WILLIAM ANDREWS

LITERARY BYWAYS

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Andrews W.

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Содержание

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Preface

In the following pages no attempt has been made to add to the many critical works authors bring under the notice of the public. My aim in this collection of leisure-hour studies is to afford entertaining reading on some topics which do not generally attract the reader's attention.

It is necessary for me to state that three of the chapters were originally contributed to the columns of the *Chambers's Journal*, and by courtesy of the Editor are reproduced in this volume.

William Andrews.

The Hull Press,
July 5th, 1898.

Authors at Work

The interest of the public in those who write for its entertainment naturally extends itself to their habits of life. All such habits, let it be said at once, depend on individual peculiarities. One will write only in the morning, another only at night, a third will be able to force himself into effort only at intervals, and a fourth will, after the manner of Anthony Trollope, be almost altogether independent of times and places. The nearest approach to a rule was that which was formulated by a great writer of the last generation, who said that morning should be employed in the production of what De Quincey called "the literature of knowledge," and the evening in impassioned work, "the literature of power."

But habits, however unreasonable they may be, are ordinarily very powerful with authors. One of the most renowned writers always attired himself in evening dress before sitting down to his desk. The influence of his attire, he said, gave dignity and restraint to his style. Another author, of at least equal celebrity, could only write in dressing gown and slippers. In order that he might make any progress, it was absolutely essential that he should be unconscious of his clothes. Most authors demand quiet and silence as the conditions of useful work. Carlyle padded his room, in order that he might not be annoyed by the clatter of his neighbours. On the other hand, Jean Paul Richter, whose influence is visible throughout nearly the whole of Carlyle's writings, would work serenely in the kitchen with his mother attending to her domestic duties, and the children playing around him. In an article contributed by Carlyle to the *Edinburgh Review* on Richter, we get some interesting facts about this truly great man. The following is reproduced from Döring. "Richter's studying or sitting apartment, offered about this time (1793),[1] a true and beautiful emblem of his simple and noble way of thought, which comprehended at once the high and the low. Whilst his mother, who then lived with him, busily pursued her household work, occupying herself about stove and dresser, Jean Paul was sitting in a corner of the same room, at a simple writing-desk, with few or no books about him, but merely with one or two drawers containing excerpts and manuscripts. The jingle of the household operations seemed not at all to disturb him, any more than did the cooing of the pigeons, which fluttered to and fro in the chamber – a place, indeed, of considerable size." Carlyle, commenting on the preceding passage, says – "Our venerable Hooker, we remember, also enjoyed 'the jingle of household operations,' and the more questionable jingle of shrewd tongues to boot, while he wrote; but the good thrifty mother, and the cooing pigeons, were wanting. Richter came afterwards to live in fine mansions, and had the great and learned for associates, but the gentle feelings of those days abode with him: through life he was the same substantial, determinate, yet meek and tolerating man. It is seldom that so much rugged energy can be so blandly attempered, that so much vehemence and so much softness will go together."

Dr. Johnson's "Dictionary" is one of the most familiar books in the English language, and the particulars of the way in which it was compiled are of considerable interest. He agreed with a number of leading London booksellers to prepare the work for £1,775, and spent seven years over the task. When he undertook it, he expected to finish it in three years. His friend, Dr. Adams, called upon him one day, and found him busy with his book, and, says Boswell, a dialogue as follows ensued. "Adams: 'This is a great work, sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?' Johnson: 'Why, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.' Adams: 'But, sir, how can you do this in three years?' Johnson: 'Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years.' Adams: 'But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to complete their dictionary.' Johnson: 'Sir, thus it is – this is the proportion. Let me see: forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.'" This pleasantry is

[1] He was thirty years of age.

not reproduced to show Johnson's vanity, but to give a glimpse of some of the books he used, and his own ideas as to the period he expected to spend over the undertaking.

Johnson fitted up an upper room like a counting house, in which were employed six copyists; and in spite of his asserted aversion from Scotchmen, he engaged no less than five of them on his book, so that his objection to the sons of Caledonia cannot have been very deeply rooted.

Many of his words were drawn from previously published dictionaries, and others he supplied himself. He spent much time in reading the best informed authors, and marked their books with a pencil when he found suitable material for his work. He would not under any consideration quote the productions of an author whose writings were calculated to hurt sound religion and morality. The marked sentences were copied on slips of paper, which were afterwards posted into an interleaved copy of an old dictionary opposite the words to which they related.

At the commencement of the work he made a rather serious mistake by writing on both sides of his paper. He had to pay twenty pounds to have it transcribed to one side of the paper only.

It has been truthfully observed that Dr. Johnson's "Illustrations of the meanings and uses of words" is the most valuable part of the work, and shows an extraordinary knowledge of literature. Some of the definitions were characteristic of the man. Take for example the following, to be found in the first edition: – "Excise. A hateful tax levied upon commodities, adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid. – Network. Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections. – Oats. A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but which in Scotland supports the people." Sir Walter Scott related the happy retort by Lord Elibank, who said, when he heard the definition – "Yes; and where else will you see *such* horses, and *such* men." – Patron. Commonly, a wretch, who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery. – Pension. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

Mr. Andrew Miller, bookseller, of the Strand, took the chief management of the publication, and appears to have been much disappointed at the slow progress the compiler made. He frequently pressed Johnson for more "copy," and towards the latter part of the work became most anxious, for Johnson had drawn all his money in drafts long before he had completed the "Dictionary."

According to Boswell, "When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Miller returned, Johnson asked him, 'Well, what did he say?' 'Sir,' answered the messenger, 'he said, "Thank God I have done with him."' 'I am glad,' replied Johnson, 'that he thanks God for anything.'"

The Dictionary was published in 1755 in two volumes at £4 4s. 0d., and soon went through several editions. The expenses of producing the work left Johnson a small margin of profit. It firmly established his fame.

Having referred at some length to Johnson's "Dictionary," let us pay some little attention to another important work of reference, the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The first edition was issued in weekly numbers commenced in 1771, and was completed in 1773. It consisted of three small quarto volumes. The first editor was William Smellie, a studious man who made his start in life as a compositor, and left the printing office for an hour or two daily to attend the classes of the Edinburgh University. At nineteen he was employed as proof-reader, conductor and compiler of the *Scots' Magazine* at a salary of sixteen shillings a week. He devised and wrote the chief articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The agreement of the work is a curiosity of literature, and reads as follows:

"Mr. Andrew Bell to Mr. William Smellie.

"Sir, – As we are engaged in publishing a 'Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences,' and as you have informed us that there are fifteen capital sciences, which you will undertake for, and write up the sub-divisions and detached parts of them, conforming to your plan, and likewise to prepare the whole work for the press, etc., etc. We hereby agree to allow you £200 for your trouble."

A second edition was called for in 1776, and the proprietors offered Smellie a share in the undertaking if he would edit it; but having other pressing work on hand, he declined the proposal, and Joseph Tytler, a man of varied attainments, was engaged. He was born in 1747, and was the son of a minister of a rural parish in Scotland. After receiving a liberal education, he was placed with a surgeon at Forfar. He subsequently made a couple of voyages as a doctor in a whaling-ship to Greenland. Next he proceeded to Edinburgh with the money he had earned, with a view of completing his medical education at the University. He had no sooner got nicely settled in the Northern capital, than he married a girl in humble circumstances, a step which did not help to advance his worldly interests. He made many attempts to succeed, but always failed. Keen poverty kept his nose to the grindstone. His faculty in projecting works was much larger than his energy in carrying them out. Before he had reached the age of thirty, he commenced his labours as the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The remuneration he received was very small; and while the work was in progress, he lodged, with his wife and family, with a poor washerwoman at the village of Duddingston, and for his writing-desk turned her wash-tub upside down.

The poor fellow never attempted to hide his poverty. It is said by a gentleman who once waited upon him, that he found him making a repast on a cold potato, which he continued eating with as much composure as if he were dining in the most sumptuous style.

The Encyclopædia was a great success, and sold to the extent of ten thousand copies; the owners of the copyright cleared £42,000. Moreover two of the owners, one a printer and the other an engraver, were paid for their respective work; yet in spite of this handsome profit, the result of Tytler's ability, they permitted him to live with his wife and children in penury.

He could write almost on any topic, and at any time. As a proof of this, his biographer tells a good anecdote. "A gentleman in Edinburgh," he states, "once told him he wanted as much matter as would form a junction between a certain history and its continuance to a later period. He found Tytler lodged in one of those elevated apartments called garrets, and was informed by the old woman with whom he resided that he had gone to bed rather the worse for liquor. Determined, however, not to depart without fulfilling his errand, he was shown into Mr. Tytler's apartment by the light of a lamp, where he found him in the situation described by the landlady. The gentleman having acquainted him with the nature of the business which brought him at so late an hour, Mr. Tytler called for pen and ink, and in a short time produced about a page and a half of letterpress, which answered the end as completely as if it had been the result of the most mature deliberation, previous notice, and a mind undisturbed by any liquid capable of deranging its ideas."

Tytler was a poet of some skill, and wrote a number of popular songs, three of which find a place in "The Celebrated Songs of Scotland." He enjoyed the friendship of Robert Burns. In 1792 he published a prospectus of a paper to be named the *Political Gazetteer*; when it came under the notice of Burns he wrote to him as follows: – "Go on, sir; lay bare with undaunted heart and steady hand that horrid mass of corruption called politics and state-craft." At the time he penned this he was an officer in the Excise, and for this and similar expressions he was rebuked by the Board of Excise. Burns described Tytler as an "obscene, tippling, but extraordinary body; a mortal who, though he drudges about Edinburgh with leaky shoes, a skylighted hat, yet that same drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which he composed at half-a-guinea a week."

We must, before dismissing Tytler, give another anecdote, although it does not relate to literature. We read that "he constructed a huge bag, and filled it full of gas, and invited the inhabitants of Edinburgh to witness his flight through the regions of space." Mr. Tytler, it appears, slowly rose in his bag as high as a garden wall, when something went wrong with the machinery, and he was deposited head foremost "softly on an adjoining dunghill." The "gaping crowd nearly killed themselves with laughter." He was afterwards known as "Balloon Tytler." He wrote a seditious

placard, and had to flee to save his neck. He found a home in America, and for some time edited a paper at Salem. After a life of toil and trouble, he died in the year 1803.

Much has been said about the habits and earnings of Sir Walter Scott, and it is only necessary for us to observe that he wrote in his neatly-arranged library, where at any moment he could refer to his books. He was a most methodical man, and never had to waste time hunting up lost papers and books. He usually commenced writing between five and six, and worked until ten in the morning, and during this period it was his practice to fast. When pressed with work, he would often take breakfast at nine, and lounge about until eleven, and then write with a will until two o'clock. During the closing years of Sir Walter Scott's life he employed William Laidlaw as his amanuensis. Laidlaw was a poet and prose writer of some merit, possessed of superior shrewdness, and highly esteemed by Sir Walter and his family. He was for many years steward at Abbotsford.

Another famous son of the North was Professor Wilson, perhaps more widely known as "Christopher North," of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He entered in a large ledger skeletons of intended articles; when he felt in the humour for working, he turned to his skeletons, selected one, and quickly clothed it with flesh and nerve. Wilson in a short time could produce a considerable quantity of original matter. Mr. J. S. Roberts, the editor of the volume of "Scottish Ballads" in the Chandos Classics series, was a boy at Blackwood's when Wilson was the chief contributor to "*Maga*." It was one of Roberts' duties to go to Christopher North for his "copy." He was wont to sit and amuse himself whilst the great, lion-headed man wrote or furnished an article on all manner of scraps of waste paper. One day there was a high wind, and Roberts was indiscreet enough to put Professor Wilson's article in his hat. The result was hugely disastrous. The head-gear was blown off, and Wilson's article was distributed in small portions over all the streets of Edinburgh. It was a frightful thing to have to go to the author and explain the catastrophe. John Wilson would swear, as the boy knew; and for a while he swore most stormily, but eventually calmed his choler, and wrote the article over again.

Professor Wilson was the author of a severe critique on the earlier poems of Alfred Tennyson, and in reply to it the poet wrote the following lines: —

"To Christopher North

"You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.

"When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

After penning the foregoing, the Laureate does not appear to have troubled himself further respecting Professor Wilson.

Let us now look at the method of a famous French author. Like many able writers, Balzac thought out every detail of a story before he commenced writing it. The places he proposed describing were visited, and the special features carefully noted. His note-books were filled with particulars of all classes of characters, for reproduction in his novels. No sooner had he made up his mind to write on a certain subject, and collected materials for his work, than he retired from the haunts of men, and declined to see even his closest friends. Letters might come, but they were not opened; he was dead

to the outer world. His blinds were drawn, the sunlight shut out, and candles lighted. His ordinary costume was changed for a loose white monkish gown. The round of his daily toil was as follows: – At two in the morning he commenced writing, and continued it until six; a bath was then indulged in; at eight he took coffee, and rested until the clock marked the hour of nine. He resumed writing until noon, when an hour was occupied over breakfast. He again laboured with his pen from one to six, when his work closed for the day. He dined and conferred with his publisher, and at eight o'clock he retired to rest. This daily round often occupied two months, in which period he furnished the first rough draft of his work. The matter was usually re-written, and even when in type he would frequently alter three or four proofs. We are not surprised to learn "that he was the terror of the printers; few could decipher his 'copy,' and it is said that those few made a stipulation with their employer to work on it for one hour at a time."

He was a most painstaking writer, but was never satisfied with his productions. "I took," he said, "sixteen hours out of twenty-four over the elaboration of my unfortunate style, and I am never satisfied with it when done."

Carlyle's productions gave the printers much trouble, on account of the many alterations he made, and his cramped penmanship. His changes were not confined to his manuscripts; he revised his proofs to such an extent that it was frequently found easier to reset the matter than to alter it. Miss Martineau told a good story anent this subject. "One day," she said, "while in my study, I heard a prodigious sound of laughter on the stairs, and in came Carlyle, laughing aloud. He had been laughing in that manner all the way from the printing office in Charing Cross. As soon as he could, he told me what it was about. He had been to the office to urge the printer, and the man said: 'Why, sir, you really are so very hard upon us with your corrections; they take so much time, you see.' After some remonstrance, Carlyle observed that he had been accustomed to do this sort of thing; that he had got works printed in Scotland, and – 'Yes, indeed, sir,' interrupted the printer, 'we are aware of that. We have a man here from Edinburgh, and when he took up a bit of your copy he dropped it as if it had burnt his fingers, and cried out, 'Lord have mercy! Have you got that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done all his corrections.'"

Mrs. Gore was the author of many fashionable novels and other works, which won much favourable notice in her day. She did not confine all her attention to story-writing; she contributed very largely to the leading magazines, and wrote successfully for the stage. The list of her works is a long one, yet, in spite of all her tireless toil with the pen, she entered very freely into the pleasures of society. Mr. Planché visited her in Paris in 1837, and in course of a conversation she explained how she managed to find time to write so much. Said Mrs. Gore: "I receive, as you know, a few friends at dinner at five o'clock nearly every evening. They leave me at ten or eleven, when I retire to my own room, and write till seven or eight in the morning. I then go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out, shop, pay visits, and return at four, dress for dinner, and as soon as my friends have departed, go to work again all night as before." Mrs. Gore died in 1861, at the age of sixty-two years. Her first book was issued in 1823, and it was followed by no less than seventy separate works. She lived for many years on the Continent, and supported her family with her pen.

Mrs. Trollope did not commence her career as an author until she had "reached the sober season of married and middle life," yet she managed to produce no less than one hundred and fifteen volumes of fiction. In an autobiographical work, entitled "What I Remember," by her son, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, we get some touching pictures of this wonderful woman writing her books. He speaks of her passing an extended period by the bedside of her invalid son. From about nine in the morning until eight in the evening, with "a cheerful countenance and a bleeding heart," she entertained and nursed her patient. He generally slept about eight, when she went to her desk and wrote her fiction to amuse light-hearted readers. She worked from two to three in the morning. This was all done with the aid of green tea and sometimes laudanum. Mrs. Trollope died at the age of eighty-three years, so that it cannot be said that hard work killed her, although she did an immense quantity.

We believe that hard work seldom kills anyone. Some say that it does, and point to the fate of Southey, one of the most industrious of English men of letters, to support their assertion. The mention of his name brings to the mind scenes of sunshine and shadow. He was a lover of books, and his charming house in Lake-land contained a fine library. Here he read and worked, and life passed happily. Nothing could tempt him to leave it, not even the editorship of *The Times*. When bereft of reason, Southey would linger lovingly amongst the companions of happier days, his beloved books. He would play with them as a child plays with a toy. It is generally believed that hard literary labour killed him. When Dr. Charles Mackay visited Wordsworth he named the matter to him, and was told that there was no truth in it. Said Wordsworth of Southey: "He was a calm and methodical worker, and calm, steady work never kills. It is only worry and hurry that kill. Southey wrote a great deal; but he wrote easily and pleasantly to himself. Besides, only those who have tried know what an immense deal of literary work can be got through comfortably by a man who will work regularly for only four or even three hours a day. Take the case of Sir Walter Scott, for instance. What an immensity of work he got through; and yet he was always idle at one o'clock in the afternoon, and ready for any amusement, or for such change of labour as the garden or the field afforded. Southey was like him in that respect, and, though he worked hard, he always contrived to enjoy abundance of leisure. Scott died of pecuniary trouble, not of work. Southey died of grief for the loss of his wife."

Lord Byron puzzled his friends by continual production whilst appearing to occupy himself with everything else but writing.

Hans Christian Andersen had to be alone when he composed his fairy tales. He was never able to dictate a contribution for the press. All his matter for the printer was in his own handwriting. This circumstance he named to Thiers, by whom he was informed that he dictated to an amanuensis the whole of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire."

Miss Edgeworth wrote her stories in the common sitting-room, surrounded by her family. Some authors are able to concentrate their attention on a task and remain unconscious of anything going on around them. Says a recent writer on this topic: "Dr. Somerville told Harriet Martineau that he once laid a wager with a friend that he would abuse Mrs. Somerville in a loud voice to her face, and she would take no notice; and he did so. Sitting close to her, he confided to his friend the most injurious things – that she rouged, that she wore a wig, and such nonsense uttered in a very loud voice; her daughters were in a roar of laughter, while the slandered lady sat placidly writing. At last her husband made a dead pause after her name, on which she looked up in an innocent manner saying, "Did you speak to me?"

Southey too could write in the presence of his family. A more remarkable method of composition was that of Barry Cornwall. He composed his best poems in the busy streets of London, only leaving the crowd to enter a shop to commit to paper the verses he had made.

The poet Gray usually worked himself into the "mood" by reading some other poet, generally Spenser.

Shelley always composed out of doors sometimes on the roof tops. Trelawney describes how he found him in a grove near Florence by a pool of water; he was gazing unconsciously into the depths. Trelawney did not disturb him, but when Shelley came out of his trance he had written one of his finest lyrics, in a hand-writing that no other man could decipher.

Wordsworth mainly composed his poems during his rural rambles. It was not an unusual circumstance for him to write with a slate pencil on a smooth piece of stone his newly made lines. Surely the hillsides and lovely dales of Lake-land were fitting places for the great high priest of nature to give birth to his poetry. He repeated his poems aloud as he composed them, a practice which greatly puzzled the common people. We cannot perhaps better illustrate the strange impression it made on the country folk than by repeating an anecdote told to Dr. Charles Mackay by an American gentleman. He said – "One of his countrymen had lost his way in a vain attempt to discover Rydal Mount; had taken a wrong turn and gone three or four miles beyond or to the side of the point he

should have aimed at. Meeting an old woman in a scarlet cloak, who was gathering sticks, he asked her the way to Rydal Mount. She could not tell him; she did not know. 'Not know,' said the American, 'the house of the great Wordsworth?' 'No.' 'What, not the house of the man whose fame brings people here from all parts of the world?' 'No,' she insisted, 'but what was he great in? – was he a preacher or a doctor?' 'Greater than preacher or doctor – he was a poet.' 'Oh, poet!' she replied; 'and why did you not tell me that before? I know who you mean now. I often meet him in the woods, jabbering his pottery (poetry) to himself. But I'm not afraid of him. He's quite harmless, and almost as sensible as you or me.'" This is the old story – a man, however great, is not much thought of in his own district.

It is generally understood that Lord Tennyson composed much of his poetry during his rural rambles.

Edwin Arnold, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, wrote his "Light of Asia" whilst travelling in the railway carriage to and from his newspaper office.

Some authors appear to be able to write at any time and in any place. Anthony Trollope did much writing in a railway train. "It was," he says, "while I was engaged on 'Barchester Towers' that I adopted a system of writing, which for some years afterwards I found to be very serviceable to me. My time was greatly occupied in travelling, and the nature of my travelling was now changed. I could not any longer do it by horseback. Railroads afforded me my means of conveyance, and I found that I passed in railway carriages very many hours of my existence… If I intended to make a profitable business of writing, and, at the same time, to do my best for the Post Office, I must turn my hours to more account than I could by reading. I made for myself, therefore, a little tablet, and I found after a few days' exercise that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as I could at my own desk. I worked with a pencil, and what I wrote my wife copied afterwards. My only objection to the practice came from the appearance of literary ostentation, to which I felt myself to be subject when going to work before four or five fellow passengers. But I got used to it."

Trollope never attached any importance to a writing mood; to use his own phrase, he sat down to work just "as a cobbler sits down to make shoes." When at home he rose at from half-past four to five o'clock daily, and, attired in his dressing-gown, he went to his writing-room. During the cold weather his old and favourite Irish servant made a fire in it before he arrived. He placed his watch before him, and he trained himself to write two hundred and fifty words every fifteen minutes, and he says that he was able to perform the feat as regularly as his watch went.

He believed that a serial was spoilt if written month by month as published. Only once during his long career did he commence publishing a story before the manuscript was completed, and that was "Framley Parsonage," in the pages of *Cornhill Magazine*. It is admitted to be one of his best books. He wielded the pen of a ready writer for nearly forty years, and in this period produced an enormous quantity of work. He stands in this respect almost on a level with Sir Walter Scott. No writer of the highest genius writes like Trollope, though it was Keats' habit to write a certain number of lines a day when he was engaged on "Endymion." Emerson remarks "a poet must wait many days in order to glorify one."

The late Bishop Wilberforce managed to write in his chaise even when driven over rough roads, as well as in railway carriages. His lordship appeared to be able to use his pen in most unlikely quarters.

Amongst authors noted as early risers must be included Charles Dickens. He has told us how the solemn and still solitude of the morning had a charm for him. It was seldom that he wrote before breakfast; as a rule he confined his writing between the hours of breakfast and luncheon. Dickens was by no means a rapid writer. When engaged on a novel he regarded three of his not very large pages of manuscript as a good day's work, and four as excellent. He did not recopy his writings, although they contained numerous corrections which, however, were clearly made. Prior to commencing a new story he suffered much from despondency. He spoke of himself as "going round and round the idea, as you see a bird in his cage go about his sugar before he touches it."

Dickens' love of order was very marked; his writing materials were always neatly arranged, and his household was a model of order.

The highways and byways of London were familiar to him, and many happy hours were spent rambling in them. He had a theory that the number of hours engaged in literary labour should have a corresponding time spent in pedestrian exercise, and he frequently enjoyed a twenty miles' walk.

Thackeray was not very particular as to the place or time when he wrote. He liked to perform his literary labours in a pleasant room. It is certain, from the large number of books that he produced in a limited time, that he must have written at a considerable speed. He had also the happy facility of being able to dictate his works when composing them.

Previous to commencing a book George Eliot would read all she could find bearing on the subject. Sometimes she would study over a thousand works to write one book. She spared no pains in perfecting her productions.

Charles Reade wrote much and well. He rose at eight o'clock, took breakfast at nine, and at ten commenced his literary work, which usually lasted until two in the afternoon. He wrote in his drawing-room, and when the French windows were closed no sounds from the street could be heard. When once fairly on the way with a novel he worked with rapidity. He wrote with a large pen, with very black ink, on large sheets of drab-coloured paper. Each sheet was numbered as written, and thrown on the floor, which, after a few hours' writing, was completely covered. A maid servant gathered up the manuscript, which, after being put in order, was sent to a copyist, who made, in a round hand, a clear copy. Mr. Reade then went carefully over it, making improvements by omissions and additions. The revised sheets were once more copied for the printer. He seldom dictated a story, but had not any objection to the company of a friend in his room when busy with his pen. He would sometimes relieve the monotony of his work by watching a game of tennis on his lawn, or the gambols of his tame hares, or the traffic passing in the street at the bottom of his garden. Mr. Reade did not take any lunch; he dined late, and generally finished the day by a visit to the theatre.

Alphonse Daudet, the greatest of living French novelists, is a painstaking man, and usually spends a year in writing a story. He takes a deep interest in his work; indeed, it seems to get the mastery over him; and when engaged on "Le Nabob" he worked about twenty hours a day. He related to an interviewer his method of work, and it transpired that he carries about with him a small book, and enters in it notes bearing on his subject. Next he reproduces his jottings and expands them, and as he completes the items he severs them out of his list. His wife then takes the manuscript in hand and makes a clear copy, and, at the same time, corrects any slight errors of redundancy. Daudet goes carefully over it, making additions and polishing according to his fancy. It is afterwards rewritten for the press.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Henry Wood, her son, Mr. Charles W. Wood, published in the *Argosy* some very interesting particulars of her literary life. She was a born author, and at the age when children play with dolls she was composing stories. She was a ready writer. Her powerful prize temperance tale "Danesbury House" was commenced and completed in twenty-eight days.

Respecting her manner of writing her novels, says her son: "She first composed her plot. Having decided upon the main idea, she would next divide it into the requisite number of chapters. Each chapter was then elaborated. Every incident in every chapter was thought out and recorded, from the first chapter to the last. She never changed her plots or incidents. Once thought out, her purpose became fixed, and was never turned aside for any fresh departure or emergency that might arise in the development of the story. The drama had then become to her as if it actually existed. Every minute detail of the plot was written out before a line of the story was begun. All was so elaborately sketched that anyone with sufficient power would have no difficulty in writing the story with the plot in possession. The only difference would have been the evidence of another hand.

"The plot of each novel occupied a good many pages of close, though not small writing. It would take her, generally speaking, about three weeks to think it out from beginning to end. During

those times she could not bear the slightest interruption. But I have occasionally gone into her study, though never without being startled, almost awed, by the look upon her face. She would be at all times in a reclining chair, her paper upon her knees, and the expression of her eyes, large, wide-opened, was so intense and absorbed, so far away, it seemed as if the spirit had wandered into some distant realm and had to be brought back to its tenement before the matter, suddenly placed before her, could be attended to. It, indeed, took many moments to recall her attention, elsewhere concentrated." Mr. Wood observes, "Only on rare or important occasions was such intrusion ever permitted for the thread of her ideas once broken could very seldom be resumed the same day, and, as she never wrote a line of anything when composing a plot, she would consider that the day had been partly lost or wasted."

When Mrs. Wood was writing a story, on entering her study she consulted the outline she had prepared, and then worked on the allotted portion of her task. She did not recopy her manuscripts, yet they contained few corrections, and were very legible and as clear as print.

Miss Braddon is the author of many widely-read novels, and it is said that the profits on her works place her high amongst the first six of the best paid writers of fiction. She left the Hull stage, where she performed without any particular success under the name of Miss Seton, and took up her residence at Beverley, where she wrote her first story, "Three times dead; or the Secret of the Heath." It was printed and published by Mr. C. R. Empson, and was brought out at a loss. At that time she was about twenty years of age. In 1861 she issued "Garibaldi, and other Poems," the contents of this book having previously appeared in a Beverley newspaper. A year prior to that date she competed for a £5 prize, offered by Mr. Joseph Temple, for the best ode on celebrating the first tree planted in the Hull Public Park, and failed to win it. She contributed to several local newspapers. Her powerful novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," published in 1862, established her reputation, and by industry and skill it has been sustained. At the commencement of 1887 the sale of "Lady Audley's Secret" had reached about 450,000 copies, Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" 120,000 copies, and Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax Gentleman," 90,000 copies. Miss Braddon says "The Woman in White" inspired her to write "Lady Audley's Secret," "a novel of construction and character." Wilkie Collins she regards as her literary godfather. Miss Braddon had not a single note when she wrote her most popular story. She now makes a skeleton of her tales in a small memorandum book, often not extending over a couple of pages, before she commences writing her novels. She usually writes four days a week, commencing her work at ten and concluding it at seven, and takes during that time strong tea at intervals, and occasionally a light luncheon. The other two days are devoted to riding on horseback and when possible to hunting. Respecting Miss Braddon's method of writing, some interesting details appear in the "Treasury of Modern Biography," and perhaps we cannot do better than draw upon it for a few facts. "By the fireside," it is stated, "is a particularly low uncomfortable chair. In this the novelist huddles herself up with a piece of thick cardboard resting on her lap, and a little ink-bottle held firmly against it with her left hand. This apparently cramped position appears to be favourable to the composition, for the pen moves over the great square slips of paper, and the corrections are few and far between." Her copy is very clear and carefully punctuated, and is somewhat masculine in style. At one time she wrote a bold hand, but reduced its size, because she had to cover more paper with her pen than when she wrote a small hand. She wears a tailor's thimble to protect the middle finger from the brand of the ink.

Mr. James Payn was for many years a busy and successful literary man. He conducted the *Cornhill Magazine*, having previously edited for many years *Chambers's Journal*. It was in the latter periodical that his first story, "A Family Scapegrace," appeared. A few years later it was followed by "Lost Sir Massingberd," which raised the circulation of the serial by nearly 20,000 copies. Mr. Payn related some time since to Mr. Joseph Hatton, the journalist, an outline of his daily life which is as follows: "I rise at eight," said Mr. Payn, "breakfast, read the papers, get to the office at ten, work at my own work until one – subject to any special call on Smith and Elder's business – lunch at the Reform Club at one – generally with Robinson, of the *Daily News*, and occasionally with William Black – return to the office at two; from two until four I read manuscripts and edit *Cornhill*; from 4.0

to 6.30 I play whist at the Reform Club – it is a great rest, whist – home to dinner by seven – I rarely dine out now, and never go to what are called dinner parties – to bed at ten."

It remains for us to add that his writing is very difficult to decipher, indeed he is sometimes puzzled to read it himself; fortunately for the printers, his daughter makes a copy of his productions by the type-writer.

In answer to a correspondent, Mr. Philip G. Hamerton detailed particulars of his method of work. Said Mr. Hamerton in his interesting letter, "I think that there are two main qualities to be kept in view in literary composition – freshness and finish. The best way, in my opinion, of attaining both is to aim at freshness in the rough draft, with little regard to perfection of expression; the finish can be given by copious subsequent correction, even to the extent of writing all over again when there is time. Whenever possible, I would assimilate literary to pictorial execution by treating the rough draft as a rapid and vigorous sketch, without any regard to delicacy of workmanship; then I would write from this a second work, retaining as much as possible the freshness of the first, but correcting those oversights and errors which are due to rapidity."

One of his books, he says, was penned as a private diary, then he made a rough and rapid manuscript with a lead pencil, and subsequently rewrote it for the printer, especially with a view to concentration. Mr. Hamerton states that he used shorthand for one volume, which enabled him to write it quickly, but he found much trouble in reading it, and he does not recommend it for literary purposes.

Referring to work, "The Intellectual Life" was begun in quite a different form (not in letters), and many pages were written before he concluded that it was heavy, and that letters would give a lighter and less didactic appearance. We are told that his story "Marmone" was partly written and put aside, and it was not until solicited by Messrs. Roberts Brothers for a book for their "No Name Series," that he completed it. The earlier part of the novel was written three times over.

In concluding his letter, he says that "I have sometimes, instead of rewriting, sent a corrected rough draft to a type-writer. There is an economy of time in this, and the work can be corrected in the type-writer's copy; but, on the whole, for very careful finished work, I think the old plan of rewriting the whole manuscript is superior."

Mr. G. A. Sala used commonly to be regarded as a journalist, but he ranks high as an author. He has written nearly a library of books of travel, essays, and novels, which have been much praised by the critics, and largely circulated. His father was an Italian gentleman, who married a charming and accomplished English lady, famous in her day as a vocalist. Between the ages of six and nine he was totally blind. After regaining his sight he was placed in the Collège Bourbon, Paris, for a couple of years, and subsequently removed to Turnham Green, near London, with a view of thoroughly acquiring his mother tongue which he spoke imperfectly, in fact he was almost ignorant of it. His parents intended him for an artist, but circumstances compelled him to relinquish art in its highest form. Possessing the happy faculty of effective sketching, he produced hundreds of political caricatures and pictorial skits on passing events; these found a ready sale. His eyesight failing, he had to give up lithographing and engraving, and to try other means of making a living. After a variety of engagements, an accident led to his finding his right vocation. One night he was by an oversight locked out of his house, and had to pass the night perambulating the streets. It occurred to him that he might make it a subject of an article, which he accordingly wrote under the title of "The Key of the Street," and submitted it to Charles Dickens. The famous novelist at once recognised his genius, and encouraged him to become a constant contributor to *Household Words*. At the suggestion of Dickens he entered the lists of journalism, and won the highest place amongst pressmen. He was known as "The Prince of Journalists." Sala joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and did much to make the reputation of that brilliant journal. He represented it in all parts of the world, and his remuneration equalled the pay of an ambassador. Its columns have been enriched with several thousand leading articles from his facile pen on almost every topic.

Sala was the owner of a large and valuable library, but his chief source of information was found in his common-place book. In it he had brought together facts and illustrations on all kinds of subjects calculated to aid him in his journalistic labours. This wonderful book has often been described, the best account of it appears in "Living London." "Scarcely a week passes," says Mr. Sala, "without bringing me letters from correspondents who ask me to explain my own system of keeping a common-place book. I have but one such system, and it possesses one merit, that of rugged simplicity. Take a book, large or small, according to the size of your handwriting, and take care that at the end of the book there shall be plenty of space for an index. Begin at the beginning, and make your entries precisely as they occur to you in unordered sequence. But after each entry place a little circle, or oval, or parenthesis ( ), and in a portion of these spaces place consecutive numbers. Here is a model page taken at random from a book which may have been in keeping for years: —

> 'The Prince of Wales wore the robes of the Garter at his marriage in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. All the other K.Gs present wore their robes and collars. Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., who was to paint a picture of the wedding for the Queen, stood close to the reredos, to the right, looking from the organ-loft (1023). Just before the liberation in 1859 of Lombardy from the domination of Austria, the audiences in the Italian theatres used to give vent to their pent-up patriotism by shouting at the close of each performance "Viva Verdi!" The initiated knew that this was meant to signify Viva V (for Victor) E (for Emmanuele) R (for Re) D I (for d'Italia) (1024). Old Hungerford Market was never very successful as a fish market; but according to Seyer it was always very well supplied with shrimps. In Hungerford Street, leading to the market, there was a pastrycook's famous shop, at which the penny buns were as good as those sold at Farrance's in Cockspur Street (1025).'

"Now, all you have to do is, immediately you have made your entry, to index it; and if you will only spare the time and patience and perseverance, to *cross index* it. Thus under letter W you will write, 'Wales, Prince of, married in Robes of the Garter' (1023); under G, 'Garter, Robes of, worn by P. of W. at his Marriage' (1023); under F, 'W. P. Frith, R.A., present at the Marriage of P. of W.' (1023). Thus also, 'Verdi, Victor Emmanuel,' and 'Italy' will be indexed under their respective letters 'V' and 'I,' and be referable to at the number (1024). I have one common-place book that has been 'cooking' ever since 1858, and is not half finished yet. The last entry is numbered (5068), and refers to Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James the First of England to the Emperor Jehan Guize, commonly called the Great Mogul. The number (5068) is referred to under the letters R (for Roe), J (for James I.), J (for Jehan Guize), M (for Mogul), and A (for Ambassadors). By means of a rigidly pursued system of indexing and *cross indexing* (so earnestly recommended by Henry Brougham) you can put your hand at once on the information bearing on the particular subject which claims your attention."

Mr. Sala also said: – "I believe this system strengthens and disciplines the memory, and keeps it green. It is a very good mental exercise to read a page or two of the index alone, from time to time. You will be astonished at the number of bright nuggets of fact which will crop up from the rock of half forgetfulness. Finally, never allow your index to fall into arrear, and write the figures in your circumscribed spaces in red ink. The corresponding ones in the index may be in black."

It was from this mine of literary nuggets that he used to obtain the materials for his charming papers which amused and instructed the reader.

Another celebrated modern journalist and author is Mr. Andrew Lang. He is just the contrary of Mr. Sala in his methods of work. Mr. Lang seems to pride himself on the fact that he has no other aid to writing except an excellent memory. He does not trouble himself about books of reference, and says he has not one of any sort, not even a classical dictionary, in his house. Mr. Lang is certainly a clever writer, and manages to produce much pleasant reading, but his contributions to the magazines

and newspapers lack the interesting facts which Mr. Sala placed so pleasantly before the public in his racy and able articles. Mr. Lang devotes his mornings to writing books and magazine articles, and the afternoons to penning leaders for the newspapers.

The Earnings of Authors

Little is known of the remuneration of authors until the days of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Before his time, literary men, as a rule, depended on the generosity of patrons for their means of support, and as an acknowledgment of their obligations, dedicated their works to them. The dedications were frequently made in most fulsome terms. The position of the writer was certainly a mean one; indeed, it might fitly be pronounced degrading; when he had exhausted his possibilities of patronage, he starved. It was Johnson – a giant in the world of letters – who broke through the objectionable custom, and taught the author to look to the reading public for support, and not to a wealthy patron. It is not until the days of Samuel Johnson that the subject of literary earnings is of much importance; yet we may with advantage glance at a few payments made prior to his age.

We do not know the amount Shakespeare received for his plays, but it is certain that his connection with the theatre in London in a few years realised for him a fortune, and, at a comparatively early age, enabled him to return to his own town, a man of independent means. Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, says that "Hamlet" was sold for £5; but he does not mention his authority for the statement. It appears, from a publication of Robert Greene's, in 1592, the price of a drama was twenty nobles, or about £6 13s. 4d. of current coin.

Small must have been the literary pay of Spenser, Butler, and Otway, since they feared to die for want of the simple necessaries of life. Milton sold "Paradise Lost" for £5 down, to be followed by £15 if a second and third large editions were required. The first edition consisted of 1,500 copies, and in two years 1,300 were sold. The balance was not disposed of until five years later. This powerful poem, when given to the world, met with some adverse criticism. The poet Waller wrote of it thus: "The old, blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other." A greater poet than Waller – Dryden – recognised its merits, and said: "Undoubtedly, 'Paradise Lost' is one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced." Dryden wrote the following epigram referring to Homer, Virgil, and Milton: —

"Three poets – in three distant ages born —
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two."

Milton's poem has been praised by the greatest critics, and it is still very much read. It appears in many forms, and the annual sale is extremely large. Routledge's popular edition sells at the rate of about a couple of thousand a year; and we suppose the sale of other editions is equally great.

Dryden arranged with Jacob Tonson, the famous bookseller and publisher, to write for him 10,000 verses, at sixpence per line. To make up the required number of lines, he threw in the "Epistle to his Cousin," and his celebrated "Ode to Music."

Gray only received £40 for the whole of his poems. He presented the copyright of his famous "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" to Dodsley, feeling that it was beneath the dignity of a gentleman to make money with his pen. The lucky publisher quite agreed with him, and cleared about a thousand pounds by the publication.

Pope's translation of "Homer" yielded him about £8,000. He was assisted in the work by William Broome, a scholar who was the author of a volume of verse. John Henley thus refers to the circumstance: —

"Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say,
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way."

Gay made £1,000 by his "Poems." He was paid £400 for the "Beggar's Opera," and for the second part, "Polly," £1,000. Rich, the theatrical manager, profited to a far greater extent from the "Beggar's Opera" than its author. The contemporary jest was that it made Gay rich, and Rich gay.

Dr. Johnson sold the copyright of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" for £60, and he thought that amount fairly represented the value of the work. "The great lexicographer," as Miss Pinkerton called him, placed no high value on the performance of his friend, but the publisher found in the "Vicar of Wakefield" a gold mine. Goldsmith was paid £21 for "The Traveller." It was the work that established his reputation. Before it appeared he was regarded as little better than a superior Grub Street hack. Johnson pronounced this the finest poem that had been written since the death of Pope. After having read it to the sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds, she said: "Well, I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly." The following are the prices Goldsmith obtained for others of his works: – "English Grammar," £5; the "History of Rome," in two volumes, 250 guineas; the "History of England," in four volumes, £500; the "History of Greece," £250; and the "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," in eight volumes, £850. "She stoops to Conquer" yielded between £400 and £500. Five shillings a couplet was paid for "The Deserted Village."

To cover the cost of his mother's funeral, Johnson wrote "Rasselas," and disposed of it for £100. He sold his "Lives of the Poets" for 200 guineas. The sum was considered liberal, but Johnson became so engrossed in his subject that he supplied much more than what was expected from him. It is believed that out of his work, in twenty-five years, the booksellers cleared £5,000. It is still a saleable book, and is to be found in every public and private library of any pretentions.

The sum of £700 was paid to Fielding for "Tom Jones," and for "Amelia," £1,000.

Very large amounts have been given for biographical works. Hayley received for his "Life of Cowper," £11,000; and Southey, £1,000 for his life of the same poet. The life of "William Wilberforce" was sold for £4,000; "Bishop Heber's Journals," for £5,000; "General Gordon's Diary," for £5,250; and the "Life of Hannah More," for £2,000.

The income of Scott was, perhaps, the largest ever made by authorship, yet he said that the pursuit of literature was a good walking-stick, but a bad crutch! His reputation was first made as a poet, and the following are particulars of his profits from poetry: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," published in 1805, £769 6s.; "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," published in 1806, £100; for "Marmion," published 1808, Messrs. Constable offered 1,000 guineas soon after the poem was begun. It proved a very profitable speculation to its publishers. During the first month after its appearance, 2,000 copies were sold, the price being 31s. 6d. the quarto volume. Next came the "Lady of the Lake" (1810), £2,100. This found even greater favour with the public than its predecessors, and with it Scott's poetical fame reached its zenith. A new poet who appeared on the scene, Byron, completely eclipsed Scott. Scott tried, with two more poems, to win back his lost place, as the popular poet of the period, and produced "Rokeby," and the "Bridal of Triermain;" the latter was issued anonymously, but both were failures. When Scott saw that his poetry did not attract many readers, he turned his thoughts and energy into another channel, and commenced his immortal novels. He had by him an unfinished story, the work of former years, which he completed, giving it to the world under the title of "Waverley." Constable offered £700 for the copyright – an amount deemed very large in those days for a novel to be published without the name of the author. Seven hundred sovereigns did not, however, satisfy Scott; he simply said, "It is too much if the work should prove a failure, and too little if it should be a success." It was a brilliant book, and entranced the reading world. Scott had now found his real vocation. He received for eleven novels, of three volumes each, and nine volumes of "Tales of My Landlord," the sum of £110,000. For one novel he was paid £10,000. Between November, 1825, and

June, 1827, he earned £26,000 – an amount representing £52 6s. 3d. per working day. From first to last, Sir Walter Scott made by his literary labours about £300,000.

Lord Byron's dealings with Mr. Murray were in every respect satisfactory, but this did not prevent the pleasure-loving lord from having a little joke at the expense of his publisher. He delighted Mr. Murray with a gift of a Bible, but the recipient's pleasure was fleeting, for on examining the book it was discovered that it contained a marginal correction. "Now Barabbas was a robber," was altered to "Now Barabbas was a publisher." This was a cruel stab, seeing that Byron had received for his poetry £19,340, and might have increased this sum if he had been more anxious about remuneration.

In Mrs. Oliphant's book on "William Blackwood and His Sons," a letter is quoted from Mr. Murray relating to the poet. "Lord Byron is a curious man," says Murray, "he gave me, as I told you, the copyright of his two poems, to be printed only in his works. I did not receive the last until Tuesday night. I was so delighted with it that even as I read it I sent him a draught for a thousand guineas. The two poems are altogether no more than twelve hundred and fifteen hundred lines, and will altogether sell for five and sixpence. But he returned the draught, saying that it was very liberal – much more than they were worth; that I was perfectly welcome to both poems to print in his (collected) works without cost or expectation, but that he did not think them equal to what they ought to be, and that he would not admit of their separate publication. I went yesterday, and he was rallying me upon my folly in offering so much that he dared to say I thought now I had a most lucky escape. 'To prove how much I think so, my lord,' said I 'do me the favour to accept this pocket book' – In which I had brought with me my draught, changed into two bank notes of £1,000 and £50; but he would not take it. But I am not in despair that he will yet allow their separate publication, which I must continue to urge for mine own honour."

Mr. Murray treated Crabbe in a most liberal manner. He paid for the "Tales of the Hall," and the copyright of his other poems, £3,000. It was given to the poet in bills, and we read that "Moore and Rogers earnestly advised him to deposit them, without delay, in some safe hands – but no; he must take them with him to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John. They would hardly believe his good luck at home, if they did not see the bills." On his way to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested (Mr. Everett, the banker), seeing that he carried his bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them; but Crabbe thankfully declined, saying that "There was no fear of his losing them, and he must show them to his son John."

Without seeing a line of Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Messrs. Longman undertook to pay £3,000 for it. The terms drawn up were simple, and read as follows: "That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours, the length of 'Rokeby,' you shall receive from us the sum of £3,000. We also agree to the stipulation, that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own selling."

His poem, of some 6,000 lines, was written in a lonely cottage in Derbyshire. Moore never tired of telling his friends that the stormy winter weather in the country helped him to imagine, by contrast, the bright and everlasting summers and glowing scenery of the East.

The work was a great success. The first edition was sold in almost fourteen days; within six months six editions had been called for. It is said that some parts of the poem were translated into Persian, a circumstance which caused Mr. Luttrell to write to the author in the following strain: —

> "I'm told dear Moore, your lays are sung (Can it be true, you lucky man?) By moonlight, in the Persian tongue, Along the streets of Ispahan."

Moore received considerable amounts for his "Irish Melodies." The mention of these call to mind a letter he penned to Mr. Power, his publisher, on November 12, 1812: —

"My dear Sir, – I have just got your letter, and have only time to say, that if you can let me have three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this importunate

demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence. Ever, with most sincere good will. – T.M."

Mr. Power promptly posted ten pounds to the poet. Said Moore, in the course of his reply, "The truth is, we have been kept on a visit at a house where we have been much longer than I wished or intended, and simply from not having a shilling in my pocket to give to the servants on going away. So I know you will forgive my teasing you… You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle eating and claret-drinking longer than I wish, and merely because I have not a shilling in my pocket, – but, however paradoxical it sounds, it is true."

We read in Moore's journals, ten years later: "17th August, 1822. – Received to-day a letter from Brougham, enclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper, the pay to be £100 a month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.