

of view differ widely from each other in the sectarian denominations. They all claim to be Christian, and interpret their several creeds as infallible ones. Yet they differ and discuss these questionable subjects without settling them with any mutual satisfaction among themselves.

'I doubt the possibility, or propriety, of settling the religion of Jesus Christ in the models of man-made creeds and dogmas. It was a spirit in the life that He laid stress on and taught, if I read aright. I know I see it to be so with me.

'The fundamental truths reported in the four gospels as from the lips of Jesus Christ, and that I first heard from the lips of my mother, are settled and fixed moral precepts with me. I

have concluded to dismiss from my mind the debatable wrangles that once perplexed me with distractions that stirred up, but never absolutely settled anything. I have tossed them aside with the doubtful differences which divide denominations — sweeping them all out of my mind among the non-essentials. I have ceased to follow such discussions or be interested in them.

'I cannot without mental reservations assent to long and complicated creeds and catechisms. If the Church would ask simply for assent to the Saviour's statement of the substance of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," — that Church would I gladly unite with.'

[*The National Review*]

PEPYS AS AN ART COLLECTOR AND CRITIC

BY E. ALFRED JONES

THE son of a tailor, Samuel Pepys may be justly described as the first middle-class collector, and critic of objects of art in England. The extravagance of the age in which he lived was perhaps not without effect on his early desires for the acquisition of luxuries. His gradually increasing prosperity may be traced from the day in January 1659-60, when, at the age of twenty-seven, his dinner consisted of plain bread and cheese, to the costly dinners served on silver plates mentioned later. In the same month, too, Pepys laid the foundation of his noble library, now the glory of his alma mater, Magdalene College, Cam-

bridge, by the purchase of a Hebrew Grammar.

The taste and appreciation of the immortal diarist for the refinements of life received an early training by his classical education at St. Paul's School, and at Cambridge, the effects of which were apparent from the time of his first visit to Audley End, 'without comparison one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom,' as Evelyn had described it a few years earlier. Pepys viewed with mighty admiration the glories of the house, the stateliness of the ceilings and of the chimney-pieces, the splendid pictures, especially the portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein.

Descending into the cellar, Pepys and his companion, the landlord of the White Hart Inn at Saffron Walden, drank most admirable drink, and health to King Charles II.

His love of music, one of his cherished joys to the end of his life, is evinced by his playing on his flageolet, which produced an excellent echo among the barrels of wine in the vast cellars. Instructive, as a revelation of his increasing powers of observation and more critical taste, is his account of his later visit to Audley End, when he declared the ceiling, previously praised for its stateliness, to be less impressive and the staircase exceeding poor. While the house contained a great many pictures, there was only one good one, the portrait of Henry VIII. The furniture is described as so ancient that he would not find room for it in his own house. From this noble mansion Pepys was taken to the ancient almshouses of Edward VI at Saffron Walden, and was there regaled with a draught of drink from a mazer-bowl of wood 'tipt' with silver, which, on being emptied, revealed to his astonished gaze a picture of the Holy Virgin done in silver.*

The first recorded addition to Pepys's collection of plate was made in June 1660, when he accepted a bribe in the shape of five pieces of gold for himself, and a silver can for Mrs. Pepys. If this 'can' was a mug, it is an interesting and early name for this type of drinking vessel—a name which has survived to this day in New England. Shortly afterwards he bought, or was given, the only known piece which has survived from his large collection, namely, the plain caudle-cup exhibited by Miss Cockerell at St. James's Court and illustrated in the catalogue.

* This identical mazer-bowl with silver mounts hall-marked in London in 1507-8, and with a silver disc of the Virgin Mary set in the interior, is still preserved at the almshouse.

At this date, we are introduced to the name of one of London's most opulent goldsmiths in the person of Alderman Edward Backwell, the virtual founder of English banking, but this worthy's name is of more interest in the history of banking than in the annals of the goldsmith's craft, his business having been concerned mainly with banking. He was not a craftsman himself, but a buyer and seller of plate, an intermediary between the craftsmen and the public. To Backwell's shop Pepys betook himself on July 4, 1660, to buy a 'state dish and cup'* in chased work at a cost of £19, as a gift for his patron, William Coventry, afterwards Sir William Coventry.

Although, perhaps, more appropriately included in a section devoted to Pepys's activities as a bibliophile, his purchase of a Bible adorned with silver crosses deserves notice here, on account of the decoration in silver.

The frequent visits of Pepys to the shops of London goldsmiths—Alderman Backwell, Sir Robert Vyner, and others—quickened and stimulated his taste for the masterpieces of that art. A proud moment in his life was on the occasion when his friend and patron, Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, asked him to buy a piece of plate as a gift for Stephen Fox. The piece selected was a tankard from Beauchamp, the goldsmith in Cheapside. This was displayed at a private dinner given by Fox a few days later to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, and others, when the health of Lord Sandwich was drunk with due ceremony

* A 'state dish and cup' was a dish or salver on a large foot, and the companion cup was one of the familiar caudle-cups or porringers so popular in the reign of Charles II. Several of these dishes and cups have survived to this day. One of the most interesting pairs, made in London in 1668-9, was presented to Jonas Shish, His Majesty's Master Shipwright at Deptford, by the Duke of York, at the launching of the *Royal Charles*. This pair is now in the important collection of old English plate of Sir Ernest Cassel.

and cordiality. Pepys's vanity was again mightily gratified by the acceptance by William Coventry, already mentioned, of a gift of plate, especially as Coventry had just refused a present of a noble pair of silver flagons from Commissioner Pett. Proudly going to Beauchamp, he selected a pair of silver candlesticks, which were dispatched in due course to the intended recipient, who took the giver's intention very kindly, but, by strange reversal of his original acceptance, returned the gift with a polite letter, which aroused mixed emotions in Pepys—mortification at the rebuff, but thankfulness at the return of so costly a gift.

Not without interest is the cost of wrought plate in the first year of the Restoration—eight shillings an ounce for a tankard selected by Pepys from the Jewel House in the Tower of London at the request of Lord Sandwich, as a present from the King in return for Lord Sandwich's New Year's gift to the King.* This sum would be equal to about forty shillings before the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914.

Additions had been made by Pepys to his collection, but have not been recorded in his Diary, for he mentions plate which he took to Stevens, a goldsmith, to be cleaned for a dinner-party. A silver tankard was stolen from his house in this summer, to his great grief. In this same year he bought six silver spoons as a christening gift for a boy. Whether these were the Apostle spoons so popular as presents on such occasions cannot be determined, but they were probably of another pattern, since Apostle spoons were then going out of favor. Shortly afterwards he bought a silver cup and spoon for the godchild of Mrs. Pepys.

* In fulfilment of an old custom by which presents were made by the Monarch on New Year's Day to courtiers and other distinguished persons, who returned the gift in plate or jewels.

Pepys never lost an opportunity to examine historical or important plate. On this occasion of his official visit to Portsmouth, in April 1662, he noticed with admiration a present of plate from the town to the Queen, a 'salt-sellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish; which indeed is one of the neatest pictures of plate that I ever saw.'* This salt, and the plate presented to the Queen by the City of London in June 1662, are not now in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle; they may have been taken by the Queen (Catherine of Braganza) on her return to her native Portugal, together with the gold toilet service presented to her by the King, Charles II, at a cost of £4000, mentioned in Evelyn's Diary in 1673.

The 'great rarity' in the form of silver dishes set with ancient gold and silver medals, bought from an ambassador in need of money, which Pepys examined with manifest interest at the seat of Captain George Cocke at Greenwich, were probably not English, but some of the large dishes, embossed with busts of Roman Emperors and others, so popular as embellishments of plate in Germany from the middle of the seventeenth century.

The diarist now records with satisfaction the addition of a 'fair state dish and cup' embellished with his arms (this is the first mention of Pepys's arms on plate, though the cup exhibited at St. James's Court is engraved with his arms), a noble present, the best he had had, from William Warren.

At a dinner at Barber Surgeons' Hall, Pepys noticed among other 'observables' Holbein's picture of

* A salt answering this description was given to the Goldsmiths' Company in 1693 by Thomas Seymour, and may be the identical piece, though there are no regal emblems upon it.

Henry VIII and the silver-gilt cup given by the King to the Company, with bells hanging on it, which every man is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup in drinking the health of the royal donor.* Nothing escaped his keen eye. In dining with the Lord Mayor of London, he displayed marked interest in the historic sword, one of the treasures of the City. His observations on the Lord Mayor's banquet of this year are diverting and instructive to the student of ancient customs. The Lord Mayor and the Lords of the Privy Council alone were allowed the use of napkins and knives, while Pepys and other guests, regaled as they were with ten good dishes and abundant wine of divers sorts, were not provided with napkins or a change of the wooden trenchers from which they ate their food. Furthermore, they drank their wine out of pitchers of earthenware. Pepys was in general disappointed with the entertainment. Expecting to hear good music, there was only the noise of trumpets and drums, which displeased him, a lover and judge of music.

The ladies, too, were disappointing; not one handsome face could he discern in the ladies' room. Wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, Pepys went into Cheapside and there saw the Lord Mayor's Show, a 'silly' entertainment.

One Captain Silas Taylor, in anticipation of future favors, presented Pepys with 'a little small state dish,' and in the same year his sideboard of plate was enriched by a tankard after the death of his brother Tom.

Many causes have contributed to the destruction of old English plate, but one of the most destructive, if the least known, was the custom particu-

larly rife in the first half of the eighteenth century of sending old plate to the goldsmith to be melted and the metal remade into other objects in the prevailing fashion. Much of the royal plate in the possession of the Duke of York (afterwards James II) was doomed to this melancholy fate, as is known from Pepys's ejaculation when he beheld it for the first time, 'Lord, what a deal he hath!' in the presence of the Duke's goldsmith, then sorting out the old plate to change for new.

One of Pepys's most gratifying presents was a pair of the noblest silver flagons that he had ever seen, a gift from Mr. (afterwards Sir Dennis) Gauden, Victualer to the Navy. So noble were they that he could not think they were his; with a merry heart he looked upon them and locked them up. Ever keen to know the intrinsic value of his plate, he took the flagons to Stevens, the goldsmith, to be weighed, and to his great joy he was told that their weight was over 212 ounces, valued at five shillings an ounce. He was, however, astonished that the cost of the workmanship was so high as from five to ten shillings an ounce.*

With a proud heart Pepys now shows his plate to his poor relations, who 'eyed mightily' his 'great cupboard of plate,' on the same day that he displayed the Gauden flagons on his table, the whole forming a very fine sight, and better than he had ever hoped to see of his own. An addition to his cupboard was made shortly afterwards by the gift of a pair of very pretty candlesticks from one Lever, Purser General, much to the surprise of Pepys, who had done this man no service, but a disservice in the matter of his accounts. Another gift was a

* The cup here mentioned was made for the most part in the year 1523-4, with portions of a later date. Four little 'bells,' as stated by Pepys, hang from the bowl.

* Eight shillings was the cost of fashioning the tankard given by Charles II to Lord Sandwich.

pair of large silver candlesticks and snuffers, from Harris, the sailmaker.

Not without interest in the history of English silver for the table, is the purchase by Pepys of some silver forks in the New Year of 1665, a very early anticipation of the general use of silver forks in England. His continued interest in plate is shown in January 1666, when he saluted his little goldsmith's wife, Mrs. Stokes, and bespoke a silver chafing dish for warming plates. Three weeks later he called for the chafing-dishes, having apparently bought more than one, and also took home a silver dredger. This good lady was doubtless the wife of Humphrey Stokes, at the Black Horse in Lombard Street.

Once more the cupboard of plate of our diarist is mentioned, this time in connection with his intention to pick out about forty pounds' worth to be changed for more useful pieces. Additions were now made to it after a visit to the shop of the goldsmith-banker, Sir Robert Vyner, where he had gone to see some silver plates made as a present from Captain George Cocke to my Lord Brouncker.* So charmed was Pepys with these plates that he bespoke a dozen for himself, but greater still was his joy when the generous captain begged him to accept them as a gift. To the great satisfaction and pride of Pepys these silver plates adorned his dining-table at a dinner given by him to Lord Sandwich and four others, when all things were mighty rich and handsome. Captain Cocke presented Pepys with another dozen silver plates obtained from Sir Robert Vyner. Added to his collection at the same time were a fair pair of candlesticks and six plates, truly 'a very pretty present,' from one Foundes.

* Silver plates of the Stuart period are of great rarity to-day. Twenty-two, varying in date from 1639 to 1643, are or were in the Kremlin, having been a gift from Charles I to the Tsar. Prince Rupert bought a set from Alderman Backwell, but this has probably been melted and the metal made into other objects.

Stirred as was the country at a time when public affairs were in a deplorable condition, the seamen in a state of mutiny for want of their just pay, our enemies, the French and Dutch, growing daily more turbulent, the city in a ruinous state since the Great Fire, the inhabitants moving elsewhere and no encouragement to traders, a sad and vicious and negligent court, and all sober men fearful of the coming ruin of the whole kingdom within a year—such is the gloomy picture painted by Pepys—yet amidst all this gloom he complacently contemplates his prosperous condition, abounding in good plate to such an extent as to enable him, as he proudly states, to serve his guests on silver plates, now two and a half dozen in number.

On January 4, 1667, he gave a great dinner-party, dazing all his guests by seeing themselves so nobly served in plate. As evidence of his great pride in his possessions, the following episodes are of interest. Lord Brouncker, a guest on one occasion, had taken much notice of the handsome Pepysian silver, especially admiring the fine flagons and observing merrily, though enviously, that Pepys could not have come honestly by them. Vexed at the peer's ignoble soul, he was determined to beware of him in future, but slyly rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him to show my Lord Brouncker that he was no mean fellow, and that he could live well in the world and be the happy possessor of good things. The second episode occurred at a large dinner-party, when he observed with evident satisfaction the way his guests looked upon all his fine plate; while the third was the dinner given by Sir William Penn, who had borrowed Pepys's silver plates—a dinner described by Pepys, a guest, as a sorry affair, with nothing handsome but these plates.

Two more additions to his cupboard of plate are chronicled, namely, a standish and a snuff-dish.

An interesting circumstance now occurs in the Diary. On one of his frequent visits to the shop of Sir Robert Vyner, Pepys was shown two or three great silver flagons, engraved with inscriptions as gifts from the King to certain persons of quality who had rendered conspicuous services by remaining in town during the Great Plague.*

The arrival of the Dutch ships in the Thames created a panic in London. Pepys, anxious for the safety of his plate, adopted the same course as he had done in the Great Fire, and distributed it in different places, hoping thereby to save at least a portion of it in the event of the capture of London by the Dutch. His gold coin, to the value of £300, he carried in a girdle around his body.†

With a brief reference to his admiration of the splendor of the Coronation plate of Charles II, happily still preserved in the Tower of London, and to the noble silver warming-pan presented to him by Captain Beckford on New Year's Day in 1668-9,‡ ends this survey of the considerable quantity of plate acquired by Pepys by gift or purchase, and the plate recorded in his Diary. But many other pieces were added to the Pepys collection between

that time and his death. He likewise enriched the Clothworkers' Company in 1677, the year in which he was Master, with a handsome silver cup, enriched with characteristic ornament of the period.

Pepys displayed a real interest in pictures—an interest which dates from his visit to Audley End and from his admiration of Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII there. What was perhaps his first purchase of a picture occurred in July 1660, when he sent Mrs. Pepys to his father's with the sum of five pounds to be expended in buying pictures, at a time when the diarist had saved one hundred pounds. Ever ready to admire pictures, he notices the incomparable collection in the King's closet at Whitehall. From this day onward to the end of his busy life, no opportunity to see works of art escaped his keenness.

For Lely's work he had a discriminating admiration. He praised this artist's portrait of Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, and quaintly remarks that he is 'with child' until he gets a copy done. Taking the portrait in the absence of Lord Sandwich at sea, to the artist, Emmanuel De Critz, to be copied, he received it within a few weeks, completed to his content. A little later, he bought some pictures, but he does not mention the subject or the artist's name.

That essentially English art of portrait-painting in miniature had in Pepys an ardent admirer. One miniaturist, Salisbury, had painted a portrait of Lord Sandwich, and according to Pepys he had become within two years a great limner.*

At the end of the year, 1661, Pepys was determined to follow the fashion of society and have his portrait and that of his wife painted, and proceeded

* A miniature portrait of Lord Sandwich, by Samuel Cooper, dated 1659, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

* The original 'flagons' have not been traced. A silver tankard, presented to an unknown person by Sir Edmund Godfrey, one of the recipients of a 'flagon' from Charles II, was acquired by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. This tankard was, however, made in 1673-4 and was not the original piece presented by the King, as stated in one or two books on plate. Another tankard, dated two years later, with a similar inscription, was presented to the borough of Sudbury by Sir Gervase Elwes, M.P. Both these tankards were probably copies of the original 'flagons.'

† The descent of the Dutch fleet on the Thames has been commemorated by pictures, medals, and so forth. Admiral Michael De Ruyter and Cornelis De Witt were presented with gold and enamelled cups, both of which are preserved, one in Amsterdam, the other in Paris.

‡ Probably one of the vase-shaped silver burners to contain charcoal, easily carried in the hand from room to room. Specimens of this period are still extant.

to the studio of Savill in Cheapside to arrange for sittings. He sat for the first time on November 27. Six days later he again visited the artist and had more of his picture done, but at once expressed disappointment with it as not being a good likeness. Mrs. Pepys accompanied him on the third visit for her first sitting. She was painted in the fashionable vogue, with a little black dog in her lap, and the portrait was finished to his satisfaction. To his unconcealed annoyance, Lady Sandwich, while expressing her satisfaction with his own portrait, was much 'offended' with that of Mrs. Pepys. With that petty vanity and touch of snobbishness characteristic of Pepys, he now changed his opinion in compliance with that of the peeress and announced his intention to have the picture altered, and took it back to Savill, who improved it to the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys. Both portraits were hung in his dining-room, which now appears 'very handsome' with all his pictures. Savill was shortly afterwards commissioned to paint a miniature portrait of Pepys himself.

The taste of our diarist for pictures increases daily. Not only was he made acquainted with Samuel Cooper, 'the great limner in little,' but he also visited William Faithorne, the well-known engraver, from whom he bought some pictures, which he proceeded to hang up in his house, spending the whole of a day in doing so. Within a few days he was a visitor at the place of De Critz, already mentioned, and there examined some pictures copied by this artist from pictures attributed to Michael Angelo and Raphael in the collection of Charles II.

Pepys borrowed from De Critz a copy of a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, to hang up in his house. On the same day Pepys met Salisbury, the artist, in the studio of De Critz, and both went

to an ale-house in Covent Garden to see a picture offered for sale for the small sum of twenty shillings. Pepys, with the instinct of the bargain-hunter, offered fourteen shillings for a picture which he declared to be worth more, but he did not buy it, giving as a reason that he had no mind to break his oath of frugality. He had just made a vow to abstain from wine and also from theatre-going, a pleasure to which he was much addicted.

As a slave to feminine beauty—more than once was his wife angry for his gadding abroad in search for beauties—and to the charms of the notorious Lady Castlemaine, Pepys was moved to see her portrait by Sir Peter Lely, and to this end made a clandestine arrangement with a menial in the artist's house to see it, but at the moment the picture was not accessible. He was, however, rewarded for his pertinacity by being shown the portrait by Lely himself, exclaiming what a 'most blessed picture!' * From Lely's establishment Pepys proceeded to the place of Joseph Michael Wright, the Scottish painter, recently established in London, but Pepys shared Evelyn's opinion of this artist that he was not a 'considerable artist.'

Pepys was always observant. Whether it was in one of the King's palaces, the Duke of York's residence, or the Duke of Albemarle's, he never passed out without a glance at the objects of art. For example, on Christmas Day in 1662, he walked to Whitehall, intending to receive the Sacrament in the Royal Chapel, but being late, he walked up into the palace and spent his time looking over the pictures, particularly comparing the ships in the 'Voyage of Henry VIII to Boulogne' with those of his own day.

To the number of his acquaintances

* This picture is in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich at Hinchbrook.

among artists must be added the name of Jacob Huysmans, the Dutchman, who, according to Horace Walpole, created himself the Queen's painter and made her sit for every Madonna or Venus that he drew. On one visit he was shown portraits by Huysmans of the Queen as a shepherdess and as St. Catherine, and one of Mrs. Stewart (afterwards Duchess of Richmond), which is still in the Royal collection; and on another visit he appears to have decided to commission the artist to paint a portrait of Mrs. Pepys, herself soon to become a 'limner' under the tuition of one Browne.

Disappointed at the meanness of the dinner at the house of Sir W. Hickes, he found consolation in contemplating the beauty of a picture of the Queen-Mother when young, by Vandyck, at his host's house. Another portrait which he admired was one of the beautiful Mrs. Myddleton, at the house of Evelyn, where he saw for the first time some mezzotints. Frequent visits to the houses of artists are now recorded in the Diary. John Hayls, a rival of Lely, was asked to paint portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, the diarist deciding to be portrayed in an Indian gown, hired for the purpose.* It is odd that he should have selected Hayls, whom he regarded as inferior to Lely, but perhaps Lely was too busy or too expensive. Amusing comments are made in the Diary on Lely's failure, after two or three attempts, to obtain a satisfactory likeness of the Duchess of York.

If the meretricious works of Verrio and Laguerre, artistic giants in the time of Pepys and Evelyn, have not stood the test of time, it is different with the reputation of the miniature portrait painter, Samuel Cooper, from whom Pepys ordered a miniature of his

wife. Watching the progress of the work from day to day, he spent a whole afternoon observing the completion of it, whether to the pleasure of the artist or not, Cooper has not left any record. But while the miniature was done to Pepys's 'content,' it did not quite come up to his expectation, as he was dissatisfied with the resemblance and with the blue garment.

One plunge into the purchase of an old master caused Pepys great distress. A painting of the Crucifixion in his possession was produced in evidence that he was a Papist!

The series of portraits of beauties of the Court of Charles II, by Lely, now at Hampton Court, came in for criticism from Pepys, who regarded them as good but 'not like'—a comment often made to-day from the apparent 'sameness' of the pictures.

An audacious attempt by Pepys to buy the celebrated picture by Holbein, 'Henry VIII delivering the Charter to the Barber Surgeons' Company,' deserves notice. With the connivance of Pierce, Surgeon to the King, he had hoped to buy it for the insignificant sum of two hundred pounds, though valued by Pepys himself at one thousand pounds! The critical eye of the bargain-hunter discerned what he considered a defect. 'Not a pleasant, though a good picture,' is his comment; fortunately perhaps for posterity the sale was not consummated and the picture remains to this day in Barber Surgeons' Hall.

His critical faculty came into play when he went to see at the house of a friend a picture of Cleopatra, which had been highly praised by Mrs. Pepys, herself now an artist, but to his chagrin he found it to be a base copy of a good original, and it vexed him to hear it so much commended. One more example of what was perhaps his independent judgment occurred on his

* This picture is in the National Portrait Gallery. Another portrait of Pepys by Hayls, one of his worst works, is at Clothworkers' Hall.

visit to the place of Robert Streater, Sergeant-Painter to the King, then engaged on a series of paintings for the new theatre at Oxford. All the virtuosos present, including Christopher Wren, the architect, regarded these pictures as better than Rubens's painted ceiling in the Palace of Whitehall. Pepys alone dissented from this view. He said they would look very fine, but not equal to the work of the master.

The landscapes of Jan Looten did not please his taste, but he had a good word to say for Looten for introducing him to Simon Verelst, the Dutch flower-painter — of whom such an entertaining account as the 'God of Flowers' is given by Horace Walpole — who showed him a painting of a flower-pot, excelling anything Pepys had ever seen for the skill in painting the dew on the leaves. The price asked for it was seventy pounds, but here again the bargaining instinct was uppermost, Pepys having the vanity, as he naïvely confesses, to offer the artist twenty pounds for a picture, which he describes as the best of the subject he had ever seen in his life, and worth going twenty miles to see! In his keenness to add this picture to his collection, Pepys visited Verelst on the following day and renewed his offer of twenty pounds — an offer which was accepted, though it is not clear whether the diarist added it to his collection.

Engravings, both English and French, also had an interest for Pepys, and several purchases are recorded in the Diary. His interest was quickened by the study of Grant's collection of prints of the great houses, churches, and antiquities of France and Italy. As an admirer of feminine charms, an engraving of Lady Castlemaine was one of his most cherished possessions. From the engraver, William Faithorne, he made several purchases, including a portrait of Lord Ormonde. He bought

a number of engravings by the celebrated French artist, Robert Nanteuil, which had been sent to him specially from France with some French books for his library.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys ends on May 31, 1669. During the thirty-four years which elapsed before his death he made many additions of importance to his collections of pictures and plate, and had acquired, according to Evelyn, a collection of Indian and Chinese curiosities.

The chief interest in this side of the fascinating Diary of Pepys is that he, a man of comparatively humble origin, gifted with keen intelligence and powers of observation, was able to surround himself with objects of art and a great library, unaided by the judgment or prejudices of professional or amateur advisers. True, he was on occasion liable, from a feeling of snobbery, to surrender his taste in conformity with the views of others in a more distinguished social position, such as in the affair of Lady Sandwich, previously mentioned, and in his acceptance of the opinion of Slingsby, Master of the Mint — an opinion shared also by Evelyn — that the new coinage designed by John Roettiers for Charles II was of greater artistic merit than that executed for Cromwell by Thomas Simon, incomparably the greatest of English medalists and designer of the celebrated 'Petition Crown.'

Samuel Pepys resembled Phineas Pett, the celebrated shipbuilder, in his endeavors to keep company with men of greater rank than himself, and was 'a very cherisher of learned men, a worthy, industrious, and curious person, not excelled in England in knowledge of the Navy, ingenious and knowing.' The death of the diarist took place at his noble and wonderfully well-furnished house at Clapham in the year of our Lord 1703.

[*The Nation*]

OLIVE SCHREINER

'AND it was all play, and no one could tell what it had lived and worked for. A striving, and a striving, and an ending in nothing.' Such was the verdict of the girl of nineteen upon human life, as shown in that premature and passionate work of genius, *The Story of an African Farm*. And such, one might think, would be the verdict to-day of the woman who has just died, seeing life becoming more and more a fever and a delirium — 'a tale told by an idiot . . . signifying nothing.' Between that first cry of protest, which startled even the world of languid interest, and was recognized by those who knew as a work of genius, and the calamity of the great destruction at the end, she saw buried all the hopes and fears of men.

Like most men and women of genius, Olive Schreiner was a child of mixed race, German on one side, Scottish Presbyterian on the other. The German overseer in the Karoo, with his gentleness, faithfulness, simple piety, and stories of the snowdrifts and sunshine of South Germany, is the picture of her German missionary father, a vision abhorrent to those who, two years after armistice, still preach hatred and revenge. Olive Schreiner obtained fame when a mere girl with her one great book. She wrote many afterward, like the author of *John Inglesant*, some of which were polemic, like his, some with flashes of the first inspiration, while others, like her book on the woman's question, revealed the power and freedom of her vision of human life. She was driven to take part in politics, and always on the losing side. She maintained interest and effort in the cause of women; which modified that fierce and merciless impeachment of their life which she proclaimed be-

fore ever she knew life at all. 'To be born a woman is to be born branded,' was, indeed, the assertion of her later years; but in the earlier, to be born a woman was to be hunted by the Furies. Few writers have ever stamped upon their readers so savage an impression of absolute sincerity. Few, again, so much longing for sympathy and compassion among those who could see under the thin guise of fiction, one who, 'from youth up,' had encountered life's terrors 'with a troubled mind.' It is good to realize that something at least of such happiness as experience can provide came to her who thus journeyed stormily between a sleep and a sleep.

Her great work remains to-day and will endure. We doubt whether there can be any serious challenge of its claim to be the greatest book written by a woman since *Wuthering Heights*. And it is doubtful if, in its sureness of touch, its sincerity, and its quality of smouldering passion and fury, it does not surpass even that manifestation of human emotion. The South African farm was no more relevant to the one than the Yorkshire dales to the other. There is a background of a certain local color, the isolation, the beasts and birds, the desert, the tiny settlement: all under the glare of the African sunlight or the magic of the African moon. But it would have been as sensible for Thoreau to have called *Walden* 'A picnic by a pond,' or Carlyle to call *Sartor* 'Memories of a Scottish Village.' The interest is entirely of the soul. The struggle is that of human will against human will, and of human will against the implacable forces outside it which tear and rend it and mock at it, and leave it beaten, if still protesting. Shakespeare would have put this struggle upon the sea-coasts of Bohemia, or the Kingdom of Denmark. Meredith (who first recognized Olive Schreiner's genius), in the smugness