

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXIV.—MR. EDMUND YATES.



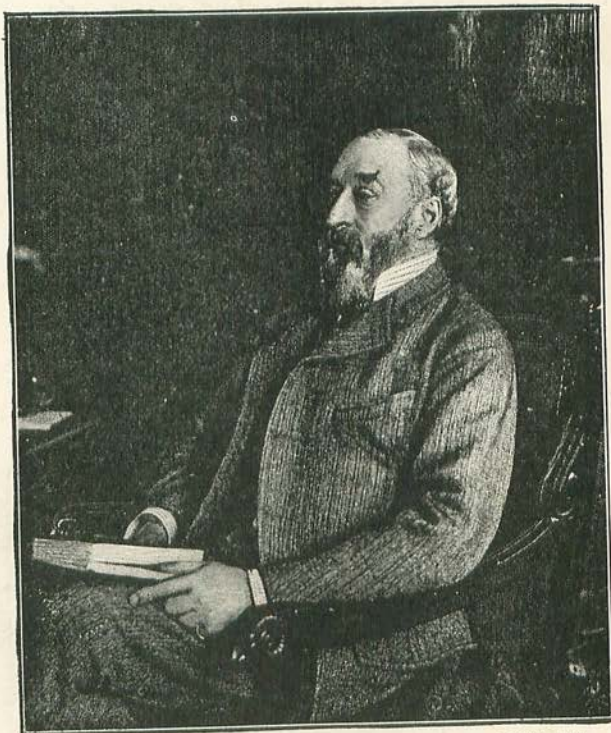
ONE feels all the better after spending a day with Mr. Edmund Yates. A stay at Brighton—where he lives in Eaton Gardens—is conducive to good health; a talk with the past master of his art is an incentive to excellent spirits. Mr. Yates by no means reserves all his wit for his pen. He dispenses it amongst his visitors even more freely than he does on his sheets of foolscap. He jocularly hits and cuts himself about. Few men make merry over the troubles which have played havoc with their own particular personal appearance.

"I make a good picture," says every man inwardly, with a decided emphasis on the "I," when he faces the camera. But Edmund Yates sums up his regrettable illness at the moment of "sitting" by remarking that "This is the first time I have been photographed since I only weighed thirteen stone! I used to weigh sixteen!"

Merriment is an excellent medicine and good humour an incomparable tonic. But there is a limit to its doses, and during the time I was with Mr. Yates I found a strongly-marked serious side to his disposition. It was a sympathetic seriousness, and it seemed to lie in one direction. It came when looking back and remembering those whose names are world-famous and who were his dearest friends. The quietude of his home

seemed more impressive as he sat looking over a volume of Dickens's letters. For some moments he turned over the pages without speaking, and then—as though suddenly remembering I was in the room—closed the book hurriedly and exclaimed: "Now, how are we getting on?" This action revealed much.

In appearance Mr. Yates is decidedly distinguished-looking—tall and perfectly erect. His face has much altered



From a Photo. by]

EDMUND YATES.

[Elliott & Fry.

He talks very quietly and has a delightfully mellow voice—at once distinct and enjoyable to the listener, and a marked characteristic about him is to speak ill of no man, past or present.

He met me at the door. There was a real Brighton sun shining that day, and it sent its beams through the stained glass windows of the fine hall. The sunshine seemed to single out a picture of "Nellie"—a curious omen, for, like Dickens, Edmund Yates is passion-

when Alfred Bryan used to picture him at dinners—and what a run there was on Edmund Yates for a speech! It always reminded me of a specially imported sun-beam. His face is much thinner now, and he has grown a beard. But his eyes twinkle as much as ever. They are the most tell-tale eyes imaginable. He may smile when telling you of some sorrow. He doesn't want you to know he *feels* it—but his eyes speak the truth.



From a Picture by]

"TATTERS."

[Sir Henry Thompson.

ately fond of all animals in general, and dogs in particular. "Nellie" has been dead some time, but Ashby Sterry wrote a poem on her. A very simple story. Mr. Yates was at the Dogs' Home one day. "Nellie" stood up on her hind legs and looked so pitiful that he bought her. "From that day until her death, nine years afterwards, in the summer of 1887," said Mr. Yates, "she would sleep in no other place than on my bed, or on a sofa in the room. That is 'Tatters'"—pointing to a small canvas by Sir Henry Thompson.

"He was a diminutive blue Skye terrier—and Sir Henry painted him in the act of devouring a box ticket which Sothern sent my wife for the theatre. I hope the box agreed with him! It was rather inconvenient, to say the least of it, for Sothern, in his merry way, said that if we wanted to go to the theatre we should have to present the dog at the box-office, as he carried the order!"

There are several  
Vol. vi —11.

good pictures in the hall, including "Gipsy" and "The Slut," two favourite horses of Mr. Yates, now dead.

To the right and left of the hall are the drawing-room and Mrs. Yates's room. As we enter the latter I am reminded that Mr. Yates was married in April of 1853, before he had arrived at his twenty-second birthday. He is not an opponent of early marriages, judging by the dedication of his volume of "Reminiscences," lying on

a table near the window, which is inscribed:—

TO MY WIFE:  
My Constant Companion, My Wisest Counsellor,  
My Best Friend:  
This Book is Dedicated.

Mrs. Yates possesses a weakness, and cultivates it. Flowers! Hence the small tables are crowded with blossoms, and the corners of the room are hidden by them. Flowers and pictures harmonize. Immediately over the mantelpiece is Storey's portrait of Mrs. Yates, whilst on an easel



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

rests a pencil drawing of the same subject by Val Prinsep, R.A. The etchings are numerous—that of “Old Marlow Ferry,” after Fred Walker, is a gem, and serves to remind its owners of the summer months which are invariably spent up the river. The drawing-room, whilst finding a place for many treasured works of art, is particularly noticeable for its many fine *éditions de luxe* of popular writers. In a fine old Chippendale cabinet one may turn over the pages of Thackeray, George Eliot, Fielding, and, of course, Dickens. There are some exquisite screens in this apartment, and the china and porcelain knick-knacks are scattered about in delightfully negligent profusion.

The dining-room looks out on to the lawn. It is a room which savours of hospitality and excellent company. Huge boxes of ivy fill the windows, and the birds come and provide the music at lunch whilst they trip to their own tunes on the twigs and branches. A large portrait of Mr. Yates's father is over the mantel-board, and the walls are hung with engravings after Briton Riviere, Birket Foster, MacWhirter, A. Ludovici, jun., Poynter, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Long, S. E. Waller, Heffner, and others.

Up to now our walk through the house has been rather suggestive of the host, but the opening of a door leading from the dining-room immediately gives the first clue to the past work-a-day associations of the brilliant writer. It is a small, square apartment, and a carved ebony tablet is set against the wall on which is written: “The Gad's Hill Hogarths, from the collection of C. D., 1879.” These Hogarths—which many connoisseurs consider the finest specimens existing—used to hang on the staircase at Gad's Hill, and after Dickens's death they found a place in the billiard-room. Eventually Mr. Yates bought them.

“One moment,” says Mr. Yates. He

returned quickly with a handsomely-bound volume, and quietly opening the book the fly-leaf revealed the following inscription:—

A SELECTION FROM THE LETTERS OF  
CHARLES DICKENS TO EDMUND YATES.  
1854-1870.

I weep a loss for ever new,  
A void where heart on heart reposed;  
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,  
Silence, till I be silent too.

I weep the comrade of my choice,  
An awful thought, a life removed,  
The human-hearted man I loved,  
A spirit, not a breathing voice.

—*In Memoriam.*

We went through the book together. How characteristic was every single letter! His first letter to Mr. Yates began, “My dear sir,” and then came the gradual growth of friendship's greeting with “My dear Mr. Yates,” “My dear Yates,” “My dear Edmund,” and the last note but one commencing, “Dear E. Y.”

“Dickens was godfather to one of my boys, who was a twin,” said Mr. Yates. “Isn't this note thoroughly characteristic of him? It came in response to mine asking him to be godfather.”

The note ran:—

“Paris, 49, Avenue des Champs Elysées,  
“Wednesday, Second January, 1856.

“MY DEAR YATES,—Supposing both Corsican Brothers to be available, I think I should prefer being godfather to the one who isn't Kean. With this solitary stipula-



From a Photo. by

THE HOGARTH ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

tion, I very cordially respond to your proposal, and am happy to take my friendly and sponsorial seat at your fireside."

Mr. Yates's mind wandered back to the place at Gad's Hill. He had cause to remember its one-time occupant, for who could have proved himself a better, a kinder friend than the great novelist to the then young journalist when, perhaps, the most critical chapter of his life came? But of the Thackeray incident—later. It was pleasant to listen to some new Dickensonia. How he was constantly quoting his own characters, acting them out during those Sunday evening walks they had together, and often giving point to a sentence by saying: "As Mr. Sikes might have remarked," or, "As Mr. Micawber would probably have observed."

"Dickens always used to say," Mr. Yates remarked, "when a person, theatrical, literary, or otherwise, was talked about as coming out, 'Yes, it is easy enough to come out—the difficulty is to *keep* out!'

He was always very anxious to have an opportunity of sleeping in a haunted house. Indeed, his pet subjects were ghosts and haunted houses, I well remember making one of a little party—including the dear man himself and Mr. W. H. Wills, not forgetting 'Turk,' a big dog and a great favourite of Dickens—constituted for the purpose of spending a night in a house that was reputed to be haunted; but it turned out a failure, and proved a great disappointment. Our last outing together was about two months before his death, when we together went to a circus and saw a performing elephant. He positively revelled in a circus and a cheap theatre, and often fidgeted in his seat in expectancy when some very bad actor was playing and seemed likely to forget his part. He would have been a great actor had he not been a great novelist."

The real Dickens's corner of the house,

however, may be said to be the bedroom. On the landing outside is a portrait of Sir Rowland Hill—its present possessor's old chief—and a bust of Mrs. Yates by Alexander Monroe. "Dickens's Corner" is opposite the window of the bedroom. Here hang the last portrait of him ever taken, and another, "Charles Dickens to Edmund Yates, 7th February, 1859." A family group of the "Dickens Family" at the porch, Gad's Hill, is eminently interesting. Gathered together we see Dickens himself, with Miss Mamie Dickens, Miss Kate Dickens (Mrs. Perugini), Miss Hogarth (his sister-in-law, to whom he referred in his will as "the best and truest friend man ever had"), Charles Collins, and Henry F. Chorley. Portraits abound here—a sketch by Frith of Edmund Yates in 1862, a delightful miniature of his mother, and an engraving of his father, Mr. Yates soon after his marriage, with his wife and eldest son (now Major Yates), an autographed portrait of Robert Browning, a group of Mr. Yates's



From a

THE PORCH, GAD'S HILL.

(Photograph.)

quartette of sons, and a quaint drawing of George IV. "doing the front" at Brighton.

Albert Smith, with his autograph, has a prominent place.

"He died on Derby Day, the great cockney carnival, which he had so often described," said Mr. Yates. "He was a dear friend; he introduced me to my wife, and was best man at the wedding. It was at his door—poor fellow—after leaving his widow, that I met the clergyman who had married them twelve months before, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, the father of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the actor. That is his portrait. Bellew read the church service better than any man I have ever heard, but the way in which he read the commandments was really very humorous. When he arrived at the seventh commandment, he would thunder it out in terrible tones, as much as to say, 'It's for you, and don't you forget it!' but when he came to the eighth, he gave it out in a rapid, flippant way—'Thou shalt

not steal!'—as though he wished his congregation to quite understand that it was not intended as an insult! He was curiously quaint in many ways, though always a thorough good fellow. He once arranged a performance of 'Hamlet,' in which he sat in front whilst the various characters were on the platform, moving and introducing the necessary action as he gave the words. It is impossible to describe the ludicrous muddle everybody got into."

The library, where we now repaired, is the finest room in the house. The passage leading to the work-room is lined

with the original cartoons for the *World*, by Alfred Bryan. The study is almost square, and I regarded as a pleasant though simple omen the sight of the vase of flowers on the big black oak writing-table from Farnham

Chase. Dickens nearly always had flowers on his table when he was writing. The flowers are by the side of a writing slope—an old writing slope much worn, but very precious. Dickens was writing on it an hour or two before he died. And the inscription reads: "This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens and was used by him on the day of his death, was one of the familiar objects of his study which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst those who loved him, and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates."

The fetiches of the occupant are several and varied. A Chinaman nods his head, a tiny pig looks contemptuously on at a larkishly-inclined monkey and a trio of Shem, Ham, and Japhet from the common or garden Noah's Ark! They follow their possessor about. The room contains close upon four thousand volumes—including many valuable first editions. About the walls are etchings of Tennyson, Huxley, Darwin, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Irving.

"When I was dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, Irving made his first appearance in 'Ivy Hall,'" said Mr. Yates. He brought a letter of introduction from John L. Toole.

"MY DEAR EDMUND, — Mr. Yates — Mr. Irving; Mr. Irving — Mr. Yates.

"Now be as good



From a

MR. YATES'S MOTHER.

[Miniature.]

to Mr. I. as you always have been to "Yours, while  
"J. L. TOOLE."

So the letter ran.

In addition to other pictures there is the original drawing for the cover of "Time" by Luke Fildes, works by John Leech, a Whistler and Linley Sambourne, and "Pellegrini," by himself. A massive silver bowl is engraved: "Presented to Edmund Yates on completing three-score years, by three-score friends and well-wishers, 3rd July, 1891." A small statuette of

Thackeray has a place all to itself on a table, and the assurance was given that it was "the best ever done of him." Oules's portrait of Edmund Yates is in the centre of the mantel-board, and amongst the many knick-knacks about is Mr Frank Lockwood, Q.C.'s, last year's Christmas card. A striking terra-cotta bust of Voltaire, by Carrier



MR. YATES'S FATHER.

Belleuse, has a small history distinctly its own. It was smashed into a thousand pieces by a careless servant. Every fragment was collected—sent across to Paris from whence it came in 1878—and in a month's time it came back as it is now!

"Fine picture, that of Fred Burnaby, eh?" Mr. Yates remarked, as we stood for a moment looking at a striking portrait of the gallant colonel who lived and died in harness. "We used to chaff very much about a

day or two he spent with us. He was just falling in love, and about to stand for Birmingham. He came to spend Saturday till Monday with us, at our house, The Temple, near Goring-on-Thames. On the Sunday we went on a launch excursion; but Burnaby was much preoccupied, and kept referring to two different papers which he had



From an]

GEORGE IV. AT BRIGHTON.

[Engraving.

in his jacket pocket. We found out, afterwards, that one was a letter from his *fiancée*, and the other a draft of a political speech which he was about to deliver that week, and we told him that he would most likely get mixed over the two—spout out to his electors the sweetest portions of his love-letter, and declare to the lady his unalterable attachment to the Constitution!”

We sat down by the black oak writing-table.

The conversation of Mr. Yates is as pleasant as his writings. He reviews, so to speak, his own life with the same delicacy which has been so characteristic of the pen that has travelled many miles on behalf of the lighter branches of literature, which Mr. Yates has done so much to father. He has done excellent work, honest work, work worthy of high eulogium; but its author refers to it very simply. “My name is Yates, Edmund Yates,” he almost says; “and if anybody likes to tack any kind words on to that name, well, so much the happier for me.” He is essentially a modest man. He works hard, but not so hard as he did a year or two ago. He likes to talk and walk, and gets through much by dictation.

Would strongly advise this to those young men who aim at being good speakers. He is an early riser. The busiest day of the week with him is Monday—the day on which the *World* goes to press. This calls him to town, and he rarely leaves his paper until it is fairly well on its way to the machines. He has a remarkable memory, and frequently wires a full-stop, or a comma, or a



EDMUND YATES.

semi-colon to the office when on his way home on press nights, should he think such would improve a sentence or make its meaning more apparent! Save when he is abroad, he reads every line that appears in the pages of his paper.

He loves old faces as he does old memories—be they either of a business or domestic nature. The publisher of the first number of the *World*—which has been established nearly twenty years—occupies that position to-day; whilst as for Spencer, his coachman, he has been in his employ

twenty years last Good Friday, and was reminded of the fact by the presentation of a watch and chain. A distinct trait in his character is that he is the first to give credit to a man who has truly earned it. It is not much, perhaps, to hear a man say to you in referring to his secretary: “Splendid fellow—knows where to find everything,” but it’s the “Knows where to find everything” that does it.

Little Edmund was born on the 3rd July, 1831, at Edinburgh, and his early years were passed in the somewhat close atmosphere of the theatre. Both his parents were members of

the theatrical profession. His father—Frederick Henry Yates—was a very eminent comedian of his day, and it was whilst fulfilling an engagement in the Scotch capital that Mrs. Yates brought a small son into the world. The engagement over, the latest addition to the Yates family was brought to London, and christened with due ceremony at Brompton Church.



MRS. YATES AND ELDEST SON (NOW MAJOR YATES).

"We used to live over the old Adelphi Theatre," he said, "and I was never allowed to go into the theatre, but there was a long staircase which connected the dwelling part with the public lobby, and I would often creep down there unobserved and listen to the talk in the boxes and pit. The lights and dresses and dancers used to bewilder me. It was at the Old Adelphi one night that a cry of 'Fire' was heard from the streets, and I was taken out of my little crib and held up to see the heavens lit up. I saw the glare caused by the Royal Exchange and Tower of London being on fire. At the time of the riots in Canada, I remember seeing the Foot Guards marched through the streets. Whether my father felt the honour of possessing me I do not know, but he used to delight in taking me by the hand and allowing me to accompany him through the streets.

"In this way I met the Duke of Wellington, who addressed my father with 'How do, Yates?' On the same day we met Dan O'Connell."

It was his aunt Eliza who taught young Edmund his A B C; the printer of the theatre, who evinced a keen interest in his welfare, having cut him out a set, which used to be placed on the floor, and Edmund would walk round like the little trained poodle at the circus and pick them out. At five years of age he went to a preparatory school at Highgate, and at nine was located at Highgate Grammar School, where his headmaster was the Rev. Prebendary Dyne, who is still alive and resident at Rogate, near Petersfield.

"Amongst my schoolfellows," he continued, "were Richard and Slingsby Bethell and Philip



ALBERT SMITH.

Worsley, who translated the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and many other famous fellows. I was not what you might call a studious boy. I cultivated that very bad habit of smuggling pieces of candle in order that I might sit up and devour the contents of a small library of somewhat sensational literature—literature calculated to raise hair on a brass door-knob. I liked cricket, and was addicted to borrowing other boys' ponies promiscuously and exercising them for my own particular benefit. I remained there until I was fourteen or fifteen, and then went to Düsseldorf. I had been there but a few months when my mother sent for me, saying that Lord Clanricarde had been appointed Postmaster-General and I was to come home."

It meant that instead of going into the Church, as originally intended, Edmund Yates, at the age of sixteen, on the 11th March, 1847, entered the Missing Letter Department of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and remained there for exactly five-and-twenty years. They were



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

days of real happiness. Whilst working hard at the Post-office he also entered "Bohemia," and obtained a knowledge of men and manners attainable by no other means. His experiences gathered in those days, and the names of people he met, would cover many





From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

Yates's works—his appearances and remarkable lectures on the stage and platform—and how he came to establish the *World*. His idea of the conducting of that paper always was, and always has been, that it should not be merely a light and flippant collection of paragraphs, but that every article in its pages should have some definite end in view—be it social or political. Indeed, of such moment are the

pages, but it may be said in a word that he was received and welcomed everywhere, not only on account of the admirable reputation of his father, but more owing to his own personal geniality and versatility.

"I did not want to sit at the Post-office all my life," said Mr. Yates, "and I began to look about me for a fresh pasture where fame might be gathered. It was the reading of 'Pendennis' that suggested journalism, and my first real effort was a set of verses—the idea for which came as I sat in the family pew in church!—which were accepted by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the proprietor and editor of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. My first paid engagement was on the *Court Journal*, at the munificent salary of £1 a-week!"

Work soon began to come in. The young author's talent was recognised and his pen appreciated and paid for. His hours were respectable—ten till four—at the Post-office, but they were drawn out into the early hours of the morning in his anxiety to succeed. His pen was soon employed in all the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day, and he became dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. His first novel was "Broken to Harness." He was editor of *Temple Bar* at the time, and having failed to find an author to write a serial, buckled to himself, the result being a work of excellent merit—followed by such dramatic productions as "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "The Forlorn Hope," etc. It would be impossible to give in the scope of this paper a detailed list of all Mr. Edmund

political articles in the columns of the *World* considered, that one may venture to think that it was their influence which suggested his being selected by the Carlton Club as a member. I saw an album—the *World* album—containing the portraits of past and present contributors to Mr. Yates's organ. I promised Mr. Yates not to reveal their names, but they are treasure-houses of influential information, indeed.

But all the time I was sitting in the study at Brighton my mind was constantly running on the man whose statuette rested on a table immediately before us. It was during a lull in the conversation—the faithful Laker, who "knows where to find everything," wanting some letters signed—that I crossed to the



THE SILVER BIRTHDAY BOWL.

table and examined the little statuette more closely. Edmund Yates looked up.

"The finest of all novelists," he said, earnestly. "I am an immense worshipper of him, and read him over and over again, and yet again. A wit—an epigrammatist of the first water. I was talking to him once about a matter, and the namé of a gentleman cropped up—very well known in his day, but now dead. 'I never saw him,' I said; 'I believe he wrote a book called "Biscuits and Grog."' 'Oh! yes,' he replied; 'he did. Clever fellow—remarkably clever fellow! Pity he's so fond of—biscuits!'

"How well he sang—I can hear him now. How he delighted to listen to Morgan John O'Connell, a nephew of the Liberator, giving 'The Shannon Shore.'"

We were talking of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Mr. Edmund Yates has given in his biography a very complete account of the following remarkable incident, which was unquestionably a crisis in his career, but, as he crossed to the table and opening a drawer brought forth a small six-sheet paper, yellow with age, he quietly turned to page 64 and asked me to read what appeared under the heading of "Literary Talk." This is the article which appeared in *Town Talk*, Vol. I., No. 6, June 12, 1858:—

#### LITERARY TALK.

Finding that our pen-and-ink portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens has been much talked about and extensively quoted, we purpose giving, each week, a sketch of some literary celebrity. This week our subject is

#### MR. W. M. THACKERAY.

##### HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Thackeray is forty-six years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small grey whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched—but his

Vol. vi —12.

appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion.

##### HIS CAREER.

For many years Mr. Thackeray, though a prolific writer, and holding constant literary employment, was unknown by name to the great bulk of the public. To *Fraser's Magazine* he was a regular contributor, and very shortly after the commencement of *Punch*, he joined Mr. Mark Lemon's staff. In the *Punch* pages appeared many of his wisest, most thoughtful and wittiest essays; "Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew" on love, marriage, friendship, choice of a club, etc., contain an amount of worldly wisdom which, independently of the amusement to be obtained from them, render them really valuable reading to young men beginning life. The "Book of Snobs," equally perfect in its way, also originally appeared in *Punch*. Here, too, were published his buffooneries,



VOLTAIRE.

From a Bust by Carrier Belleuse.

his "Ballads of Policeman X," his "Jeames's Diary," and some other scraps, the mere form of which consisted in outrages on orthography, and of which he is now deservedly ashamed. It was with the publication of the third or fourth number of *Vanity Fair* that Mr. Thackeray began to dawn upon the reading public as a great genius. The greatest work, which, with perhaps the exception of "The Newcomes," is the most perfect literary dissection of the human heart, done with the cleverest and most unsparing hand, had been offered to and rejected by several of the first publishers in London. But the public saw and recognised its value; the great guns of literature, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, boomed forth their praises, the light *tirailleurs* in the monthly and weekly Press echoed the *feux-de-joie*, and the novelist's success was made. "Pendennis" followed, and was equally valued by the literary world, but scarcely so popular with the public. Then came "Esmond," which fell almost

still-born from the Press; and then "The Newcomes," perhaps the best of all. "The Virginians," now publishing, though admirably written, lacks interest of plot, and is proportionately unsuccessful.

##### HIS SUCCESS.

commencing with *Vanity Fair*, culminated with his "Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," which were attended by all the Court and fashion of London. The prices were extravagant, the lecturer's adulation of birth and position was extravagant, the success was extravagant. No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth; here he flattered the aristocracy, but when he crossed the Atlantic, George Washington became the idol of his worship; the "Four Georges" the objects of his bitterest attacks. These last-named lectures have been dead failures in England, though as literary compositions they are most excellent. Our own opinion is that his success is on the wane; his writings never were understood

or appreciated even by the middle classes; the aristocracy have been alienated by his American onslaught on their body, and the educated and refined are not sufficiently numerous to constitute an audience; moreover, there is want of heart in all he writes, which is to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart.

"Town Talk," said Mr. Yates, "was a small periodical edited and illustrated by Watts Phillips, and I was engaged to write for it. The first week's instalment of 'Literary Talk' was a sketch of Dickens. You must remember I was working at the Post-office at the time. I had written my matter—enough to fill up, as I thought—when I received a message saying that Mr. Watts Phillips had gone and there was a big deficit of copy. I must make it up. I rushed over to the printers in Aldersgate Street, threw off my coat—it was a very hot Saturday afternoon—sat down, and without the slightest reflection turned out that article. I was not twenty-seven then, and had but small notion of how little causes often come home to bitterly revisit you.

"Thackeray was very wroth, and was the means of gaining my expulsion from the Garrick Club. I think it was a cruel thing to do, for no personal feeling whatever

prompted me to write what I did, and it was done without the faintest thought. I never met Thackeray afterwards save once in the street, and then somehow we didn't see one another. I endeavoured to put the matter right more than once, especially when I saw the *Cornhill Magazine* advertised. I sent in a set of verses, thinking that Thackeray might use them as a little tender towards reconciliation, but they came back by the next post.

"Well, let's go for a drive!"

So we forgot the troubles of Thackeray and the work of him who presides over the destinies of the *World* in our drive along "the front."

"Excellent coachman, Spencer," said Mr. Yates, "but an awful fellow for remembering names—mixes them up in a world of substitution! I had a horse which I called 'Taffy,' owing to its having been bred in Wales by Mrs. Crawshay.

"Now don't forget, Spencer," I said, "his name is 'Taffy'—" "Taffy," and he repeated it half-a-dozen times. Three days afterwards he came to me and said:—

"I think, sir, we shall want a different kind of bit for Murphy!"

HARRY HOW.



CHRISTMAS CARD, BY FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C.