

## DESTINY.

1856.

PARIS, from throats of iron, silver, brass,  
 Joy-thundering cannon, blent with chiming bells,  
 And martial strains, the full-voiced pæan swells.  
 The air is starred with flags, the chanted mass  
 Throngs all the churches, yet the broad streets swarm  
 With glad-eyed groups who chatter, laugh, and pass,  
 In holiday confusion, class with class.  
 And over all the spring, the sun-floods warm!  
 In the Imperial palace that March morn,  
 The beautiful young mother lay and smiled;  
 For by her side just breathed the Prince, her child,  
 Heir to an empire, to the purple born,  
 Crowned with the Titan's name that stirs the heart  
 Like a blown clarion—one more Bonaparte.

1879.

BORN to the purple, lying stark and dead,  
 Transfixed with poisoned arrows, 'neath the sun  
 Of brazen Africa! Thy grave is one,  
 Forefated youth (on whom were visited  
 Follies and sins not thine), whereat the world,  
 Heartless howe'er it be, will pause to sing  
 A dirge, to breathe a sigh, a wreath to fling  
 Of rosemary and rue with bay-leaves curled.  
 Enmeshed in toils ambitious, not thine own,  
 Immortal, loved boy-Prince, thou tak'st thy stand  
 With early doomed Don Carlos, hand in hand  
 With mild-browed Arthur, Geoffrey's murdered son.  
 Louis the Dauphin lifts his thorn-ringed head,  
 And welcomes thee, his brother, 'mongst the dead.

## W. S. GILBERT.

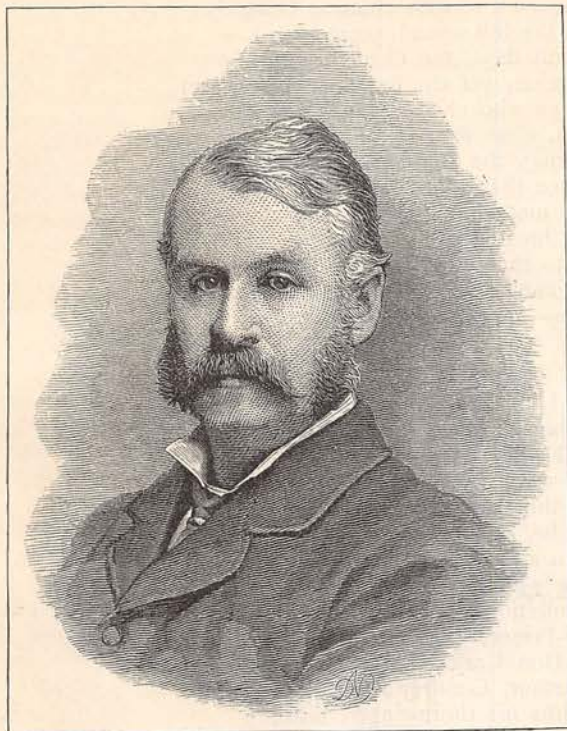
HAD it not been for W. S. Gilbert, he never would have had any ancestors—so far as literary ability is concerned; for it is a no less curious than amusing fact, that not until the world gave this clever dramatist a hearing, did his father burst into a full-blown author, beginning to write novels and stories at the mature age of sixty. This is perhaps the only instance on record of inheriting intellectual gifts backward, as in all probability had not Gilbert, the son, been successful in literature, Gilbert, the father, would have continued to live the life of an independent gentleman, without dreaming of the latent fiction that was in him. It is a wise son that knows his own father, and this particular son must have indeed been startled at the paternal transformation.

However, the best work of Gilbert *père* is Gilbert *fils*,—work with which he has reason to be satisfied. One Sir John Otho Gilbert, an ancestor, married Sir Walter Raleigh's sister. The dramatist's descent is Scotch on the side of his mother, who belongs to a Sutherlandshire family.

Born in Somersetshire, in 1836, young Gilbert was speedily brought to London, and thence taken by his parents to Germany and Italy. At the end of three years the family returned to London with a golden-headed boy, whose beauty was so great that Sir David Wilkie collared him one Sunday as he was coming out of church and painted his portrait. At seven, young Gilbert was sent to school at Boulogne, but during this early period of his existence,



his principal occupation was fighting. He was even pronounced "lazy"; yet this could not have been a natural characteristic, for at Ealing, where he remained from nine to sixteen, Gilbert took the prizes in English,



W. S. GILBERT.

Greek and Latin verse, was called poet laureate of the school, wrote plays for the boys and acted in them himself. Inspired by the fogs of November, he produced a drama on the thrilling subject of Guy Fawkes. It was very melodramatic and necessitated complicated scenic effects, but Gilbert proved equal to the emergency. He was scene-painter as well as author and actor. At that time he drew a great deal, though always without a master, and acquired facility as a draughtsman which has been of great use. The monotony of versification and dramatic composition was varied by boyish fights, the general average being three a week.

At sixteen, young Gilbert entered the University of London, and gave up fighting for theater-going. He still wrote plays, still got them up, was matriculated, and at nineteen took the degree of B. A. Then he began to read for the Royal Artillery, but as the Crimean war came to an end, and, as no

more officers were required, he abandoned the army for the bar. A sense of humor dawned upon the irrepressible dramatist *in posse*. He wrote burlesques, charades, read omnivorously, devoted himself to fiction and dramatic authors, and made gods of Dickens and Thackeray.

While reading for the bar, young Gilbert became a clerk in the Privy Council office with a view to rising, but the methodical nature of the work proving distasteful, he gave up the clerkship at the end of four years and betook himself to writing for periodicals. While contributing to "Fun" he produced play after play; indeed he was the author of fifteen before he had attained his twenty-fourth year, and had offered them in vain to managers. They were mostly burlesques and farces, but their rejection will not seem remarkable when it is known that in the exuberance of a luxuriant imagination the author introduced in one piece, eighteen scenes, four cataracts and a house on fire! No theater could have borne up under such an embarrassment of riches.

Leaving the government service in 1861, Gilbert determined to devote himself to literature until he obtained practice at the bar. Joining the staff of "Fun," he con-

tributed burlesques of plays and those admirable "Bab Ballads," which live in book form. Not a little of their success was due to the author's unique illustrations, which pointed every moral and adorned every tale. Called to the bar in 1864, Gilbert went upon the Northern Circuit, finding time, however, to contribute narratives and essays to "London Society," "Cornhill Magazine," etc. 1866 brought with it a crucial event. Meeting Tom Robertson, Gilbert was urged to write a play. Miss Herbert, the clever manager of the St. James's Theatre, wanted a Christmas piece, to which Robertson knew his old young friend was equal. After talking the matter over, Gilbert decided to act upon Robertson's advice. "Dulcamara, or The Little Duck and Great Quack," was written in a week, rehearsed in a week, produced in a fortnight, and ran 120 nights! Feeling himself young in dramatic authorship, Gilbert made no attempt to strike out from old lines. His success was entirely



due to neatness of dialogue and to satire. Quick upon the heels of this burlesque came the farce of "Allow me to Explain," which was produced at the Prince of Wales's. Then followed "The Vivandière, or, True to the Corps," which Toole, Lionel Brough and Miss Hodson brought out at the Queen's Theatre. This burlesque on "The Daughter of the Regiment" pleased the public so much that Gilbert determined to be off with his second love, the bar, and keep on with his first. In brief, he was a most unhappy barrister, for he could not talk on his legs. Sleepless nights and nervous days were the consequences of defending a client. Managers pursued him for plays, and he wisely decided to pursue plays for a living. With equal wisdom, he married in 1867 the amiable daughter of Major Turner, of the Bombay Engineers.

Gilbert's next venture was a burlesque on the "Bohemian Girl," entitled "The Merry Zingara," and acted 150 nights at The Royalty; Miss Oliver sustained the leading rôle. So popular were this versatile author's contributions to "Fun," where the "Bab Ballads" gave place to "Sketches of Popular Plays," that Mark Lemon asked Gilbert to join the staff of "Punch," but as this connection would have involved separation from the comic paper which had been first to recognize his ability, he declined. In 1868, he became dramatic critic of "The Observer" and "Illustrated Times," but not liking to be hated, which is the doom of any critic who persistently tells the truth, and thinking the position incompatible with that of dramatist, he resigned both posts in 1870. A desire to write comedies induced the production of "An Old Score," in 1869, which ran for two months, while a burlesque on "Robert the Devil," by which it was preceded, drew the town for 200 nights. Gilbert's third experiment was a burlesque on Tennyson's "Princess," in which there were no puns. Written in blank verse, set to operatic music, and dependent upon situations for its humor, this experiment had a run of 150 nights. Attempted on a more important scale in "The Palace of Truth," it met with very great success. For 230 nights the Haymarket put up no other bill, and Buckstone and the Kendals won laurels that kept green from November until July. Opening out a new line of fairy influence for serious ends, Gilbert conceived "Pygmalion and Galatea," originally written in two acts. After reading it to the Haymarket company,

he made many alterations and fashioned the charming play into its present shape. Again the Haymarket witnessed a run of 230 nights, and again Buckstone and the Kendals renewed their former triumphs, Mrs. Kendal setting the seal upon her present reputation. Acting plays are rarely reading plays; yet Gilbert can often bear this test, whole speeches being worthy of quotation. More than charming is Galatea's description of her transformation from stone to life:

"And not long since  
I was a cold, dull stone? I recollect  
That by some means I knew that I was stone;  
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;  
I became conscious of a chilly self,  
A cold immovable identity.  
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!  
Then by an imperceptible advance,  
Came the dim evidence of outer things,  
Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen—  
The walls surrounding me, and I alone.  
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice  
That called on Galatea! At that word,  
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,  
That which was dim before, came evident;  
Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,  
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves  
Into a language I could understand;  
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow  
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;  
Its cold hard substance throbbled with active life,  
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!  
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life!  
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me!  
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,  
Love, gratitude—thoughts that resolved themselves  
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion!"

Can more delicate fancy or neater satire be found in modern play writing than in the following dialogue between the breathing statue and her sculptor?

*Galatea.* Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think that aught could be more beautiful than thou, till I beheld myself. Believe me, love, I could look in this mirror all day long. So, I'm a woman.

*Pygmalion.* There's no doubt of that!

*Gal.* Oh happy maid to be so passing fair!  
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,  
At will, upon so beautiful a face!

*Pyg.* Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence  
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

*Gal.* Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong  
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

*Pyg.* Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment  
That every other woman shares with thee;  
They think it—but they keep it to themselves.

*Gal.* And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

*Pyg.* No, Galatea, for in forming thee  
I took her features—lovely in themselves—  
And in the marble made them lovelier still.

*Gal. (disappointed).* Oh! then I'm not original?

*Pyg.* Well, no—  
That is—thou hast indeed a prototype;  
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,  
In life the difference is manifest.



*Gal.* I'm very glad I'm lovelier than she.  
And am I better?

*Pyg.* That I do not know.

*Gal.* Then she has faults?

*Pyg.* But very few indeed;  
Mere trivial blemishes that serve to show  
That she and I are of one common kin.  
I love her all the better for such faults.

*Gal.* (after a pause.) Tell me some faults and  
I'll commit them now.

*Pyg.* There is no hurry; they will come in time:  
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin  
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

*Gal.* Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk  
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,  
Why I could sin all day!"

"The Wicked World," which explored the same field as its predecessor, was not quite so popular, though it was better received by the press. It was "The Wicked World" that inspired the burlesque, "The Happy Land," the idea of which first occurred to Gilbert on being asked by Mrs. Bancroft for a play for private theatricals which she thought of giving at her own theater to her own friends on Ash Wednesday night. The private theatricals never came off, but when Gilbert spoke of "The Happy Land" to Miss Litton, this appreciative lady exclaimed, "I'll give you any money for it!" Thereupon Gilbert and Gilbert à Becket constructed a burlesque out of which the former realized £700 from the sale of the libretto alone!

Not satisfied with a prolonged stay in fairy-land, Gilbert came back to earth, and in 1873 brought out his drama of "Charity." It told the story of a woman, who, loving not wisely but too well, redeemed her one mistake by a life of self-sacrifice. The drama was denounced as immoral. It preached false doctrine, they said. That any woman could be forgiven for being a mother without having been a wife, was abominable. That the dramatist should have made a clergyman uphold such a vile creature was atrocious. So the "great big stupid," as Thackeray called the public, refused to take its daughters to such an iniquitous exhibition, while the undress drama threw apace. "Charity" found no charity, and was withdrawn after the eightieth night. Six clever pieces for the German Reeds, including "Ages Ago," "No Cards," "Island Home," "Happy Arcadia," and "Eyes and no Eyes," were followed by "Randall's Thumb," acted at The Court for one hundred and twenty nights with Hermann Veizin as the hero. "Creatures of Impulse" was acted no less than one hundred and fifty times, and then came adaptations of "Great Expectations," and

"Ought we to Visit Her." The charming two-act comedy of "Sweethearts" followed, in which Mrs. Bancroft delighted London for one hundred and thirty nights. This was succeeded by the "Trial by Jury." Originally written for "Fun," it was turned into a cantata by Arthur Sullivan, and has had a prolonged success. On the occasion of the first dress rehearsal, every man in the cantata appeared made up for Dr. Kenealy! The stage swarmed with the Tichborne champion, much to the disgust of every individual actor who thought he had conceived an original idea. Gilbert has also written with Sullivan the comic operas of "Thespis Committed for Trial," "The Sorcerer" and "H. M. S. Pinafore," the last of which has been received in the United States with an enthusiasm bordering upon insanity. Has the public gone mad, or is this devotion to "Pinafore" a healthy sign of the times? Does it mean, as I hope, that, disgusted with unclean plots and *double entente*, Americans are only too glad to welcome bright music allied to decent humor? Has the church at last discovered that the theater may mean perfectly innocent amusement? When church choirs invade the stage, the barriers of prejudice must be giving way.

The year 1875 witnessed the production of "Broken Hearts" at the Court Theatre, and 1876 welcomed Gilbert in his new departure of "Daniel Druce," in which the dramatist demonstrated his capacity to deal with passion and sentiment, and in the illustration of which he has had the co-operation of Hermann Veizin's manly, earnest art and Marion Terry's maidenly ingenuousness.

Toward the end of the second act and in the beginning of the third act of "Daniel Druce" there are defects of construction which Gilbert might overcome if he thought fit. The play is so fine that it ought to be finer. The language is admirable, the love scene between Dorothy Druce and Geoffrey being one of the most charming in modern dramatic literature, while certain quips and epigrammatic turns are delightful.

"Strange, that attachment of some mothers for their children," exclaims the braggart, Reuben Haines. "My mother always disliked me, and kept me at a convenient distance; but she was a Scotchwoman, and not liable to be imposed upon."

"Growin' old, lass, growin' old," mutters Daniel Druce to Dorothy. "It's one o' those blessings that allers comes to him that waits long enough."



"When I quarrel," exclaims Reuben, "sextons lay in tolling grease and grave-diggers strip to their work." And it is he who propounds the following paradox: "Weigh these words well, and store them away in the museum of thy mind, for they are rare words—containing, as they do, truth commingled with wisdom, which is an observable union, as these qualities consort but rarely together; for he hath no wisdom who tells the plain truth, and he hath no need to tell the plain truth who hath wisdom enough to do without it."

"Daniel Druce" was succeeded by the comedy of "Engaged," wherein Gilbert's genius of topsyturvydom is seen at its best.

Always his own stage manager, he never permits his plays to be brought out in London without prolonged rehearsals, at which he goes through every part and arranges every bit of "business." He also frequently sketches the scenery and models the "properties," and if it is necessary to instruct the ballet, he is still in his element, being an adept even in the harlequin art.

What Mr. Gilbert's future may be none can foretell, but as he declares that no man creates anything worthy of himself until the age of forty, a climacteric recently attained by this dramatist, it is safe to conclude that he has only begun to explore a mine rare in quality and rich in possibilities.

## THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

## PART FIRST:

## DOCUMENT NO. I.

*Paragraph from the "Illustrated London News," published under the head of "Obituary of Eminent Persons," in the issue of January 4th, 1879:*

## SIR WILLIAM BEAUVOIR, BART.

Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., whose lamented death has just occurred at Brighton, on December 28th, was the head and representative of the junior branch of the very ancient and honourable family of Beauvoir, and was the only son of the late General Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., by his wife Anne, daughter of Colonel Doyle, of Chelsworth Cottage, Suffolk. He was born in 1805, and was educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was M. P. for Lancashire from 1837 to 1847, and was appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber in 1843. Sir William married in 1826, Henrietta Georgiana, fourth daughter of the Right Honourable Adolphus Liddell, Q. C., by whom he had two sons, William Beauvoir and Oliver Liddell Beauvoir. The latter was with his lamented parent when he died. Of the former nothing has been heard for nearly thirty years, about which time he left England suddenly for America. It is supposed that he went to California, shortly after the discovery of gold. Much forgotten gossip will now in all probability be revived, for the will of the lamented baronet has been proved, on the 2nd inst., and the personalty sworn under £70,000. The two sons are appointed executors. The estate in Lancashire is left to the elder, and the rest is divided equally between the brothers. The doubt as to the career of Sir William's eldest son must now of course be cleared up.

This family of Beauvoirs is of Norman descent and of great antiquity. This is the younger branch, founded in the last century by Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., who was Chief Justice of the Canadas, whence he was granted the punning arms and motto now borne by his descendants,—a beaver sable rampant on a field gules; motto, "Damno."

## PART SECOND:

## DOCUMENTS NOS. 2-4.\*

*Promises to pay, put forth by William Beauvoir, junior, at various times in 1848:*

J. O. U.

£ 105. 0. 0.

April 10th, 1848.

William Beauvoir, junr.

## DOCUMENT NO. 5.

*Extract from the "Sunday Satirist," a journal of high-life, published in London, May 13th, 1848:*

Are not our hereditary lawmakers and the members of our old families the guardians of the honour

\* For want of space, other similar documents are omitted.  
ED. SCRIBNER.