

that his manners, address, style and tone were copied by the more intelligent and polite of the rising generation of his contemporaries. To make men really better was not his aim. It was enough for him if he could make them something less offensive, a little more pleasant. Far from undertaking to improve the morals of his age, he drew a clear distinction between good manners and good morals, and frankly intimated that he was only an authority on the former. "Good manners," he wrote, "are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as the laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones." It may be a matter for regret that good manners and good morals are not identical; but no one can deny that a distance exists between them no less than in the days of George the Second and his grandson, or that the regulations of the former are very generally substituted for the rules of the latter in that "particular society" which, with characteristic arrogance, claims for itself the honour of being "society" *par excellence*. That he had no wish to exalt good breeding above morality, and that notwithstanding his care and industry in defining the rules of polite manners he did not shut his eyes to the existence of another and higher code, the writer intimates further on in the paper just quoted, where he acknowledges that, notwithstanding his ambition to be known as Chesterfield the Well Bred, he would prefer to be known as Chesterfield the Just.

Of the letters that have been placed in our hands four were addressed by Chesterfield in his later years to his niece Gertrude, daughter of Sir Charles Hotham, of Scarborough, who married Gertrude Stanhope, daughter of the third Earl of Chesterfield, and sister of the writer. The first of the series contains an allusion to the scandalous connexion of the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor, which resulted in loss of reputation to both, and in serious pecuniary embarrassment to His Royal Highness, who was compelled to pay 10,000*l.* as compensation for the injury which he had done a proud peer's domestic affections.—

"London, Decem. 30th, 1763.

"Dear Gatty,—I thank you doubly for your last letter, for though I have often heard you say *Bis dat qui cito dat*, your letter, though a short one, was worth two if you had taken more time for them. Had I thought it necessary when we parted to have bid you write to me, I would not have done it, for I love none but free-will offerings; no sacrifices for me. Now that I am writing, what shall I write? The town is at present, in the usual and elegant phrase, barren of news. Lady Grosvenor alone enlivens it, whose *Histoire Amoureuse*, sometimes publicly asserted and as often denied, is now confirmed and established. St. Alban's, and not St. James's Street, as at first reported, was the scene of the tender though unfortunate love of the lovely pair. My Lord takes the Law, and my Lady has taken a Lodging in Bond Street, where she now is, and his Highness is not a little proud of having unlaced the reputation of a Woman of Quality. Much good may it do them both, say I. The weather seems to be now set in for frost and snow, so that one may now take air, exercise, and catch cold into the bargain, according to the present fashion. But I will not comply with that fashion, for I find the air in my little Yellow Room, rarefied by a good fire, exceedingly comfortable. Lady Chesterfield is somewhat better, though not well yet. Once for all, I now convey her compliments to you and Mr. Agar, but I will do so no more; I likewise desire mine to Mr. Agar, but I will do so no more neither, for Man and Wife till divorced are looked upon both in Law and Gospel as one: nor will I give you any of the commonplace New Year's shift, or mingle the form of lying in this season with the real truth, with which I am Yours, C."

At this date Gertrude Hotham had become the wife of Mr. Welbore Ellis Agar.

The "my boy" of the next letter was the writer's godson and heir to the Earldom of Chesterfield,—the remote kinsman whose education was

an affair of amiable and constant concern to Philip Dormer in his declining years. It was to this boy—whilst he was Dr. Dodd's pupil in Bloomsbury—that Lord Chesterfield addressed the series of letters on 'The Art of Pleasing,' which were presented to the public in 1783 by an anonymous editor, who observes: "They were chiefly written during the Earl's residence at Bath, and received by his pupil, who was then under the care of Dr. Dodd, that unfortunate and much-to-be-lamented victim to dissipation and extravagance, by whom they were copied, and, as is generally believed, transmitted to the public through the disgraceful channel of a provincial magazine." It is worthy of observation that in the education of his lively and very intelligent godson Lord Chesterfield had recourse with undiminished confidence to the system which did so little good for the clownish boy for whose benefit he indited the famous 'Letters' by which he is chiefly known at the present day. Characteristic also is the tone of gratulation with which the Earl, already in his seventy-sixth year, predicts that his beloved godchild will turn out a gentlemanly profligate:—

"London, Jan. 30, 1770.

"Dear Gatty,—You will be extremely disappointed when you come to town by finding that I have no cough at all. I am sure you was preparing to attack me upon my ill-breeding in coughing at people unnecessarily, and when I could so easily hinder it; but if you do, as provocations on one side are apt to provoke extremes on the other, I will deny having ever coughed in my life; so be quiet, and Mum budget. My Brother is extremely well, and thinks himself tolerably so, notwithstanding this damp, mizzling weather. He dines with me to-morrow, together with my Boy, whom he cannot dine without. He does much more to spoil him than I do; for he encourages him in great familiarities, which I never do. I am apt to think he will be something of a libertine when he grows older, but I do not mind that, for I don't like an old young fellow. I will never know his vices, provided they are the vices of a Gentleman, and as he has parts and knowledge, all will come right again in time. What is doing in the silly, busy world I believe you are as indifferent about as I am. All I know of the matter is, that those who have the places, that is the money, are exceedingly desirous to keep them, and those who have them not are as desirous to get them, that is the money; for the service of the King or the interest of the Public are only pretences for a guinea or two more. Yours most affectionately, C."

Chesterfield's comparative freedom from a vicious tendency generally prevalent amongst persons of all classes in the eighteenth century, and his endeavour to drive gross drunkenness out of fashion at the point of his pen, have been favourite subjects for eulogy with the Earl's biographers and apologists; but it appears from the following letter that this comparative sobriety was less the consequence of righteous disposition or good taste than of a weak stomach. Making a virtue of necessity, he abstained from habitual excess in wine because *vertigo* compelled him to do so.

"London, Decem. 9th, 1770.

"Dear Gatty,—I sit down now to acknowledge your letter without the least fear of being interrupted by visitors, for the whole town is in violent motion to-day, and has other and more important things to think of than of me. This strong curiosity and political agitation of which the public good is the pretence, and private interest the sole motive, endears to me my insignificance and retirement in my little yellow room by a good fire. My pulse does not beat one jot quicker because the King goes to the House to-day, and so little curiosity have I that I shall, in all probability, be in bed and asleep to-night without knowing the important events of to-day. Mr. Ellis, who dined with me yesterday, gave me a very bad account of my brother, who, he said, had had stronger and more frequent vertigos than usual. I had them still stronger for twenty years together, and nothing mitigated them but my totally leaving off wine, and nothing cured them but my accidental salivation; but as this cure is, if possible, worse than the disease, I recommend it to nobody. I know

nobody as tough as your Mother, who braves this cold weather with the utmost intrepidity, and one may very properly say that her Faith has made her whole. I have not seen her of some days, for her Metropolitan, Lady Huntingdon, is in Town, and there is general council held upon arduous affairs. Would you think it? I was last week at the famous puppet-show which is *le bon ton* at present, but it was in the morning. I confess my eyes were well entertained with it, for I did not think it possible for the mechanism of wires to cause such various and natural motions. I met many fashionable heads reeking hot as they got out of bed, and I took a great deal of snuff. Good night.—Affectionately yours, C. My compliments to Mr. Agar; but for the last time, *car cela s'en va sans dire*."

Here is a peep into the new rooms at Bath, in which the aged man of fashion, after outliving his contemporaries, found himself alone amidst a crowd:—

"Bath, Oct. ye 8th, 1771.

"Dear Gatty,—When we parted, we agreed to correspond by way of letter, but we did not, as I remember, stipulate which should make the first advance: but as I always sacrifice my Dignity to my Pleasure, I here make the first step, though cozen and counsellor to the King, and your uncle, which is a kind of Deputy Parent. Admire my condescension. To begin, then, with an account of my caducity. I made my journey to this place in two days, which I did not think I could have done; much tried with it, but alive. Since I came I have seen no mortal till last night, when I went to the Ball with which the new Rooms were opened, and when I was there I knew not one creature except Lord and Lady Vere. The new Rooms are really magnificent: finely finished and furnished. The Dancing Room, which the late Lady Thanet used to call the Postures Room, particularly spacious and adorned; a large and fine Glass Room, and a convenient Tea Room, well contrived either to drink or feast with that liquor. So much for this, and more I cannot tell you. As for the people, who are not yet many, they are absolute strangers to me, and I to them. In my review of the fair sex last night I did not see one tolerably handsome, so that I am in no danger of falling in love this season, and indeed my heart and mind are so engrossed by Mr. Agar's fair cousin Mrs. Mathews, that I have no room left for a second choice. I hope that at her return to England he will do me what good offices he can with her. My way is to end my letters abruptly, and without a well-turned period. So God bless you. CHESTERFIELD."

The morality of these notes, no less than the tone of the letter which we purpose to publish next week, is altogether in harmony with the taste and principles of the Earl's published epistles.

CUT OR UNCUT.

Down, Bromley, Kent, Jan. 1, 1867.

I was glad to see in your paper of the 15th ult. that you have allowed "A Great Reader" to protest against books being sold uncut. He is obliged to own that many persons like to read and cut the pages at the same time; but, on the other hand, many more like to turn rapidly over the pages of a new book so as to get some notion of its contents and see its illustrations, if thus ornamented. But "A Great Reader" does not notice three valid objections against uncut books. In the first place they sometimes get torn or badly cut, as may be seen with many books in Mudie's Library; and I know a lady who is habitually guilty of cutting books with her thumb. Secondly, and which is much more important, dust accumulates on the rough edges, and gradually works in between the leaves, as the books vibrate on their shelves. Thirdly, and most important of all, for those who not merely read but have to study books, is the slowness in finding by the aid of the index any lost passage, especially in works of reference. Who could tolerate a dictionary with rough edges? I have had London's 'Encyclopedia of Plants' and Lindley's 'Vegetable Kingdom' in constant use during many years, and the cloth binding is still so good that it would have been a useless expense

to have had them bound in leather; nor did I foresee that I should have consulted them so often, otherwise the saving of time in finding passages would have amply repaid the cost of binding. The North Americans have set us the example of cutting and often gilding the edges. What can be the reason that the same plan is not followed here? Is it mere Toryism? Every new proposal is sure to be met by many silly objections. Let it be remembered that a deputation of paper-manufacturers waited on Sir E. Peel, when he proposed to establish the penny postage, urging that they would suffer great loss, as all persons would write on note-paper instead of on letter sheets! It is always easy to suggest fanciful difficulties. An eminent publisher remarked to me that booksellers would object to receiving books cut, as customers would come into their shops and read them over the counter; but surely a book worth reading could not be devoured in this hasty manner. The sellers of old books seem never to object to any one studying the books on their stalls as long as he pleases. "A Discursive" remarks in your paper that booksellers would object to books being supplied to them with their edges cut, as they would thus "relinquish an obvious advantage in palpable evidence of newness." But why should this objection be more valid here than in America? Publishers might soon ascertain the wishes of the public if they would supply to the same shop cut and uncut copies, or if they would advertise that copies in either state might be procured, for booksellers would immediately observe which were taken in preference from their counters. I hope that you will support this movement, and earn the gratitude of all those who hate the trouble and loss of time in cutting their books; who lose their paper-cutters, who like to take a hasty glance through a new volume, who dislike to see the edges of the pages deeply stained with dust, and who have the labour of searching for lost passages. You will not only earn the gratitude of many readers, but in not a few cases that of their children, who have to cut through dry and pictureless books for the benefit of their elders.

CHARLES DARWIN.

COPYRIGHT.

Waltham Green, Jan. 1, 1867.

HAVING been spoken of by a Correspondent of the *Athenæum* as one having more than ordinary knowledge of the copyright laws and experience of their working; I may be able to offer a few appropriate remarks on the registration process at Stationers' Hall, the subject of the article published in your number for December 29.

The statute of Anne, the first Copyright Act, is perhaps the only one dealing with the subject free from sinister object. The 7 & 8 Geo. 3. c. 38. was avowedly passed to extend the copyrights of Hogarth, and is popularly known as the Hogarth Act. The personal object of the 5 & 6 Vict. c. 45, under which the forty-two years is obtained, was to benefit the families of Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and a few of the elder literary men of that epoch, who had outlived the twenty-eight years' copyright term of the previous enactments. In the framing of the latter act the executive of the Stationers' Company appear to have taken special care for their interests and those of their registrar; so much so that I think it likely on any future copyright legislation it will be found that the registrar—the company's treasurer—has a statutable estate in the fees, for which he may be entitled to compensation if abrogated.

The statute of Anne allowed only sixpence for registering a copyright, sixpence for a certified copy of the entry, and permitted searches gratis. By the 54 Geo. 3. the charge for registering was increased to 2s.; the certified copy was advanced to 2s., and the like fee was imposed for searching the registers. By the 5 & 6 Vict. c. 45. the registry and certified copy were equally advanced to 5s., and the search-fee of 1s. was made payable for every article searched for.

On the subject of copyright and the law proceedings that have arisen on it, I could say a great deal, and shall be willing to do so to any member of the legislature who, like Mr. Black, may take it up with a view to amendment; but,

confining my remarks at present to the subject of registration, I conclude by stating that one of the suggestions I made on Mr. Black's bill was, that the registration fee should be reduced to 1s.,—that the party registering should be entitled to a copy of his registry, by way of receipt; and on the other hand, that registry within a certain time after publication should be essential to the maintenance of copyright, as it was under 54 Geo. 3.

I also submit that, wherever the Registry Books may be kept, a duplicate of them should be deposited at the British Museum, or some other public depository, to guard against the irreparable mischief that would result from their destruction.

G. H. DAVIDSON.

1, Powis Place, Jan. 2, 1867.

Mr. Serjeant Burke, in his letter in the *Athenæum* last week, inclines to giving to the Office for Registry of Designs that also of literary works. It has frequently occurred to me that the Librarian of the British Museum should have such an office as this (the registering of literary works) under his control, and I think that it would be invaluable to the Catalogue and the Library. The names of authors of anonymous or pseudonymous works in many cases might be registered, but not divulged for such time as the author chose.

RALPH THOMAS.

THE NORREYS.

Mallow, Jan. 1, 1867.

IN your number of the 22nd ult. (page 829, centre column), I find this sentence, "The first Norreys of Ockwells was cook to Queen Elizabeth." The writer of the article can be but superficially acquainted with English domestic history. Sir Henry Norreys was ennobled by Queen Elizabeth, not because he was her cook, but because his father, Sir Henry Norreys, had been beheaded by Henry the Eighth, "on account of his fidelity to her mother, Anne Boleyn."

There is, in the Calendar of Patent Rolls, the record of a grant of Ockholt, or Ockwells, to Richard de Norreys, "Coco Regine," by Henry the Third, in 1257. Ockwells certainly belonged to Sir John Norreys, "of Bray," in the reign of Edward the Third; but as all the earlier heralds, and the best writers on such subjects, agree that he was the second son of Sir William Norreys, of Speke, in Lancashire, it could not have come to him by descent from Richard de Norreys, as he certainly was not one of the ancestors of Sir William, nor was Ockwells ever in the possession of the Speke family.

That the heralds of the days of Elizabeth believed that Sir Henry Norreys of Ockwells was descended from the Norreys of Speke, is evidenced by the fact that they assigned to him, on his being created Lord Norreys, the Speke arms in addition to his own,—those of Ravenscroft, which the Ockwells branch had borne since the reign of Edward the Third, when John Norreys married the heiress of that family.

If the heralds be right, the descent from the cook is an heraldic myth; but I distrust the heralds, and have reason to believe that the most noted and most noble branch of the Norreys family—that of Ockwells, Yattenden, and of Ricote, did really descend from Richard de Norreys, cook to the Queen of Henry the Third, and that the separation of this branch from that of Speke—if they were ever connected—must have taken place prior to 1257; but this belief involves another, viz., that heralds in ancient days "cooked" their visitations and family pedigrees as thoroughly as the directors of our days do their accounts, and that, unless where fortified by charters, wills, deeds, or other instruments, or by historical facts, they are not to be relied on.

D. J. N.

LITERARY BORROWING.

Ivy Cottage, Ballard's Lane, Finchley, Jan. 1, 1867.

MAY I utter a complaint touching a Mr. Grenville Fletcher, late editor of the *Kentish Champion*, *Court Journal*, *Mirror of the World*, *Hants Standard*, &c. Looking, as I always do, in old bookshops, I came across a volume, the other day, professing to be a third series of 'Parliamentary

Portraits' by this gentleman. A very small piece of silver secured for me possession of the prize. On taking it home and examining it, I find page after page reprinted from my 'Modern Statesmen,' without a single word of acknowledgment. Mr. Fletcher gives a sketch of Viscount Palmerston, almost entirely mine. He devotes eight pages to Sir James Graham; and more than six of them are mine. I wrote an article on Mr. Brand; Mr. Fletcher reprints it, slightly altering it. Thus he commences: "It was during the lull of an evening debate I once beheld Lord John Russell carrying on a friendly and good-natured conversation, on the Government benches of the House of Commons. To see his Lordship smile is a very unusual circumstance, for he is mostly so excessively cold in his manner—added to which, there is a rigid demeanour about him—as one would only expect to be evinced by a great man, knowing that he is part and parcel of the British Constitution." I had written: "It was once my good fortune to behold Lord John Russell smile, and carry on a friendly conversation, on the Government benches of the British House of Commons. Generally, his Lordship is cold and dignified in his demeanour, as becomes a man who is part and parcel of that wonderful machine, the British Constitution." In like manner, Mr. Fletcher has helped himself to my sketches of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lindsay. This gifted work is dedicated to Lord Llanover, and bears on the title-page the respectable name of Mr. James Ridgway, Piccadilly. In his Introduction the author expresses his gratitude "to the members of his own craft (the public press) for the truthful, generous, and impartial mode in which his portraits have been critically noticed." Surely, Mr. Fletcher might have expressed his gratitude to, amongst others, yours, &c.,

J. EWING RITCHIE.

OLD BALLADS.

Davington, Jan. 1, 1867.

THE letters in the *Athenæum* respecting the ballad of 'The Jew's Daughter' have recalled to my memory one which lingered among the lace-makers of Northamptonshire till some five-and-twenty years ago, and which may, perhaps, be heard even now. Something like that time has elapsed since I last heard it sung to the merry jingle of the "spangled bobbins," which the lace-makers knew how to move so quickly. My apology for asking you to print the fragment given below must be its similarity to the one which Percy received from Scotland, and the hope that some of your readers, living in the Midland Counties, may be able to complete it. But, while it is so like 'The Jew's Daughter' of Bishop Percy, it seems to vary sufficiently from it to entitle it to be mentioned with that of the Bishop.—

It rains, it rains in merry Scotland,
Both little and great and small,
And all the school-fellows in merry Scotland
Must needs go play at ball.

They toss'd the ball so high, so high,
And yet it came down so low;
They toss'd it over the old Jew's gate,
And broke the old Jew's window.

The old Jew's daughter she came out—
Was clothed all in green—
"Come hither, come hither, you young Sir Hugh,
And fetch your ball again."

"I will not come, I dare not come,
Unless my school-fellows come all,
For I shall be flogg'd when I get home
For losing of my ball."

She 'ticed him with an apple so red,
And likewise with a fig;
She laid him over the dresser-board,
And sticked him like a pig.

The first came out the thicket of blood,
The next came out so thin,
And then came out the child's heart-blood,
Where all his life lay in.

I do not think the ballad under consideration has ever appeared in any collection. It seems to merit a place in our ballad literature; and, if any of your readers can add any stanzas to those I have given, I, for one, shall be grateful. Is it a ballad on Hugh of Lincoln? and should we for "Scotland" read *Lincoln*?

J. MEADOWS COWPER.