

THE BATH OF BEAU NASH

A CITY WHERE THE FAMOUS FASHION KING REIGNED.

Its Ancient History and Fame as a Bathing Place—Famous People who Visited Bath and Incidents of Interest About Them—How the City got its Name.

Nowhere in England have so many great men and women come and for a time lived and left behind them such clear and charming chronicles of their staying, as in the interesting old Somersetshire city of Bath.

Curiously enough it furnishes few of the ordinary characteristics which render most other British cities attractive to the traveler. There are no ruins of castles or vestiges of siege and slaughter. No kings were crowned or are entombed within it. It has no cathedral, vast, dim, shrine-like, where a Cromwell can still be remembered in the headless and limbless effigies of martyrs and saints. Even its abbey church has scarcely had time to turn gray from the hands of its sixteenth and seventeenth century builders. The city's noble crescents and parades are scarcely an hundred years old, and only in odd quarters of the old town are found the tender browns and grays mingled with the masses of ivy which tell of a remote and hoary long ago.

And yet Bath has a known antiquity of nearly two thousand years, one that you can see any day of the year with your own eyes, and a claimed antiquity of nearly a thousand years beyond that. It is in the baths of Bath, modern and ancient, that chief interest centers. From the standpoint of modern elegance and convenience no city in the world possesses more splendid provisions; while there is certainly a wonderful fascination and interest in the feeling that here in a west of England city, while enjoying hot baths under conditions of luxury unsurpassed in Europe, your surroundings are those of the Roman emperors and generals of 1400 to 1800 years ago, while the same thermal waters possibly banished the ill of St. David, King Arthur and a vast line of old British princes and potentates for half a thousand years beyond.

Whatever may be the actual antiquity of this ancient city and its more ancient baths, the legend of their discovery is most curious and interesting. Huldibras, King of Britain, who flourished in c. 829, had a son named Bladud, who being a leper was expelled from the royal court at Winchester, and wandered in poverty throughout the land. After a time he became a swineherd along the banks of the Somersetshire Avon, but soon discovered in dismay that all the animals in his charge had become as leprous as himself.

Fearful of discovery by the master he drove his pigs across the river at a point still known as Swineford, and took up a position on the hillside where shelter and acorns were in abundance. It happened that one of the finest sows was addicted to roving. She strayed from the rest, and Bladud on searching for her discovered her contentedly wallowing in a pool of muddy warm water. But Bladud found much more to his satisfaction. The animal had been cleaned of her leprosy, and following her example, he not only drove the whole herd to the warm pool morning and night, but himself wallowed within it among the swine.

Finally the prince returned to his father's court clean and whole. There was great rejoicing, and Bladud resumed his place as heir apparent, but for a long time could not be prevailed upon to make the place or circumstances of his cure known. He was sent to and educated in Greece under the name of Abaris, and returned as "capable governor of the nation." He now bethought himself to make his secret known for the benefit of others. Thereupon he built the city of Bath (about 2700 years ago) where he applied himself to diligently and exclusively to ingenious studies that he succeeded in inventing and making for himself wings with which to fly; but in one of his flights he fell down upon a church steeple, which caused the breaking of his neck, from which he died.

However all this may be, certain it is that about the beginning of the last century Bath suddenly rose from the condition of a neglected provincial town to a second capital of English life. Its baths attracted all the rich and great. Then it was that the unknown Richard Nash, who, when a law student in chambers in the Temple, London, had been raised to royal favor by his conduct as master of the pageant on the vision of the King, came to Bath, and, by common consent, as master of all city ceremonies and the most trifling questions of etiquette concerning the social relations of visitors, held undisputed sway for over fifty years. New York has now a mimic of this famous king coxcomb, a sort of social male measure and standard of all the rich and great, but the Beau Nash of Bath was intellectually, and in the matter of actual power, a king indeed in comparison with all the buffoon imitators who have followed him.

It is a lovely, leafy, roomy, rare old city, this Bath, without any of its curious old associations. Its baths are finer than can be found elsewhere in Europe. Perhaps 200,000 visitors seek their healing qualities annually. Wealth, age, refinement and wonderful beauty of surrounding, render tarrying here luxurious and charming. And then what a treat it is to have added to this modern day luxury the constant experience of sweltering in these hot waters precisely where the swine, Bladud and all the old Romans have wallowed! The old Roman bath is here to lay almost precisely as it was built and the generals of the empire left it. Something like 100 feet in length and 70 in breadth are its dimensions. The ancient vaulted roof, 60 feet high supported by six massive piers, is only lacking. But here are still the clustered pilasters on either side, and broken columns, wonderfully carved entablatures, and all the curious stone work of 1400 years ago. It is all worth a long journey to see, for in Rome itself is a no more curious relic of Roman time and Roman luxury.

To many the literary and artistic associations of Bath will have the deepest interest. In no other English city, except London, can there be found such a wealth of memories of this character. Everywhere you turn in some reminder of a pleasant or pathetic sort of the doings and personality of the great scientists, writers, poets, painters and actors, or their friends, of the

last, or the early part of the present century. Bath was then in its glory. In those days every coach from London, winter or summer, landed some famous personage at the doors of the White Horse Inn or the Pelican Inn, which is still standing and is known as the "Three Cups."

At No. 21 Pulteney street lived Sir Williams Watson, the natural philosopher who introduced Sir W. Herschel to the king and scientific world. In 1766 the latter removed from Yorkshire to Bath, where he lived at No. 7 New King street. He was for a long time organist at the Octagon chapel and leader of the orchestra at the public assembly rooms. At length a simple telescope, only two feet in length, fell into his hands. He was at once filled with intense enthusiasm for astronomical research, but dismayed at the London price of a larger glass, he determined to construct one with his own hands. Telescopes of seven, eight, of ten and finally of twenty feet focal distance finally crowned his efforts and the primary plane Uranus was discovered by him at this old house in New King street on March 13, 1781; and it is a pretty picture one's fancy makes of the faithful sister sharing in all the night watches of her brother with pencil in hand and eager eyes upon the clock.

Among the noted people of the stage who have made more sparkling and mellow memories of Bath were Sarah Siddons, Quin, the inimitable "Falstaff," the elder Macready, John Kemble, Foote and Garrick. It was here that bluff old Dr. Johnson, who, professed a profound contempt for actors surprised the world with one of the nearest compliments ever paid to an actor. Mrs. Siddons called upon him in his apartments in the Pelican Inn. There was some confusion incident upon Frank, the servant, not being able to immediately furnish Mrs. Siddons with a chair, whereupon Dr. Johnson remarked: "You see, madam, that wherever you go there are no seats to be got!"

In addition to Mrs. Siddons some of the famous women who made winsome the society of Bath during this brilliant period were Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., Mrs. Piozzi, the celebrated companion of Dr. Johnson, Lady Miller, Sarah Fielding and Madame D'Arville.

Mrs. Piozzi was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of England. She first married a rich brewer named Thrale. The couple lived in great splendor at Bath, and Dr. Johnson was the lady's acknowledged greatest admirer. Shortly after the death of Mr. Thrale the sprightly widow tired of the ponderous devotion of Dr. Johnson, and became the wife of a music master named Piozzi. A complete rupture with Johnson was the consequence; and the famous lexicographer was ever after a misanthrope regarding all womankind. After a brilliant career in Italy, Mrs. Piozzi returned to Bath, where in 1820, she celebrated her eightieth birthday by one of the most famous balls and suppers ever given in England, where the sprightly female antique led off the evening with her adopted son, Sir John Salusbury, "with astonishing elasticity." But she died the next year. Her "Anecdotes of Johnson" and her own "Literary Remains" are among the most piquant tidbits of biographical literature.

Oliver Goldsmith visited Bath in 1771, with the literary result of "The Life of Richard Nash," hardly a fitting subject for the pen of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," but through this event Beau Nash's memory became more imperishable than through all the monuments, epigrams and paintings to be found in his honor in the ancient city; and if you tire of identifying the great of olden times with their ancient habitations here, a pleasant walk of two miles to the west of the city will bring you to the little village of Twerton. Here in a tiny, neat cottage, now known as Fielding's House, Fielding's Terrace, was chiefly written "Tom Jones," for which, through its first reading in manuscript by the wife of Andrew Marryat, the great London publisher, Fielding secured the title, incredible sum of £200, which so astounded him that for himself, the publisher, who afterward cleared £18,000 from the sale of the work, and his friend, Thomson, the poet, Fielding straightway deliciously ordered of the waiter, "Two bottles of your best port."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Carrier Pigeons in the Campaign.

The general election in England brought into considerable prominence the modern usage of impressing carrier pigeons into newspaper service. With the staffs of some papers going forth to report the speeches in country districts there was permanently attached the pigeon man with his baskets of birds. In the Midlothian campaign the expedition was particularly useful. When Mr. Gladstone went forth on those stupendous drives of questionable usefulness which he was induced to take, the rear of the cortege was brought up by the carriages of the reporters. In one were stored the pigeon baskets. As the party drove along the reporters, noting incidents by the way, jotted them down on sheets of "flimsy," and passed them on page by page to the man in charge of the pigeons. He, taking a bird out of the basket, laid it on its back and tied the message to one of its legs, and then let it loose. It was curious to note how accustomed the pigeons had grown to the process, scarcely fluttering a feather whilst the message was tied on. Mounting high, they flew round and round, taking the bearings, which found, they speedily set off for Edinburgh. The consequence was that the evening papers, selling in the streets of Edinburgh before Mr. Gladstone's journey was accomplished, contained full descriptions of his earlier incidents. Carrier pigeons will never compete with the telegraph wire for the transmission of long reports from places where telegraph stations are available. But it is easy to see in particular circumstances they are invaluable.

Politics in the Pulpit.

"Before the choir begins," said the minister, "I should like to make a statement to the brethren. I am told that Deacon Jones is a candidate for the legislature. Now, under ordinary circumstances, I should advise the brethren to vote for him; but, as I am a candidate for the same place myself, it would not be good politics to do so. You who are not afraid of hot weather, hereafter cast your vote for Brother Jones; but all who desire along sermons, small collections and cool salvation must over on my side."

THE PARSON'S CATCHING TEXT.

How to Win at Faro, with Some Advice About Spills, Whipsaws, Etc.

In 1878 Bodie was the wildest town in all the world. It had been a mining camp in 1861, had been worked out, rediscovered by George Story in 1877, and by August, 1878, contained 15,000 inhabitants.

On Tuesday, Aug. 26, 1878, a memorable event happened in the history of the camp. The boom was at its height. A few days prior Russian Pete had made a big strike in the southern end of the Sigourney, the Booker on Booker flat was looking up, and everything about the camp, even to the burly-gurdy girls wore a rosy hue.

It was early in the afternoon when a stranger entered the office of the Standard and presented his card to Mr. Dormer. It read:

REV. E. M. REYNOLDS,

The new arrival was a stout-built man of medium height, florid complexion, and a determined look about his large mouth. He was attired in a loosely fitting suit of gray stuff, badly worn.

"Glad to see you," said Mr. Dormer, pleasantly. "One of the crying needs of this town is a pastor. The Standard since it started has been to reform the camp, but its efforts have been futile. No use trying. What Bodie wants is a spiritual awakening. Its people want to be aroused to the imminent danger they are in. It is dreadfully immoral."

"I have heard so," replied Mr. Reynolds, quietly. "For the past few weeks I have been laboring for the Master in Aurora."

"What success?"

"Not as great as I could desire. People seem to be careless of their souls' salvation. There are a great many families at Aurora, but I found few devout Christians."

"Are you going to preach here?"

"Yes. I have seen the members of the executive committee of the Miners' union, and they have kindly consented to use their hall on next Sunday evening. The object of my call was to see you about getting out some doggers calling attention to the meeting."

"What do you wish on the doggers?"

Mr. Reynolds thought a moment and wrote:

At Miners' Union Hall, Sunday Evening, Aug. 31, 1878.
The Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS of the Methodist Church will preach at 7:30 o'clock.
Subject: "And he said unto them, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."
SINNERS AND CHRISTIANITY CONSIDERED.

"That subject won't draw," said Mr. Dormer, promptly and emphatically. "Why, you won't have a corporal's guard there. You must preach on some live subject—something in touch with the people; something that appeals to their sympathies, to their every-day life. The text is in what I'll put on these doggers, but it is not the thing here."

"Can you give me a subject, then?"

"Stocks and fare are what interest people here. Few people can beat either game. I don't pretend to 'How to Beat Faro'?"

Mr. Reynolds knitted his brows a moment. He evidently was weighing the matter in his mind, and it took few moments to decide.

"I'll do it," he said, earnestly. Then he took his pencil again and wrote, "This is what I'll put on these doggers."

He remarked as he handed over the paper:

HOW TO WIN AT FARO?

At Miners' Union Hall on Sunday Evening, Aug. 31, 1878, at 7:30 o'clock.
REV. E. M. REYNOLDS, of the Methodist Church, will address the citizens of

"How to Win at Faro."
How to Beat Spills and Not Get Whipsawed, on the Last Turn—If You Strike Kind Deal, Don't Be Afraid to Set Your

"I think you are right," he said to Dormer. "The ordinary laymen may understand this. I do not on these doggers, the catch phrases which I have heard on the street. But every man in Bodie will know what it means."

The Rev. Mr. Reynolds had an immense crowd to hear him. His application of "How to Win at Faro" to the gospel of St. Matthew had a thrilling and beneficial effect. He wound up his address as follows:

"My friends, I have been in your camp but a few days. During the short time I have resided here I have been deeply impressed with the wealth of your mines, and the enormity of your wickedness. Crime, in all of its shades and stages, instead of being frowned upon and discouraged, is encouraged. The chief amusements of the people of Bodie are gambling, drinking and carousing."

"What a precarious living is afforded the gambler! Perhaps you never have thought of this before. Pass your saloons at any hour of the day or night and see the poor wretches who have lost all at the gambling tables, surreptitiously trying to appease

their hunger at the lunch counter! Young men of good families have lost all hope and hang about these places in their despair."

"I have advertised that I would tell you this evening how to win at Faro. I mean in a spiritual way. Let us assume, my hearers, that the World is the Layout and the Church is the Caskeeper. The King represents our Lord and the Jack the Devil. Do you want everlasting happiness? Do you want eternal life? If you do, copper the Jack on the heel and play the King to win. Boundless and infinite will be your joy when the last turn is made and the Caskeeper makes it Jack, King—for you have won a crown in the heavenly kingdom."

"But many of you, in fact, nearly all of you, copper the King and play the Jack to win. It is a terrible wager, for at the last turn you will find that you have lost eternally!"

"My friends, first let me entreat you by everything that is dear in this transitory life, to come and change your system! Copper the Jack on the heel and play the King open. And when the last great turn is made there will be no spills, no whipsaws, and you won't be afraid to set your chips in. It will be a kind deal."

Seven gamblers confessed their sins there and then, and enough money was taken in to build a church without mortgaging the property. Russian Pete passed the hat.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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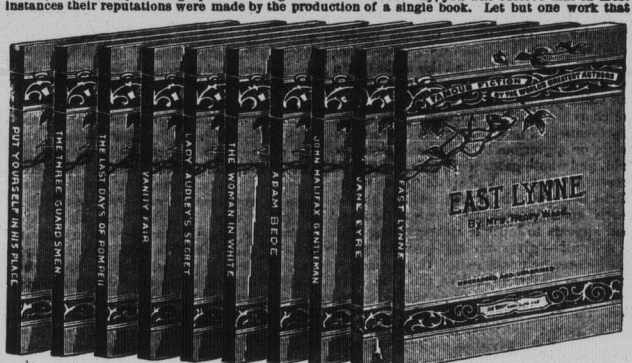
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