

tween these three cases, so different one from the other and yet so absolutely alike? Were they the work of a madman? Were they the outcome of a devilish scheme, conceived with some hideous revenge for its object, and executed with ruthless daring? Nothing was discovered. But the terrifying thought of the fourth bit of red paper haunted every mind, upset the women and frightened the bravest of the men. Would there be a fourth victim?

Sixteen days elapsed. On the seventeenth—it was a Sunday—a priest, mounting the pul-



PRISCILLA CRAVEN (MRS. W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE)

Mrs. Shore's latest novel, *The Pride of the Graftons*, was published in September. She uses the name of Priscilla Craven in order to avoid being confused with her husband, who is also a writer

pit, gave a cry and fell back headlong. He was dead. In his breviary was the fourth piece of red paper . . .

"And I assure you," M. Leblanc goes on to say, "that if I had invented eight scraps of red paper instead of four, and, consequently, described four more crimes to you, you would have followed me with just as much attention to the end of this most improbable story, of which you and I, alas! will never know the issue.

It was a good many years ago that J. M. Barrie observed that there were three writers in England

A. T. Quiller-Couch

using the curiously popular signature "Q." Of these the reputation of only one, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, has been in any degree enduring. As some English writer has remarked, Mr. Quiller-Couch has been the champion "Q" since 1890. There was a time when Mr. Barrie ventured the prophecy that Quiller-Couch would do for Cornwall what Thomas Hardy did for Dorset, although the methods of the two writers were as unlike as their counties. But, he added, that could only be done if in filling his notebook with his little Cornish comedies and tragedies Mr. Quiller-Couch was preparing for more sustained efforts.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's first book was *Dead Man's Rock*, a lurid tale of the Cornish coast, that bore a marked resemblance to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Since *Dead Man's Rock* he has changed out of all recognition. He is a realist in the sense of being a close observer of the human document. He has very decided views of fiction. "There is much *representation* of life," he once said, "and little *presentation*. All this involves an attitude of humility toward nature and the great facts of life. Take Hardy, for instance; see how true he is. In one of his books he tells us that he knows what kind of a tree it is that he is walking under at night, merely by the sound the wind makes, rustling through the leaves. There is an indication also of the humble study of nature. But still, while you must *represent*, you cannot get rid of *presentation*, as Mr. Howells urges must be done. A writer cannot get away from himself. I believe myself in no general statement. Each man brings forth his own work, and the critics must find this out."

Last month we quoted the opinions of Lord Northcliffe and the late Charles A.

Thackeray
as an
Editor

Dana on Charles Dickens as an editor. Inevitably and naturally the subject suggests a comparison, as it always does, of Dickens and his great

contemporary. Somehow the two seem to have met on almost all possible fields. Against Dickens's work as a reporter in the House of Commons there are Thackeray's experiences as Paris correspondent for the ill-starred *Constitution* and his days of hack work in Fleet Street. When Dickens was editing *Household Words*, Thackeray, with a great blare of trumpets, was assuming the direction of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In a word it was another case of Mr. Bacon and Mr. Bungay with a fine, full literary flavour. There is always the suspicion that Thackeray, in depicting the rival publishers of Paternoster Row, may have had just a thought of himself and of the author of *David Copperfield*.

Brief as was Thackeray's career as an editor—for his association with *The Snob* when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge is not to be taken seriously—it was marked by some of the liveliest and most interesting episodes of his life. At least three of his *Roundabout Papers*, "On Some Late Great Victories," "Thorns in the Cushion," and "On Screens in Dining Rooms" owe their inspiration directly to the experiences in the editorial chair. From the very moment of the establishment of the *Cornhill* until the day of his resignation he seems to have been in a constant state of irritability. It was a task for which he was by temperament utterly unfitted. He was never quite sure of his editorial judgment. He hated to say "no" to a would-be contributor. Above all, he who as a young man had poked such savage fun at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and the other men and women of the older school had become himself most sensitive to the slightest criticism, and most intolerant in his attitude toward the impertinences of youth.

When Sir George Murray Smith planned the *Cornhill* it was not his idea to have Thackeray as its editor. What he wanted for the magazine was a serial by Thackeray, and the proposition that he first made was that Thackeray should write either one or two novels of the ordinary size—one-twelfth portion of each novel to appear in each number of the magazine—in consideration of a pay-

ment of £350 each month. The terms seemed almost munificent to the novelist, who only a few years before had sold *Henry Esmond* outright for £1,000, and when he had finished reading the paper on which Smith had jotted down his proposal he said: "I am not going to put such a document as *this* into my waste-paper basket." George Smith's first choice as an editor for the *Cornhill* was Mr. Tom Hughes, but the latter felt that he was affiliated with another house and



ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH

would not accept the place. Several other names came under consideration, but none seemed to be exactly suitable, and finally the publisher hit upon the idea of having Thackeray edit the magazine, Smith himself supplying the business qualifications. The proposal was made and accepted by Thackeray, who, in addition to the high rate of payment for his writings, was to receive £1,000 a year for his work as editor.

"It's to be called the *Small Beer Chronicle*," growled Wagg, "and little Popjoy is to be engaged for the infantine department."



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

The making of *French Cathedrals*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with illustrations from drawings by Joseph Pennell, is the fruit of twenty years' study in the cathedral towns of France—Provence, the Romanesque centres, Mont St. Michel, and the towns of the great Gothic churches. The originals of the drawings and etchings which illustrate the book have been purchased by the French Government, and are now in the Luxembourg Museum

"It's to be called the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sir, and we shall be very happy to have you with us," Shandon said.

"Pall Mall Gazette! Why Pall Mall Gazette?" asked Wagg.

"Because its editor was born at Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork; because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand. Won't that reason suffice you, Wagg?"

When Thackeray wrote these lines in the thirty-fourth chapter of *The History of Pendennis* he was unconsciously prophetic. For the name of the *Cornhill Magazine* was suggested by Thackeray, and was at the time made a target for ridicule. To label a magazine with the name of a street was characterised as unworthy of the dignity of literature. Next, said the scoffers, there would be the *Smithfield Review* or the *Leadenhall Market Magazine*. Nor were they far wrong. Again, just as Captain Shandon, from the purlieus of the Fleet Prison, had penned his trumpet call to the Gentlemen of England in behalf of the *Pall Mall*, so Thackeray, in less uncomfortable surroundings, sat down to the composition of the following elaborate letter as an advertisement of the *Cornhill*:

"THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE,"
SMITH, ELDER & CO.,

65 Cornhill, 1st November, 1859.

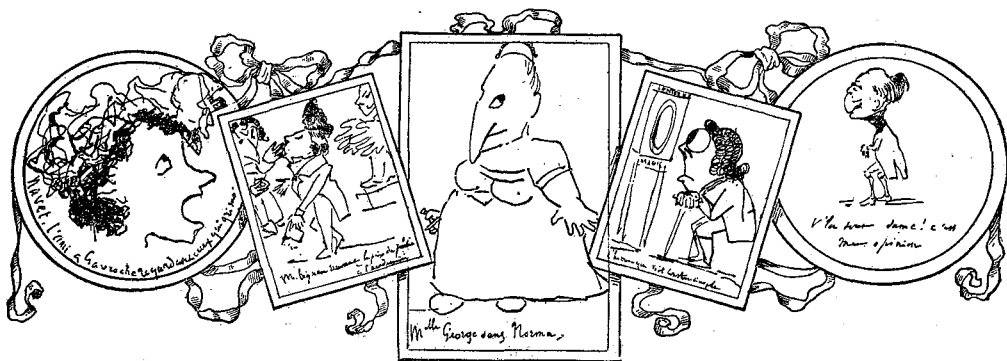
A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO A FRIEND
AND CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR —. Our Store-House being in Cornhill, we date and name our Magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling: for example, "The Thames on Fire" was a name suggested; and, placarded in red letters about the City, and Country, it would no doubt have excited some curiosity. But, on going to London Bridge, the expectant rustic would have found the stream rolling on its accustomed course, and would have turned away angry at being hoaxed. Sensible people are not to be misled by fine prospectuses and sounding names: the present writer has been for five-and-twenty years before the world, which has taken his measure pretty accurately. We are too long acquainted to try and deceive one another; and were I to propose any such astounding feat as that above announced, I know quite well how the schemer would be received, and the scheme would end.

You, then, who ask what *The Cornhill Magazine* is to be, and what sort of articles you shall supply for it?—if you were told that the Editor, known hitherto only by his published writings, was in reality a great reformer, philosopher, and wiseacre, about to expound prodigious doctrines and truths until now unrevealed, to guide and direct the peoples, to pull down the existing order of things, to edify new social or political structures, and, in a word, to set the Thames on Fire; if you heard such designs ascribed to him—*risum teneatis*? You know I have no such pretensions; but, as an Author who has written long, and had the good fortune to find a very great number of readers, I think I am not mistaken in supposing that they give me credit for experience and observation, for having lived with educated people in many countries, and seen the world in no small variety; and, having heard me soliloquise, with so much kindness and favour, and say my own say about life, and men and women, they will not be unwilling to try me as Conductor of a Concert, in which I trust many skilful performers will take part.

We hope for a large number of readers, and must seek, in the first place, to amuse and interest them. Fortunately for some folks, novels are as daily bread to others; and fiction of course must form a part, but only a part of our entertainment. We want, on the other hand, as much reality as possible—discussion and narrative of events interesting to the public, personal adventures and observation, familiar reports on scientific discovery, description of Social Institutions,—*quicquid agunt homines*,—a Great Eastern, a battle in China, a Race-Course, a popular Preacher;—there is hardly any subject we *don't* want to hear about, from lettered and instructed men who are competent to speak on it.

I read the other day in *The Illustrated London News* (in my own room at home) that I was at that moment at Bordeaux, purchasing first-class claret for first-class contributors, and second class for those of inferior *cru*. Let me adopt this hospitable simile; and say that at our contributors' table I do not ask or desire to shine especially myself, but to take my part occasionally, and to invite pleasant and instructed gentlemen and ladies to contribute their share to the conversation. It may be a Foxhunter, who has the turn to speak; or a Geologist, Engineer, Manufacturer, Member of the House of Commons, Lawyer,



CARICATURES BY VICTOR HUGO

Chemist,—what you please. If we can only get people to tell what they know, pretty briefly and good-humouredly, and not in a manner obtrusively didactic, what a pleasant ordinary we may have, and how gladly folks will come to it! If our friends have good manners, a good education, and write in good English, the company, I am sure, will be all the better pleased; and the guests, whatever their rank, age, sex be, will be glad to be addressed by well-educated gentlemen and women. A professor ever so learned, a curate in his country retirement, an artisan after work-hours, a schoolmaster or mistress when the children are gone home, or the young ones themselves when their lessons are over, may like to hear what the world is talking about, or be brought into friendly communication with persons whom the world knows. There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table, we shall suppose the ladies and children always present, we shall not set rival politicians by the ears; we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn. The kindly fruits of the earth, which grow for all,—may we not enjoy them with friendly hearts? The field is immensely wide; the harvest perennial, and rising everywhere; we can promise competent fellow-labourers a welcome and a good wage; and hope a fair custom from the public for our stores at *The Cornhill Magazine*.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Of the first number of the *Cornhill*, appearing for January, 1860, some one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold. This was then without precedent in

English serial literature. To achieve such a success no expense had been spared. In

Cornhill Payments

In his "Recollections" Sir George Murray Smith gives some very interesting figures. The largest amount expended on the literature of a single number was £1,183 3s 8d (August, 1862). The total expenditure under that head for the first four years was £32,280 11s, the illustrations costing in addition £4,376 11s. To George Eliot for *Romola* was made the highest payment for a novel. This was £7,000. Thackeray received the highest rate given for short articles—£12, 12s a page for his *Roundabout Papers*. To Tennyson, Sir George made an offer of 5,000 guineas for a poem that should be the same length as *Idylls of the King* on the condition that the poem be first printed serially in the *Cornhill*. Nothing came of this proposal, but Thackeray obtained from Tennyson the poem "Tithonus" for the second number of the magazine.

A feature of the *Cornhill* was the monthly dinner at the table of the publisher. There gathered all the principal contributors of the magazine. Edmund Yates, who had had a bitter quarrel with Thackeray, in which Dickens was in a measure implicated, wrote an account of one of these dinners, which he described as "tremendously heavy." The article went on to speak of the proprietor of the *Cornhill* as "a good man, but totally unread," and said that on Thackeray asking him whether Dr. Johnson was dining behind the screen, an allusion to the old story, he had replied: "God bless my soul,