

Roxburghshire. The Gledstanes of Overkelwod-Craig in Dumfriesshire ended in an heiress, Bessie, who married Matthew Hairstanes before 1620, and those of Crocketford in Kirkcudbrightshire died out about 1746.*

There were, however, numerous burgher and peasant families all over the Borders, who are traceable in Burgh Books and Parish Registers, but at the present day their descendants are to be found in the northern counties of England rather than in the Lowlands of Scotland. That the Gladstones have again come into notice is due to the fact that some of these peasants and hard-working burghers, were men of the same forceful characteristics as their ancestors, men, too, who by perseverance and rectitude were enabled to raise their sons to the social position they had held in the past.

The Liverpool branch, headed by Sir John, Baronet, and including the ex-Premier, alone attempts to connect the Gladstones of to-day with the old home in Lanarkshire, by tracing their descent from the 'cadet of Gladstanes of Gladstanes,' who, in 1551, was laird of Arthurshiel. A link in the chain is missing. But there is little doubt that all branches of the family may claim as their ancestor that Herbert de Gledstan who swore fealty to Edward I., on August 28th, 1296.

FLORENCE M. GLADSTONE.

ART. VIII.—PLAGIARISM AND COINCIDENCE.

THE question of plagiarism or coincidence is always stirring the literary world in some quarter or another. Indeed the cry of literary larceny has of late years become a trifle wearisome. No one knows better than the argus-eyed literary detective that the prime difficulty with a scrupulous author is to keep his head clear in the rush and anxiety of composition and to be sure that he carries off no hat or umbrella but

* *Lands and their Owners in Galloway.* P. M'Kerlie.

his own. But the literary detective is usually a fine example of the man who has plenty of zeal without having any discretion to balance it; and the great consideration of the pedantic pest is in most cases, not that you shall escape, but that his own skill shall not go undetected. The plagiarism hunt, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, is mostly pursued by authors who have themselves failed; and for this reason a new play seldom succeeds but some unlucky amateur produces his old battered manuscript and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from him. Mr. Lang may or may not be right: I have known cases in which the cry of thief was raised not by men who had failed, but by men who were simply jealous and ill-natured. In any case, the plagiarism hunter is an individual who renders a very questionable service to literature. Voltaire, who had indeed good reason for making the remark, once observed indulgently that 'of all forms of theft, plagiarism is the least dangerous to society.' It may not be dangerous to society, but it is assuredly very dangerous to the author; and considering that a charge of literary piracy may be as hard to disprove as it is easy to make, it ought surely never to be made at all except in glaring cases which leave no possible room for doubt. The instances in which one writer deliberately steals from another are extremely rare indeed; for no one knows better the risks that are run than the author himself, and he is seldom so foolishly blind to his own interests as to take such a hazardous near cut to his own burial ground.

Nevertheless, this charge of plagiarism, serious as it undoubtedly is, is one which very few of our great writers have escaped. It has been brought forward with more or less frequency ever since the time of Martial—and indeed it is to him we owe the word, for it was Martial who branded his enemy with the terrible title of 'plagiarius.' Quite recently Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. S. R. Crockett have been the victims of the fad, the latter in a very stupidly malicious way. Mr. J. M. Barrie puts the case thus good-humouredly for himself: 'I never wrote a book yet,' he says, 'but some one found out that I had taken the whole of it from somebody of whose existence I had never heard. The case is still worse with my plays, for

a man proved first of all that I had taken them wholly from Georges Sand or some one else; and then, as an amiable secondly, that there was nothing in them to pay for the trouble and expense of the theft.' Such accusations, Mr. Barrie thinks, should not be answered except in very grave and exceptional cases. But much depends on whether the person attacked has or has not already made a name for himself. A charge of plagiarism against a writer of established reputation can do comparatively little harm; whereas, if laid at the door of an author who is just coming into public notice, it may prove ruinous. One man, as all the world knows, may steal a sheep with impunity, while another man must not look over the hedge. It is true enough, as Mr. Barrie has pointed out, that what the paper which allows these charges usually wants is first an advertisement; next, a long reply from the author attacked, which makes admirable and interesting 'copy'; and lastly a correspondence which will fill its columns and attract the public notice. But this view of the question does not affect the author. He has been charged with an offence, and it is no consolation to him to know that he has been made to do duty in place of the sea serpent or the monster gooseberry.

The truth is that the plagiarism-hunter has yet, in this matter, to learn to distinguish between things which are different. First of all he has to learn to distinguish between unconscious appropriation and deliberate plagiarism. A man may fall into the one error with the utmost rectitude of intention; he cannot possibly fall into the other with his eyes open. But is unconscious appropriation really an error after all? In most cases it can only be so where a writer has mixed up some notes of his own with notes from an author he has been studying; or where a writer has dwelt so long over a striking passage that when he comes to describe something of the same kind he reproduces the very words and phrases he would most desire to avoid. Properly speaking, I think this should be called plagiarism without intention. By unconscious appropriation I understand something which is hinted at by Dr. Holmes when he remarks: 'I have often felt, after writing a line which pleased me more than common, that it was not new

and was perhaps not my own.' So far as Dr. Holmes could tell, the line *was* his own, but he could not be perfectly certain that he had not taken—as Dryden said Ben Jonson had taken—another man's lead to make into gold of his own. He was in the same case when he said: 'I doubt the entire novelty of my remarks on telling unpleasant truths, yet I am not conscious of any literary larceny.' Authors are all literary cannibals, as the Autocrat himself remarks. They live on each other and on each other's productions to an extent which only those who are widely read in the various branches of literature can fully appreciate. For the most part, however, they get through their feeding—or, at all events, their assimilation—unconsciously. They borrow, but they wot not of it; and the truth comes home to them only when some very superior person, skulking generally in the garb of anonymity, sets them in parallel columns before the eyes of a credulous and a hurriedly-judging public.

As a matter of fact nearly all our great writers would be open to a charge of literary piracy if one were to call by the name of plagiarism, as some people do, the taking of old ideas and resetting them to suit modern circumstances. There are no greater borrowers than those whom we regard as the classics of literature. 'Commend me to a pilferer,' said Byron; 'you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves.' And so they are. Even the Hebrew prophets borrow from each other in a wholesale manner; and I imagine it could very easily be shown that there is not a really original image in the Apocalypse itself. Everything in Molière's *Le Précieuses Ridicules*, cries some one, is from the Abbé du Pure, the Italians, and Chapuzeau. Perhaps! But the point is that these gentlemen did not write *Le Précieuses Ridicules*. Montaigne borrowed from Seneca and Plutarch, and Montaigne in turn has been copied by Corneille. Rabelais has furnished many a lively scene to Racine, and many an ingenious fable to La Fontaine; while Pascal has been described as 'surpassing all others by his daring feats of plagiarism.' Shakespeare, as everybody knows, 'conveyed' plots and suggestions wholesale in what would

now be regarded as a scandalous way; and while no one thinks in these days of calling him a plagiarist, it is profitable for our instruction to remember that his fellow play-wright, Greene, described him as 'this upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.'

Tennyson pointed out many years ago that books must and ought to be a source of suggestion to the writer; and he remarked that a peculiar charm is to be found in the 'masterly plagiarisms' of a Virgil or a Milton. Milton indeed is an admirable case for illustration, because the world as he saw it was a world in large part constructed by him from the wide resources of his culture—shaped from the fragments of old poetic dreams. 'The lilt of old songs was in his ears, the happy phrases of old poets, the jewels five words long from old treasures. He had the opulent memory of the profound student, and these things crowded thickly into his thought with each new suggestion from without.' If one were to trace in detail the extent of Milton's indebtedness he would probably be appalled at the number of what in a less man would be called thefts. As for Virgil, I presume it is generally admitted that he borrowed largely from Homer and Theocritus, just as Dante borrowed his idea of a visit to the Inferno from early Mediæval writers. Yet the 'Æneid' remains an immortal work! Even Tennyson himself has been shown to be a mosaic of gems from almost every writer in ancient and modern literature. His 'Enoch Arden' was probably modelled on Wordsworth's 'Michael'; his 'In Memoriam' must have been suggested by Petrarch; his 'Dream of Fair Women' by Chaucer; his 'Godiva' by Moultrie; and his 'Dora' by Miss Mitford. There is scarcely a poet of any standing of whom the same kind of thing could not be said. But what of that? The excuse for them all is that they have bettered the thought and the expression in the transfer. Robert Montgomery did not steal nearly so much as Shakespeare stole; but then Shakespeare made a good use of what he took, and Montgomery did not. Therein lies the essential difference. It all depends on a writer's powers of assimilation. As Lowell put it: 'The question at last comes down to this—whether an author have

original force enough to assimilate all he has acquired, or that be so overmastering as to assimilate *him*.' An author must get the straw for his bricks somewhere; and so long as he comes by it honestly there can be no cause for complaint.

The views of the authors themselves—such of them as have spoken—on this question are peculiarly interesting. Generally speaking, they rest for the most part on the Emersonian dictum that thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. Goethe made frank confession on the matter. 'What,' he enquired, 'would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe.' Byron speaks even more boldly. He says he never considered himself interdicted from using another man's stray ideas. He admits that he was not so laborious a researcher as Pope—who was a great hunter-up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff—but he declares: 'I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way.' Mankind, he continues, have been writing books so long that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new: 'We must select, and call *that* invention.' A writer at the present day has hardly any other resource than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of association and contrast. Then follows this very frank statement: 'Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but it is never criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second-hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up.' There is the whole thing in a nutshell. Let the plagiarism hunters and the critics whose one piteous parrot-cry is for 'originality' recognise it and have done with that part of the business now and for ever. It is possible, after all, to be too 'original': a writer may become eccentric merely in

trying to be himself alone ; but such a writer will seldom be of the first order of intellect. To adopt old material and use your own workmanship on it may produce a far more original work than if you have not laid your predecessors under contribution at all.

But the plagiarism hunter has something more to learn besides the fact that he must distinguish between unconscious appropriation and deliberate plagiarism. He must learn to be cautious in seeking to distinguish between unconscious borrowing and plagiarism and what is generally regarded as coincidence. Dr. Johnson has justly observed that, as not every instance of similitude can be considered as proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatised as a plagiarism. As a matter of fact, coincidence does really account for much of what has been set down as plagiarism. Indeed, this is only to be expected from the nature of the case. A biographer of Byron remarks that originality can be looked for from nobody except a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist. The matter is not quite so bad as that ; but since the human mind is everywhere similar and occupied with similar objects, it is only natural that there should be coincidence of thought and expression. Nay, such coincidence is inevitable. The stock of man's ideas, as has been truly remarked, is but a comparatively limited assortment—of his ideas, that is to say, on life and nature and the relations of humanity to life and nature, the past and the future. Men cannot help saying over and over again the things that other men have said about life and death, and love and sorrow, and the sun and the moon and the stars. Hear what Johnson says on this point. In one of his *Rambler* essays he writes :

‘ It is certain that whoever attempts any common topic will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers ; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblances generally observable among contemporaries. So that in books which most deserve the name of originals there is little beyond the disposition of materials already provided. The same ideas and combinations of ideas have been

long in the possession of other hands ; and by restoring to every man his own the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folio to a few pages. Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which, being limited by nature, can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same ; and descriptions must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object.'

These views have been reiterated again and again by those who have had the best right to speak on the subject. Burton, the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*—a book from which, by the way, Sterne stole a good deal—declares that 'we can say nothing but what has been said ; the composition and method are ours and show the scholar.' Mr. Meredith makes one of his characters remark that our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms ; and he sighs for those youthful 'days of intellectual coxcombry, when ideas come to us affecting the embraces of virgins and swear to us they are ours alone and no one else have they ever visited : and we believe them.' Mr. Swinburne, too, complains that—

' Old poets outsing and outlive us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.'

'Fine words : I wonder where you stole 'em,' is one of Swift's lines. In short, our authors have found it to be in literature as it is in other walks of life—there is nothing new under the sun. And they have sorrowfully confessed it.

Many instances of this coincidence of thought and expression of which we have been speaking could be adduced from our leading writers. Indeed, the task has been already somewhat too well performed ; for although the citation of parallel passages is not without a certain interest, the usually-accompanying expression of astonishment that such parallels should exist is indicative of nothing but a fatuous stupidity. Surely when we come upon 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,' in Cowper, it need not distress us to find that Churchill wrote long before—

' Be England what she will :
With all her faults I love my country still.'

When Byron speaks about 'the dome of thought, the palace of the soul,' are we to call him a plagiarist because Waller has

written of tea as 'the muse's friend, who keeps the palace of the soul serene?' What is it to us that Blair wrote: 'The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame die fast away,' when Burns' magical touch has given us—

' The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley ? '

When Hosea Biglow remarks—

' Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me nor you—
The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du*.'

is it worth while stopping to remind ourselves that one of Shakespeare's female characters has said something of the same kind? Because some one before him wrote—'The un-devout astronomer is mad,' are we to declare that Alexander Smith, the author of 'A Life Drama,' was guilty of theft when he penned the lines—

' I'd be an atheist in our town of trade
Wer't not for stars ? '

Yet these are the sort of parallels that are set before us by the literary scrappists and the correspondents of the literary journals. There is nothing more to be learned from them than the old commonplace truth that thought repeats itself through the ages, and that 'all reasonable men think alike on many subjects.' One might as well proceed to show how often the sage who spoke the words 'know thyself' has been 'paralleled' or plagiarised.

Of course we do come now and again upon a parallel which is dangerously like a case of plagiarism. For example, there is a suspicious resemblance between Cowper's well known line, 'God made the country, man made the town' and Cowley's 'God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.' Most people have admired the pretty simile in the opening verse of Byron's 'To a Lady Weeping,' in the Hebrew melody :

' I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue,
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.'

Now Byron quite evidently took the whole sentiment and expression of this verse from Dr. Carlyle's 'Specimens of Arabian

Poetry,' a work published four years before the poet wrote his Hebrew Melody. Let the reader compare the verses and judge for himself:

' When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Through the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.'

The same writer's beautiful phrase, 'The music of her face,' seems really to have been Lovelace's:

' Oh could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face.'

Again, there is the case of Goldsmith's—

' Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

He *may* have thought of this himself, but it seems far more likely that he took it 'accidentally on purpose' from Young's 'Night Thoughts,' where we have: 'Man wants but little, nor that little long.' It was surely a clear case of 'conveyance,' too, that gave us Campbell's much quoted line: 'Like angel-visits, few and far between,' for in Blair's 'Grave' we find it as—

. . . its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between;

and the beautiful image occurs also in a poem by Norris of Bemerton. One would think that the famous line in 'Lycidas' describing the desire of fame as 'That last infirmity of noble minds,' sounds Miltonic enough. Mr. Swinburne, however, has traced it *verbatim et literatim*, to an obscure tragedy written fifteen years before 'Lycidas,' when Milton was at school. Moreover, Tacitus said something like it when he called the desire of glory 'The last desire put off by wise men.' The coincidence, especially in the former case, is certainly striking, but perhaps we had better believe in it rather than regard Milton as a thief! There are many such suspicious parallels to be found in the poets; but the poet is much more likely to fall into unconscious imitation than the prose-writer, and unless where he has transferred ideas and phrases wholesale he ought perhaps to be exonerated from the serious charge.

Of course there are many cases recorded in the annals of literature which can be described as nothing else than rank plagiarisms. Mr. Lang says that the only perfect plagiarism is the claiming of a work of art which belongs to another man. This is a somewhat narrow definition: I confess that, on the strength of it, I should not like to risk stealing a page from, say, the *Letters to Dead Authors*! In any case, it is a kind of plagiarism this which must of necessity be very rare. It could only occur in the case of books or articles published without an author's name; in the case of translations of obscure works; or, as in the Logan-Bruce affair, where one man has got hold of a dead man's manuscript and proceeds to treat it as his own. In the latter case, the theft may never be satisfactorily proved—may never even be suspected; in the first case, the false claim must be found out in the long run. It was possible for a person named Liggins to live on the glory of *Adam Bede*, but only until George Eliot came forward and avowed the authorship. Such courageous seizures of another's property are outside the capabilities of your true plagiarist; they are of a piece with the case of the Tichborne claimant, and can be as little successful as was the notorious Sir Roger himself.

Some instances of undoubted plagiarism are, however, quite as surprising in their way. Coleridge has remarked somewhere that plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from, as pickpockets are observed commonly to walk with their hands in their breeches pocket. Coleridge must have spoken from his own experience; for has not De Quincey traced home to him the theft of an entire essay from Schelling? and is there not in 'The Friend' a grand passage describing the temptations of Luther in his cell at the Wartburg, which is substantially the scene in *Faust*, where the doctor is introduced labouring on a translation of the New Testament? Such plagiarisms are unfortunately common enough throughout Coleridge's works: there are enough of them in the 'Biographia Literaria' to keep the Argus-eyed one in occupation for a month and more. De Quincey himself, curiously enough, was robbed by Alfred de Musset, who boldly incorporated into one of his stories some two or three pages

translated *verbatim* from the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. Dumas the elder was also much given to the device of taking another man's literary property. The cases in which he has been detected are literally 'too numerous to mention ;' they are amply and amusingly described in Quérard's *Supercheries Littéraires* for the benefit of those who delight in such studies. Nor was Dumas in the least ashamed of his larcenies ; he even claimed for them a place among the rights and prerogatives of genius. 'The man of genius,' he says, 'does not steal ; he conquers, and what he conquers he annexes to his empire. He makes laws for it, peoples it with his subjects, and extends his golden sceptre over it. And where is the man who, on surveying his beautiful kingdom, shall dare to assert that this or that piece of land is no part of his property?' A magniloquent utterance ! Still, somehow or other we do not forgive Dumas for his borrowings in the same way that we forgive Shakespeare and Molière, although he pleads that he should really be put on the same footing with these and other eminent 'appropriaters.' It behoves a genius like Shakespeare to be bolder and more swaggering than your little gracious aptitudes ; and in judging of cases of the kind, we always do well to take the rank of the author into account. At anyrate, whether we do well or ill, we certainly do it.

The need for keeping the pot boiling has often, it is to be feared, led to the crime of plagiarism. It was probably so with Goldsmith, who appears to have donned his borrowed plumes without a qualm. Lord Lytton has shown how much the famous lines which end the description of the country clergyman in the 'Deserted Village,' owe to a poem by the Abbé de Chaulieu ; and there are many other instances in which 'Goldy' has passed off as his own what is merely a neat bit of translation. Everybody knows and admires the little song, written sometime, it is believed, during his wild wandering days in France, between 1756 and 1759 :—

' When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy—
What art can wash her guilt away ?

‘ The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover
 And wring his bosom—is to die.’

Very pretty ! But now look at the following, printed in Paris in 1719, nine years before Goldsmith was born :—

‘ Lorsqu’une femme, après trop de tendresse,
 D’un homme sent la trahison,
 Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,
 Peut-elle trouver une guérison ?

‘ Le seul remède qu’elle peut ressentir,
 La seule revanche pour son tort,
 Pour faire trop tard l’amant repentir,
 Hélas ! trop tard—est la mort.’

These lines are by Ségur, an obscure French poet, who really owns the laurels which Goldsmith sought to wear. There is another remarkable plagiarism in the ‘Elegy of Mrs. Mary Blaze,’ which owes all its best stanzas to a popular French song on the famous La Palisse, ‘Grand Maréchal de France.’ A stanza in the ‘Elegy on the death of a mad dog’ comes from the same source ; while the well known epitaph on Edward Purdon, the bookseller’s hack, is simply copied from the Chevalier de Cailly. The originals in all these cases may be seen by those who are curious in such matters in Mr. Henry Breen’s *Modern English Literature : its Blemishes and Defects*, where many other instances of literary larceny are lumped together in the mass.

Thefts of this fine sinewy, imperial character have not been very common in modern times : literature is too much ‘cultivated’ to render them possible without prompt detection. The novelist who once took a whole battle scene out of Kinglake’s *Crimea* was certainly more fool than knave, and it is quite unlikely that he will have an imitator. Mr. Lang cites a curious case in an old article in the *Contemporary Review*. Charles Reade in *The Wandering Heir* bodily appropriated some twenty or thirty lines of a little known poem of Dean Swift’s descriptive of fashionable life in Dublin. Mr. Reade appears to have used the poem in such a way as to make the public believe it was his own. It was a foolish act, for Reade

might have been perfectly certain that some jealous, unsuccessful novelist or playwright would be promptly on his track. This was just what happened. Reade was denounced as a plagiarist by two anonymous writers who afterwards turned out to be a not very popular rival novelist and his wife! The author of *The Wandering Heir* then uttered loud cries of wrath, and spoke, in his characteristic style of 'masked batteries manned by anonymuncula, pseudo-nymuncula and skunkula.' He contended that to transplant a few lines out of Swift and to weld them with other topics in a heterogenous work was not plagiarism, but one of every true inventor's processes, and that only an inventor could do it well! This, as Mr. Lang remarks, was rather an advanced theory. If Swift's notions about Dublin had been adopted, and had informed the prose of Mr. Charles Reade, a perfectly legitimate use would have been made of the material, although perhaps, even in that case, some rigid moralists would have wanted a foot-note acknowledgment. Or if Reade had said: 'The Dean of St. Patrick wrote thus on the subject,' then he would have been unimpeachable, and there would have been no 'masked batteries manned by anonymuncula.' As it was, there was nothing for it but to convict him of plagiarism; and his case remains as a warning to others who may think of adopting a similarly convenient process of 'invention.'

Some few historical cases of plagiarism stand on a special footing of their own. They may be described as plagiarism without intention. There is, for example, the extraordinary case of Mr. Disraeli delivering in the House of Commons a speech on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which was immediately discovered to be a literal translation of a speech made by M. Thiers on the death of General Saint-Cyr. This was clearly an instance of plagiarism—of a kind. No theory of coincidence could account for it. Yet Mr. Disraeli was generally acquitted of intentional plagiarism, everybody knowing perfectly well, of course, that Disraeli could have made quite as good a speech for himself. His own explanation was this. He had been in the habit of copying out in his own handwriting passages from authors, living or dead, which

struck him as being particularly good. He was also in the habit of writing out at random some ideas of his own to be kept in hand for future possible use. After some years, the two sets of passages frequently got mixed, and Disraeli's explanation was that he fancied the set eloquence of M. Thiers was random eloquence of his own.

Fortunately for Mr. Disraeli another charge of a similar kind followed on the heels of this speech affair. I say fortunately; for in the second case the plagiarism was from Macaulay; and while it was quite likely that Mr. Disraeli should think himself safe in stealing from M. Thiers, he could not possibly have supposed that he was safe in robbing the most eminent English literary man of the day. Disraeli had in this case actually opened a chapter in one of his novels with a page or so out of Macaulay's celebrated essay on Byron, beginning with the widely-familiar words—'We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.' It is understood that Macaulay himself accepted from Disraeli the same explanation which the latter had given of the Thiers speech. At anyrate, in the next edition of the novel the passage was ascribed to 'a celebrated living author,' and with that the matter ended. But in truth Disraeli was rather an expert hand at the art of annexation. Mr. Leslie Stephen has shown, for example, that many of Disraeli's epigrams are not Disraeli's at all. He once described his opponents' policy as 'blundering and plundering,' and the phrase was much quoted. Unfortunately, it belongs to Coleridge. Again, the famous epigram about critics being authors who have failed was made by Balzac; while that one—'There is no love but at first sight' comes from Marlowe and Shakespeare. In fact, as some one has remarked, the author of *Lothair* had good reason, with the old grammarian, to imprecate oblivion on the men who have said our good things before us. And so has many another author besides!

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.