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TOMMY UPMORE BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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*Non usitatâ, non temei ferar  
Pennâ—*

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THE REMARKABLE HISTORY

OF

SIR THOMAS UPMORE, BART., M.P.,

FORMERLY KNOWN AS

“TOMMY UPMORE.”

*Richard Doddridge*  
BY

R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF “ALICE LORRAINE,” “CHRISTOWELL,” ETC.

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## PREFACE.



WHEN Sir Thomas Upmore came, and asked me to write a short account of his strange adventures, I declined that honour; 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 valour 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