

# VANITY FAIR - Volume XXVI

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## Cartoons and selected excerpts

17. Oct. 22, 1881

**STATESMEN—No. CCCLXXVII**

“A coachman” by Spy

The Earl of Macclesfield

In the reign of Queen Anne one Thomas Parker, of Staffordshire, made himself a lawyer ; and by George I, he was made Lord Chancellor and a Peer under the title of Earl of Macclesfield. He was subsequently disgraced and fined for corruption ; and his family has been honoured, honourable, and undistinguished in public life ever since.

The present, and sixth, Earl was born over seventy years ago, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, succeeded before he was forty to his title and a fair Earl's property of some twenty thousand a year, has married twice, and has had fifteen children. He is an excellent gentleman of the old school, courteous, right-minded and honourable, a thorough sportsman, a kindly landlord, a lover of the country and its pursuits, and a coachman of the most finished kind. In politics, as becomes his order, he is a Tory ; but he takes no prominent part in public affairs, and he could easier drive a coach through the eye of a needle than a conviction through the ears of an audience. He is a gentleman. He is also the father of Lord Parker.

JEHU JUNIOR

### VANITIES

Mrs. Money has commenced a suit against her sister, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in reference to the fortune passing under the will of the late Duchess of St. Albans.

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The sufferers by wind for whom I am most sorry are the widows and children of my poor friends the pilots. The pilot is forced to be an honest tradesman. Dark, combing seas, treacherous currents, and grinding shoals do not let a pilot live long if he only half knows his business. So the pilot is an honest, skilful man. Personally too one likes him, and it is wretched to read of whole boats' crews going under after hours of dexterous striving. The story is always the same. I have seen

the cutters and cobsles far out at sea on a dirty night. The boats would be doing well while heavy merchant-men were making frightful weather of it. But there is a point beyond which a boat cannot live, and that point was reached last Friday. We know what happens. Every device that a life's experience can suggest, and that iron muscles can execute, is tried, and the poor boat moves, through a series of miracles, for an hour or so. Then comes the fatal cross sea, and in the morning the pilot is laid on some bleak beach. His eyes are sealed with the sand, his wife is crying at home, and there are more fatherless children. These things make me sorry for the pilot. I wish I could pass a sumptuary law ordaining that every pilot-boat that goes to sea when Fitzroy's drum is up should carry a British builder on board. One need not mourn so much for the pilot if his lamented death were accompanied by a diminution in the ranks of the builders. The worst of it is that sensible, sweeping laws like this are always met by silly jeers from short-sighted men.



Vincent Brooks Day & Son. Lith.

"A coachman"