

Captain Mayne Reid: Soldier and Novelist.

BY MALTUS QUESTELL HOLYOAKE.

PART I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.



THE publication of a memoir of the late Capt. Mayne Reid by his widow, has aroused the interest of a new generation in the works of a gallant gentleman, whose novels, translated into many languages, gave universal pleasure; and the memory of whose brilliant military exploits, in the Mexican war of 1846-8, will ever be preserved by those who admire brave deeds. Three countries take especial pride in Mayne Reid. Ireland, the land of his birth; America, the country for which he fought, and in which the scenes of his chief novels were laid; and England, his home for thirty-four years, wherein his books were written.

The following sketch is indebted for several particulars to the excellent life of Mayne Reid, by Mrs. Reid, to whom acknowledgments are due for permitting the publication of the letters, and illustrations presented.

Capt. Mayne Reid was born in April, 1818, at Ballyroney, in the north of Ireland. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Mayne Reid, Presbyterian minister, whom he was named after; his mother being the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, a descendant of the "hot and hasty Rutherford," mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's poem "Marmion," which would account for Mayne Reid's fiery temperament. Though an impetuous youth with adventurous ideas, longing to travel and see the world, his father destined and educated him for the Church. At college he obtained fair distinction in mathematics, classics, and, as might be expected, athletics, but for theology he showed a marked distaste. With his characteristics and tastes, it is therefore not surprising to find that at the thoughtless age of twenty, full of golden dreams, but with apparently no decided

purpose, he set out for Mexico, where he landed in 1838, and had experiences of the wild and riotous life which was then the distinguishing feature of New Orleans. Leaving the Crescent City he disappeared for a while to enjoy a backwoods existence, and for several years his life abounded in incidents, fully as romantic and exciting as those afterwards detailed as occurring to the heroes of his own works of fiction. In the companionship of trappers, he sojourned with Indians, and took part in their forays when they were a powerful and warlike race, and travel in their hunting grounds involved danger, for in those days "wild in woods, the noble savage ran" in, so to speak, his primal state, uncontaminated by the effacing influences of modern civilisation. The prairie was then Mayne Reid's home, the wild mustang his steed; buffaloes and "grizzlies" his game; his comrades redskins, each, in the words of Longfellow,



LIEUT. MAYNE REID, AGE 29.

"Armed for hunting,
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and
leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and
wampum;
On his head his eagle feathers,
Round his waist his belt of
wampum,

In his hand his bow of ashwood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers."

His adventures with various tribes on the war-path or scalp-hunting have been recounted with unequalled dramatic force in those stirring novels, in which, as has been aptly observed, the romance is reality. Perilous enterprise and hair-breadth escapes were his daily lot, and with his strange and dangerous associates he made excursions up the Red River, and explored the banks of the Missouri and the Platte. Afterwards Mayne Reid penetrated every State in the Union. In those early years of his fight for life, besides being a hunter, and trader, he at different times was a store-keeper, nigger

driver, tutor, schoolmaster, and even for a very brief and unappreciated time a strolling player. Towards 1843, under the signature of the "Poor Scholar," he contributed poetry to *The Pittsburgh Chronicle*, a startling contrast to his previous pursuits, and shortly afterwards he settled down as a Philadelphian *littérateur*, writing for *Godey's Magazine* a poem entitled "La Cubana." At this time he composed "Love's Martyr," a tragical play, betokening great promise. While established in Philadelphia he enjoyed the acquaintance of the gifted Edgar Allan Poe and his beautiful but fragile wife, and in after years, in defending his memory, gave some curious details of the unfortunate poet's household. Mayne Reid's unique experiences, his knowledge of men, and of the world, stood him in good stead in the early portion of his literary career, as in the later. In 1846 he acted as correspondent of *The New York Herald*, and was on the staff of Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*. Having added poet, dramatist, and journalist to the list of his numerous occupations, he was yet to distinguish himself in another profession.

In 1846, the war between the United States and Mexico broke out. Mayne Reid, laying down the pen and taking up the sword, sought and obtained a lieutenant's commission in the First New York Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Ward R. Burnett, and in the December of the same year sailed for the scene of action.

The first battle in which Mayne Reid took a prominent part, was that of Monterey, a desperate and sanguinary contest. It is not often that warriors celebrate the events of a campaign in which they have taken part in verse, but some time after, Mayne Reid sent, from the seat of war, a remarkable poem to *Godey's Magazine*,

entitled "Monterey," breathing the true martial spirit, of which the following are the opening lines:—

"We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey."

Mayne Reid greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Vera Cruz, at the battle



CAPT. MAYNE REID, AGE 46

of Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco (where he headed the last infantry charge), and at the siege of Chapultepec, where, on the testimony of his brother officers, he performed the bravest and most brilliant achievement of the campaign, leading, under great difficulties, and opposed by unusual obstacles, "a forlorn hope" up a nearly perpendicular height. He was the first to scale the castle walls, and would have been first in Chapultepec, but a bullet came tearing through his thigh, and he fell wounded into the ditch. Two despatches of equal fallaciousness reached his relatives within a short time of each other, one stating he was dead, and the other that not only

was he alive, but united to "the richest heiress in the valley of Mexico." Though not killed, Mayne Reid was very dangerously injured, and his leg in after years was a recurring trouble to him. The splendid service he had rendered the storming party, for which he had volunteered, was mentioned in the despatches of no less than four generals and several other officers, and rewarded by promotion. The rumour of his death, however, was so strong, that at a public banquet in Ohio, in celebration of the capture of Mexico, Mayne Reid's memory was toasted, and a dirge in his honour by a young poetess recited, of which the following is a verse:—

"Gone—gone—gone,
Gone to his dreamless sleep ;

And spirits of the brave,
Watching o'er his lone grave,
Weep—weep—weep."

Mayne Reid, during the storming of Chapultepec, was a very conspicuous figure, wearing a brilliant uniform, and an officer who did not know him, but witnessed his daring achievement, inquired who he was, and was answered thus graphically:—

"A New Yorker, by the name of Mayne Reid—a hell of a fellow."

A rough tribute of praise, of which no doubt the Captain was prouder than of more refined eulogiums.

About this period Captain Reid was described in an American journal as possessing the physical perfections of Adonis and the Apollo Belvedere, with a dash of the Centaur. There is no doubt that he was a handsome, reckless, dashing young militaire, of graceful figure and engaging manners, if a trifle hot-tempered. During the campaign Mayne Reid had to place in irons a regimental desperado of immense frame and strength, who had broken out of the guardhouse on many occasions. On Mayne Reid entering his cell, the fellow made a mad rush at him. Reid drew his sword to repel the attack, and ran the ruffian through. It was impossible to do otherwise, as the prisoner in his frantic fury really impaled himself upon the blade. Before dying the man confessed that Lieutenant Reid was blameless in the matter, and had only performed his duty as an officer. Reid was, however, tried by court-martial for killing the man, and acquitted.

In 1849, on the conclusion of the hostilities with Mexico, Captain Mayne Reid, still "untired by war's alarms," started with "a chosen band," raised by himself, to assist the Hungarian patriots in their ill-fated insurrection. He never, however, arrived at the scene of action, being encountered by news of their disastrous defeat. Bidding the country adieu in which he had spent such eventful years, he came to England, and again embarking in literature, at once took a leading position as a writer of fiction, producing in rapid succession "The Rifle Ranger," "The Scalp Hunters" (which has been translated into as many languages as "The Pilgrim's Progress," and of which over a million copies have been sold), and other books, which at once found their way to every boy's library, and in which Mayne Reid utilised his strangely acquired experiences, so that in

part they may be deemed autobiographical. It is the merit of Captain Reid's works that they are all as thoroughly manly, healthy in tone, and good in purpose, as they are entrancing. Not an ignoble thought or word is to be found in them. His pen would never trace an unworthy sentence—the brilliant imagery in which he revelled was that of a devoted lover of nature, and the noble deeds of his heroes and heroines were the reflex of his own honourable and chivalric nature. His novels are veritable romances of the prairie, breathing of the forest primeval, and the prairie's limitless expanse. Though written in the language of a prose poem, his tales revealed exciting plots and thrilling situations, and as often as not were adventures of his own elaborated, or stories that he had heard related round the camp fire by reckless and desperate trappers. The years Captain Reid spent in pursuit of the buffalo and the bison, his acquaintance with the hunting and fishing grounds of the various tribes of Indians, his intimate knowledge of their habits and characteristics, could not fail to leave their impress upon most of his literary productions, which are redolent

"With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows;
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains."

The charming volumes, written more especially for the entertainment of boys, "The Desert Home," "The Boy Hunters," "The Young Voyageurs," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Bush Boys," written between 1850 and 1856, contained in attractive guise a vast amount of botanical, geological, and zoological information. His instruction in those subjects was imperceptibly administered, being interwoven with captivately recounted deeds of bravery or perilous exploration, such as boys love, and were calculated to inspire a desire for travel, and ambition for honourable adventure in the youthful breast. The Captain was a most prolific writer, his principal works being over forty in number. In the numerous illustrated journals for the young, the pages of which he enlivened, he always occupied the first place in the expectation of its impatient readers.

In 1853 Captain Reid had a passage of arms with *The Times*, which caused at the time considerable excitement in the journalistic world. There appeared in *The*

Times a proclamation in connection with an insurrection in Milan, which that journal stated purported to be from Kossuth, and to which his name was appended. Captain Mayne Reid, who was a personal friend and a staunch adherent of the Hungarian patriot, then residing in London, addressed a letter to *The Times* denouncing, in fiery and vigorous terms, the proclamation as a forgery. *The Times* did not insert Captain Reid's letter, but alluded to it as written in "absurdly bombastic language." A copy of the Captain's suppressed letter, which was very much to the point, was published in *The Sun*. Captain Reid subsequently sent Kossuth's own repudiation of the proclamation to *The Times*, but no notice was taken of it. Many journals commented in terms of indignation upon the conduct of *The Times* in refusing to admit in its columns either contradiction or correction.

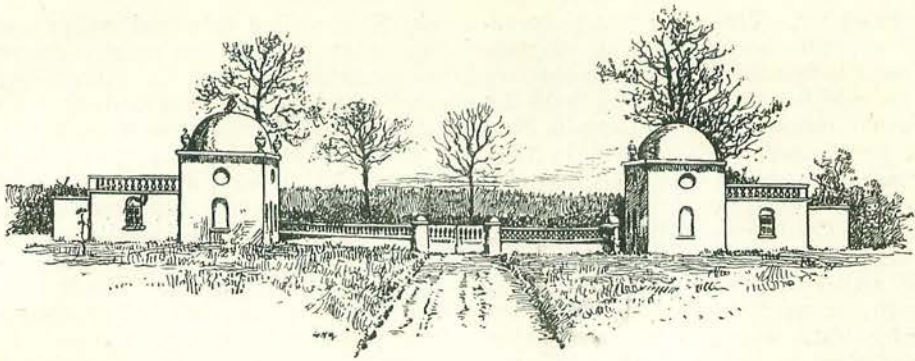
Captain Reid married Miss Elizabeth Hyde ("Zoë") the only daughter of Mr. George William Hyde, a lineal descendant of the first Earl of Clarendon. The Cap-

tain's courtship seems to have had many of the elements of romance in it. The lady was very beautiful and very young—so young that she was often taken for the Captain's daughter, and he himself called her his "child wife," which is the title of one of his subsequent novels. The Captain fell in love with his "beautiful child wife" when she was but thirteen, and married her when she was fifteen. He saw in her the original of Zoë, in the "Scalp Hunters," which creation he regarded as a foreshadowing of fate. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one, and his widow, in the life of him she has published, seems to be animated by the same admiration and loving regard for the Captain as when she plighted her girlish troth.

Captain Reid had, like many of his literary brethren, reverses and pecuniary misfortunes. At Gerrard's Cross, near Slough, he embarked in rather extensive building operations, erecting a house for himself of Mexican design, some cottages, and a reading-room, which eventually involved him



CAPT. MAYNE REID AND HIS CHILD WIFE.



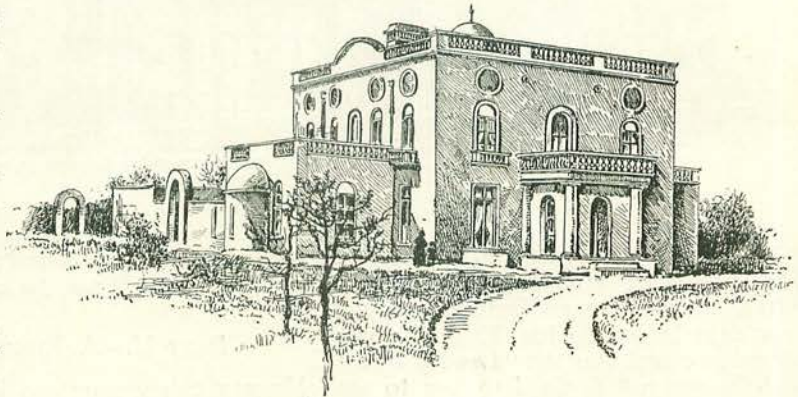
LODGE GATES, THE "RANCHE."

in financial disaster, so that in 1866 he had practically to begin the world anew. At one time he gave readings in public. In 1867 he started a paper, *The Little Times*, which soon ceased to exist. Never idle, incessantly working, his busy pen the same year was contributing the "Finger of Fate" to *The Boy's Own Magazine*, the "Fatal Cord" to *The Boys of England*, besides producing the "Planter Pirate." In the autumn of 1867 he went to New York, and wrote "The Child Wife," for Frank Leslie's paper, receiving 8,000 dollars for it, also starting *Onward*, a magazine which lasted fourteen months.

In 1870 he was in St. Luke's Hospital in that city, suffering from suppuration of his Chapultepec wound in the thigh, which it was feared would end fatally, but in 1872 he was writing the "Death Shot" for *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and *The New York Saturday Journal*. In 1875 the "Flag of Distress" appeared in *Chambers's Journal*. All these tales were also published in book form by various publishers. Captain Reid was an author of many publishers, and there are few of that much maligned body but have issued, some time or other, novels of his. William Shobere (1849), Charles Street (1851), David Bogue, Routledge, Hurst & Blackett, Ward, Lock & Tyler, Tinsley, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., and Remington, are a few of the

well-known names that have produced works of that active brain, which will amuse and delight us nevermore.

In 1882 he received a small pension, which was increased before his death, from the United States Government, on account of his services in the Mexican War. During his last years he settled down amid the lovely scenery of Herefordshire at Ross. Here he wrote "Gwen Wynn, a Romance of the Wye." Here also he grew potatoes from Mexican seed, and bred Welsh mountain sheep, with jet black bodies, snow white faces, and long white tails. The clothes he



THE "RANCHE," GERRARD'S CROSS.

wore were made from their wool. Captain Mayne Reid's sheep were a feature of the Health Exhibition, where they attracted great attention. In *The Live Stock Journal*, to which he was a frequent contributor, he explained an interesting theory of his that black is the coolest colour for clothing, and white the warmest, citing in support of his contention the negro, and the polar bear, and the polar hare, and fox, which two latter are slate blue in summer, and snow

white in winter. This view has since received scientific acceptance, but Captain Reid was the first to challenge the contrary opinion, which until then had held the field as an undisputed fact. Captain Reid was a great croquet player, and in 1863 wrote a treatise on the rules of the game, which he afterwards found was being issued with sets of Cassiobury croquet, as by "An Old Hand." The Captain brought a successful action against Lord Essex, with whom the responsibility rested. Not long before his death, which occurred on October 22, 1883, Captain Reid was contributing a series of articles on the distinguishing features of "Rural Life in England" to *The New York Tribune*, in which he treated with good-humoured satire the "customs of

tain Reid visited this fatal valley nearly fifty years ago, and graphically described his perilous journey, and the physical peculiarities of this terrible desert, in the "Scalp Hunters," forty years ago.

When, at the age of sixty-five, Captain Mayne Reid passed away, the Press or every shade of opinion rendered due recognition of the remarkable imaginative genius who had for thirty years held spell-bound the youth of many lands. *The Times*, too, which the dead novelist had so often and fiercely attacked, contained a generous and appreciative notice of the career of its old adversary. When the proud, intrepid heart ceased to beat, and the indomitable spirit was laid to rest, died a hunter, explorer, naturalist, soldier, novelist, and—



FROGMORE, ROSS.

the country," in such matters as, for instance, "Public Dinners," a chapter in which his observations are acute and amusing. Until a few days before his last illness, he was engaged in completing the "Land of Fire," which he was not destined to live to see published. His "Mexican War Memories," which promised to be of great interest, were never finished. A posthumous novel of his has appeared, entitled "No Quarter" (Captain Reid always chose effective titles), a romance of the Civil Wars, in which moving incidents by flood and field are detailed with his well-known military accuracy and accustomed force, and the excitement maintained unflinchingly to the end.

The American Government have recently despatched a scientific expedition to explore the Colorado Death Valley. Cap-

remembering his courageous deeds and love of danger, it may be added—a hero.

PART II.—A REMINISCENCE.

NEARLY thirty years ago it was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with Captain Mayne Reid under somewhat singular circumstances. I was then a boy of fifteen, with all the undefined longings and aspirations of that age. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and the future was to me the mystic time to come, to which I trusted (ah! how vainly) to bring the realisation of my young dreams. I read books on every variety of subject that I could either buy or borrow; and my father having at that time a publishing house in Fleet-street, my opportunities of

obtaining books to read were considerable. Novels I devoured with avidity, and none gave me greater pleasure than those of Captain Mayne Reid, who was my favourite author at that period, and whose works have been read with equal enjoyment in later and more mature years. The name of "Oceola," which signifies "the rising sun," was adopted by me as a *nom de plume* for some small literary efforts that in those

early years I contributed to journals. The late Mr. Henry Merritt, the art connoisseur, who, in conjunction with Mr. Richmond, R.A., achieved the marvellous restoration of the portrait of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey, was then the art critic of *The Morning Star*, the organ of the politicians then known as the Manchester School. This gentleman used to write out his art notices roughly at first, and then make alterations, corrections, and additions. It often fell to me to make fair copies of them for the Press, and thus I became accustomed to writing indirectly for *The Morning Star*, and one

day thought I would write to that paper on my own account. A new play of Dion Boucicault's was being performed at the Adelphi, with incidents in it filched, I considered, from Mayne Reid, my favourite author. I was filled with youthful indignation, and penned a letter to the editor of *The Morning Star* (calling attention to this dramatic piracy), which, to my sur-

prise, was inserted. My father and Mr. Merritt reproved me for my juvenile presumption, but I was secretly delighted, thinking the Byronic couplet—

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't,"

was equally true regarding a letter.

Shortly after the publication of my critical effusion, on June 20, 1862, I was sitting writing for my father in the committee

room at his Fleet-street-publishing house, which was then the centre for many now forgotten but successful public movements, when Captain Mayne Reid was announced. He had come to see my father on some business connected with the Garibaldian Committee, who had been engaged in despatching the English legion of volunteers to aid General Garibaldi in his struggle for the emancipation of Italy. My father, who was a personal friend of Garibaldi, was the acting secretary of this committee. In the course of conversation my father mentioned to the Captain, to whom I was introduced,



MRS. MAYNE REID, PRESENT DAY

the letter I had written to *The Morning Star*. Captain Reid was very cordial, shaking my hand with great energy, and warmly thanking me for my defence. He inquired why I had not sent him a copy of the letter, and requested that one might be sent. The Captain further declared that he should make it his business to give me a helping hand in the literary career that he concluded

I should embrace. This interview with my living hero of heroes was as unexpected as it was delightful to me. I stood by, smiling and flushing, feeling uncomfortable, yet honoured and pleased. Being an enthusiastic peruser of the Captain's exciting books (the interest of which, to me, was enhanced by the fact that the scenes and occurrences recounted with such fascinating and graphic power were as much part of the Captain's life as David Copperfield was of Charles Dickens), I regarded Captain Reid with admiration and intensity, and subsequently made notes of my impressions of his appearance, conversation, and characteristics, which have been preserved to this day.

Captain Reid, who was then about forty-four, was of slight build, ordinary height, and military bearing.

He was attired in a black frock coat, worn open, a light yellow waistcoat, light yellow gloves, light yellow scarf, and light yellow trousers; it being the sunny month of June. A Mexican-looking face of yellowish complexion, a black moustache, and an aspect of determination that indicated a life of exposure, feats performed, and hardships undergone, complete the portrait. Enthusiastic in manner, fervid in speech, romantic in phraseology, his utterances sounded like extracts from his own novels. A handsome man, the nobility of whose nature was apparent, he appeared the living embodiment of one of his own heroes of romance.

I well remember, as the Captain was leaving, his remark in reference to a wish to join Garibaldi. "But for that (naming the circumstance that prevented him) I would once more unsheath my sword upon the tented field," with which dramatic deliverance he departed.

In the course of a few days I forwarded, in compliance with the wish mentioned, a copy of *The Morning Star* letter to Captain Reid, at the same time expressing the hope that he would find in the good intention respecting himself some excuse for the imperfections inherent to youthful composition, as the faulty and boyishly-written epistle had not the advantage of revision by another, no one being aware of it.

In due time I received, with inexpressible satisfaction, the following acknowledgment from the great novelist, whose reputation was then at its zenith:—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,
July 1, 1862.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—You quite underrate yourself in calling your letter to *The Star* either faulty or boyishly-written. It is, in reality, a very clever communication, and most truthfully expresses every point in the question, and cannot have failed to convince those who read it of the correctness of your views.

I owe you a thousand thanks for your chivalric defence, which please accept, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
MAYNE REID.

"The Rancho," which, in memory of earlier days, the Captain had named his country home, recalled to mind the abodes of the dark-eyed señoritas who were the heroines of his romances. Mrs. Reid writes of his house as being called "The Hacienda," in her recent memoir of her husband. Mr. Charles Ollivant, who was Captain Reid's secretary, wrote to the papers that the Captain's home was known as "The Rancho," which is the Mexican equivalent for a small house, whereas "Hacienda" meant a large house or mansion. The veteran journalist, Mr. George Augustus Sala, joining in the controversy, contended that "Hacienda" meant a large estate or homestead, and that a very big "Hacienda" may only have a small house upon it. Whatever may be the correct meaning of the words in question, all the letters I received from Captain Reid, spreading over several years, were dated in his own characteristic and picturesque writing from "The Rancho."

The true explanation, however, is that the Captain's first home was called "The Rancho," afterwards altered to "The Ranche." The large flat roofed house of Mexican architecture, with an artificial pond in front, subsequently built under the Captain's superintendence, was always known as "The Hacienda," as Mrs. Reid rightly names it.

Three months after the receipt of the preceding letter, I wrote a notice of Captain Reid's then new novel, "The Maroon." The little review appeared in *The Newcastle Chronicle*. It having been quoted in *The Canadian Illustrated News*, was encouragement to write a short sketch of the Captain's adventurous life for the same newspaper. On publication, both the re-

view and the sketch were sent to Captain Reid, who thus expressed himself respecting them :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks,
December 31, 1862.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I feel very grateful and very much complimented by your kind notice of me, and were it not that just now every moment of my time is occupied, I should take pleasure in replying at more length to your very kind note. As it is, I can only say that to earn a livelihood by your pen is a wish you may not only realise, but, if I mistake not, from the specimens I have seen, your abilities in that line will bring you, not only a living, but a good reputation along with it. As soon as I am less pressed with work I shall endeavour to see you, and give you such hints as I may deem of service to you. Meanwhile, wishing you the compliments of the season and a happy new year,

I remain,

Yours very truly,
MAYNE REID.

In 1864 the brief visit of General Garibaldi to England took place. He was entertained by the late Mr. Seeley, M.P., at Brooke House, in the Isle of Wight. I was now eighteen, and my father was down at Brooke House, and accompanied the General to London. There was a grand reception at Nine Elms Station, at which the General, who was accompanied by his sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, spoke. I had the good fortune to be present, having—being my father's secretary at the time—received some platform tickets from the Reception Committee. At the conclusion of the General's few words of thanks for the address of welcome presented to him there was a general rush to the carriages. The procession was four hours reaching Charing-cross, the concourse of people

being so great. While in London, Garibaldi was the Duke of Sutherland's guest, and my father took me round to Stafford House, to introduce me to the General, who held morning receptions of his friends in the suite of rooms assigned to him. About this time I must have made some mention of Garibaldian doings in a letter to Captain Reid, who wrote me the following interesting letter :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross,
Bucks,
April 8, 1864.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Allow me to present you with the enclosed portrait, which, I believe, is the best yet taken of me, and which I have not permitted to be published. I am glad to hear that your father is by the side of Garibaldi, and I am sure no truer friend to the hero of Italy and Liberty can be found in England. I knew Garibaldi as a heroic apostle of freedom long before his



CAPT. MAYNE REID, AGE 53.

name had become familiar to English ears. I had noted his deeds of daring on the southern continent of America, while I was myself a sojourner in the North. He was winning immortal glory on the banks of La Plata, while I was wasting my foolish life hunting buffaloes on the banks of the Platte. I admired him then ; it would be strange if I did not idolise him now. Say to your father that when Garibaldi is allowed a little leisure—if ever he be allowed it in England—I should esteem it a favour to be introduced to him.

Yours very sincerely,
MAYNE REID.

To this communication I replied, signifying my father's willingness to bring about the desired introduction, but the Captain's enthusiasm was short-lived, and he was no longer prepared to idolise the Dictator of Italy, for the reasons given in his reply :—

The Rancho,
Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.
DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Please say to

your father that I no longer desire an introduction to Garibaldi. His speech at the Crystal Palace, before the Italian Committee, will have a damaging effect on England's liberty, and an interview between him and myself, with those sentiments ringing in my ears—the adulation of such men as Palmerston and Gladstone—the truest enemies of English freedom—alongside the poor sophism of our sham prosperity and civilisation—the remembrance of these statements put forward in Garibaldi's speech would render the interview between us (to me, at least), irksome, and uncandid.

Thank your father for his very kind compliance with my former wish, now no longer entertained, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
MAYNE REID.

A few days after the receipt of the preceding letter Garibaldi was hurried out of England by the Government of the day, at the instigation of Napoleon III.

"Dream no dream of the future," was the advice given by the late Lord Lytton on the occasion of a rectorial address to the students of a Scotch university, many years ago. "For depend upon it," he said in effect, "the future will prove to be totally unlike anything you now anticipate." The truth of these words was verified in my case, for, despite my literary aspirations, I found myself in 1865 following a much less attractive pursuit. Later on, when exploring the floral beauties of the lanes of South Devon, on the back of a Dartmoor pony, it occurred to me that I might fill up my leisure time by contributing to magazines. Remembering Captain Reid's promise to befriend my efforts, I wrote to him. The Captain to whom I, although then a young man, apparently yet remained a

youth, responded in terms which show that even successful and established authors encounter periods of depression:—

The Rancho,

Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I feel great regret at my inability to assist you. I have tried several publishers of journals, who all say they do not need any contributions. You will give me credit, when I tell you that I am unable to *sell* any of my own stuff just now. There appears to be a stagnation in the publishing market, or else it arises from the frightful multiplication of writers during the last few years. I shall bear your letter in mind, and if I hear of anything will communicate with you.

Yours very sincerely,
MAYNE REID.

This was the last communication I received from Captain Mayne Reid—the parting of the ways had commenced—and I pursued my prosaic career in various parts of England, always noting with pleasure any public mention of the Captain until his regretted death.

Such are my recollections of Captain Reid, which are recorded as a grateful tribute to the memory of the friend of boyish days, who equally at ease, whether fighting or writing—attained an international reputation as a brilliant novelist, and a valorous soldier, and to whom belongs the double distinction of having made himself, in the words of Montrose, "glorious by

his pen, and famous by his sword."

At Kensal Green a sword and pen crossed, carved on a block of white marble, which is inscribed with a characteristic quotation from one of his earliest works, appropriately indicates the grave of "The Boys' Novelist."

