

The one exception amidst all this wasted money to which notice has already been drawn, was in the case of the poor debtors. Those unfortunate men were certainly given cause to bless the Jubilee, for not only all debtors to the crown were released, but the King headed a subscription for the remainder with 4,000*l.*, and his example was loyally followed by all classes of men, amongst the larger sums being 500*l.* from the Quakers and 1,000*l.* from the Corporation. All deserters from fleet and army were granted a free pardon; those confined for military offences were released; officers of both services received general brevet promotion; and all prisoners of war on parole were sent back to their own countries, with the exception of those poor wretches who happened to be French. This was as a matter of course at a time when the requirements of pastors and masters were fully satisfied by Paterfamilias taking young Hopeful on his knee, and repeating the accepted formula: "Be a good boy. Say your prayers, love your mother, and hate the French." It would indeed have been almost an insult to the unbounded patriotism which was then rampant to have helped any poor "Mounseer," and amongst these otherwise very general rejoicings I can find but a single instance. Messrs. Burrige, of Portsmouth, gave three-pence each to the Frenchmen who were on board the prison-ships which were quartered there, "in consequence," as they said, "of the humanity shown by Marshal Mortier to the British sick and wounded after the battle of Talavera." Let us hope that the kindly Mortier, who was then leading his victorious armies against the Spaniards, heard of the outcome of his good deeds, and rejoiced that his old soldiers had not been left entirely out in the cold.

Nightfall in London brought the revellers into the streets, which were lighted with thousands of little coloured lamps, while every coffee-house, public office, and building of any note, besides many private houses, were literally one blaze of light. Transparencies, showing the King under every guise, were exceedingly popular, and the streets were crowded with merry, jostling sight-seers who waited until the lights were extinguished before walking contentedly home with, it is to be hoped, a deepened sense of the national glory to balance the many inevitable headaches of the morrow.

At Windsor the day was passed in the humdrum, staid style which one would have expected under Farmer George. A whole ox was roasted, and the Queen, with four dandified sons and one rosy-cheeked daughter, went to inspect and taste this delicacy. The cooks wore new blue suits and white silk stockings, which appear to have created an immense excitement amongst the good people of Windsor. They cheered her majesty, the silk stockings, the bowing princes, and the roasting ox, and every one was exceedingly jubilant. The one touching incident in this somewhat prosaic picture is the absence of the good old king himself. It was only a year, remember, before his insanity was again openly declared, and the courageous little queen had probably good reasons of her own for keeping him not only from the Metropolis, but also as far as she could from the Windsor gossips upon such an exciting day as that of the Jubilee. He was visible at chapel, and again when they fired a *feu de joie* in the Long Walk and he rode past the men and responded silently to their salute, but this was all. Even at the grand *fete* which Queen Charlotte gave at Frogmore, where for once the etiquette-loving woman laid aside her notions of what was permissible, and invited not only the nobility but the tradesmen and their wives; and where for once, too, her sons merged their horror of the slowness of the Court in hearty enjoyment of the novelty—even at Frogmore the King did not put in an appearance. This unexplained absence is the one touch which redeems the whole useless and resultless pageant; and the thought of the old man wandering alone through the rooms of his palace holds more poetry than any or every grandiloquent verse which was written for the occasion, and echoed across the dinner-tables of enthusiastic and toast-loving subjects.

One thing there was, and only one, to sustain the character of the much vaunted "good old times." Ireland not only joined in the Jubilee, but found three days instead of one barely sufficient to express her overflowing devotion to the powers that were. Universal thanksgiving; reviews; public dinners, public fireworks, public balls; everyone asked everywhere, everyone—high and

low—responding eagerly; the King's health drunk with enthusiasm; all local magnates cheered to the echo. And following on all these good things, a certain magisterial notice which ought to be made a matter of history: "not a single individual was charged on the watch." One reads of such things with envious eyes, and the men of the Georgian Jubilee—these Englishmen who drank and swore, who held "foreigners" and "Popery" in equal detestation, and whose notions of a fifty-years celebration could rise no higher than freeing their poorer brethren from debt and giving themselves and their children an extra good dinner—they rise considerably in our estimation. In spite of their narrowness and ignorance they had brains enough to keep themselves and their fellow subjects in good order, and sense enough to prefer fighting a mutual foe to quarrelling amongst each other. The obstinacy, the pig-headedness of these grandfathers of ours is almost proverbial, but much as we may pride ourselves on the different and enlightened spirit in which we are proposing to keep our own Victorian Jubilee; this sore question of Irish loyalty should not be let slip. For it was this "obstinacy" which kept Ireland, this "pig-headedness" that saved the England of eighty years ago from the (then) un-English sin of vacillation; and if we would honestly seek the primal cause of our present trouble, we should find that in ridding ourselves of this, possibly, undesirable quality, it has only been to cultivate a process of thought which these ancestors of ours so wisely abhorred.

Thackeray closes his history of the Georges with an allusion to the Queen we all love so dearly, and as it was her Jubilee which suggested this chit-chat on that of George the Third, I cannot perhaps conclude better than by echoing the great writer's words: "The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre a wise rule and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MR. HOWELLS'S THEORY.

NECESSARILY the whole argument of the so-called realists is one that degrades. Every instance it cites must be one involving a descent toward, if not to, the level of man's basest relations with man and of his grossest attitudes before women. "Why," says Mr. Howells's theory, "this is what a certain class of men and women know of one another's souls. It is true to their dirty lives, therefore it is full of divine and natural beauty." Assuming the point of view from which the Zola "school" of realists look at fiction-making, Mr. Howells cannot afford to turn his back upon naturalism; for a minute description of how a brutal husband beats his wife is just as "true" as the description of a young girl's first dream of love, and therefore just as full of "divine and natural beauty," and an author must show no undue preference for either. In any event the heroic must be avoided.

Now, I dare say that every sane mind of mature proportions will admit that realism, properly so-called, is necessary to the best fiction. No character in a novel should transcend the limit of human possibility, if put forward as a strictly human character. Scott's and Shakespeare's and Hugo's do not, nor do Nathaniel Hawthorne's. But Mr. Howells is impatient with everything save analytical commonplace. He appears to be unaware (in his critical mood) that heroism is a human possibility, or that it has ever displayed itself as a verity in Homeric proportions. The soldier who rushes "to glory or the grave," for his country's sake, would be (in his eye) a Jack the Giant Killer, if put into a novel. The man who should stalk through a fiction as Napoleon I. stalks through a period of history would be condemned as an impossible character and his originator as a fibreless romancer by Mr. Howells, according to the standard of his theory. I do not speak here of Mr. Howells's novels, for they are pure, and although they are in the minor key of analysis, they are interesting and in a way strong; he makes them please by the force of a genius able to do wonders despite the hindrance wilfully thrown before it. But when he attempts to teach the art of fiction-writing, and to set