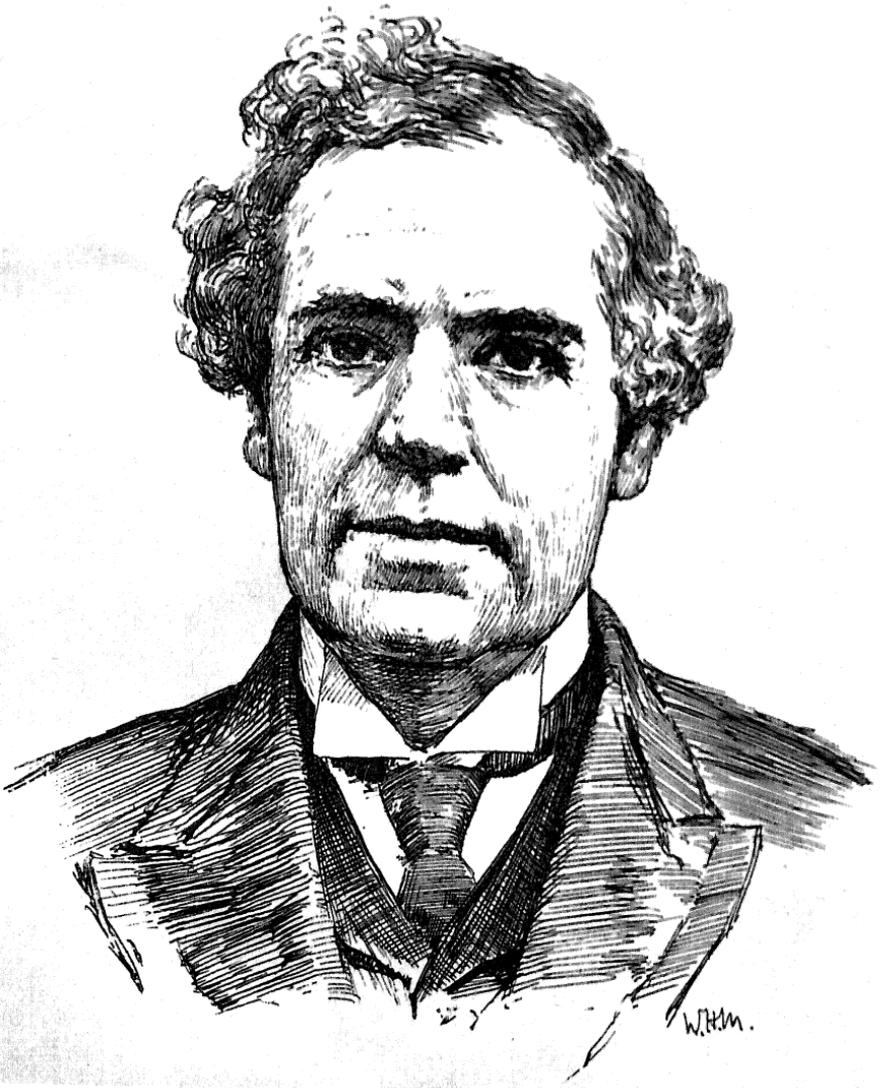


REMINISCENCES

OF

J. L. TOOLE.

VOL. I.



Yours very truly
J. T. Toole

N 68
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REMINISCENCES

OF

J. L. TOOLE

RELATED BY HIMSELF, AND CHRONICLED BY

JOSEPH HATTON

*Author of "Clytie," "Cruel London," "The Gay World," "Christopher
Kenrick," "Journalistic London," &c.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED BRYAN AND W. H. MARGETSON

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

WHAT a different thing talking is compared with writing! I am on tour when I jot down this profound reflection. My dear friend Joseph Hatton has been on my track since we parted in town, a month or two ago, with this one message, by post and telegram—"You ought to write the Preface, every word of it!" As it is my own Preface of course I ought, and of course I have done so. But while the writing of it has been a labour of love, it has bothered me a good deal more than a labour of love is supposed to do.

Many times I have admired the skill with which my collaborator has written, in these pages, stories which seemed to me to require, for a complete narration, the point one puts into an anecdote when acting it. I am occasionally called upon to make a speech in public. Well, I get along now and then pretty well, thanks to the inspiration that seems to come to me from the friendly sympathy of my audience; but there is no inspiration

in a blank sheet of paper, and there is no applause in pens and ink. When one makes a speech one seeks kindly faces around one, and it is wonderful what assistance there is in a little applause. You take up the report of a speech in a newspaper; you see that it is peppered with "Laughter," "Applause," "Loud cheers," and so on; that sets you reading it, and carries you on to the end. It is very much the same with a speaker; he makes his little joke, and there is a laugh, which helps him to his next; then he says a nice thing about the occasion, and gets a round of applause; that helps him on his road to the climax, when he hopes to finish up, and mostly does—with a burst of enthusiasm. What I am coming to is an emphasis of my original point—the tremendous difference between speaking and writing.

Sitting down in cold blood, as it were, to introduce these Reminiscences, I feel that I can only be more or less formal in my expressions of diffidence, hoping I don't intrude, and so on. Hatton says, "Make the Preface a speech, if you like." But how can I make a speech to an audience whom I cannot see? It would be like speaking into a phonograph. If there were any applause, one would have to make it oneself. That would be the worst kind of *claque* imaginable. If our public speaking of the future is to be done in this way,