

**THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF
SIR THOMAS UPMORE, BART.,
M. P., FORMERLY KNOWN AS
"TOMMY UPMORE"**

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The remarkable history of Sir Thomas Upmore, bart., M. P., formerly known as "Tommy Upmore" by R. D. Blackmore

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R. D. BLACKMORE

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FORMERLY KNOWN AS
"TOMMY UPMORE"

BY
R. D. BLACKMORE
AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

*Non usitatâ, non tenui ferar
Pennis—*

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN Sir Thomas Upmore came, and asked me to write a short account of his strange adventures, I declined that honor; partly because I had never seen any of his memorable exploits. Perhaps that matters little, while his history so flourishes, because of being more creditable, as well as far more credible, than that of England for the last few years.

Still, in such a case, the man who did the thing is the one to tell it. And his veracity has now become a proverb.

My refusal seemed to pain Sir Thomas, because he is so bashful; and no one can see him pained without grieving for his own sake also, and trying to feel himself in the wrong.

This compelled me to find other arguments; which I did as follows:

“First, my dear sir, in political matters, my humble views are not strong and trenchant—as yours are become by experience—but exceedingly large and lenient; because I have never had anything at all to do with politics.

“Again, of science—the popular name for almost any speculation bold enough—I am in ignorance equally blissful, if it were not thrilled with fear. What power shall resist the wild valor of the man who proves that his mind is a tadpole’s spawn, and then claims for that mind supreme dominion and inborn omniscience? Before his acephalous rush, down go piled wisdom of ages and pinnacled faith, cloud-capped heights of immortal hope, and even the mansions everlasting, kept for those who live for them.”

“All those he may upset,” replied Sir Thomas, with that sweet and buoyant smile which has saved even his supernatural powers from the grudge of those less capable; “or, at least, he may fancy that he has done it. But to come to facts—can he upset, or even

make head or tail, of such a little affair as I am? Not one of his countless theories about me has a grain of truth in it, though he sees me, and feels me, and pokes me in the side, and listens, as if I were a watch run down, to know whether I am going. I assure you that, to those who are not frightened by his audacity and fame, his 'links of irrefragable proof' are but a baby's dandelion-chain. In chemistry alone, and engineering, has science made much true advance. The main of the residue is arrogance."

"In that branch of science we are all professors," I answered, to disarm his wrath; knowing that, in these riper years, honest indignation wrought upon his system as youthful exultation once had done—and I could not afford to have a hole made in my ceiling. "However, Sir Thomas, I shall stick to my resolve. Though your life—when its largeness is seen aright—will be an honor to the history of our race, justice comes before honor; and only you can do justice to it."

Humility, which competes with truth for the foremost place in his character, compelled him to shake his head at this; and he began again, rather sadly:

"My purpose is a larger one than merely to talk my own doings. I want to put common-sense into plain English, and to show—as our medical men show daily—that the body is beyond the comprehension of the mind. The mind commands the body to lie down, and be poked at, and probed, and pried into with fifty subtle instruments, or even to be cut up, and analyzed alive; and then, what more has it ascertained? If the mind can learn nothing of the body it lives in, grows, rejoices, and suffers with, how can it know all about it, for millions of years before either existed? How can it trace their joint lineage up to a thing that had neither a head nor a body?"

"Go to; what I offer is not argument, but fact; and I care not the head of their ancestor for them. But if I write it, will you remove whatever may offend a candid mind?"

"If you offend that mind alone," said I, being fresh from a sharp review of something I had written, "you will give small offence indeed, and to edit you will be a sincereur."

R. D. BLACKMORE.

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TOMMY UPMORE.

CHAPTER I.

SIGNS OF EMINENCE.

IF I know anything of mankind, one of them needs but speak the truth to secure the attention of the rest, amazed as they are at his doing a thing far beyond their own power and experience. And I would not have troubled any one's attention if I could only have been let alone, and not ferreted as a phenomenon.

When the facts which I shall now relate were fresh and vivid in the public mind, it might have been worth twenty guineas to me to set them in order and publish them. Such curiosity, then, was felt, and so much of the purest science talked about my "abnormal organism," that nine, or, indeed, I may say ten, of the leading British publishers went so far as to offer me £20,* with a chance of five dollars from America, if I would only write my history!

But when a man is in full swing of his doings and his sufferings, how can he stop to set them down, for the pleasure of other people? And even now, when, if I only tried, I could do almost as much as ever, it is not with my own consent that you get this narrative out of me. How that comes to pass you shall see hereafter.

Every one who knows me will believe that I have no desire to enlarge a fame which already is too much for me. My desire is rather to slip away from the hooks and crooks of inquirers, by leaving them nothing to lay hold of, not even a fibre to retain a barb; myself remaining like an open jelly, clear, and fitter for a spoon than fork—as there is said to be a fish in Oriental waters which, being hooked, turns inside out, and saves both sides by candor.

One reason why I now must tell the simple truth, and be done with it, is that big rogues have begun to pile a pack of lies about

* Sir Thomas cannot be accepted here without a good-sized grain of salt. Exciting as his adventures are, and sanguine as his nature is, what can he be thinking of, in the present distress of publishers, strict economy of libraries, and bankruptcy of the United States?