venturesome for the lightly clad.

‘Which runs fastest, heat or cold?’
‘Heat, of course, because anybody can catch cold’

This is rather queer. The master of ceremonies at a recent St. Louis funeral announced, 'The corpse's cousins will now come forward.' Talking of corpses, I suppose that house in Park Lane must be some kind of a lodging-house. I did not know that there were any such places there. The name at No.13 is Theophilus Keene. I have written to Charles Keene to know whether he had anything to do with the murder. I do not much think that he had, but artists are eccentric. He has, however, much good sense, and if he did it had no doubt good reasons. Don't you like his cut enclosed? The legend is not much, but the picture itself is very pretty.

I have a good note from Frank Burnand[17], who says he has written a long and capital letter to somebody, but it can't go, because to direct it involves looking into the directory for an address, and the book is at the other end of the room. But he hopes in a few days to be equal to the exertion. He is all but well again, but had a relapse. He says he is gradually making his way from Torquay to Sussex, but as his next place is Launceston, I don't understand his theory of progression, *vide* map.

You asked me about some poetry. Is Campbell's 'Last Man' over the heads of your pupils? Hardly if 'Lycidas' isn't. And the 'Last Man' is, I think, as fine as anything in the language. I never think it much matters about a child fully comprehending a thing at the time. It will gradually dawn upon him or her and the sensation will be one for which gratitude should be felt. Like a woman discovering new and good qualities in a husband whom she has taken only because she liked him. Not that women often make such discoveries, or, if they do, they are not generous enough to declare them.

Did I ever show you a poem I wrote some years back, called the '*White Spotted Horse*'? It is very beautiful. So is the day, only I put my thermometer in the window, and the sun has burst it, and sent the red liquor over my blind. This would make a good poem, only I can't think of any ideas, and sun isn't a good rhyme to thermometer.

Letter 16.

22nd April, 1872.

My Dear Torie,

This is curious:-

"A CASTLE BURNT DOWN .
Two LIVES LOST"

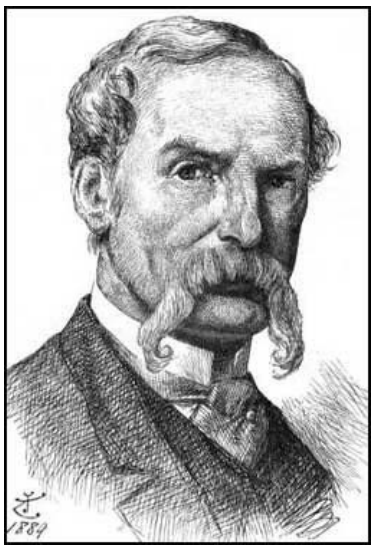
'Early yesterday morning, Derry Castle, the magnificent residence of Mr. William Spaight, situated upon the shores of Lough Dergh, near Killaloe, was burned to the ground last night. Two persons were burned to death in the fire.'

This is more so:-

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR IN BRADFORD

Alleged Confession of Murder Nine Years Ago.
A few days ago a well-known individual died in a village not far from Bradford, and a short time subsequent to his death made a confession, in which he stated that upwards of nine years ago he, in company with two men, waylaid and robbed James Lawson, then a cork-cutter in Bradford.

... So you invaded a lot of exhibitions on Saturday. The crowd at what are called private views is a dreadful bore, or I should go oftener. Do you notice the prices Gillott's pictures are fetching? For that 'Dolly Varden' that sold for one hundred guineas, Frith got, I think, he said last night, £15. To be sure this was many years ago. But there are some which have reached mad prices. I wish I had been an artist - I suppose it is too late to begin now. I should never be anything better than a mere Academician.



[Picture Tenniel]

I laid a trap in last week's 'Essence' about Dodson and 'Alice in Wonderland.' The author has walked into it, and writes to Tenniel[18] to say that he should be glad if the error were not corrected, as he does not wish his name known! How blest are we that are not simple men.'[19]

Ever yours faithfully,
Shirley Brooks.

Letter 17.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

May 5th, 1872.

We went to. 'Money' [by (Lord) Lytton] last night. We had seats in the front row of the stalls, close to the lights. So we were rather hotter than Wimpole Street, as described by the Reverend Haweis[20]. However, we had lobster and champagne for supper soon after. The play, which I saw on its first night (I keep no medieval secrets) in Dec., 1840, was played very well in Prince of Wales's fashion, that is, gracefully but without the force which the old actors gave to high comedy. Now as the sentimental part is weak, it suffered from the want of Macready's grim energy, and Helen Faucit's earnest passion. But it pleased folks and everybody was called, Coghlan specially, who looked a very

sweet young man, pretty to behold. Therefore, I hated him for I was sweet and pretty to behold in 1840, and am neither in 1872. 'Bless' it, I'll do the sum, I will -
1872
1840
32 Thirty-two.

That's looking one's misfortunes in the face - staring them out of countenance, I may say. But Lord Lytton has been getting on also. He was in a box. He had a star on. They called him, but he had too much sense to play Voltaire, who let himself be crowned in a theatre in his old age. To-morrow we dine at Mivart's[21], he is a great scientific. Tuesday is the funeral of my dear old friend, Horace Mayhew. I said I would never go to another, except one, but I must go on Tuesday. You may like to see what I have tried to say about him. The world, as Thackeray has said, must go on the same, funerals notwithstanding, and we must eat and drink and do business, but we shall have no *P*[unch]. dinners this week, but the cartoon producers will meet at the 'Bedford' and dine on Tuesday evening. Wednesday the Literary Fund.

Extract from a county newspaper:-
'At -----, North-East Cornwall, yesterday, Mr. John Uglow, a farmer in good circumstances, committed suicide just before attending the funeral of his mother.' Wasn't it thoughtful of him to do it first, and then attend the funeral with nothing on his mind?

'The Opera Comique' business was a sort of success, I take it, but I can't quite make out the truth till I see John Oxenford's[22] notice - not that he tells the truth to the Philistines, 'tis too precious an article to throw away, but those who can 'read between the lines' know what John thinks -

There was a huge crush at the Private View on Friday, but the rooms are spacious and there was not Anything disagreeable, except meeting a good many Persons whom one dislikes. But then we met a great many whom I don't much dislike, not being myself of the mind I heard Keeley profess once, "I hate most people and dislike all the rest."

The criticisms, so far as I have seen, are poorly written this year. The *Daily News* is as bad as any picture at the show, and that's saying a great deal.

Letter 18.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

August 11th, 1872.

… Parliament is up, thank Thor and Woden and the stopper is in the 'Essence' Bottle.

We dined with Mrs. Charles Kean last night, Queensborough Terrace. It was a renewal of an old friendship - that is, as regards me: I used to be intimate, but have not been to her house for many years.

She is 67 and wears wonderfully. They have Cardinal Wolsey's hat, and a beautiful dagger of Henry Eighth's from Strawberry Hill. I should like the dagger, it is crusted with jewellery; and a snuff-box, goldenish, given by Lord Byron to Edmund Kean.

I am asked to dine at the Club to-morrow, to meet Stanley, who discovered Livingstone, and I feel inclined to go. I suppose I ought. But I have nearly got. Into the Gallio stage about a good many things that people are enthusiastic over. Not that I think this a good state of mind, but there is the fact. I do not know the living man whom I would walk five miles to see. One man is very like another, especially the other.

They won't let *Babies* into the British Museum. Somebody sends me a suggestion that they ought to be let into the *Mummy* department.

Letter 19

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

The Granby Hotel,
Harrogate,

September 25th, 1872.

We have vile weather. I am driven to a private room and a fire, and I work a little to prevent an influx of the cerulean demons. It is rather aggravating not to be able to get about. I had a good 8-mile walk on Sunday, but since that locomotion has been impossible. 'Marry good air' as Justice Swallow says, but I prefer marrying sunshine. People have some fatuous idea that things will be better after the equinox, but I don't know why.

The newspaper is a valuable civilizer, but it is not always rigidly accurate, e.g., touching a performance at a so-called theatre last night: 'There was an excellent audience, the notabilities including Mr. Frith, R.A., Mr. Shirley Brooks, Editor of *Punch*, and Mr. Geo. Ellis, M.P.', 'Mr. Frith' [pictured left] is in Dorsetshire, 'Mr. Brooks' did not leave the hotel, there is no such person as 'Mr. G. Ellis, M.P.', but Mr. G. Elliott, who is not an M.P. Such are the materials for history of eminent personages.

To the wrath of the proprietors of the hotels here some of which are very handsome, the local authorities have ordered that they shall all exhibit sign boards. Our spirited little hostess here is all afire. I advised her to return the notice, scoring across it 'Matthew xii, v. 39,'[23] and I think she will.

Letter 20.

S. B. to Miss. Matthews.

8th December 1872.

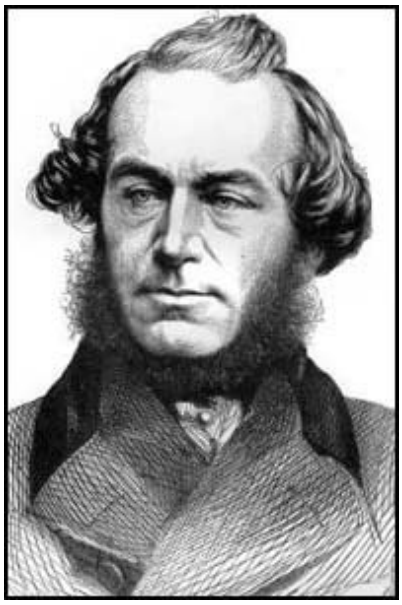
… Some Bishop said, 'Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity.' But what Bishop? If it's true I have been an awful bad Christian this week, having been into nine-and-twenty distinct and separate rages. But it was not my fault. People have been so stupid. The Almanac is not done, but I think Wednesday will see it out of my hands, and the time it has taken will be deducted from the time in purgatory, if accounts are at all fairly kept by Mr. Sterne's angels and his clerks.

[S. B.'s diary for 1873 notes: 'Matthews: -- to whose house I would rather go than anywhere.']

Letter 21.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

Jan. 3rd, 1873.



I have been reading my story in *London Society*. It is not so stupid as I had thought. But *I* was main stupid when I was writing it, having a bad cold. 'Twill pass and there was twenty guineas very easily earned. John Leech [right] told me a story apropos of earning. In his youth he made a woodcut in an hour, took it out and sold it for a guinea. 'Now, John,' said his mother, ' you see your way to comfort and affluence. That took you an hour, and you got a guinea; you ought to work eight hours a day, that's 8 guineas, or 48 guineas a week, my dear, for I would have you rest on the Sabbath.'

Did you see the Times notice yesterday of the old Masters? Tom Taylor contradicted me at the show, about which of the Miss Keppels[24] married Lord Tavistock, and died of a broken heart for his broken neck. And he put his own story with his

notice saying, ‘Lady Caroline's story is a sad one;' etc., but I went to my Walpole and not only found one of his *own* notes saying it was Lady Elizabeth, but in a letter ‘Lord Tavistock has thrown the handkerchief to Elizabeth Keppel, and they marry on Tuesday.’ So I sent him the verification. It is not of the slightest consequence in this world or as you would say in the other, but I do know my Walpole. I shall go and post this, I've got Scudamore[25] to bring the pillar post over from the Alpha Road to our Terrace-end. I spex the Alpha betians are in a heinous rage, but they're a low lot and it serves them right.

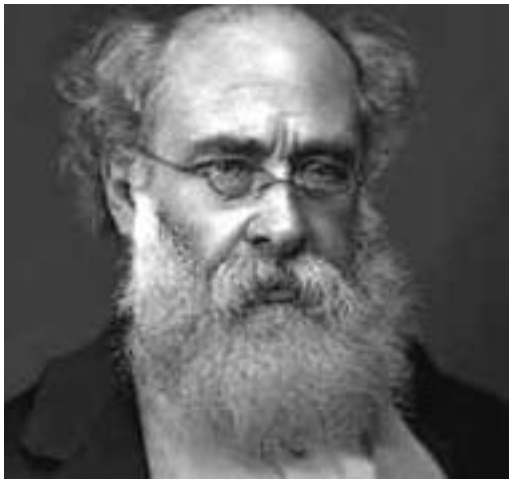
Letter 22.

S. B. to Miss Matthews

1st Sunday in 1873.

...The Saturday Review has been impertinent two or three times, so I have, this week, been inspired or aggravated to order him into the flogging-room. I think I have laid on the birch with some emphasis, and I have done it in a picture that everybody may see it.

For in an old French book about discipline in convents I remember reading, ‘When you whip,’ said the holy man, ‘do it well and for some time.’ What's good for nuns may be good for monks like the clerical humbugs of the S. R. They were specially violent about the ‘Pocket-Book.’[26]



Anthony Trollope (left) was one of the guests last night. He roars more than ever since Australia. He was exceedingly jolly and Billy Russell was opposite to him, so they fired away good stories. When they were at cards we heard Anthony thunder, and then a wild Banshee cry from the Irishman, till we threatened them with the police. The Anthony said we were conventional tyrants, and Russell said in a weeping voice that Ireland was accustomed to being trampled on.

Letter 23.

S. B. to Miss Matthews

5th April 1873.

… I saw Wills, (Charles I) last night. He is rehearsing ‘Eugene Aram!’[27] I don't like the subject and told him not to expect another great success. To sweeten this, I made him a

present of a long-cherished idea of mine, for a play, and it pleased him much. I don't think he had ever heard of the man. However, I told him where, to get information. It is, John Law, the picturesque Scot, duelist, lady killer, financier, exile, who turned the heads of the Parisians and was expelled in 1720. There's a love story connected with it. Just the thing for Irving, if done properly.

I have to-day received a written proposal that I should go to America and lecture. Am promised a 'lucrative' engagement.

[A fortnight later he went to the Lyceum first-night of Wills's play and wrote to Miss Matthews:-]

Letter 24.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

… Eugene Aram is beautifully mounted. First scene charming, Irving acts very finely. But 'tis no play. There is scarcely a situation - he is all and everything. Except to watch his really fine art I don't want to see it again. There were the usual noises at the end, but during the piece there was very little applause. Wills can't write a play if form means anything. Irving was black-balled at the 'Garrick', yesterday. I did not know that he was coming up or would have been there to do my possible to prevent this. It is a mistake and bad taste. 'We are too many actors,' I hear some of the prigs say. Why, the club was specially intended to give respectable actors admission to good social life. I shall say my say the first opportunity and not very mildly.

Letter 25.

S. B. to Miss Matthews

29th April, 1873.

… Do you see that Macready [picture right] [28] died on Sunday? I think I saw him in all his great parts. His power was tremendous – his delivery people differed about – he liked to speak his syllables in detached way, yet he could be very musical at times as in Prospero, but I must write some recollections of him, so I will not give you fractional installments.

Letter 26.

S. B. to Miss Matthews

May 4th 1873.

… I hear the 'Hamlet' is a mess, I could not go, having to attend Committee at 'Garrick' to see that Tenniel was elected, as, of course, he instantly was but I never run a risk where a friend is concerned. I hear Hamlet himself was very bad. What idiotic speeches they made at the Academy dinner. Even Granville, who is usually happy, broke into rubbish under the influence of the circumambient drivel. However, the speeches are good enough for the show.

Letter 27.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

July 22nd, 1873.

Yesterday was a broil, but I got over my work pretty well, and having previously 'crammed' a bit from 'Agathos' (the late Bishop's book) I was able to bring in an allusion to him with some success. But the real pleasure of the day (except ice) was to meet the Rev. Dr. Coleridge. This is the 'Derwent' of his father's poems; he is now an elderly clergyman, very agreeable. He moved the thanks to me. It is a sort of link with the old days.

Last night I took up 'Pendennis,' and I could not lay it down; sat reading it till midnight. I am not sure that for delicate work it is not better than 'V. Fair.' And what delightful English he wrote! He knew this and was proud and said that Dickens might be a greater 'moralist,' but that he was the best grammarian, and 'anybody could be moral!'

[Reverend Derwent Coleridge was memorialized not only by his father Samuel Taylor, but also in this brass rubbing above.]

Letter 28.

S.B. to Miss Matthews

Aug. 3rd, 1873.

Read the announcement of 'Manfred' (Princess's) in *Era* advertisements. I saw, it years ago. One Denvil was brought out in it but he was a duffer, and Vandenhoff afterwards took the part. The piece was beautifully got up as regards scenery, and there was a scene amid the mountains when the Witch of the Alps (Ellen Tree) appeared and a wonderful rainbow was thrown upon her white dress. We thought it very fine then, but electric light has come since. Denvil couldn't understand his text. He, speaking of Heaven said, 'Where *thou* art not, and I shall never be,' and of course should have apostrophized the soul of the woman he had 'slain,' but he addressed the words to a fat chamois-hunter, John Cooper, who, it was particularly plain, was not in Heaven, or likely to get there without a lift.

Letter 29.

S.B. to Miss Matthews.

Oct. 26th, '73.

I beheld two acts of 'Richelieu' last night. I could not have supposed Irving to be so detestably bad. Shriek, rant, vulgarity of conception. House crammed, but not, I am glad to say, enthusiastic, tho' the usual calls were performed. We heard Bateman himself applauding Isabel 'like mad.'[29] Beautifully got up, nothing could be better. Trollope shouted after me at the G. yesterday to tell me that in the Graphic the artist, not being able to draw horses, has introduced a picnic with champagne into the middle of a chapter about a fox chase!

Letter 30.

S. B. to Miss Matthews.

Nov. 2nd, 1873.

I called on Henry James[30] yesterday wanting to consult him about Reginald. I found the Solicitor G. in a state, for he has got to be Attorney-General. He had just had a telegram saying that Bovill had died. His office is so good a one, that Coleridge it is thought must have it. Now James has £6,000 a year and extras, and would have liked to enjoy this and the dignity for a bit, without the terrific work of the other office, which will in future be only £7,000 and extras.

He declared he would blow his brains out, but he has too many to do that.

Diary entry November 8th 1873.

The former (Miss 'Torie' Matthews) bought for me at Brighton a magic inexhaustible inkstand, to work for 100 years – longer than I shall want it, especially as Dr. Johnson's 'odd thought' goes – no letters in the grave

Letter 31.

To Miss Matthews

Dec20th, 1873.

I saw most of the 'Hypocrite.' I do not know what draws the people. The house was full to the brim. Phelps is not unctuous enough, but showed power, and was like an artist among the duffers around him. E. Farren is a mere soubrette. Charlotte should be a lady. Besides, she talks through her nose, which is well enough in burlesque, but not in comedy. Toole made nothing of Mawworm. I did not think he could be so inefficient, and the buffoonery at the end is contemptible. The rest were as heavy as lead, but Miss Loseby did the dangerous scene with Cantwell better than I expected.

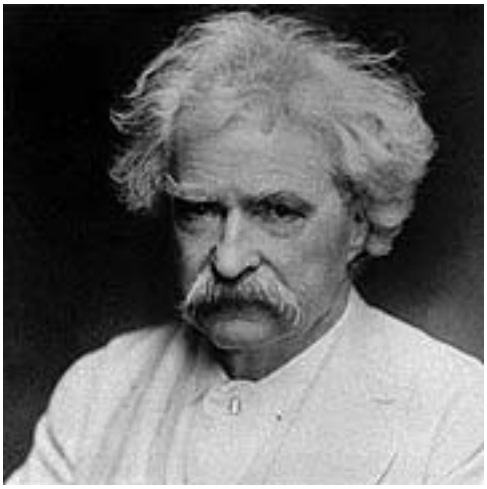
Letter 32.

[This letter was sent to Leigh Percival and is included as it mentions the Matthews]

27th Dec., 1873.
There, my dear Leigh, I have just made up the New Year's number. A select lot dine at the Bedford on Monday, as we all are more or less engaged afterwards, so we hope you'll drink our healths, and we shall do the same by you and yours. I hope you enjoyed your Xmas day. We dined with my old friends, the Matthews's (Grindlay & Co.'s house, a name known in Southampton), and were very merry, and I uttered versicles which I had made for the occasion, and they were received with rapture, and their printing was demanded; that you may see how entirely they deserve that glory, I send you a specimen. This was the verse for a lovely little girl, who is a wonderful subduer of animals:-

No rhyme, the bard saith'll
Fit dear little Ethel,
Who tames every quadruped under her care.
Some day she will tame
A tall biped we'll name
At a one o'clock breakfast in Manchester Square.

Nineteen verses of the same kind. I bet you didn't exert yourself so much for the delectation of your party. We luckily got a sober cabman, although it was Xmas day, or night, so we got home in peace and joy[31].



On December 31 1873 Brooks held an annual dinner New Year dinner party. 1873 was to be his last. At that gathering were: Burnands, S.L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Mrs. Keeley, Sir John Sambourne, Mr. Horace Voules, the Mathews's, etc. Brooks wrote in his diary:

"Somehow I did not fancy we were as jolly as usual;" not withstanding the fact that Mark Twain [left] proposed the host and hostess in a very funny little speech".

Brooks died February 23 1874.

ENDNOTES

[1] Humorist, b. at Waterford, Oxford County, Maine, U.S.A., 26 April, 1834; d. in Southampton, England, 6 March, 1867. Artemus Ward was in fact born Browne. He traveled the Eastern States as a journeyman printer, sojourning for a while in the town of Tiffin, Ohio, where as reporter and compositor he received in wages four dollars a week. Going thence to Toledo, he contributed to the columns of "The Commercial" of that city. In 1858, at the age of twenty-four, his reputation first assumed a national character as a reporter of "The Cleveland Plaindealer" under the sobriquet of "Artemus Ward". His best work at this period consisted in burlesque descriptions of prize-fights, races, spiritualistic seances, and political meetings. Towards the close of 1860, he accepted an engagement in New York with "Vanity Fair", a comic paper edited after the manner of the London "Punch" and ere long succeeded the editor Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann) as editor. In this paper some of his best contributions were given to the public. It was, however, as a lecturer that "Artemus Ward" acquired both fame and fortune. His first appearance on the lecture platform in New York was in a travesty called "Babes in the Woods". His next hit was in a lecture on "Sixty Minutes in Africa", given in Music Fund Hall, Philadelphia. In 1866 he sailed for England where success far beyond his expectations awaited him. His stay in London is spoken of as "an ovation to the genius of American wit". He became at once a great favorite with the "Literary Club" of London and his letters in "Punch" recalled the days of "Yellowplush". But sickness brought his brilliant career to an unexpected close in the seventh week of his engagement at Egyptian Hall in London, and his death occurred a few months later. Artemus Ward was a consummate humorist and represented a type distinctively American. His fun was a fountain that always bubbled, ministering naturally to the happiness of himself and others. In leading up to the joke whatever art was employed was carefully concealed, and the joke itself when it came was always a surprise but never an awkward or unwholesome one. The depth and strength of his character are revealed as well in the interest excited by his lectures and sayings as in the friendships he formed and retained to the end. [Taken from the internet]

[2] Gustav Dore was one of the great book illustrator of the early Victorian period. With his attention to detail, romantic imagery and accuracy in depicting human figures he had more impact on the graphic arts than any other artist since Albrecht Durer. Dore was extremely prolific and illustrated a wide variety of

topics, including his dramatic illustrations for *Idylls of the King*, *Bible*, *Inferno* and *Paradise Lost*. [Taken from the Internet]

[3] Charles Samuel Keene, 1823-1891, humorous artist for Punch from 1851-1890, who also made drawings for other periodicals including the Illustrated London News and Once a Week and for various books.

[4] See cartoon in Punch, Sept. 3rd, p. 102. Keene's likeness of Shirley is certainly only passable [Layard].

[5] Miss Matthews had sent Brooks a pair of slippers [Layard].

[6] Messrs Grindlay & Co, the proprietors of the Home News, which Shirley still edited [Layard].

[7] Obviously something is going on here related to family matters which I have not figured out yet. The picture entitled: Rossetti in his worldlier days (circa 1866-1868) Leaving the Arundel Club with George Augustus Sala. MR. SALA: "YOU and I, Rossetti, we like and we understand each other. Bohemians, both of us, to the core, we take the world as we find it. I give Mr. Levy what he wants, and you give Mr. Rae and Mr. Leyland what they want, and glad we are to pocket the cash and foregather at the Arundel." Plate 16 from Max Beerbohm, Sala edited the Home News. [From the internet]

[8] Ethel Hancok, James Mathews' grand daughter and Torie's niece. [David Man]

[9] The Matthews family lived at the time at Wimpole Street, but which number I have yet to determine. [David Man]

[10]Tom Taylor (1817-1880) was a major contributing writer to *Punch*. An active member of the staff until 1874, after which he served as Editor-in-Chief until his death Born in a suburb of Sunderland, his father was a brewer and his mother was a native of Frankfurt, Germany. Taylor had the opportunity to attend the University of Glasgow and graduate with a Bachelor's from Trinity College, Cambridge in 1840. Two years later he was elected as a fellow of Trinity and from there pursued a Master's degree. A man of generous spirit, "in the interest of his younger brothers he declined the ample annual allowance hitherto placed at his command by his father, and resolved thenceforth to support himself to support himself on his fees as a tutor and upon the income of his fellowship. While he went on to pursue a career at the bar and later as assistant secretary of the Board of Health, Taylor made a name for himself as a man of letters. Not only did he help to foster the success of *Punch*, he was also a lead-writer for both the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Daily News*. He was also a well known art critic for two other dailies. Not limiting himself to criticism, Taylor was also a maker of art. According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*," Taylor...found his true vocation as a playwright. From early boyhood he had written and acted plays, and as soon as he settled in London he worked assiduously for the theatre" (473). In fact, he was a remarkably prolific playwright consider his many other professional commitments. His most popular plays included *The Overland Route* and *The Ticket of Leave Man*. He also dramatized Dicken's *A Tale of Two Citie*s. In all he saw some seventy plays produced at principle theatres. He also wrote *Our American Cousin*, the play Abraham Lincoln was watching when he was assassinated. This should not be taken as a reflection on the play. [From the internet]

[11] Succesful actor who played a very wide range of roles. He debuted as Malcolm in MacBeth at the Drury Lane Theatre on April 21, 1794. Kemble played many Shakespearean roles, but he was at his best in comedies. He married the dancer Marie-Thérèse de Camp (1774-1838) and their daughters Fanny and Adelaide both became famous as well. From 1822 onwards Kemble was the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre. He nearly went bankrupt, but Fanny's appearance on the stage in 1829 saved him from ruin.
In 1832 he left for the US to tour the main cities with Fanny. In 1836 he said farewell to the public at the Haymarket, but in 1840 he returned for a few nights at Covent Garden. [Taken from the internet].

[12] Of whom Miss Matthews' father was one - [Layard.]

[13] The Thanksgiving Service for the recovery of the Wales took place on February 27th. [Layard].

[14] By [Sir] W. S. Gilbert, first produced Dec. 9th, Madge Robertson [Mrs. Kendal] played Galatea [Layard].

[15] The claimant was lodged in Newgate on March 7th to be tried for perjury, and on April 26th he was released on bail. So Shirley was rather premature [Layard].

[16] This referred to the "indirect claims" made by the United States for enormous pecuniary compensation in the Alabama case. Not only did they ask for ordinary "damages," but also for "the natural loss incurred through the transfer of much of the American Commercial Marine to the British flag, the enhancement of insurance, the prolongation of the war, the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and suppression of the rebellion." These outrageous claims were unhesitatingly rejected by the arbitrators. [Layard].

[17] Was a regular contributor to Punch from 1863, and his series 'Happy Thoughts' (1866) was very popular. He was editor of *Punch*, 1880-1906. He wrote many burlesques and adaptations of French farces, and his operetta *Cox and Box*, with music by Sullivan, adapted from J. M. Morton's play was performed in 1867. [From the internet]

[18] Tenniel, Sir, John (1820 - 1914) Illustrator. He worked for Punch from 1850, and from 1864 succeeded Leech as its chief cartoonist; 'Dropping the Pilot' (1890), referring to Bismarck's resignation, is one of his best-known cartoons. His illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) and *Through the Looking Glass* (1871) are perfect examples of the integration of illustration with text. [From the internet]

[19] In the *Essence of Parliament*, for April 20th, 1872, Brooks had mischievously fathered 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'The Jabberwock' on Mr. Dodson, the then Chairman of Committees, who was afterwards created Lord Monkbretton, ignorant of, or ignoring the fact that the real author spelt his name with a "g." (Charles Dodgson) [Layard].

[20] The Rev. H. R. Hawe is alluding to Gehenna had described it as a pit outside Jerusalem, about the length and breadth of Wimpole Street [Layard].

[21] St. George Mivart, the well-known biologist [Layard].

[22] Dramatist, critic, translator, and song-writer, b. in London, 12 Aug., 1812; d. there 21 Feb., 1877. Mostly self-educated, for a time he was under the tuition of a brilliant and erratic scholar, S.T. Friend. In 1837 he was articled to a solicitor and is said to have spent some time in the London office of a relative and to have written on commerce and finance. He early read the literature of Germany, Italy, France, and Spain, and was always "a devourer of books". From the German he translated, amongst other things, Fischer's "Francis Bacon" (London, 1857); Goethe's "Autobiography" (London, 1888); Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" (London, 1904), the two last translations having almost become English classics and finding a place in Bohn's well-known series. From the French he translated Molière's "Tartuffe"; from the Italian Boyardo's "Orlando Innamorato" (in part), and from the Spanish a play of Calderon. But Oxenford's chief interest lay in the drama. Between 1835, when his first play was written, and his death he was producing dramatic work. Sixty-eight plays, at least, are attributed to him. He also wrote librettos for operas etc. For the last twenty years of his life he was, in addition, dramatic critic to the "Times". He frequently contributed to newspapers and magazines, among others the "Athenæum". In April 1853, he wrote for the "Westminster Review" an essay on Schopenhauer's philosophy which is said to have founded the fame of that philosopher both in England and abroad. In late life Oxenford's health weakened. He died of heart failure in 1877. An appreciative sketch of his life appeared in the "Times" of 23 Feb., 1877. The writer extols his originality and scholarship: "As an appreciator of others, and as a quick discovered of anything new likely to exercise a future influence on thought he had few equals". The value of Oxenford's criticism, however, is somewhat lowered by a too great leniency, proceeding from his natural kindliness. In private life he was much beloved. His conversational powers were remarkable; and he possessed an "unsurpassed sweetness of character and self-forgetting nobleness and childlikeness" [From the internet].

[23] "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas" - [Layard].

[24] Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel as one of the Royal bridesmaids. Lord Tavistock was killed out hunting [Layard].

[25] Frank Ives Scudamore, at that time Secretary of the Post Office [Layard].

[26] The picture was drawn by Mr. W. Ralston, and represented father and son at the club. The legend ran :-
Pater: Ernest, a word. You were in turns deplorably dull and vulgarly flippant at dinner last night. My dear boy, you grieved me. Surely you had not been taking - no you could not be so – how as it?
Filius: My dear father, it shall never happen again. I am heartily sorry. Drinking? No. The fact is, I had looked in here, and the only paper disengaged – it always is – was the S ------y Review. I read too much of it. I am quite ashamed. (They shake hands and exeunt). [Layard].

[27] Aram, Eugene, 1704–59, English philologist, b. Yorkshire. A self-taught linguist, Aram was the first to identify the Celtic languages as related to the other languages of Europe. In 1758, while at work on an Anglo-Celtic lexicon, he was arrested and later hanged for the murder—14 years earlier—of his friend Daniel Clark. The story of his crime inspired Thomas Hood's poem *The Dream of Eugene Aram,* and Bulwer-Lytton's novel *Eugene Aram.* [Taken from the internet].

[28] Macready, William Charles b. March 3, 1793, London, Eng.--d. April 27, 1873, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, English actor, manager, and diarist, a leading figure in the development of acting and production techniques of the 19th century. [Taken from the internet].
[29] H. L. Bateman was manager of the " Lyceum " at this time, and Miss Isabel Bateman was acting the part of Julie. Irving's acting of Richlieu was dealt with very severely in next week's Punch, vide Nov. lst, p. 177. [Layard].
[30] Sir William Bovill, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, succeeded by Sir John (Lord) Coleridge, who in his turn was succeeded as Attorney-General by Sir Henry (Lord) James [Layard].
[31] James Matthews mentions these verses in his memorandum book. They may still exist as a note by Andrew Man says they are in his possession. [David Man]

Thomas Campbell, "The Last Man"

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,--the brands
Still rested in their bony hands;
  In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
  As if a storm passed by,
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
  'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
  That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
  His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, floods, and earth,
  The vassals of his will;--
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
  For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,

Healed not a passion or a pang
  Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
  Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
  Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
  Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
  Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Ee'n I am weary in yon skies
  To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies
  Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death--
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
  To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,--
The majesty of Darkness shall
  Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
  That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity.
Who robbed the grave of Victory,--
  And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
  On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste--
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
  Or shake his trust in God!"