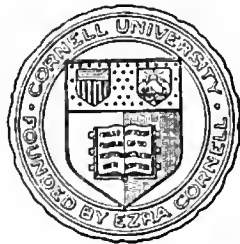




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REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS.

VOL. I.

Edinburgh : Printed by Thomas and Archibald Constable,

FOR

DAVID DOUGLAS.

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REMINISCENCES OF
MANY YEARS

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH

VOL. I

EDINBURGH
DAVID DOUGLAS

1878.

W

M

P R E F A C E.

THE writer of the following pages has been long and often urged to note down his personal recollections, but he shrank from the task till the prospect of accomplishing it seemed incompatible with further delay. The results of personal experience, if honestly recorded, are usually interesting and instructive. He hopes the present publication may prove so. To insure accuracy he has availed himself of his diaries, taken exclusively when travelling, and other materials at his disposal. The Reminiscences are only so far autobiographical as may be requisite to supply a connecting link and sufficient elucidation of memorials which might otherwise seem disjointed.

EDINBURGH, *1st October* 1878.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Birth—School-fellows at Clapham—The Negro Boys and W. Wilberforce, Junior—Tom Macaulay—The Mohawk Chief—Chobham—Rev. C. Jerram—School-fellows—Patrick Fraser Tytler—William Grant—Douglas of Cavers—Strawberry Hill. 1796-1813,	1

CHAPTER II.

College Recollections—Trinity—Celebrations—Bishop Mansell—Vice-Master Renouard—Porson—Monk—Sedgwick—Spencer Perceval—Mount Charles—Discipline—Religious Instruction—Course of Studies. 1813-16,	23
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Cambridge—Union Debating Society—Samuel Grove Price—Normanby—Charles Fox Townshend—Lawson—Religious Movement—Simeon—Milner—Farish—Dr. Marsh—Professor Smyth—Outbreak of Fever. 1813-16,	47
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Waterloo Campaign. 1815,	69
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Hawkstone—The Hills. 1815,	94

CHAPTER VI.

The Rhine—Switzerland—Dr. Copleston and the Duncans— Geneva. 1816,	113
---	-----

CHAPTER VII.

North of Italy—Venice—Naples. 1816-17,	129
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Rome—Western Italy—William Haygarth. 1817,	158
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Dublin. 1818-19,	168
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

Bellevue—The Latouches and Knox—Tinnehinch and Grattan. 1818,	183
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Ireland—Education. 1818,	209
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Debating Society—Borrowdale—Southey. 1819,	217
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

	PAGE
Disturbed State of Country in 1819—Cato Street Conspiracy— Death and Funeral of George III.—Queen Caroline—Her Trial —The Volunteer Force—Formation of Yeomanry Corps— Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster— Devonshire Yeomanry—Lord Rolle—Ugbrooke. 1819-20, .	226

CHAPTER XIV.

Wilberforce. 1820,	244
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

George IV.'s Coronation—Volunteers. 1820,	263
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

George IV.'s Visit to Ireland—Lords Londonderry and Sidmouth. 1821,	270
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Wicklow—South of Ireland—Disturbed State—The Grants. 1821,	281
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cambridge University Election. 1822,	300
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Scotland in 1822—The Stuarts—George IV.'s Visit to Edinburgh —Walter Scott—The "Man of Feeling"—Dr. Chalmers. 1822,	304
---	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XX.

	PAGE
France. 1824-6,	329

CHAPTER XXI.

Scotland—Highlands and Islands. 1827-9,	338
---	-----

APPENDIX—

No. I,	361
II,	384

CHAPTER I.

1796-1813.

BIRTH—SCHOOL-FELLOWS AT CLAPHAM—THE NEGRO BOYS AND
W. WILBERFORCE, JUNIOR—TOM MACAULAY—THE MOHAWK
CHIEF—RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. JERRAM—SCHOOL-FELLOWS
AT CHOBHAM—PATRICK FRASER TYTLER—WILLIAM GRANT
—DOUGLAS OF CAVERS—STRAWBERRY HILL.

I QUITTED India when two years old, having been born at Calcutta in January 1796. Several incidents in my homeward voyage have been indelibly engraven on my memory, especially the witnessing from my black nurse's arms the rush of sailors to the side of the vessel, committing to the deep the remains of a valuable horse belonging to my father, killed by its groom's over care.

My father purchased in 1801, and occupied till 1808, a large mansion adjoining Clapham Common, the residence of John Thornton the philanthropist, to which was appended a small estate, including a farm of twenty-two acres. It was subsequently converted, under the auspices of Cardinal Wiseman, into a conventual establishment.

Clapham was at this time the scene of an unsuccessful experiment.¹ A considerable number of negro boys, some of

¹ Disasters heralded the eventual success of almost all schemes for the regeneration of Africa, whether the colonisation of Sierra Leone, the education of negro boys in England; or the Niger expedition, verifying in many instances the saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

whom were sons of men of high rank in their own country, were placed there, under the charge of a Yorkshire school-master named William Greaves, qualified by his scholarship, good temper, and in other respects, for his novel task. Their proficiency in their studies and fair promise were blighted by our inauspicious climate, which proved fatal to many of them, and the school was relinquished.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, so highly were the master's merits appreciated, that some of the residents placed their sons under his charge. In January 1806 I was his earliest pupil, and during the first month, previous to the advent of my school-fellows, Wilberforce, Thornton, Stephen, and others, I had no companions but the six surviving blacks, as yet otherwise unprovided for. They were older than myself, and very good-natured. On one occasion they showed that they had not unlearned their native superstitions; for on a black dog belonging to Mr. Greaves uttering a peculiar bark, they rushed in a body down to the kitchen, from whence it was no easy task to dislodge them. Two continued for some time with us, and their services were duly turned to account; for as every school at this time shared the prevailing martial fever, we were formed into a regiment. Sometimes we were divided into two parties, under a couple of silk banners, which had been presented to us, meeting in hostile array; our combat deriving additional zest from the prickly furze partly overgrowing the mounds on the common for the possession of which we contended. Our military discipline was enforced by flogging, a punishment then inflicted in the army with revolting barbarity. As the irksome duty of administering it devolved on bandsmen, it was assigned by us to our two negroes, who marched in our front as representing these functionaries—the one mounting our culprit on his back and the other laying on the lash. None of our number

endured chastisement more frequently than William Wilberforce junior, whilst, oddly enough, not one of his school-fellows was struck at the time by the droll coincidence of the son receiving such treatment at the hand of a negro just when and where his father was exerting his strenuous efforts to rescue the negro from the similar usage of the white. We mustered between twenty and thirty. The coryphæus of our youngest trio, whose ages varied from six to four, was Tom Macaulay. He certainly at this time manifested no distaste for active sports and pastimes, as he is said subsequently to have done, for, soon as he was released from school, he invariably invited his two contemporaries to a game of *leopards*, of which he never tired, consisting of their leaping on each other from various sorts of ambush. We gave him credit for an excellent memory, inasmuch as he had got the whole of Heber's *Palestine* by heart. Perhaps Charles Grant's spirited description of Aurungzebe, as

" he springs
Fierce from his lair to lap the blood of kings,"

may have suggested to the embryo poet the idea of his favourite game, for the *Restoration of Learning in the East* was now sharing the reputation of Heber's sister prize-poem in the estimation of the Clapham coteries, and doubtless not a word of that brilliant though less generally known production had escaped his notice. And it may be assumed that the reviews and sham-fights on a grand scale, which enlivened the neighbouring commons, and perhaps the mimic warfare of our school, may have inspired somewhat of his characteristic martial ardour, although imperative must have been the call of duty which could have induced him to exchange the pen for the sword.

Young Macaulay's first oratorical essay proved a failure. A juvenile representation of a Court reception came off at my father's house. A throne was erected, on which I sat as king,

my youngest sister as queen by my side. Several of us, neophytes of the Clapham school, enacting celebrated characters, delivered addresses composed for the occasion by our fathers. Henry Sykes Thornton, I remember, appeared as Don Quixote, and Tom Macaulay as Buonaparte. But, seized by the only fit of shyness which ever came over the least diffident of future historians, he fairly broke down in the performance of the ambitious part assigned to him.

Of our Yorkshire schoolmaster's portly presence, ruddy complexion and countenance, expressive of his genial disposition, his pupils ever retained affectionate remembrance. And some years after he had given up tuition, several of us invited ourselves to dine with him under the old roof,—a spontaneous token of our feelings which much gratified him. The only corporal punishment which he resorted to was that of the ferule, an instrument of torture resembling a wooden spoon, in shape convex instead of concave, exactly fitted to the hand, on which, thanks to his dexterous manipulation, it inflicted stinging strokes. It fell by chance, while the cupboard in which it was deposited was left open, into the hands of the boys, who, like dogs gnawing the stone by which they have been struck, indulged their revenge by cutting it into minute fragments.

To mention an instance of Greaves's good-humour: He sat at a desk, in the centre of the school, on an elevated square platform, spacious enough to allow standing-room for a boy repeating his lesson. On one occasion my next brother, skilled in handiwork, contrived, during a lecture to which he listened most demurely, to fasten a string round his leg, and to fix him to his chair. Greaves, on realising the fact of his imprisonment, laughed heartily, and would speak of the daring enterprise with much glee.

Clapham was a schoolboy's paradise. The common was a

delightful playground, no less famed for its cricket than for its military manoeuvres. Our fathers encouraged the love of manly exercises. Their villas, which begirt the common and grounds, were accessible to us. So far back as in my third year, visiting Mr. Wilberforce at Broomfield, I can recollect my introduction to one of these suburban retreats, and the pleasure which I realised, so vivid as still to retain the impression of it, on my first sight of an acorn. Mr. Robert Thornton's grounds, adjoining those of my father, were almost as familiar to us as our own. His American and Dutch gardens—the latter most costly, after the then prevailing fashion imported from Holland of expending fabulous sums on tulips—formed a chief attraction to the garden-parties which brought together the great folk of London. I was sent for from school on the occasion of an entertainment given to the unfortunate Duchess of Brunswick, widow of the Duke slain at Jena, and mother of his successor, who fell at Quatre-Bras, and of our wretched Queen Caroline. The royal personage, a lady of quiet, retiring habits, her hostess by her side, was the principal object of a circle composed of the *élite* of the company, sitting with their backs to the wall, like the monks of an ancient chapter-house, whilst the numerous guests were expected to make their bows *en passant*. One of the party, a noted wit, declined paying this compliment, on the ground of his having seen the waxwork,—an exact description of the Divan.

Well had it been for the good-natured host, Mr. Robert Thornton, had he learnt betimes the salutary lesson not to “put his trust in princes.” The royal Dukes, who availed themselves of the lavish hospitality of his house in Grafton Street, to which he had added a spacious dining-room, brought him so much into vogue as to tax so heavily the resources of his private fortune and public salary, that he became a defaulter, and ended his days in one of the United

States, a sadder but a wiser man, beloved and respected by his neighbours.

Another pleasant call from school afforded me the opportunity of witnessing the interesting but somewhat tedious ceremony of an installation of the Knights of the Bath in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and seeing the Princess Charlotte, who was present in company with Lady Charlotte Campbell. Lord, then Sir Rowland, Hill, who was in the Peninsula, had invited me to be one of his pages, an honour which, as interfering too much with my school studies, I was not allowed to accept. He was represented by his brother Sir Robert. Lord Cochrane was one of the Knights, not foreseeing the ignominious expulsion of his banner, when, dismissed for many years from our naval service, he won great distinction in that of other States. I once met him at dinner, and enjoyed a brief but very pleasant conversation with him.

My father's various employments, public and private, his expansive sympathy and ample hospitality, drew around him a multiplicity of guests and visitors of all grades and denominations, many of whom signalled themselves in their respective vocations; philanthropists, missionaries, and students conferring with him on their Oriental pursuits, and consulting his large library of Oriental books, nearly the whole of which he distributed among them. Foreigners of many climes were welcomed, and among them the celebrated Mohawk chief, Tyonenhokarawn, who passed some weeks under our roof, engaged in translating the Gospel of St. Matthew into his native language. He reminded us that he was by no means disposed to lay aside the weapons of his warfare, by occasionally entertaining our friends with the exhibition of his war-dance, startling them by the violence of his gesticulations indicative of defiance or combat preparatory to a last desperate leap, when he inflicted the death-blow on his adversary. In taking exercise, he would proceed

rapidly, after the bounding fashion of his tribe, and much gratified me by training me to the practice of his paces. His subsequent valuable services during our war with America were rewarded by a field-officer's commission, and thenceforth by preference he called himself Major Norton !

I well remember the visits of General afterwards Lord Hill, on his return wounded from Egypt, introduced by his uncle Sir Richard, his ruddy face and modest demeanour little foreboding his future distinction ; and of his elder and more talented brother, Colonel Hill, who married my first cousin, giving us an account of his hand-to-hand encounter with a French dragoon in a cavalry charge in Holland ; and of the messenger who brought intelligence of Nelson's victory and death, followed by Sir Henry Blackwood, who had borne a conspicuous share in the conflict, recounting the events of the battle and the subsequent disastrous tempest. My father's Indian friends dropped in ; and amongst them Lord Cornwallis, meeting a party of old Indians, on the eve of his assuming a second time the government of India, whence he felt assured that he should never retrace his steps. When my father, regarding him, as he was, as a dying man, could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the characteristic patriotism which prompted such a resolve, Lord Cornwallis, pointing to the wife and children of his host, replied, "I have not those ties to bind me to England."

Unforeseen opportunities of usefulness opened to my father. One morning at an early hour, when he had just risen, the arrival was announced of a lady on horseback desirous of seeing him on urgent business. It was Lady Charlotte Onslow, who announced to him that her father, the Earl of Onslow, had been struck by paralysis during the night, and had, with considerable difficulty, signified his wish that my father should undertake on his behalf the

duties of the Surrey Lieutenancy. My father consented, and forthwith found himself engaged in preparations for the expected French invasion. Being an excellent horseman, he rode with his customary energy to different parts of the county, organising volunteer corps, till the number on their muster-roll amounted to 8000, reviewing them after the fashion of civilians intrusted with such functions, and entertaining large groups of officers at his table, so that we were surrounded on a small scale by the pomp and circumstance of war.

Civil conflicts too engaged his attention. I remember our house swarming like a beehive as a temporary headquarters at Mr. Samuel Thornton's election for Surrey, and repeatedly joining, in our family coach, drawn by four of our carriage horses bedizened with ribbons, Mr. Henry Thornton's procession on his return for Southwark, and witnessing the chairing, now obsolete, of himself and his colleague Tierney, distinguished as a leader of opposition and Pitt's antagonist in his Whitsunday duel.

Ever has the remembrance of the home and school days passed at Clapham been affectionately cherished by those who enjoyed the privileges and advantages of such an education, and by none more than by Henry Sykes Thornton, who alone retains the house in which his father resided, in the construction of a portion of which the versatile genius of Pitt is still visible. One proof I cannot withhold of the kind interest manifested by our elders in our juvenile pursuits. Two priests had been employed during some years by Josephine Buonaparte in forming an ornithological collection at Cayenne. The greater part of it was presented to Mr. Stephen by a naval friend who captured it on its homeward voyage. Aware of my predilection for natural history, he sent to me at once the unopened boxes containing the stuffed specimens, accompanied by a kind letter.

They proved of great value, and, with the exception of some unfortunately destroyed by moths, are still as fresh as at first preserved.¹

In 1808 I was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Charles Jerram at Chobham in Surrey, of which parish, as well as that of Bisley adjoining it, he held the curacies under the incumbency of the eminent William Cecil, then incapacitated for duty by illness, on whose death Mr. Jerram succeeded to that of Chobham, as did the Rev. John King to that of Bisley.

The retired village of Chobham, an oasis in a desert, could be approached, except from the south, only by sandy roads traversing the undulating ridges and skirting the lonely meres of Bagshot Heath, a dreary region, although much of it has been since enclosed, but still available for the military manœuvres from which the obscure neighbourhood has derived no little notoriety. Self-containing, as the Scotch would say, it supplied its unroving inhabitants with the means of living comfortably. Hence much of their primitive simplicity. Not many of them had ever seen a town, still fewer London; whilst the majority of the men appeared at church in their smock-frocks.

An *omnibus*—ere vehicles bearing this well-known name came into fashion—called the “Chessy Hoy,” was the only regular conveyance between London and Chertsey, the nearest post-town in that direction. A stage-coach pursued another route. Twice a day a roll or other sort of bread was packed in a pocket of this vehicle, destined for the breakfast and tea of the Duchess of York at Oatlands; and it was usual for passengers to take it out of its paper envelope, and to pick off a piece, that they might boast of having shared the meal of her Royal Highness, whose relish for London baking was fortunately not abated by knowledge of such unseemly manipulation.

¹ See Appendix No. I.

As Mr. Jerram's vicarage, since replaced by one more convenient at his own cost, was sparing in its dimensions, he rented a commodious house and grounds sheltered by a grove of lime-trees and provided with gardens, an orchard, a canal-shaped pond, and other appurtenances. Above and below his little domain, which it intersected, a brook wandered at its will through delightful meadows alternating with copses swarming with nightingales. His parish was not wanting in the usual complement of *characters*. Our doctor, skilled in pharmacy, was a tall, stout man, wearing a pig-tail, a widower living in the village with his three daughters. The misadventure of eloping with the Lady — — —, wife of a Scottish laird, reconciled him to a life of obscurity. Our farmers could boast of a noble specimen of stalwart and high-souled humanity in the person of good Samuel Mumford, who, when the French were expected, was seen furbishing up his musket, resolved to take the life of Napoleon, even at the cost of his own. A more conspicuous contrast could scarcely be conceived than between this individual and a very corpulent and gluttonous publican, who "ate himself poor," and who, though his house overlooked the churchyard, declared his determination never to enter the church except on his bier. The church choir occupied the front seat of a spacious gallery commanding a view of the long central aisle of the church. It consisted of performers on a variety of instruments under the direction of a good-humoured, self-important tailor, who, by no means forgetful of his weekly vocation, would rise from his seat, and, standing beside his violoncello, rub his hands in an attitude of self-congratulation when any special specimen of his handiwork made its appearance.

A solitary hut ensconced in the heath was tenanted by a squatter named Jack Sprung, "the Chobham snipe-shooter," who got his living by his gun, occasionally replenishing his

store by an onslaught on the flocks of wild-fowl, not excepting hoopers (wild swans), which frequented our mosses, and in the season by the profitable sale of plovers' eggs, besides other more questionable means. He was but once seen at church during divine service, viz., on a Thursday evening; but, being intoxicated, and talking loudly, he was transferred to the stocks, placed, as formerly was the case, at the gate of the graveyard, and thence, as he vociferously complained of the treatment by which his desire of hearing the Word of God had been rewarded, to a more distant lock-up. And Chobham could boast, like other villages, of its fool, the butt of boys and wonder of their elders, most methodically passing his winters in the workhouse, and during his summers disappearing, till the cold weather compelled his return in a deplorable state of filth.

Mr. Jerram's Memoir has been published in an octavo volume. He received twelve pupils, whom he attached to himself by the affectionate warmth of his sympathies, the fervour of his religious zeal, and the undisguised frankness of his deportment. He was short and stout, his complexion florid, and his expression beaming with kindly intelligence. One defect impaired the influence of his many admirable qualities, and taxed the strength of his religious principle,—a singularly choleric temper. Ever ready to acknowledge his infirmity, he often told us that his mother predicted that he would prove a firebrand. There was somewhat awful in its paroxysms, the approach of which was betokened by his reddening face and thickening voice. On one notable occasion we saw him returning home with his wife, a perfect ball of fire, fresh from a peculiarly irritating adventure. Meeting on the bridge near his house a hawker, selling pernicious tracts, and forthwith arraigning the stranger, he was posed by the simple interrogatory—“Pray, who set you up as a scarecrow to the parish?” To

insure his being better prepared in future for such encounters he took out a commission of the peace.

In respect of tutorial qualifications Mr. Jerram was a proficient in mathematics, a wrangler when he graduated, but a moderate scholar. His forte lay in English composition, written and oral. He was author of some valuable and interesting works. His extemporaneous sermons, speeches on public occasions, expositions of Scripture addressed to his family, and his ordinary conversation, exhibited considerable eloquence; but he was too much disposed to wield the "terrors of the law" when striving earnestly to rouse his bucolic congregation from spiritual lethargy. The general result of his teaching was successful. His influence in promoting religious feelings and habits among his pupils was remarkable. He belonged to what is called the Evangelical school. At Cambridge he had profited much by the teaching and society of Simeon, and subsequently by that of Cecil, distinguished no less by his intellectual power than his religious earnestness. He could reckon up, he observed to me many years before he retired from tuition and had completed his list, upwards of thirty clergymen, his pupils, noted for their exemplary discharge of their duties.

Mr. Jerram encouraged every sort of manly recreation. Our instructor in cricket was one of the elder boys, who had been one of the eleven at Eton, Horace Mann, of a well-known Kentish family, to whose religious example and influence we were all indebted. Eton supplied us with proof of his personal prowess. He was through life fearless of danger, and after many years passed in Cornwall as incumbent of a parish, met his death by the rash driving of an unsafe horse. We learnt the sword-exercise from a sergeant of the 7th Hussars, then quartered at Guildford, who interested us much by his anecdotes of the Corunna campaign—in which his regiment had taken a part, and of the gallantry of its

colonel, Lord Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, and not least in the reports of its wreck, as communicated by two or three survivors of the wing of the 7th, which, after escaping the dangers of the campaign, was lost on the Scilly Isles.

We were taught to swim after a curious fashion. Two of the elder boys, daily till we had acquired the accomplishment, swung us into water beyond our depth, from which, after a wholesome ducking, we were extricated by the tallest of our companions. Hockey, football, pole-leaping, skating, and hunting on the heath in pursuit of one of our best runners, had their turn. One favourite diversion confirmed the truth of the Duke of Wellington's remark, that his battles had been rehearsed at school. It consisted simply of battering down the door of an old barn by means of a strong pole. The circumstances to which I allude have been narrated by Bishop Heber, Captain Mundy, and others. A tribal outbreak in the upper provinces of India caused considerable alarm, and but for its timely suppression, might have proved very dangerous. Having been defeated in the open by a small detachment of our troops and police, the latter under the orders of my next brother, a civilian in charge of the district, the rebels retreated into the stronghold of Koonju. Captain Young, our commanding officer, an engineer, having no guns, would have relinquished further operations, but for my brother's recollection of our catapult, which suggested his proposing that a tree should be felled, well manned, and directed against the door. My brother, grasping the foremost rope, advanced at the head of the storming party in the face of shot and spears. Making good his entry, and awaiting for an instant the support of Captain Young and two followers, he rushed forward, slaying, as Young reported, seven of his adversaries, and though wounded, accepting the challenge of the tallest of them,

measuring, as it proved, six feet five inches in height, who had retreated to the top of a small house. This champion's sabre inflicted on my brother's side a wound which would have been deeper but for the belt which begirt his native dress, receiving at the same time from my brother's sabre a stroke which nearly decapitated him, just as Young, coming swiftly to the rescue, shot him. Our loss amounted to fifty killed, one-third of that of the enemy. Lord Amherst, Governor-General, immediately on receiving intelligence of the affair warmly approved of his civilian's enterprise, not only by public commendation, but by kind letters addressed to him and to his father, no less laudatory of my brother's attention to his civil duties and especial humane concern for the welfare of the natives than of his martial prowess.

Our rambles in the neighbourhood of Chobham included two deserted and consequently haunted mansions. Visible from far was the spacious front of Chobham Place, backed by lofty avenues of silver firs, lining the approach. It was the property, as it had been when I first knew it the residence, of Sir William Abdy, and reputedly revisited by his deceased sire and predecessor. But the aspect and associations of the Hermitage buried in the depth of a dark wood were yet more spectral. There lived, more than a century since, a wealthy coachmaker named Zouch, a man of ill-fame, who might be seen at night, a headless trunk, driving a coach and four through the gloom of his dense plantations. The occupants of this house were a gardener and his wife, and the former singly on his becoming a widower. He professed scholarship, had picked up some Latin, and was fond of a chat with us. When asked if he was not afraid to thread the mazes of his wood in the dark, he replied: "No, I have reasoned thus with myself: If Master Zouch is in heaven, he would not wish to come back; and if in hell, the devil would not let him."

The situation of the church of Bisley was most retired, a favourite resort of owls, who might be heard hooting by day. On one occasion, when we were present, Mr. Jerram's preaching was disturbed by snoring. He more than once appealed to the supposed sleeper, and at length peremptorily intimated that, unless the good man or woman to whom he attributed the interruption were awakened, he must discontinue his sermon. "Sir," exclaimed a man from a remote part of the church, "it's a howl."

A visit to the Eton Montem introduced us to the chapel at Windsor, where we had the good fortune to see the blind old George III. led to his seat by the Princess Mary, and hear him repeat the responses in a loud and clear tone.

Some of my school-fellows were afterwards distinguished. One of the most popular was the future historian of Scotland, Patrick Fraser Tytler. His amiable disposition and quiet droll humour, occasionally expending itself in hearty bursts of laughter, were as fully appreciated by his companions then as afterwards, when he became the animating spirit of the Lothian Light Horse, a delightful accession to a party of friends during a visit to Norway, or in a retiring way to London society. Rising at six o'clock, and devoting sixteen hours daily to his studies, he had earned from his master the title of "indefatigable." Every hour redeemed from school-work was occupied by historical pursuits, in his case hereditary, to which he dedicated the greater part of his life, at this time preparing and illustrating, by plans of battles and other diagrams, abridgments of ancient and modern historians. He had already appropriated to himself the qualified championship of his Queen Mary. He resided for many years at Edinburgh, publishing the *Life of the Admirable Crichton*—a name not without reason assigned to himself,—and other works, when the spell of the southern

metropolis proved as irresistibly attractive to him as to many others of his native literary competitors.

I often saw him till, soon after his second marriage, his intellect became clouded. During the interval of his single life he resided with his sisters. Previous to his leaving Edinburgh, he had gathered up his energies for the task which he lived to complete, originating, as I was informed by my friend Mr. Pringle, M.P. for Selkirkshire, in their morning call at Abbotsford. Sir Walter Scott, doubtless aware of Tytler's hereditary predilection for history, observed that that of Scotland afforded ample scope for the enterprise of any young man who had capacity and leisure for undertaking it. The hint was not lost; and thenceforth Tytler set himself to a task which became identified with his life, and was prosecuted by him with perseverance incompatible with health, and subjecting him to much discouragement and disappointment, real or imaginary. During the progress of his work he complained to me pathetically, that whilst his cousin Alison had derived both profit and reputation from his writings, he had realised neither. He moreover compared his habits of writing with Alison's; he correcting but never rewriting; whilst Alison did neither. There was, however, exaggeration in this statement, as I have been informed by Alison's publisher, Mr. Blackwood. He was also wont to speak grudgingly of Macaulay's success. But such morbid feelings were symptomatic of the disease by which he must have been already affected—softening of the brain, aggravated by his being restricted by his medical adviser to two hours in the prosecution of his researches in the State Paper Office, about which he hovered like a moth around a candle. He was recommended horse exercise. I met him one morning taking his solitary ride in the Park, out of sorts, and mournfully complaining that he was left with scarcely a single acquaintance. But though he had lived

chiefly in the past, he had a few valued friends, and was still very agreeable in the society in which he occasionally moved. In conjunction with Mr. John Miller, barrister, the well-known writer on Constitutional Law, whose friendship and companionship were highly prized, he instituted the English Historical Society, whose proceedings, under the direction of a council composed of its founders, and also of Lord Northampton, Bishop Maltby, Dr. Lingard the historian, Mr. Lock, at whose house we met, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Henry Thornton, as a literary banker acting as our treasurer, and myself, were not relinquished till after the publication, for the exclusive use of members, of nearly thirty volumes handsomely bound in vellum.

Tytler, as well as myself, was a constant attendant at St. James's Chapel, in Marylebone, where he enjoyed and valued excellent preaching. The disorder to which reference has been made, and which is not unfrequent among his northern fellow-countrymen who have sacrificed health and even life to overstrained exertion, brought him to his grave soon after his second marriage. His premature and greatly regretted demise may have spared his morbidly sensitive feelings the mortification to which historians, however—like himself—able and in truth appreciated, are not seldom doomed, of witnessing the partial supersession of their labours by successors who have obtained access to ampler and more authentic materials. But the result of Tytler's literary toil has already stood the test of such ordeal. The Memoir of his life by his relative Mr. Burgon is interesting.

Another of my school-fellows, remarkable in one respect, was William Thomas, youngest son of Mr. Charles Grant. His reputation paled before that of his two distinguished brothers; and yet, though habitually idle, and passing his time out of school in walking about wielding a wooden sword, or seeking other amusement, he was able in his

fifteenth year—I can vouch for the fact—to repeat the whole of the Iliad, the Georgics, three books of the Æneid, and as many of Horace's odes as were not included in our *Index Expurgatory*, whilst his themes, though just written before they were called for, were among our best.

Indolence proved, notwithstanding, his bane; and much did his school-fellows in after life marvel by what means and at what times he had accomplished such surprising feats of memory, when they witnessed his failure at Cambridge, at Haileybury, and his renunciation of his prospects when on the eve of embarkation as a civilian for India. He was consequently without occupation till appointed private secretary to his brother, Lord Glenelg, whilst President of the India Board, and afterwards Colonial Secretary, where his conversational qualifications, which, though of no high order, had proved a snare to him at College, and his imperturbable good-humour, contributed much to the entertainment of those whom business or hospitality brought to his brother's office or dwelling-house. No two colleagues could be more thoroughly contrasted in their habits than the private and public secretaries for Indian affairs: William Grant and Macaulay. Macaulay gives a humorous account of Grant's appreciation of the due importance of public business. He was engaged in attending a council of the India Board on some urgent affair, when Grant entered the chamber and whispered to him that he was particularly wanted, and on Macaulay replying that he could not possibly leave his post, Grant hovered about and renewed his application, till it succeeded, when, proceeding rapidly to a door, he threw it open and pointed to a Yorkshire pie as far preferable to business. Macaulay turned on his heel and hastened promptly back to the Council-chamber.

Of my school-fellows the majority were Scotch. They paid dearly in travelling expenses for the benefit of unlearn-

ing "the silver accents of the mountain tongue." Two pairs of cousins, Lord Doune, who became permanently deranged at school, and his brother John Stuart, successively Earls of Moray, and the two Douglasses of Cavers, made four journeys annually, going to and fro for their holidays, at the total cost of £160. James, elder of the Douglasses, an excellent but eccentric man, did justice to the expectations of his literary success entertained by his friends. He published several able works—religious, philosophical, and political. He also contributed his quota of effort to the establishment of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.¹ His brother Frank, much younger, after sharing the peril and honour of the Coldstream Guards at Hougomont, met his death in front of the Horse Guards by a fall from his horse. The animal had been the gift of his mother, Lady Grace Douglas, only two days before: the first horse that he had ever possessed. He survived awhile the operation of trepanning, and at length recovered his mental composure, which had been disturbed by the recollection that he had not lived up to his early-planted religious convictions, and died happily in the presence of some members of his family. His butler, who gave me the narrative of his illness while we stood beside the open coffin, took the painful circumstances of which he had been witness so effectually to heart, that he very speedily followed his young master to the grave.

The chivalrous spirit of these brothers was fostered by ancestral recollections, revived and animated by the poetry of Scott, in the midst of whose enchanted localities near Hawick stands the old castellated mansion of Cavers, the

¹ Sir David Brewster has gratefully acknowledged his services in the following terms:—"Between 1826 and 1831 several men of science had written successively on the subject, whilst Mr. Douglas of Cavers, in his *Prospects of Britain*, devotes an admirable chapter to the 'Decline of Science and the Means of its Revival.'"

residence of their forefathers. Twentieth in descent from the hero of Otterburn, James preserved and has transmitted to his worthy son the banner which was waved over the dying victor on the field of battle, together with a pennon and other relics which belonged to the defeated Percy.

One death occurred amongst us, that of my only class-fellow, Frederick Cox, two years older than myself. His remains were conveyed to Nottingham, he having been the fellow-townsmen and enthusiastic admirer of Kirke White. Mr. Jerram's religious teaching had so strongly impressed him, that, as if conscious of his approaching end, he begged permission to return to Chobham one week before the expiration of the holidays to enjoy the advantage of it, and availed himself of every opportunity of imparting his convictions to his school-fellows, by whom he was beloved. He died of typhoid fever a few days after our reassembling.

Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, who would have been one of Mr. Jerram's pupils had there been a vacancy, kept his eye on his destined tutor, whom he regarded as one of his most valuable clergymen, and eventually presented him to the living of Witney near Oxford, where I last saw him, his son succeeding, by Mr. Thornton's nomination, to Chobham.

During the interval between school and college I passed a few days very pleasantly in company with my father and mother, and a sister younger than myself, at Strawberry Hill. This once much-lauded specimen of modern Gothic architecture had been devised, with its contents, to Mrs. Damer for life, with remainder to the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, her niece. Lady Waldegrave was wont to be our guest at Clapham. The portrait of herself and her two sisters, one of whom was the Duchess of Grafton, grouped together by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was one of the principal ornaments of the

mansion. Lady Waldegrave was half-sister to the Duke and to the Princess Sophia of Gloucester—

“ And she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ; ”

for her only daughter died in her first confinement; her eldest son was drowned at Eton; another shared the same fate, being wrecked on the Scilly Isles when returning with one wing of his regiment, the 7th Hussars, from the Corunna campaign. I once saw him at Albury Park, then the residence of Mr. Thornton. With another son she could not have enjoyed much communication, for though herself at Brussels during the battle of Waterloo, she asked me several weeks afterwards, at Strawberry Hill, whether he, having commanded the 54th Regiment in Sir Charles Colville's division, was engaged. The fifth son was the late excellent Admiral Lord Waldegrave, who owed his position at the siege of Acre to Sir Charles Napier's disregard of orders. It was when dining at his house that I received from his own lips the narrative of the battle. Sir Charles was expected, but prevented by public business joining the party, at which some of his brother officers were present. Sir W. Stopford, the Admiral commanding, had ordered the ships led by Napier to take up their position successively opposite the batteries. Napier should have advanced to his appointed place, but preferred anchoring so as to leave in front an open space. Sir W. Stopford was thus compelled to direct Waldegrave's ship, which had been stationed in reserve at safe distance from the batteries, to occupy it, and thus to assign to him a share of the danger and honour of the conflict. His eldest son, Lord Chewton, was destined to share the fate of two of his uncles, rather than the good fortune of his father, as he died, much lamented, of the wounds he received at the Alma. It was singular at what various points I had come into contact with this family :

for I obtained from Lord Hill Lord Chewton's original commission for the regiment from which he exchanged into the Scots Fusilier Guards: and his brother, who married the Countess of Rothes, reminded me of our first acquaintance, arising from his carrying notes, when he was a boy, from his father to me during the Marylebone election.

Our excellent hostess had sought consolation from her multiplied afflictions where only it was to be found. And I can never forget her kindness and the confidence she reposed in me by placing in my hands the keys of the cabinets containing Lord Orford's treasures, thus giving my younger sister and myself free access to them. It was the more remarkable, as she was somewhat precise in her ways, as, for instance, rising up to restore a chair to its proper place on its being vacated. Much of the collection was, it is well known, valuable, especially that of gold and other coins. I remember contemplating with awe the picture which is said to have suggested to Lord Orford *The Castle of Otranto*. One single relic of the property of Lord Orford came into my possession.¹

¹ See Appendix No. II.

CHAPTER II.

1813-16.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS—TRINITY—CELEBRATIONS—BISHOP
MANSELL—VICE-MASTER RENOUARD—PORSON—MONK—
SEDGWICK—SPENCER PERCEVAL—MOUNT CHARLES—DIS-
CIPLINE—RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION—COURSE OF STUDIES.

IN 1813, in my eighteenth year, I commenced keeping terms as a nobleman at Trinity College, Cambridge. In no other College of the University is the *genius loci* so magnificently enshrined or so effectually inspiring—in none does the *esprit de corps* exercise more salutary, though perhaps less exclusive, influence. Far exceeding in point of numbers, whether graduate or undergraduate, any other College, and consequently affording an ampler scope for emulation, exempt from the narrowing influences of any restricted ecclesiastical, social, or political type, and thus indisputably cosmopolitan in spirit and procedure, Trinity may be regarded in the light of a collegiate University. A single glance, at the time of which I speak, would at once have indicated to any one entering the two stately halls of Trinity, Cambridge, and Christ Church, Oxford, the distinct characteristics of the two often compared Colleges. In that of Christ Church, the few resident students, viz., those engaged in tutorial duties, dined apart at one table and the noblemen at another,

whilst the large body of fellows resident at Trinity, far exceeding the quota required for the discharge of College duties, admitted noblemen and fellow-commoners to their board and combination room: Joseph's entertainment of his brethren contrasted with the gathering of an old baronial or abbatical feast-day.

Trinity stands on the site, as it was endowed with the revenues, of four ancient foundations, one of which, *Merton Hall*, forming the south-east angle of the great quadrangle, retains its ancient but corrupted designation of *Muttonhole* corner, ennobled by that of the *Dukeries*, as the two capital sets of rooms to which the staircase conducts have been occupied by the Duke of Gloucester and other Dukes. These had now fallen to the lot of Lord Massy and Spencer Perceval. The mention of the former of my College associates reminds me of one of those instances which most persons recollect, of families crossing each other's paths at remote intervals and under very different circumstances. Massy entertained a few friends on his coming of age. His *vice* was his tutor Cresswell, who characteristically proposed the health of our host as "founder of the feast." Forty-one years afterwards, I was present at Edinburgh at the wedding-breakfast of his son and successor in the title. And again, nineteen years subsequently, when the bridegroom and bride of that day were dining with us at Edinburgh, there being present, among other guests, Lord Ardmillan, who had proposed their health on a more auspicious occasion, Lord Massy received his death-summons at our table, and survived it less than a week.

To give instances of the incentive which Trinity supplies to the enterprise of its students would be to write the history of the College. I will mention but one, as exceptionally singular. It was at a London triennial dinner of Trinity men, since discontinued, that a wealthy and learned prebendary

of Durham, since distinguished by his visit to Rome for the laudable purpose of acquiring the Pope's consent to a union of the Churches of Rome and England, craved permission to second Dean Monk's response on the part of the clergy to the usual toast, the "Liberal Professions." As he proceeded with his speech, or rather confession, the whisper went round, as he was evidently a stranger to the greater part of his audience, that the volunteer orator was no other than "Armageddon Townshend," so called as the author of a poem on the great prophetic battle. His address consisted of the pathetic admission of his neglect, during the early part of his residence at College, of the advantages afforded him by the University, followed up by grateful acknowledgment of the cause of his turning over a new leaf in his conduct. "As I passed through the chapel of Trinity," he exclaimed, "the statue of Sir Isaac Newton seemed to frown on me, as I entered the hall the portrait of Sir Isaac Newton seemed to frown on me, and such was the effect of these silent remonstrances, that I threw off my indolence, and thus owe to Trinity College whatever distinction I have since attained."

It was in the dining-room of the Master's Lodge that I was ushered into the august presence of Trinity notables by one who could discriminately appreciate their merits and demerits.

Being twice Dr. Whewell's guest, viz., at the tercentenary of the foundation of the College and the election of the Prince Consort, I met at the first of these celebrations a party at breakfast, consisting of Bishop Blomfield, Bancroft the American minister, Lord Monteagle, Macaulay, and others. Macaulay arrived late, but nevertheless, before betaking himself to his tea and toast, turned round in his chair, and exclaimed, addressing his host, as he pointed to the portraits hanging on the wall: "Ha! whom have you got there?" and then in his own rapid way alluded to some of the charac-

teristic traits of each, as they passed successively before him in review.

Archdeacon Thorpe, having undertaken to lionise the individuals whose names I have mentioned, our destined rendezvous was the College library, where, arriving early, I found no one but Macaulay, so absorbed in the solitary study, as he stood with folded arms, of his old friend Bacon, that he did not perceive my approach till I accosted him. On entering King's College Chapel, our eminent American historian gave vent to his genuine enthusiasm in sentences which, though unpremeditated, might have passed for Hume's or Robertson's, expressive of the delight afforded to his countrymen by the glorious architecture and cherished reminiscences of the land of their progenitors. The contrast between the familiar "Ha! whom have you got there?" of the English and the finished rhetoric of the American author was singular enough. But Macaulay's conversation could be sufficiently elaborate to merit Sydney Smith's designating him a "book in breeches."

To revert to 1813, Dr. Mansell, Bishop of Bristol, Master of Trinity, owed his appointment to the patronage of his friend the Premier, Spencer Perceval, partly the reward, it was said, of the spirit and eloquence which he displayed in quelling a riot at Cambridge when public orator. Taking lightly his episcopal duties, he resided chiefly at his lodge. Though short in stature his deportment was dignified. His portly presence when he passed in procession through the ante-chapel of Trinity was imposing, though somewhat pompous. His voice was clear and musical, and his elocution admirable. His pronunciation of the word "sighing" as "sithing" was peculiar. So impressive was his celebration of the Holy Communion that a sceptical friend of mine, an eminent University scholar, himself a master of elocution, was wont to remain in chapel to enjoy the gratification of

listening to him. The Bishop, reputed author of some *jeux d'esprit* too familiar to Cambridge ears to be here repeated, was the subject of the following less-known allusion to his having purchased, with a view to pulling it down, a public-house in the town next door to his own residence, glorying in the sign of Bishop Blaise:—

“ ‘Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
No proverb e'er was juster ;
They 've ta'en down Bishop Blaise, d'ye see?
And set up Bishop Bluster.’ ”

The unassuming and unmannerly Vice-Master Renouard was cast both physically and mentally in a very different mould. His vast stores of learning, deposited like ill-assorted lumber in his intellectual storehouse, were occasionally very pleasantly forthcoming when a friend in conversation with him might hit upon a right vein. He had been for better and worse Porson's intimate associate from early youth, as they had passed through school and college together. And Porson, professing that he knew every book which Renouard had read, would turn to account his friend's propensity to quotation, by betting, and successfully, that on such an occasion he would extract from him specified passages from authors ancient and modern. Renouard, at last discovering the trick, abstained from the practice altogether. Unfortunately Porson's social influence told prejudicially on his habits. He was frequently boozy, and sometimes during evening divine service in the chapel, when it would have been well if his post-prandial talkativeness had expended itself in superfluous directions audibly addressed to the verger, for sometimes he extemporised most unseasonably. It was the practice of second-year men (junior sophs) to deliver orations in chapel, prizes being awarded to the three best performers at the end of the term. The undergraduates exercised the indecorous privilege of

expressing aloud their disapproval of any unsuccessful probationer, thus sometimes anticipating the dreaded *descendas* of the Vice-Master. On one such occasion, roused from slumber, he resented the disturbance by unintentionally inflicting a *coup de grâce* on an unfortunate undergraduate who was failing lamentably, by bidding him proceed, as he was distinguishing himself most highly.

Dr. Renouard cherished during many years, happily for parishioners fruitlessly, the intention, not uncommon among College fellows of long standing, of retiring in the possession of a College living. For instance, our senior tutor was induced by his marriage to undertake the responsible charge of the parish of Kendal in Westmoreland, after twenty years' residence at College, where, engrossed by mathematical pursuits—he had been senior wrangler—and tutorial duties, he was destitute of parochial experience, and indeed of ordinary knowledge of the world.

Porson's peculiarities were yet fresh in the recollection of his contemporaries: his deep potations of audit ale, and exhaustive studies, being prolonged to a late hour in the night, sometimes till morning, when he would cool his fevered brow and clear his beclouded understanding by the application of wet bandages. It was a strange fatality that one so distinguished by his scholarship, whose remains were destined to rest in Trinity College Chapel side by side with those of Newton, should have been found at the foot of the staircase which led to his chamber in the Temple, cursing, whilst intoxicated, the nature of things in general and the principle of *gravitation* in particular.

Among other remarkable instances of Porson's extraordinary memory was one mentioned to me by my private tutor, John Brown, afterwards Vice-Master. A visit proposed by Porson was, as he observed, dangerous, as it was sometimes indefinitely extended. On one such occasion, coming to his

rooms after dinner, Porson retired at a comparatively early hour, but not till he had repeated *memoriter* an entire act of a Greek play which he was editing, together with his notes and parallel passages.

Porson's beautifully correct handwriting contrasted strangely with his lax habits. A classical friend made me a valuable present of a copy of Æschylus, which had belonged to Dr. Raine of the Charterhouse, interlined with his comments.

Porson's memory, extraordinary as it was, was matched in his own College. College life develops singular idiosyncrasies, and in none more eccentrically than in P., senior fellow of Trinity, to whom I allude. Twice an inmate of a lunatic asylum, he exhibited striking proof of the alliance of great wit to madness. Matters great and small alike riveted his attention. He was reputed to have read through the entire College library. And on one occasion when dining in the hall I heard him, after fixing his eyes on a stranger at table, remind him that exactly twenty years before they had travelled together in a public conveyance, dined together at such an inn, and that their dishes were such as he specified. It was curious to observe the distress to individuals circumstanced like College fellows occasioned by any prescribed deviation from the regular routine to which they had been accustomed. An alteration of the hall dinner hour completely embittered the life of my excellent private tutor, John Brown; whilst poor old P. denounced his being deprived of his stable by the erection of a new quadrangle in terms which would only have been justified by the most flagrant sacrilege.

Monk, College tutor and Greek Professor in the University, afterwards Dean of Peterborough and Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, was one of our luminaries. Though his forte was Greek, he was generally well informed, and studied campaigning with martial ardour. His munificent disposi-

tion found ample scope, whether at Peterborough, where his official term was signalised by the restoration of the cathedral, or in his diocese. Yet at times vexation dogged his path and affected his spirits. He expended no less a sum than £3500 in the successful prosecution of one of his incumbents charged with immorality, receiving no compensation for the sacrifice save the complimentary approval of the judge. And in one instance his exceeding liberality in befriending a well-known charitable institution was repaid with ingratitude, and involved him in perplexity.

His good-nature was unfortunately disguised by pomposity of manner, exposing him to annoyance of another kind, which he felt keenly. As obnoxious, in common with his brother Bishops, and more especially as having served on the Commission which recommended the reformation of Chapters, to the displeasure of Sydney Smith, he became the butt of the facetious divine's vindictive jocularities. To no other than to "Simon Monk of Gloucester," for by that designation is he distinguished in the humorous narrative of the proceedings of the "Synod of Dort," is attributed the advice which induced the Bishops to propitiate a greedy mob by the dinner prepared for the canons. Our Bishop was incapable of parrying the strokes of his adversary by an imperturbable temperament, or, like his brother Blomfield of London, by an intense appreciation of fun, which he evinced by laughing over the jokes of the indefatigable assailant of the bench till the tears rolled down his cheeks. Simon of Gloucester regarded the innocent buffoonery of the arch-betrayer of Church dignitaries in a more serious and solemn point of view, thus warning one of his rural deans, an old friend of mine, as they perambulated the great hall of the palace of Gloucester, against the missiles by which he had been so sorely tried:—

"Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto."

I have adverted to Bishop Monk's munificence. The hospitality which he exercised in the large episcopal mansion, somewhat resembling a barrack, enclosed in a well-wooded park near Bristol, assigned to him as a substitute for the burnt palace, and since disposed of by sale, did it ample justice. He was ever accessible, kind, and friendly, ready at all times to take a part in, usually to preside at, the public proceedings of the many charitable and religious institutions which appealed to the unfailing liberality of the neighbourhood. At College I found him ready to assist any undergraduate who might apply to him in his studies. At Peterborough he appeared to me in a new character, as superintending from a very early hour the architectural restoration I have spoken of. And during several years, as resident in his diocese, and near to him, I can add my testimony to that of many others to his worth. During his last days he derived no little satisfaction from listening to his own Memoir of the life of Bentley. And the remembrance of a very successful career may have induced forgetfulness of the vexations which had harassed him, whilst he doubtless found consolation in the prospect of a future less clouded than the past.

As a companion in collegiate or any other society, no one surpassed another of our fellows, Sedgwick, in the combination of intellectual capacity and scientific attainments with brilliancy of eloquence, whether conversational or oratorical. The last occasion of my seeing him was under my own roof in Yorkshire; but the most interesting was when I passed a day with him by invitation, which he gave me at Mr. Carus Wilson's, at Casterton, to his native vale of Dent. I never saw him more animated or enthusiastic than when he led me through the quaint narrow street of his little native town to the house occupied during a century successively by his grandfather and his father, in which he

himself had been born. Much have I since regretted my inability to remain another day, to enable him to fulfil his promise of pointing out to me the picturesque and geological characteristics of the surrounding dales.

Undergraduates are not backward in observing peculiarities in the appearance of their superiors. Sedgwick's black hair and sallow complexion subjected him to a Satanic nickname. Perhaps aware of and good-naturedly alluding to it, he testified in hall, when the conversation turned on the severity of the weather, to the delight which he experienced in making the sheets hiss as he got into bed.

Political feeling now ran high at Trinity. Whig influence predominated, and determined the elections. And welcome to the coryphæus of the party, George Adam Browne, and to his friends, were the visits to his rooms of the Duke of Sussex. The University was consequently regarded with displeasure at Court. I witnessed the well-acted manifestation of it on the part of the Regent on receiving an address, his imperturbable composure as he sat, acknowledging our presence only by a scarcely perceptible nutation, but characteristically enough bestowing, as we were told, ample commendation on the proverbially bushy whiskers of our Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Chafy, Master of Sidney College.

In none of our fellows had the spirit of party found a more honest and uncompromising, and I may add rougher, advocate than in M. A Whig to the back-bone, he was a thorough Buonapartist. "Take that, M.," called aloud to him an old Tory senior, at our hall dinner, flinging to him a just opened despatch announcing his hero's landing from Elba, "and glut yourself with the intelligence." The same spirit of lawless independence prompted, on a like occasion, his vindication of the elopement from her husband of a lady of high rank for reasons which could be seldom assigned in Court.

But ere many years had elapsed a change had come over the spirit of our staunch politician and "sturdy moralist." Crossing a village green in the north of England with a friend, on our way to see Raby,—and looking for an inn to bait our horses,—we met, to our surprise, the identical quondam fellow, who gave me a cordial welcome, and introduced us to his pleasantly situated parsonage, agreeable wife, and an excellent lunch. Meeting him afterwards at dinner in the neighbourhood, I had the gratification of finding that his political opinions had taken a Conservative turn, and that his sentiments and language were becomingly clerical.

Whewell, Hare, Kindersley, Wigram, and others, afterwards distinguished, now graduated. Whewell was a sizar, and occupied the rooms above me. He had obtained the Chancellor's medal for English verse; but, to the no small disappointment of his College and himself, yielded the senior wranglership to a Caius man, Jacob, who died young of consumption in the south of Europe. His failure, attributed to the multiplicity of his pursuits, and subsequent career, exposed him to the oft-quoted observation, "that omniscience was his foible." Whewell, after taking his degree, took part in the debates of the Union, and became colleague to Lord Normanby and myself, as an office-bearer—a circumstance of which, many years afterwards, he reminded me with enthusiasm.

Hugh James Rose and W. Follett, of my year, were in the first class at the first Trinity College examination. Both were cut off in the noon of life: the one having distinguished himself as a High Church theologian and pioneer in the study of German literature; the other as a lawyer, destined by general consent to the woolsack, of whom hereafter. His habits at College were solitary and quiet, and after his first success he devoted himself exclusively to professional studies.

Of the undergraduates of my year at Trinity, was one to whose career the peculiar circumstances of his outset in life,

many estimable qualities, talent, and opportunities which, if duly improved, might have insured distinction, no less than the eccentricity of his later proceedings imparted notoriety, Spencer Perceval, eldest son and namesake of the Prime Minister, assassinated in the previous year. Soon after this event, I became acquainted with him at Harrow, where my father had engaged "The Mount" for the summer. Being one of the destined performers at the school speeches, he selected Wolsey's Farewell as his subject, notwithstanding the endeavour of Dr. Butler, the head-master, to dissuade him from hazarding the awakening on his own part, as well as in others, feelings which had saddened the whole country, by the recitation of the poet's affecting allusions to fallen greatness. Young Perceval did ample justice to his mournful theme, eliciting the deep sympathy of his audience, and of no one more visibly than of one of the most eminent of his father's colleagues, Lord Harrowby. But his success on this occasion, followed up by other circumstances, thrust upon him a premature and unpropitious publicity. He became the spoiled child of the nation. Baneful was the *Upas*-like influence of the *magni nominis umbra* which overshadowed him. At Cambridge he neglected the studies of the University, and took no part in the debates of the Union—satisfied with the hereditary prestige of renown which clave to him, his qualification for social enjoyment, and the respect and estimation of the set to which he belonged. Fortunately he escaped the test of College examinations: the one on account of illness, and the other, which was dispensed with in consequence of an epidemic.

Perceval travelled in Greece and Italy, adopting as well as he could Byron's picturesque costume, and piquing himself on exemption from the drudgery of learning the languages of the countries which he visited, so far as to Anglicise the address on his card, as, for instance, by the substitution at

Rome of "Conduit Street, Spanish Place," for "Via dei Condotti, Piazza di Spagna." He entered Parliament at considerable cost, and for some time acted as Under-Secretary of State. Though much troubled with nervousness, as he observed to me, he inherited his father's fearlessness, and perhaps presumed too much in one instance on hereditary immunity, when, alluding to the incapacity of George III., he denounced the Whigs as vying with each other, all fresh from the pastures of popularity, in their efforts to give an additional kick to the sick lion. But his memorable escapade occurred on his assumption of the prophetic character and his warning his brother-senators and countrymen in general of judgments to come. His heart failed him on his first entering the House for the purpose of discharging this self-imposed duty; but on the next day, urged by female influence, he effectually "screwed his courage to the sticking-place." A thrill throughout the assembly indicated the extraordinary sensation produced by the tone and manner of his address. Strangers were ordered to withdraw. The members stood in groups on the floor of the House, or moved about in a state of excitement, whilst his friends vainly implored him to resume his seat. I was not informed, though hearing from the best authority of the fact of the lady's interposition,

"what Thais led the way
To light him to his prey."

The peculiarity of this procedure, and the general tenor of Perceval's future life, may be attributed chiefly to the sway exercised over his mind and life by the well-known Henry Drummond.

Meanwhile he devoted himself with characteristic enthusiasm to other pursuits, which, like his leader, he deemed quite compatible with his spiritual calling. That the follower of Irving and Drummond should have been addicted

to craniology was likely enough. Perceval's confidence in this plausible and once popular science, if such it could be called, was at one time implicit. He estimated character, whether of friends, strangers, governesses, or servants, by manipulation of their skulls. And laudably desirous of imparting to others the knowledge of which he imagined that he had realised the incalculable value, he proselytised as he could. With that view he invited me to a *tête-à-tête* dinner with the celebrated Spurzheim, after which we adjourned to one of his public lectures. The learned Professor struck me as much less attractive than his coadjutor Gall, whom I had met at Paris. He was rather peremptory, and impatient of difference of opinion. And his complimentary allusions to the conformation of his disciple's cranium were addressed too aptly to one who felt that though he had forsaken the beaten track he had at length discovered a royal road to eminence; and that in the possession of the outward and visible sign of hereditary greatness he might seek compensation for neglecting the means by which it might have been effectually attained. Spencer Perceval, during all his aberrations, seemed never to lose sight of the star which had heralded his father in his steady and successful career. And it was in no small degree owing to the influence of such bright example that at a time when the alarming state of the country called forth the martial zeal of our yeomanry, he enlisted in the Light Horse Volunteers, or City Light Horse, the corps in which his father had served. Strangely enough, like ardour seems to have taken such possession of the family that one of his brothers, the infirm condition of whose legs prevented him mounting his horse without help, should, contrary to the urgent advice of the Colonel, who had been his father's friend, have also joined the regiment. Spencer Perceval's conversation now became martial, and we occasionally practised the sword-exercise together. But his first *début* in full

uniform was unfortunate. The toll-keeper on the New Road amused himself by exacting payment, to which he had no claim from soldiers going on duty, of any recruit whom he identified as such by the brand new appearance of his accoutrements, on whose ignorance of his exemption he might rely. Perceval became his victim, for, his charger starting as the man sallied suddenly forth to intercept his prey, laid him at full length across the road, enveloped in a cloud of dust. I do not recollect his subsequent appearance in arms.

He had at length fallen into the groove in which he perseveringly pursued his course till the end of his life. His proficiency in theological studies, and eloquence, no less than his genuine piety and earnestness, qualified him, in the estimation of the Irvingites, for the office of an "Angel" in their church; whilst his salary as teller of the Exchequer, as well as his private income, being subject to the usual required tithe for church purposes, enriched the church's treasury. It is singular that two of the individuals charged with the duties of "angels" should have been eldest sons of Prime Ministers—Lord Sidmouth and Perceval; and no less so, but from his recent training, that he should have given credence to the delusion of the "unknown tongues," which has been since sufficiently exposed. His thorough earnestness was proved in many ways, and in none more than his preaching in the public thoroughfares of the metropolis and elsewhere. He was destined to more conspicuous notoriety by a mission which he undertook, in concert with his chief, Drummond, the object of which was to awaken the slumbering consciences of kings, ministers of state, privy councillors, commanders of armies, and, not least, of prelates. I met Perceval at Brighton awaiting an audience accorded to him by William IV., who listened to him attentively, but did not mention to his Court-attendants the subject of the interview. He had no reason to complain of his reception on other like

occasions, unless perhaps in the instance of Lord Derby, who, on his presenting himself, interposed *in limine* by observing that as Perceval and himself differed materially on the subject proposed for their consideration it would be wasting their time to proceed. Lord Hill gave me the following account of Perceval's visit to him at the Horse Guards. On his card being brought up, Lord Hill at once admitted him, having entertained great respect for his father. There was not a tinge of eccentricity in his manner, except on entering the door, when he drew himself up, declaring that he had a message to deliver. He then took his seat and spoke during three-quarters of an hour, Lord Hill assuring me that there was not a word in his perfectly beautiful address to which he could object.

I last saw Perceval at his house in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where by his invitation I passed a long and very pleasant evening with him, and we had a great deal of conversation. He died quite suddenly. His noble and generous qualities would have developed themselves in any sphere of life, and, in unison with no ordinary abilities and gifted eloquence, have turned to far better account the opportunities of distinction and usefulness within the reach of so much personal and hereditary merit, could he have shared with his contemporaries the needful discipline of ordinary life. In his own way his piety and zeal may have accomplished much good of which the world at large has formed no adequate estimate.

"Tom Brown" had not as yet systematised amusement as an integral part of education. The Cantabs regarded boating as a mere pastime, and almost ignored cricket. Field sports, stage-coach and tandem driving, and the too proximate neighbourhood of Newmarket, trenched sufficiently on discipline and reading. Dissipation prevailed, and especially among the wealthier of the Trinity undergraduates. Ex-

cessive drinking was especially encouraged by the example of the True-Blue Club, of ancient date, whose members, selected on account of their peculiarly gentlemanly deportment, dined together and prolonged their bouts to a late hour. On this account I declined an invitation to join it. One of their leading members, reputedly the most gentlemanly man in the University, a near relation of a nobleman residing in a western county, so impaired his constitution that shortly after being appointed, on leaving College, to a lucrative family living, he sank into drivelling idiotcy.

Volunteering had had its day. A tradition was current respecting an incident which befell the University Corps. The two companies of which it latterly consisted were commanded respectively by Lord Palmerston and Dr. Clark the traveller. Whilst they were engaged in a sham fight, the former attacking, the latter defending, Clare Hall Gardens, Dr. Clark, in conformity to military usage, ordered his men to reserve their fire till the near approach of the enemy, which they did so effectually as nearly to deprive Lord Palmerston of sight, and thus to quench one of the most brilliant lights of our political firmament.

Of skirmishes between undergraduates and burghers we heard occasionally, but such fights between Town and Gown as occurred at the main gate of Trinity, when Byron signalled himself, and Haygarth received a gash in the face of which he ever bore the mark, were unknown. Now and then a rollicking Irishman got a chance of a *mélée*. Lord Mount Charles, son of the Marquis of Conyngham, of my year at Trinity, was a tall, stout, good-humoured fellow, with the rattle of whose boisterous laugh the drowsy echoes of our principal quadrangle sufficiently familiarised us. Of the exuberance of his spirits the following supplies one of many instances:—He had taken his place at Cambridge for London in the Telegraph coach, driven by H—f— Dick, accom-

panied by his friend Baron Robeck. There were at this time some agrarian disturbances at Ely. Mount Charles, probably under the influence of an early potato, finding a stout farmer-like man seated opposite to him, charged him at once with being a rioter. A retort was followed by words, and at length blows. Robeck interfered amicably, but, in the opinion of the fourth passenger, a Cambridge attorney, as a partisan, and was consequently forthwith engaged in the conflict. Dick, hearing the uproar, left his box, and compelled the combatants to quit the coach, swearing that he would not drive them further. Mount Charles, after the ancient fashion of his fellow-countrymen, astonished his bucolic antagonist by producing a pair of pistols, and insisting on their exchanging shots across the high-road. Dick, perceiving the turn which the affair was taking, a master of tact, contrived at length to pacify the combatants, and, readmitting them to the carriage under the conditions of an armed truce, to drive his "happy family" safely to their destination in Fetter Lane. Dick was particularly skilful in adapting his conversation to his fellow-travellers, and would sometimes, when they were congenial, especially gownsmen, invite them to supper, and entertain them hospitably and decorously.

He met with some casualties in the course of his long career. Of one of his upsets I heard the narrative from the lips of one of the most humorous as well as able of men, the Rev. John Owen, a secretary of the Bible Society, and rector of Fulham. Bound for Cambridge, on the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Gloucester, he secured an inside place in the Telegraph, just anticipating the application of Astley for the whole coach for the accommodation of himself and his company, who thus became his fellow-travellers. By some means Dick contrived to overturn his freight, happily without injury to any of the party. The tuneful brethren, quite forgetful of any debt of gratitude to their

Almighty Deliverer, or of attention to their fellow-sufferers, rushed with one accord to their instruments, and, anxiously tuning them, greeted Dick with such indescribable discord as would supply additional inducement to his future careful driving. This celebrated charioteer was however destined to a less glorious doom than by the overturn of his coach, being killed by being thrown out of his gig after having retired from his post on the high-road.

What correctives, it may be asked, did the University at this time provide of idleness and abounding vice? The Trinity undergraduates were unable to get rooms in College till their third year, when they might have pretty well sown their wild oats. Lodging in the town, they were subject to no control save the recurrence of the College roll-calls, and the Argus-eyed vigilance of the peripatetic Proctors. And as it was advantageous to the College to attract men of rank and fortune, the reins of authority were relaxed in favour of noblemen and fellow-commoners, especially the former, who were exempt from attendance at chapel except on Sundays, and altogether from hall. One of them passed a great part of his time in the green-room of Covent Garden, and another in driving stage-coaches by night. And amply did these privileged classes pay for their immunities and luxurious living at the Fellows' table. The cost of a nobleman's outfit amounted to £100; that of a single gown which he wore on *gaude* (festival) days to between £50 and £60. One paltry imposition was unworthy of the University. The noblemen occupied the front seat of the gallery of the University church, called Golgotha, on the Vice-Chancellor's right hand, and the doctors the left. The velvet cushions of the former were always perfectly fresh, whilst those of the latter were nearly worn out. For every nobleman was charged on coming to the University with the price of a cushion, sixteen guineas; and as the number usually exceeded that of the

cushions, by far the greater part of this fine was unaccounted for, doubtless the perquisite of some lucky official. The most objectionable compensation for this legalised plunder, in the case of noblemen, including sons of peers, was their being denied the inducements to and advantages of study supplied by the regular course of University education. They were eligible to the class degree of M.A. at the close of their second year, conferred on them without any examination. Nor could they at this time waive their privilege and share the fortunes of their less-favoured competitors. It must be admitted that, at Trinity especially, a first-class at the examination during two years, and the Declamation prize in the second year, were worthy of competition in case of the highest nobles in the kingdom, and attained by Lord Lansdowne and other peers. It would be difficult to decide whether these relics of feudal prerogative were more discreditable to the system of the University or detrimental to the character and position of the classes in whose favour they were retained.¹

The discipline of the University was materially improved some years afterwards, partly in consequence of the death, under lamentable circumstances, of a Trinity undergraduate of noble family. A clergyman of the neighbourhood, named Maberly, availed himself of the opportunity of calling the attention of the University authorities and of the public to the notorious practical defects of the existing system. The dictatorial tone of his pamphlet provoked the facetious rejoinder of an eminent University scholar, fellow of Magdalene College, named Lawson. "Such are the evils: let such be the remedies," was the tone assumed by the writer as he propounded his nostrums *seriatim*. Of his critic's comments I recollect, as a fair sample, but one. Referring to a recommendation, which was happily carried into effect, that the

¹ The system thus deprecated has since undergone thorough reform.

number of Proctors ought to be doubled,—“There are now only two Proctors: let there be four.” “To be sure,” he observed, “a two-pronged fork can never do much among a dish of green peas.”

Scant indeed was the religious instruction imparted to the undergraduates. It might vary in particular Colleges, as, for instance, in Trinity, where the second-year men were lectured and examined on St. Luke's Gospel. On Sunday afternoons they enjoyed the benefit, sometimes considerable, of listening to the select preachers at St. Mary's. But as controversy now ran high, sermons were frequently deeply tinged with it. And they might exercise their judgment by comparing the tenets of Simeon, who, when he addressed the University in his turn, thought proper to take for his text, “I speak unto wise men, judge ye what I say,” with Dr. Marsh's resolute and caustic exposition of the tenets of a different school. The University pulpit was occupied on Sunday mornings, during half a century, by a hack preacher named Heckford, who, in the spirit of fairness, alternated conscientiously, in his doctrinal exposition, between the *depravity* and the simple dictates of *uncorrupted* nature.

The attendance at Trinity Chapel was too much required as a roll-call. The gownsmen dropped in till the Creed. Except on Sunday evenings, the demeanour, which then was exemplary and striking, was not always decorous. The Vice-Chancellor, as we have seen, was by no means unblameable; nor were the other authorities. A wealthy half-witted fellow-commoner, who afterwards sank into idiocy, had ventured on giving a dinner-party. Encouraged by the eccentricity of the host, the disposition to riot, too frequent on such occasions, manifested itself in an overthrow of the table, a smash of bottles, and other destruction of property. Mount Charles, of the exuberance of whose spirits proof has been already given, was reported by his host

to his tutor as having been prominent in the disturbance, and in true old Hibernian fashion retorted by a challenge summoning his unfortunate victim to meet him on Parker's Piece, a well-known suburban field, next morning, "that he might show daylight through his body." Poor H., terror-stricken, tendered this appalling document to his tutor at the door of the chapel. I saw it handed from one fellow to another, each in his turn, as he read it, joining in the merriment, our senior tutor especially being convulsed with laughter.

No wonder that undergraduates should be ready to take their share in licence thus sanctioned by those who should have set them a better example. One of them, distinguished, till he graduated, no less by his dissipated habits and daring prowess in conflict with *bargees*, than by his amiable disposition and generous spirit, took and won a bet that he would stand on his head during the entire divine service in our chapel. Nominated by high family influence to a fellowship in a small College, he thenceforth conducted himself in the most exemplary manner, lived to enjoy, during many years, a valuable chaplaincy and the income of two beautifully-situated conterminous incumbencies in Somersetshire, as well as the dignity of Chaplain of the House of Commons, where I listened often to his devout performance of his duty, and he was well known in London as a very popular member of society.

Mount Charles introduced me in London to the hospitality of his uncle, Mr. Denison, who kept an open table at his house in Pall Mall, and to his father, Lord Conyngham, at Dublin, on the occasion of the King's visit to Ireland. But I lost sight of him afterwards, for his failing health obliged him to go abroad. He died young and unmarried at Nice. His sufferings during his lingering illness were increased by the perpetual jingling of conventual bells, which could

not be stopped but by the circuitous, and then tedious, process of eliciting the intercession of the British Government, addressed to that of Turin. He ended his days in Christian peace and hope. Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards of Winchester, who had been his tutor at Cambridge, dining with my father shortly after his return from Nice, whither he had repaired at the request of Mount Charles's family, informed us that he had never administered the Holy Communion with more comfort than to his old pupil.

It might perhaps be inferred from what has been said, that the University studies fared ill, subjected to the ordeal of so much idleness and dissipation. But whether influenced by necessity or by choice, by the prospect of honour or emolument, or still higher motives, the great body of the undergraduates did not neglect them. On the contrary, hard reading was in fashion.

As to the supposed exclusive preference of mathematics at Cambridge, it is true that the honours of the Tripos were so far limited, with the exception of two medals awarded to classical proficiency, and those only where a second class in mathematics had been attained. But the classics were much better appreciated in the competition for the substantial rewards of merit, scholarships and fellowships, and exclusively as to University scholarships.

And practically, though the time appropriated to mathematics, previously to taking the degree, and subsequently to classics as well as mathematics, might seem to have trenched unduly on professional training, yet those willing to incur the sacrifice received the compensatory benefit of the moral and intellectual discipline which they had undergone, and entered on the arena of life better equipped for the conflict than their fellows who had not enjoyed similar educational advantages.

To no profession are these remarks more applicable than

to that of the Law. And thus from time to time we observed our College festivals graced by the presence of several of its eminent members, most of whom had held Trinity fellowships,—Bailey, Tindal, Copley, James Park, Pollock, Scarlett, and others; and at a triennial College dinner at the Freemasons' we mustered a Chancellor, an Attorney- and a Solicitor-General, besides judges and others on the highroad to professional advancement.

CHAPTER III.

1813-16.

CAMBRIDGE—UNION DEBATING SOCIETY—SAMUEL GROVE PRICE
—NORMANBY—CHARLES FOX TOWNSHEND—LAWSON—RE-
LIGIOUS MOVEMENT — SIMEON — MILNER — FARISH — DR.
MARSH—PROFESSOR SMYTH—OUTBREAK OF FEVER.

A POWERFUL impulse was at this time given by a combination of circumstances to a movement in behalf, if not of studies prescribed by the University, of pursuits akin to them, and productive of great practical utility. Three Debating Societies had been instituted at Cambridge, one of which was nicknamed the Anticarnalist, in consequence of one of its members having been expelled on account of some flagrant act of immorality. It happened that an old Etonian feud had caused the blackballing of a candidate for admission to one of these,—Gambier, afterwards fellow of Trinity, and, as Sir Edward, Chief-Justice of Madras, a very estimable and able individual, and quite undeserving of such treatment. His friends rallied in his behalf, effected the amalgamation of the three Societies under the designation of the Union, and elected him President. His two official colleagues were Lord Normanby as treasurer, and myself as secretary, successors in turn to the chair as it became vacant at the expiration of a term. And thus originated an academical parliament, which flourishes to this day.

It is noticeable that whilst Whig influence predominated

in those ranks of the University which governed the Parliamentary elections, and two of the principal movers in the formation of the Union were god-sons, namesakes, and hereditary adherents of Fox—Charles Fox Townshend and Charles Fox Maitland—the ratio of Tories to Whigs as tested by the divisions in the Union was as 2 to 1.¹

The little party-organisation required devolved on the Tory side on Normanby and myself.

Our principal Conservative speaker was Samuel Grove Price, a University scholar and first English Declamation prizeman at Trinity. He had been foremost among the Etonian opponents of Gambier, but tendered loyal allegiance to our President, observing, with his usual facility of quotation, that “the stone which the builders rejected had become headstone of the corner.” Price was an ardent and chivalrous high Tory. He revered the character of Burke as the denouncer of the French Revolution and champion of the old French Royal Family, studying his speeches and writings day and night, whilst he proposed to himself, as the model of his patriotic aspirings, La Roche Jacqueline, whom he regarded as the very quintessence of genuine heroism. He represented Sandwich during several Parliaments, and once complained to me of his grievances, too common to excite much sympathy,—the expense of his seat requiring the reduction of his establishment, and at length the loss of it involving

¹ History repeats itself on a small as on a large scale. The following passage in a newspaper bearing date sixty-two years after this time proves that the Union remained true to its old colours:—

“CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY UNION AND MR. GLADSTONE.—On Monday night, the Cambridge University Union, after a debate of considerable duration and great excitement, refused, by 132 to 74, to affirm that Mr. Gladstone’s conduct on the Eastern question has been such as to deserve the goodwill of the nation. It is a little singular that whilst undergraduates have thus passed a Conservative resolution, the Senate on Tuesday elected on the Council of the Senate a number of gentlemen who will make the Liberal majority on that important governing body of the University distinctly Liberal.”—*Nov. 6, 1876.*

personal ill-usage and the destruction of his carriage. The sonorous and well-rounded sentences which had elicited the admiration even of his opponents at Cambridge wearied the House of Commons. His eloquence nevertheless was no less appreciated than his honesty. But he was an anachronism during the period of his Parliamentary career. It was natural enough that he should have adopted enthusiastically the cause of Don Carlos; but the feelings and convictions of the members lagged behind his uncompromising advocacy. He was much aggrieved by Sir De Lacy Evans's levy of Westminster grenadiers in support of Queen Isabella. I met him looking portentous. He asked me with unusual solemnity whether I had heard the news, and on my replying in the negative, strode across the street, intimating by the ominous looks repeatedly cast over his shoulder, that he would relieve my anxiety, as he effectually did in tones as measured as the utterances of a telegram: "Evans is defeated, and with considerable slaughter!"

Price took a warm interest in our Marylebone election in 1838. I was awaiting alone at Lloyd's, the bookseller's, in Harley Street, our headquarters, the then obvious result, when the old "orator" of our Tory party in the Union made his way to me, and after conversing quietly and pleasantly, requested our host to bring us a couple of glasses of sherry, and we had scarcely pledged each other, when, as a loud shout announced our victory, Price, apt as ever with his quotations, exclaimed—

"Via prima salutis
Quod minimum reris Græca pandetur ab urbe."

Price was endowed with many excellent qualities, and beloved by a small number of attached friends.

No member of the Union was readier or more fluent as a debater than Lord Normanby. But whilst Harrovians had observed that he spoke as well on the first day of his

rising in their Society as on the last, Cambridge men remarked that his progress was equally imperceptible in our own. In the discussion of any business concerning the management of the Society he was quite *au fait* ; but he failed, although he could speak against time, on the subjects of our debates, which, as limited to past times, such as the war in '93 or the Copenhagen Expedition, required reading : his performance was otherwise meagre and ineffective. The stimulus of a practical result was essential to his success. And thus, soon after entering the House of Commons, when the materials of debate were ready at hand, and a great practical issue at stake, he gained much credit by a speech on Catholic Emancipation. His conversation was agreeable and talented ; his knowledge of various kinds was ever available ; and his social qualifications were appreciated by the dons. Dispensing with University studies, taking easily his pursuits, and otherwise exemplary in his conduct, he made free use of his liberty as a nobleman by passing much of his time at the theatres in London, allured by the charms of a very respectable actress, whose portrait hung over his chimney-piece.

What sagacity could at this time have predicted the fluctuating success of Lord Normanby's diversified career ? For what could be less probable than that one who, though he kept a horse, never rode it above once in the term, should have affected the turf ; who, though his turn of mind seemed especially practical, should have written a novel ; that the idle debater of the Union should have acquired reputation as a Parliamentary orator ; that, a Tory, and son of a member of a Tory Cabinet, he should have become an early convert to Whiggism, and, though not originally industriously disposed, should have discharged the duties of Secretary of State in two departments ; have represented our Court at Florence and at Paris, and have borne the sceptre both in Jamaica and in

Ireland,—celebrating his viceregal progress in the sister island by throwing open the prisons and other less questionable manifestations of regal supremacy ; and that, whilst he owed to his Whig alliance his exalted posts and a step in the peerage, reverting in his declining years to his early political as well as stage propensities, he should have espoused the cause of Italian sovereignties and appeared as a principal performer in his Florentine theatricals ? No wonder that the burthen of so much care, toil, and vicissitude should have left its mark on his somewhat worn and haggard countenance. He was never backward in manifesting the courage of his opinions. An amusing proof of the umbrage given to some of his Whig friends by his latterly developed Italian proclivities occurred at Lord Brougham's in Westmoreland. An excellent friend of mine, Colonel W., passed two nights on a visit there. During this time Lord Brougham was perfectly silent, though listening with attention and interest to the conversation of the guests, few in number, and chiefly family connections, except in one instance. Before breakfast he tossed a letter, which he had been reading, to his brother, to whom it was addressed, on the Italian question, by Lord Normanby, simply observing : “ There 's your letter, and all I can say in respect to it is, that your friend ‘ Mulgrave ’ is an ass.”

Charles Fox Townshend was the leader of our Whig party. His appearance, address, and eloquence bore outward testimony to his capacity for thought, action, and sway ; whilst his amiable disposition and courteous demeanour secured to him at Cambridge the popularity he had enjoyed at Eton. Thence he brought a reputation for scholarship. At Cambridge he devoted his unceasing efforts to a single object,—the representation of the University in Parliament. And so successful was his canvass, that at the conclusion of his brief collegiate career he could reckon on the promise of 300 votes, and in general estimation might look forward to attain-

ing the prize of his ambition. He did justice to his position in the Union, a vantage-ground which he fully appreciated, and read diligently for our debates. But neither he, nor one who might be considered in one respect his rival, viz., as an orator, fresh from the training of a debating society at Edinburgh, where he had been partly educated, Nathaniel Hibbert, future son-in-law of Sydney Smith, realised the expectations of their friends. Hibbert's state of health disqualified him for public life. Townshend's career was brief. No one was more sanguine in hoping against hope that he was the destined leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons than his father, Lord John, an intimate friend and strenuous political partisan of Fox. He occasionally visited his son at his rooms, where I met him, and well did his courteous and kindly deportment and agreeable conversation promote his son's popularity.

It was Lord John who played the now perhaps almost forgotten trick upon Burke on the memorable occasion of the excited statesman throwing down a dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, as fitly symbolical of the murderous plotting of French Jacobinism. Aware that Burke had dined with Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, Lord John forwarded a note to him where he sat, purporting to come from that hospitable gentleman's celebrated cook, requesting that the *spit* which he had borrowed might be returned. The author of the epistle had the gratification of seeing Burke open the letter and fling it indignantly away.

But the seeds of disease of which Townshend became the victim were visibly at work. By his particular request I visited him when he was very ill at Balls Park in Hertfordshire, his father's residence. He was confined to his bed, haggard and unshaven, but animated when he spoke of Cambridge, and especially of our Union politics, for the old Etonian feud had not died out. I now saw him for the last time. He subsequently rallied, encouraging his father's

infatuation so far as to be induced to take his degree in the cold Senate-house during very severe weather in the following winter of 1816, with a view of qualifying himself for his seat in Parliament. But his death within two months extinguished the anticipations of his family, his friends, and his party, on whose lips the "*si quâ fata aspera rumpas*" lingered to the last.

The singular career of one member of the Union may deserve a brief notice. Lawson was eminent as an University scholar, and was nominated to a fellowship in Magdalene College, where he signalised himself as the professed joker of the combination-room of that small society. He subsequently obtained a seat in Parliament, by setting free, as he maintained, from powerful aristocratic domination the stronghold of Boroughbridge, where he resided, and his family still flourishes highly respected. Cock of his own dunghill, he lost no time in his endeavours to rule the roost in his new sphere, and, during the first week after his admission to the House, introduced four Bills, one of which proposed the abolition of the absurd and anomalous wager of battle. So sensible was the Government of its importance that the Attorney-General relieved him of his task; but Lawson must be credited with a large share of the result. Characteristically enough he requested, but unsuccessfully, the same high functionary to take off his hands a Bill for preventing cruelty to ferrets, "tame wild beasts," as he designated these animals in his speech.

Lawson surprised us at the Mendicity Society by offering himself candidate for the vacant office of Assistant Manager, the duties of which were very laborious, and involved residence in the house in Red Lion Square. Aware of his eccentricities we gratefully declined his services, on the plea that salary, which he generously waived, was indispensable.

At one of our debates the Whigs received an unexpected

accession of support from a somewhat vigorous speech delivered by Augustus Hare, fellow of New College, Oxford, author of some excellent sermons, and well known to the readers of *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, brother of Julius, afterwards fellow of Trinity, distinguished at College and in after life. Being my guest on the evening of the meeting of the Union, he accompanied me to it, and rose without giving previous intimation of his intention. Unknown to almost every member, he thus evaded being questioned as to his right of speaking, though he was listened to with surprise and curiosity. Had he been interrupted he could at once have referred us, for his justification, to the fraternisation which had subsisted between one of the Societies merged in the Union and his own Oxford Society, and had since accrued to the Union itself, admitting of an interchange of the privilege of speaking at each other's debates. His availing himself of it was satisfactorily explained to the Society.

The Union subsequently to our term of office suffered temporary eclipse from the ascendancy of the Johnian star. The Vice-Chancellor, Master of St. John's, followed by several of the fellows of his College, and backed by the Proctors, presented himself at the door of the Society during a debate, and requested an interview with the members. The Society's three officers were deputed to confer with these dignitaries, and were astonished by the intimation that its suppression was contemplated, and more especially on account of the reason assigned for so summary a proceeding, that its debates interfered with the regular studies of the University. The intruders must have been somewhat abashed by finding themselves confronted with three of the most distinguished graduates of the University.

Objections to Debating Societies of the kind just mentioned, urging their tendency to foster superficiality, false confidence, and petulance, apply to the abuse rather than the use

of such institutions : to few of the members as compared with those who profit by the opportunities afforded them of preparing for public duties : and only to those Societies whose public opinion might not be strong enough to exercise wholesome discipline in the training of their orators. The testimony in their favour, of eminent men who have derived advantage from the early practice of public speaking, is overwhelming,—of Horner, Walter Scott, Mackintosh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and others, cited in the History of the Edinburgh Speculative Society. The very stability of such institutions affords unequivocal proof of their intrinsic value. The Cambridge Union, embodying pre-existing Societies, has attained its sixty-fourth year; the date of the Oxford Society is, I believe, prior to it, whilst canny Scotland can boast of a series of these practical helps to after-life success besides the celebrated Speculative, whose fame has eclipsed that of its predecessors or contemporaries, founded in 1764.

On my only visit to the Union in 1823 since 1816, when on quitting the University I relinquished the presidentship, I found Macaulay and Winthrop Praed the leading speakers. Macaulay's rapid survey of the events of the Seven Years' War was brilliantly characteristic; but it struck me that there was perhaps too much of assumption in his bearing, especially when any of his hearers ventured an expression of dissent, eliciting from him the silent rebuke of "a glance," as "stern and high," though assuredly not as dignified, as that which flashed from the eyeballs of his own hero of Ivry.

The warm and active interest in the proceedings which led to the amalgamation of the existing Debating Societies in the Union, and in its successful progress, evidently produced a strong diversion throughout the University in favour of other pursuits than those which had exercised a too baneful influence, and the True-Blue gradually ceased to be lord of the ascendant.

But a far more important movement had gradually stirred up the depths of University feeling,—the awakening of a spirit of religious inquiry and devotion, the growth of what was called the Evangelical School. Charles Simeon, incumbent of the parish of Trinity in Cambridge, had worked and fought his way, from the commencement of the century, through good and evil report, in the face of opposition, scorn, and contumely, to a position from which he could not be dislodged. A few years previously he had been so unused to encouragement, that the sight of a Trinity fellow-commoner, John Thornton, at his church, drew tears from his eyes. Now he could reckon on a large number of listeners and adherents, and on some of the most distinguished members of the University as his warm supporters and coadjutors: Milner, President of Queen's, Dean of Carlisle, Jowett, Farish, Scholefield, and others. In 1823, when I revisited Cambridge to avail myself of an abridged course of Professor Smyth's Lectures, I found that attendance at Simeon's church had become fashionable, and that the designation of Simeonite, not long since a term of reproach, no longer obtained currency. In 1836, at the installation of the Marquis Camden as Chancellor, it was very gratifying to observe the cordial respect evinced towards Simeon as he held a levee on the lawn of his College, as Senior Fellow, welcoming the guests invited to a dinner at King's, many of whom were members of both Houses of Parliament, as they passed him successively, or discharging with dignity, and urbanity the duties of chairman. At this time Professor Scholefield, a very distinguished scholar and fellow of Trinity, who had long acted as curate of his church, assured me of his belief that there was not a member of the University, whether Master of a College or freshman, who would not willingly have rendered any kind office in his power to the old man. Not long afterwards the whole University as-

sembled to pay the last tribute to his memory, when his remains were consigned to a vault in his College chapel.

That Simeon should have presented to the world two different aspects may be readily conceived by any one aware of the intensity of the feeling excited by the religious controversy in which he took a prominent part, and the peculiarities of his own personal deportment. He derived much advantage from the zeal and energy of his predecessors, at whose feet he sat, Venn and Newton and Scott (the only time when I had the good fortune to see and hear the externally unpolished commentator was when he occupied Simeon's pulpit), and others who had surmounted difficulties as great as those which he had encountered, and had in a measure smoothed the way to his success. Simeon, wherever he went, was encircled by friends, admirers, and followers. Sir James Stephen has assigned to him a conspicuous place among the Clapham "Sectaries." And Providence had bestowed on him means of influence enjoyed by few, if any, of his brother clergy, supplied by family connection and wealth. He consequently rode the best horses, stocked his cellars with the choicest wines, exercised ample hospitality, and practised boundless munificence. The influence of his character and teaching was extended throughout the kingdom by means of the livings which he purchased, with a view to the appointment of incumbents professing his own tenets, and the far larger number whom he had indoctrinated and trained, and personally attached to him by the warmth of his sympathy and his readiness to assist and advise them during their residence at College.

Simeon's preaching was earnest and forcible, but in point of eloquence yielded the palm to others of his school. His manner was impressive but eccentric. His gesticulation was grotesque; and there was much of unintentional grimace in the marvellous play of his features. And as he sometimes

endeavoured to heighten the effect of his address by stereotyping for no inconsiderable period some extravagant attitude on which he had ventured, listeners unaccustomed to his delivery could scarcely repress a smile, and, if unfavourably disposed to him, a sneer.

No less demonstrative was his demeanour in society, and especially as he advanced in years. At one of his suppers I witnessed his graphic commentary, a familiar one, on the six-winged angels of the prophetic vision, when, that he might more explicitly indicate the difficulty of accomplishing the complicated evolutions of their flight, he threw himself back in his chair, and exacted corresponding contortions from limbs through age unfortunately far less pliable than those whose symbolic motions he vainly strove to emulate. When calling one time I saw him, on being questioned by the well-known Mr. Goode as to his opinion of a certain excellent but eccentric missionary, assume the judicial attitude, and whilst he weighed every word, and emphasised every syllable, changing the expression of his countenance as he proceeded, pronounced sentence thus: "He is mad, . . . and he is not mad, . . . and he has as much common sense as a donkey."

Verily, strange at times were the effects of Simeon's unrestrained manifestation of feeling. Arriving at the house of some friends during dinner, where a large party was assembled, he displayed on entering the room such prodigality of affection as so to surprise the guests, to whom he was a stranger, that the hostess, to borrow the language of her husband, my informant, went up-stairs and C. was born.

When travelling in Scotland Simeon perceived a carriage drawn by four horses drive rapidly up to the inn where he was halting, and was at once greeted by an old esteemed friend and follower, a quondam fellow-commoner of Trinity,

a school-fellow of mine, for whom, notwithstanding his extraordinary oddity, I entertained much regard, stepping out of it. Simeon was surprised by his confused manner and hurried departure, but gratified by an introduction to a chief, laird of the neighbourhood, Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, whose sister his friend had that morning married. Of the real cause of his friend's confusion Simeon was not cognisant, but proceeding on his journey called at Rossdhu, near Luss, Sir James's residence, and sought for him, hearing that he was walking in his grounds, and as he approached exhibited his most elaborately courteous bearing. Unfortunately some strolling players had just come into Sir James's territory, and fully prepared was he flatly to refuse their expected application for leave to perform on his property. Simeon's gesticulations at once satisfied him that the coryphæus of the party was the bearer of the note, which, on its being handed to him, he deposited in his pocket, turned on his heel, and departed. On his reaching home, to his utter dismay, and still more that of his excellent lady, a memoir of whose life has been published, the supposed actor proved to be no other than one whose character they revered, and whose visit they would have been delighted to welcome, though personally unacquainted with him. Scouts were despatched in all directions, but alas! the prophet had shaken the dust from his feet, and had taken his leave of the inhospitable neighbourhood. To complicate still further the unfortunate imbroglio, Simeon concluded from the flurried reception he had met with on the high-road, and the cavalier treatment he had experienced at Luss, that his old friend had married some gay lady disposed to detach him from the society with which he had hitherto companied, and that the laird of the land was evidently one who "knew not Joseph." My friend the laird of Earnock, thus victimised by his own eccentricity of manner, no less

than Simeon himself by his own well-intentioned kindness, took the affair, as soon as he had been informed of the awkward result, so seriously to heart that he could never be brought to perceive the drollery of this strange chapter of accidents.

Simeon was by no means free from sensitiveness as to the notice taken of the peculiarities of his deportment, though in seeming inseparably identified with himself. Under the impulse of sudden displeasure he tore up a caricature, or rather inveterate likeness, exhibited at the shop-window of a leading tradesman at Cambridge. He could, nevertheless, divest himself of his mannerism when circumstances required the effort. When he preached from the University pulpit he adopted a staid but impressive action, to which the severest critic could not take objection. His habitual deportment was therefore sometimes attributed to grimace; but in truth he was thoroughly honest both when he adhered to or deviated from it. The whole man was under the control of the most righteous rule and governance. His attitudes, though developing themselves most naturally and spontaneously, were by him most conscientiously bespoken, and though such as in any other profession or circumstances of life he would have instinctively resorted to, regulated strictly, systematically, and with an unfeigned regard to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures. For if there was one peculiarity more characteristic of Simeon than another, it was his preciseness, manifesting itself in matters great and small. The same love of order which reminded visitors of his door-mat, and enjoined compliance with other minor points of ceremonial, prescribed the divisions of his sermons, of which his five hundred published "skeletons" afford sufficient proof. It was therefore scarcely fair that the skeletons should have been represented figuring in a chorus of a drama entitled the "Siege of

Cambridge," complaining of the mangling which they had sustained at his hands.

To mention one singular instance of Simeon's methodical way of proceeding: Mortlock, the benevolent but half-crazy porcelain manufacturer, imagining that he could solve the great political problem of the day, the constitutional disposal of Queen Caroline, invited to his house a certain number of individuals whom he deemed most competent to advise in the matter, Wilberforce, Grant, my father, whom he induced to come from Hastings, and others. Simeon, whom he brought away from Cambridge in a carriage and four horses, previously to entering on the business of the day, produced a visiting card on which he had noted down six proofs, under so many canonical heads, of their convener's insanity, supplied by his conversation *en route*, and as it actually turned out that no other topic was forthcoming, the question thus started was so decided as to afford the only valid explanation of his summoning them on so fruitless an errand.

Of a very different stamp, though professing the tenets of the same theological school as Simeon, was Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle and Principal of Queen's College. The only individual on whom when graduating the title of *incomparabilis* was conferred, he retained through life an intellectual giant's hold on abstract and practical science. Of his literary labours enough remains to excite regret that they had not been further prosecuted. His *Life of Luther*, in continuance of his brother's *History of the Church*, justified the hope that, had his life been spared, he would have completed his task. On my father, when dining with him at Queen's Lodge, urging his proceeding, he avowed that his materials were ready, and listened favourably to public and private solicitations; but in vain, as indolence or fluctuating health overcame his more vigorous resolution.

His eloquence was distinguished by the strong sense and

acumen, without the mannerism, of Johnson, and was almost exclusively confined to the pulpit, and, with rare exceptions, to that of his cathedral at Carlisle, during his residence, when he drew together large congregations. Occasionally, but very rarely, he was prevailed upon to mount the platform. The fame of a celebrated speech on behalf of the Cambridge Bible Society, delivered at the town hall, and especially of his oft-quoted brilliant allusion to the then visible comet, was still rife when I went to the University.

Dr. Milner's conversation was easy, rapid, and embracing by its ever ready versatility scientific or more general topics. He possessed in a marvellous degree the faculty of bringing abstruse subjects within the reach of ordinary and youthful comprehension. Having travelled abroad with Wilberforce, and becoming afterwards enrolled, as Sir James Stephen testifies, among the Clapham worthies, he enjoyed, not only in their society, as in that of the neighbourhood of "merry Carlisle," and though sparingly in that of his University, opportunities of cultivating social intercourse, of a varied and in some respects no ordinary stamp. At Carlisle it was said that no one enjoyed a joke more heartily, and that he was by no means over-fastidious as to the turn it took. I had several opportunities of enjoying his delightful and instructive discourse. Another freshman and myself were introduced to him by our respective fathers. In duty bound to call upon him once a year at least, we paid our visits to him together, regarding so great a don with some degree of awe. But his presence at once put us at our ease. Some years afterwards I saw him at Queen's Lodge. He soon entered *con amore* upon the subject of the Reformation, narrating events and portraying characters with rapidity and brilliancy, which might have surprised any one not aware how thoroughly he had mastered his congenial theme, and doubtless, as he imparted the results of his researches

and reflections, indulging the lingering, but, as it proved, fruitless hope of satisfying public expectation, and of conferring a lasting benefit on mankind. Though absorbed by the gratification afforded by the pouring forth of such a volume of intellectual wealth, I rose repeatedly to take leave; but in vain. "No; stay, stay," was his prompt reply; nor did he pause further to take breath.

Dr. Milner's influence at Cambridge was far less perceptible than that of Simeon. His health had been impaired and his nervous system deranged by the severity of his studies when reading for his degree, and required, like the physique of Wilberforce, the daily restorative of small doses of opium. He was anxiously solicitous about himself, seldom quitting his comfortable lodge, shut out from the external air by double-glazed windows. I never saw him abroad except when, very rarely, he paid a visit to the Master of Trinity, or discharged any other like duty. His colossal bulk and stature, as he bestrode our spacious quadrangle, might perhaps have reminded men of a former generation of Johnson's personal appearance.

As President of Queen's, he took little part in the business of the University, giving umbrage, as is usually the case when members of public bodies attend meetings only occasionally and with some especial object in view, and particularly by his coming forward, as was alleged, in support of candidates for office professing his own religious views. His preaching at Cambridge was very effective, affording a rare treat. His only society consisted in that of a very few congenial friends, some of whom were not resident members of the University. The neglect of personal means of acquiring useful influence at Cambridge was contrasted unfavourably with his social proclivities and comparative success at Carlisle. On one occasion he was induced to put forth his giant's strength triumphantly in

vindicating the Bible Society, in a pamphlet, from the censures of Dr. Marsh.

Cast in a very different mould from that which had shaped the body and soul of either Simeon or Milner, was their valued coadjutor in the promulgation of so-called Evangelical views, Professor Farish. He was one of the mildest and meekest of men. His mental habits and pursuits were retiring. A senior wrangler, and retaining his mathematical predilections, he was abstracted and absent both in the pulpit and in society, and took little part in conversation. But he shared with Milner the faculty of making the most difficult subjects clearly intelligible to the uninitiated, and with pre-eminent *éclat* by giving a practical turn to scientific mechanics in his very popular lecture-room.

Farish, as incumbent of a parish in Cambridge, discharged diligently his pastoral duties. His preaching, though not distinguished by superior talent, was practically excellent. His fits of absence whilst so engaged were amusing. He would pause during several minutes, evidently absorbed by some abstract speculation having probably no bearing whatever on the subject of his discourse, whilst his congregation, understanding his peculiarities, awaited patiently his return from his digression. Applying his mechanical skill to acoustics, he attached to his pulpit a sounding-board, available only provided the preacher's position were stationary. On one occasion, Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, when preaching, forgetting the caution he had received, and swaying to and fro, elicited so exact a reverberation of the tones of his voice as to induce his belief that some one was repeating his sermon word for word. He therefore quitted the pulpit, protesting to Farish, who followed him to ascertain the cause of his sudden exit, that he could not proceed with his sermon subject to such interruption. On receiving due

explanation of the phenomenon he returned to the pulpit and resumed his discourse.

The growing influence and popularity of the Evangelical school drew forth antagonism very different from that by which it had been hitherto assailed. Its opponents at Cambridge had been much more aggrieved by the earnestness of its advocates and the disturbance of the self-complacent apathy which characterised the High Church party of that day than disposed to do battle on points of doctrine. But the Evangelical system was now impugned by warfare which might be regarded as skirmishing, as compared with the powerful onslaught of a champion whose pretensions to the lead could not be disputed,—Dr. Marsh, Divinity Professor and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, who had long preceded Hugh Rose in the study of German theology, and had encountered Milner in his attack on the Bible Society. He delivered a course of sermons on the then foremost controversial topic, Baptismal Regeneration, vigorous, caustic, both in tone and manner, and in matter sufficiently pugnacious. Subsequently, in his own diocese, consistently enough, he required of candidates for ordination assent to his dogmas, so dexterously propounded in a series of, I think, seventy written queries, that he deemed escape from the meshes of the entanglement impossible. Arraigned in the House of Lords for his inquisitorial proceedings, he defended himself in a style which reminded one of his pulpit performances, contending that, being bound to interrogate those who applied to him for orders, he was as fully justified in proposing his questions, at his option, orally or by writing. What would the Bishop have said to the Gorham judgment?

The instruction of graduates and undergraduates in subjects foreign to the academical course was at this time well provided for by Clark, Farish, Smyth, and others. Dr. Clark's enthusiasm was irrepressible, breaking forth charac-

teristically, on one occasion when I heard him, in his description of a fall of stones in France which had broken in the roofs of houses and severed the branches of trees, till he wrought himself up to the pitch of declaring that there was no risk of death he would not have incurred to have witnessed the phenomenon. It would be difficult to overrate the debt of public gratitude due to Professor Smyth for his admirable lectures on Modern History, which he would sometimes read elsewhere than at Cambridge for the gratification of his friends. His conversation was very agreeable, and well seasoned with humour. He delighted in music. But of his life, which, save his occasional visits to London, was strictly collegiate, no records are preserved save a very amusing account of the trouble and perplexity he endured as tutor to the eldest son of Sheridan, and a volume of lyrics, posthumously published, which has passed through several editions. Even when in the busy metropolis, at the height of the season, when a welcome guest at Holland or at Lansdowne House, a Whig of the old school, the Professor retained his academical costume of short breeches, cotton stockings, and shoes. Had he been a member of St. John's, instead of Peter House, he would doubtless have consented to that stubborn resistance to the innovation of trousers, which drew forth the announcement that "St. John's was going to ruin, inasmuch as the masters and seniors had *contracted the loose habits of the undergraduates.*"

Some years afterwards the Professor delivered an abridged course of his lectures, which I was able to attend, availing myself of rooms once occupied by Byron, lent to me by Henry Elliott, one of the fellows. Whewell, Hare, and others had now reinforced the society of the hall and common-room. I became well acquainted with a man of rare spirit and acquirements, Kenelm Digby, author of the *Broad Stone of Honour*, of whom Macaulay said that he seemed of opinion

that the world was made exclusively for gentlemen. We met at each other's rooms and rode together. His soul and spirit were imbued with medieval chivalry. His habits were as far as possible in conformity to his sturdy views of self-discipline and moral hardihood, as well as courteous bearing. At six A.M. he would daily swim across the Cam, unless the ice was sufficiently strong to obstruct his passage. But he experienced the danger of being seduced by too unrestrained indulgence of his imagination whilst steeping his sensibility in the past, and eventually became a Roman Catholic, and wrote an answer to his own very interesting volume.

Neither Oxford nor Cambridge would have been selected in our time as sites of Universities. In the spring of my second year, in 1815, a fever was caused at Cambridge by opening a long-closed drain in the neighbourhood of Jesus College, which produced mortality among its students. The anxiety of the University was increased by the outbreak of the disorder in Trinity, where the term was eventually granted, the examination dispensed with, and the undergraduates dispersed. A party of friends, myself among the number, who had read together in the long vacation of 1814 at Havre de Grace, assembled at Cromer till we heard of the decision respecting the examination.

The mention of Havre de Grace reminds me of the attractions of that delightful locality, then little frequented by our countrymen,—of its coast and inland scenery, and the quaint towns and old Norman castles and châteaux in its neighbourhood. I took the opportunity of seeing Paris ere despoiled of its plundered treasures, whilst the Louvre was in its glory.

A storm lasting some days produced a perfect dead-lock at Calais, of which a multitude of travellers were the victims. Very many were on half-rations, as the bankers refused advances. Had it continued, the consequences might have

been serious. My comrades and myself lost one term at Cambridge; but in their case it was, after some delay, restored; whilst to myself, having kept a sufficient number to qualify me for my honorary degree of M.A., it was immaterial: and I continued my residence during a term beyond the conclusion of my academical career.

CHAPTER IV.

1815.

WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

IMMEDIATELY after my reaching London I received a kind invitation to accompany Sir Francis Hill on a visit to his brother Lord Hill's headquarters at Grammont, in the Netherlands. The following extracts from my letters, written in haste, and under the impression of the moment, are entered as they were written. The notes have been subsequently added.

Grammont, June 9th, 1815.—* * Our artillery, cavalry, and stores astonish the natives, and even the French who are here. Ostend contains 8000 inhabitants, of which Mr. Siveright, the British agent, informs us that fifty are suspected of attachment to Buonaparte. Indeed, from all that I hear, the disposition of the country is favourable, and Lord Hill said yesterday, that although the long connection of the inhabitants with the French, and other appearances, gave some grounds for apprehension, he conceived that none could now exist. The connection with the French has been so close that almost every individual speaks the language,—a species of *patois* among the poorer orders, but purer among the higher. A regiment of British artillery marched out of Ostend whilst we quitted it, and many were so drunk with gin, which the inhabitants say our soldiers drink like beer,

as it is equally cheap, that they lay along the road or were picked up by carts. We left Ostend at five P.M. in the *coche d'canu*, and reached Bruges at eight. The canal is far the best route, and as from the flatness of the country it has no banks, it has the appearance of a fine river, and the country may be viewed without impediment. * *

At nine A.M. we left Bruges by the canal-boat for Ghent. The distance is thirty miles, and we performed it in eight hours. There were about 120 persons on board, including a troop of the German Legion, Flemish, Russians, French, etc.; every language spoken. We took on board some Flemish conscripts, and an interesting spectacle presented itself, the whole village coming to the water-side to bid them farewell. The country was excessively rich; the woods excluding prospect. It reminded me much of Norfolk. It is difficult to discover in the Netherlands one acre of useless land: the crops, chiefly rye, are fine, and promise a plentiful supply to the armies. We reached Ghent, or Gand, at five, and slept there.

The King of France, Count of Artois, and Duke of Berri, reside here: the last, however, is principally at Alost with the King's army, and drives six greys at full gallop, to the astonishment of the inhabitants. The situation of the King's house is bad. He is reported to drink much. I conversed with some French officers. Whilst the English papers stated the King's force at 5000 or 10,000, the above officers differed; one rating them at 1500, the other at 3000. Lord Hill says that the deserters are numerous, and not confined to officers, as some have supposed. We slept at Ghent, and proceeded in a cabriolet to Grammont. * * The distance is twenty-one miles, and the road is interesting, through a very rich country, enlivened by villages and some hills which command fine views. We met numbers of Flemish—generally fine-looking—conscripts, hastening to Ghent. Grammont is

beautifully situated on the edge of the only hill within many miles; it is surrounded by fine woods, and everything bears the appearance of perfect peace. In every village the soldiers are quartered on the inhabitants; but really, excepting the occasional appearance of military, you would suppose yourself in a country far distant from the scene of war. We met Lord Hill and Major Egerton¹ riding, about three miles from Grammont. Lord Hill has a good house half-way up the hill, partly occupied by the inhabitants and partly by himself and some of his staff.² He concludes his business in the morning, rides at two, and dines at half-past four. He keeps a most excellent table, and generally has twelve or fourteen to dinner. He received me in a friendly manner, and Major Egerton conducted us to our quarters.

Grammont, June 11th.—Lord Hill has explained to me by means of maps, so correct, and on so large a scale, that he can guide by them the disposition of his troops, the lines occupied by the Allies, and has given me an estimate of the numbers of both armies.³ * * I have ridden out with Colonel Currie⁴ and Lord Hill's other aides-de-camp every

¹ Afterwards Major-General, C.B., secretary to Lord Hill.

² I lost sight of none of the party who dined at Lord Hill's table, except one who became deranged, till their death. Lord Charles Fitzroy, the last survivor, died on the eve of the fiftieth anniversary of Waterloo.

³ He added that his old friend Gerard, whose division he surprised at Arroyo del Molinos, was opposite to him, and by a curious coincidence the residence at Enghien of the Duke d'Aremberg, whose son was then captured, and afterwards on his parole at Shrewsbury, was now distant within a walk of Grammont: the house reduced to a shell by fire, emblematically enough of the wreck of the family, for the ducal proprietor had been bereft of nearly all his children, including the young prisoner.

⁴ An amiable man and good officer, aide-de-camp to Lord Hill during the Peninsular war. He was struck on the head at Waterloo, and buried on the spot by Major Egerton. I rode his horse into Paris at the Duke's entry.

day. I rode with Sir Noel Hill to a Dutch château in the neighbourhood, which is a perfect curiosity. The gaiety at Brussels is very great. * *

The Duke of Wellington has promised the Duchess of Richmond that he will not move his armies till she has given a ball, which is fixed for next Thursday. Everything here is perfectly peaceful. There are only two regiments of infantry in Grammont, and the cavalry are quartered around in the neighbourhood. The falsehoods which appear in the English papers, communicated by Brussels correspondents, are innumerable, and if the intelligence which you receive from other quarters be of the same description as that which you receive from the Netherlands, the truth is but rarely known in England.

Brussels, June 15th.—Sir Francis and myself left Grammont this morning, and reached Brussels at six P.M. Lord Hill was waiting for a summons for a general movement, and Major Churchill,¹ one of his aides-de-camp, informed me that

¹ Another of Lord Hill's Peninsular aides-de-camp, afterwards Major-General, killed at the battle of Gwalior. The enemy was commanded on that occasion by a Frenchman. Churchill proposed to his brother aides-de-camp to go forward and take a look at "the Bromigham Buonaparte," when he was attacked and sabred. Defending him, Lord Fitzroy Somerset's son, afterwards killed at Moodkee, was severely wounded. Churchill was noted for his gallantry in more senses than one. He was very free in his political and lax in his religious opinions. He professed boundless admiration for Buonaparte, and made no secret of it in the Parisian cafés. He greatly regretted never having seen him, when by a marvellous conjuncture he found himself face to face with the idol of his military aspirations. For on his return from his first visit to India, he reached St. Helena on the eve of the opening of Napoleon's coffin, to ascertain that his body had not been disturbed, previous to its being removed in the *Belle Poule* frigate to Paris. Churchill lost not a moment to express to the French officers in charge his ardent admiration for their hero, and was present at the exhumation, as he would have been at the entombment at Paris, had he not been deterred by the prudent suggestions of the British authorities from accepting their invitation to accompany them on their voyage.

it would take place to-morrow. A Prussian has arrived at this hotel bringing intelligence that the French attacked the Prussians this morning at two o'clock at Charleroi, and that the latter retired. * *

Where the first blow will be struck is yet uncertain, but it will be without doubt a tremendous conflict, and in a measure decisive. I remained at Grammont till last Monday, when I set out upon a tour of seventy miles. * *

Yesterday I attended some races, about two miles from Grammont; the Earl of Uxbridge¹ and other distinguished officers were present.

June 16.—I fear that unexpected circumstances must put a stop to my *detail*. News arrived here that the French had commenced a general attack, and whatever truth there is in the statement, it produced the following effect: the Duke of Wellington set out in the night for Nivelles; Lord Uxbridge received a letter at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, at one o'clock this morning, and left Brussels immediately; all the regiments marched out in the night, and Lord Hill at the same time left Grammont. * *

I am going off with a trooper² bearing despatches, across

¹ He superintended a race, the riders on which were his own staff. In the principal race the performers were Churchill and Bouverie, winner, who afterwards commanded the Blues. I find from Lord Albemarle's Memoir that a young officer who rode in a race, and to whom my attention was attracted by a brother officer charging him with rashness, was Lord Hay, who was killed at Quatrebras on the following Friday, and to whom I carried his cloak on the previous day. I saw the officers of the Guards at Enghien, where they were quartered, lounging on the benches in the park, little thinking that next day they should be in hot action.

² A soldier of the 23d Fusiliers, servant to Sir Henry Ellis, a very distinguished young officer, who commanded the regiment, and was killed at Waterloo. A monument is erected to his memory in Worcester Cathedral. The soldier had in charge a new uniform for his Colonel, which he was not destined to wear. We daily saw the 23d and 51st march past Lord Hill's quarters. The band of the 51st were usually so drunk as to reel as they played their music.

the country on horseback to Grammont, to secure our baggage. Sir F. Hill stays to receive it, and to send to me if anything occurs.

Antwerp, June 19.—On Friday at one A.M. the drum beat to arms, and all the troops marched out of Brussels, continuing their route for twenty miles, when they arrived in sight of the French, and were told they were brought there to fight instead of to quarters. Unfortunately the cavalry and artillery had not time to come up to the assistance of the infantry, who were engaged, and these suffered dreadfully. The engagement continued from two P.M. till night. The 92d Highlanders, whom I had seen the evening before at Brussels in high spirits, 900 strong, left 765 on the field of battle.¹ Colonel Dick,² commanding the 42d, received a severe wound in the shoulder. I delivered my letters to him and Colonel Harris³ into the hands of a Highland

¹ Greatly exaggerated.

² Afterwards Major-General Sir Robert Dick, K.C.B., killed at Sobraon. Three monuments to his memory are erected in Scotland, besides that at St. Paul's. The following is, I believe, an exact account of the particulars of his saving the greater part of his regiment at Quatrebras, as well as of the circumstances of his death, communicated to me by his brother Abercrombie at Bridge of Allan in 1876. Dick had ridden forward with Sir Robert Macara, his Colonel, and some other officers, into the long rye, when they perceived the approach of cavalry, which all but Dick supposed to be Belgians. Vainly endeavouring to persuade his companions of their error, he at once returned to his regiment, formed it into square, and thus defied the attack of the French cavalry, by whom Macara and those with him were slain. On the eve of Sobraon, when dining with some of his brother Generals, he observed—"The bullet is not cast in its mould destined to find its billet in Bob Dick."

³ He commanded the 73d. Dick married his sister, and when quitting the field wounded exchanged horses with him, as his own was the steadiest, and so the same bore the brothers-in-law in that day's action. Colonel—afterwards Lord—Harris was aide-de-camp to his father the General at Seringapatam, and brought home the despatches. General Harris wore a gold plate on his head, having been trepanned at Bunker's Hill. He refused an Irish peerage as the reward of his Indian triumph, claiming an English, and eventually succeeded in attaining the object of his

officer the morning of the battle. This officer was going to join the regiment, and may have been killed.¹ My most melancholy intelligence, which you have probably heard, is the death of Colonel Harris. I fear there is no doubt he was killed. Yesterday the Commandant of this place stated it to me as certain. * *

I informed you that I was going immediately to Grammont with a soldier. I found another road, and reached Alost in a cabriolet. This is fifteen miles from Grammont, and as I could find no means of conveyance, the soldier kindly offered me his horse, and we walked and rode alternately. I left Alost at two, and reached Grammont when it was dark. This was exactly the period of the duration of the battle, and as we were not far from the spot, we heard the cannonading commence and terminate.² When I arrived on the high-road near Grammont it was covered with Flemish troops and artillery. They were singing national airs, and I entered Grammont in company with them. Here I found that Lord Hill had left the place, and three officers occupied my quarters. An old woman, who had lodged Sir Francis, kindly offered me a bed, and saved me from a ambition,—for the services of his eldest son, wounded at Waterloo, and of another killed in the same year at New Orleans; and perhaps the good offices of his son-in-law, Stephen Lushington, Secretary to the Treasury, contributed to the due recognition of his merit. As he had been commander of the forces in India during my father's government, the two families retained for each other lasting friendship. Lord Harris's descendants proved worthy of their inheritance. His grandson was the able Governor of the very Presidency in which he had won his laurels.

¹ Too probably so. He promised to give my letter to Dick immediately on joining him; but it did not reach him till three weeks afterwards.

² It was a very fine afternoon. The inhabitants of the villages along the route were standing in groups pointing in the direction of the fire. At Grammont, such in war is the ignorance of not distant occurrences, the prevalent belief was that a skirmish had taken place. But when tidings arrived of the death of the Duke of Brunswick and Lord Hay, I felt little doubt of the seriousness of the affair.

bivouack. All night Flemish and English troops passed under my windows. * *

I heard Lord Hill was at Enghien, nine miles from Grammont, and as every horse was in requisition for the army, I proceeded on foot with the 54th Regiment. Lord Waldegrave commanded it. However, I did not make myself known to him. Here Lord Hill had not remained, but had proceeded to Braine le Comte, where I was following him on foot, when I met Lord Charles Fitzroy, one of Lord Hill's aides-de-camp, who only said—"Don't say anything, but Brussels is the best place for you." I guessed from this the event of the battle the day before, and immediately set off with some invalid officers for Brussels.¹ My astonishment was great when I arrived at Hal to find Lord Hill's luggage and ours enter, dinner ordered for him at the inn, the inn reserved for himself and staff, and the town-crier proclaim that the inhabitants must prepare for 30,000 men. You will observe by the maps that this was a retreat, and as Lord Hill could have no room for me I proceeded to Brussels. Hal is the right of the position, which I mentioned the Duke of Wellington occupied on Saturday evening, and became Lord Hill's headquarters. When we reached Brussels we found the streets filled with wounded, and learnt the truth of the battle of the day before, of which I knew nothing but from the cannonade. The Duke of Brunswick was killed; his body is now at Antwerp, and our loss was great, but is not yet ascertained. I did not see the main part of the wounded enter Brussels, but witnessed enough to judge of the engagement. Five wounded Prussian officers had lain in my room at Brussels the night I slept at Grammont.

¹ My meeting with Lord C. Fitzroy was providential, as the place to which I was going was in possession of the French, who would have made me their prisoner.

I found Brussels in the greatest alarm. The sight of the wounded, the retreat of the British, and advance of the French, produced great consternation, and all that could find means set out on Saturday night. Sir Francis had given *four pounds* for the loan of a horse to carry him to see the engagement of Friday, and when he had advanced within nine miles of the cannonade the horse would not go further. I believe both horse and rider agreed on this point, for they came back at full gallop.¹ However, an amateur, who passed and spoke to him on the road, was shot through the cheeks, and lost his tongue. Sir Francis wished immediately to set off, but finding no mode of conveyance, determined to go on foot to Antwerp in a tremendous rain at night. I induced him to stay till morning, and went to bed. The gentlemen and officers in the hotel stayed in the *salle-à-manger* to hear the reports, which were momentarily brought in, that the French would instantly surround and enter the town, and that we should be prisoners, etc. Sir Francis said he was fully convinced that escape was impossible.² At four in the morning we started, put Sir Francis's bag, which we had with us, on board a barge, and proceeded on foot. A party of Blues were outside the town upon the road. Sir Francis mounted a horse of his brother Clement's, and I procured another officer's horse. The confusion on the road was beyond description—artillery, baggage, sick, fugitives, troops rendering it almost impossible to proceed. Sir Francis galloped on as

¹ Sir Francis knew well the risks of amateuring. He had been, whilst in the diplomatic service, close to Jena during the battle, and traversed the field immediately afterwards. And if he needed further inducement to the distaste of warfare, it was supplied by the fact of his being on board of one of the vessels bombarding Copenhagen in 1807, whilst his wife, a Danish lady, and infant son, had taken refuge in a cellar from the fire.

² The night was dismal. The rain fell in torrents. The momentary arrival of officers of the commissariat and others who had lost their luggage or brought intelligence of the death of some officer, and the possible arrival of the French, heightened the interest of the scene.

he could, whilst I remained behind, in case the owner of my horse might require it, but after a couple of hours walked on slowly, expecting the party to follow; but however the orders did not arrive at the time. They lost several horses,¹ baggage, etc., and the horse, or saddle-bags at least, which I brought with me, would probably have shared the same fate. Who plundered on the road is uncertain. I rather think they were Belgians and drunken Prussians, and whence the alarm originated is doubtful, but the French were expected to intercept our route to Antwerp. Immense confusion followed, and Lord Uxbridge's and a vast quantity of baggage was lost. I trust ours was not, but it is a matter of great fear. It is with Lord Hill's. Sir Francis was struck at by a sabre of a drunken Prussian, who swore he would take his horse. We arrived at Antwerp last night.

Yesterday the expected battle was fought, of which I know no particulars but that the *French were defeated*: this is official. Amongst the killed are Sir T. Picton,² General Pack, Lord Hay, to whom I delivered a message on Thursday. I saw Sir T. Picton the day before his death, on the parade at Brussels, and going to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.³ Many of the officers whom I met at Grammont Races are no more. Lord Uxbridge is wounded in the leg by a cannon ball; Lord Fitzroy Somerset in the arm. I have seen this morning official intelligence, and the French have

¹ On returning to Brussels, I observed many dead horses on the canal-side, which had perished on the bank in the struggle.

² This is incorrect. Picton was wounded at Quatrebras and killed at Waterloo. When I saw him, he was walking with Horace Seymour, save ourselves sole occupants of the park. On accidentally visiting, forty-five years afterwards, the great vault under St. George's burial-ground chapel, I was shown a vacant place amidst a pile of coffins, whence his own had been lately removed to St. Paul's, that on which it had rested being his uncle's, and the next that of his aide-de-camp at Waterloo.

³ To this ball I was to accompany Lady Waldegrave, but she was prevented going.

certainly retreated. All the baggage which was ordered from Brussels to Antwerp is countermanded. Supplies are hastening to the Duke of Wellington. A regiment of Hanoverians has just passed through this town for the army, and a multitude of Flemish conscripts have arrived here as their rendezvous from Ghent. The people here, who believed yesterday that the French would soon enter Antwerp, now literally believe the Allies to be at the gates of Paris. * *

The weather has been deplorable for bivouacking, and the troops must have suffered much. * * The advance of the French was so sudden, that the Duke of Wellington and many of the officers were at the Duchess of Richmond's ball a few hours before they fought. Some mismanagement must have taken place, and will furnish materials for the spleen of the *Morning Chronicle*. I should think that Buonaparte's object was to strike a sudden blow, which might prevent the approach of the Prussians, and sound the disposition of the Belgians. I believe the latter have remained faithful, although some apprehensions may have been entertained. The mournful news which we hourly hear of the death of officers with whom I had become acquainted, or whom I had seen the day before their death, must wound any man's feelings. Sir Francis hears continually of the death of Lord Hill, and his other brothers engaged; but we never pay attention to reports, and by the last authentic intelligence they were, thank God, all safe.

Brussels, June 23.—On Wednesday we found Sir Robert and Clement¹ wounded severely, but comfortably lodged at Brussels. Their escapes were very narrow; but they are doing well, and will soon, we hope, recover. The former was

¹ Sir Robert received a pension for his wound during life. Clement was pinned to his horse by the sword of a cuirassier, and with such force that, when the man withdrew it, he was nearly wrenched off his saddle. I saw the wound in the horse's back, which had penetrated half an inch. He expected to bleed to death on his way to Brussels.

struck by a ball, the latter by a sabre. Clement hopes to join the army in a fortnight; but he is, I fear, too sanguine. Lord Hill and Sir Noel have, thank God, both escaped, although the former had a horse shot under him. I suppose before this that an earldom is added to his well-earned honours. Poor Colonel Currie's death I much regret, as I had a great regard for him, and I know you will feel with me, as I heard you speak of him in terms of esteem. I have heard no particulars of his fall. * * The battle, which was fought on Sunday, was certainly as important as any that has occurred in this century. Buonaparte had advanced within ten miles of Brussels, and the Duke of Wellington occupied the position which I mentioned to you in my last. You know the details of the action better than I do; but I will only remark that the Duke gave up the battle three times, or, in other words, considered victory as most uncertain, that equal forces were engaged on both sides, that they fought desperately, and that the contest was most sanguinary. The Duke had determined to conquer or die on the field. He had arrived at the summit of military reputation, and was now for the first time personally opposed to Buonaparte. On this battle it may be almost said that everything depended, and happily our arms were blest with victory. In case of a defeat, all Belgium would have declared for Buonaparte. Holland must have fallen into his power. I leave the calculation of more remote consequences to deeper politicians than myself. Happily the event has proved fortunate, and the Allies are now rapidly advancing into France. It is said, and apparently with truth, that the Duke's headquarters are at Cateau; you must consult the maps, but probably the papers will anticipate my letter.

Yesterday I rode over the field of battle, and fortunately overtook a German Baron on the road, whose business is to remove the dead and collect the wounded, and who, after

explaining the position occupied before, and the principal movements of, the battle, bade me farewell, and left me to take a solitary survey of a scene of misery which duty had compelled him to witness daily since the engagement, and which, to use his own words, had completely unmanned him. The road lies for eight miles through the forest of Soignies, which is excessively fine, and is now infested with depredators, principally Prussians, who attack and plunder even to the gates of Brussels. I was armed with a sabre,¹ but had no occasion to use it, as I passed along unmolested. Waterloo is at the extremity of the forest, beyond which opens a fine plain, on which the battle was fought on the right and left of the road. The field was the most shocking spectacle I ever witnessed. The men were principally buried; but I saw several hundreds naked, and in a putrid state; some heaps of them are collected, and will be burnt. I shall not attempt further description. The horses were not yet buried, and were innumerable; the stench was great, but a fine breeze removed in a measure this otherwise intolerable inconvenience. The brass ordnance taken from the French remained on the ground, which is covered with cuirasses and broken arms. But, as the Baron justly observed, the sufferings of the dead are ended, and the wounded deserve our whole consideration. Notwithstanding the efforts made, 119 wounded were picked up on Wednesday, having lain three days without assistance. However, the attention of the inhabitants is meritorious. The officers are lodged or billeted all over Brussels, and the soldiers of all nations in hospitals, private houses, etc. There were several thousands at Antwerp when I left it, and I saw a church

¹ Colonel Dick was at a house in Brussels wounded. On hearing that the Hills would not lend me a horse to see the battle-field, as they thought there might be risk, he ordered out a fleet charger of his own and girded me with his own sword.

fitted up for the reception of some hundreds.¹ The poor French prisoners are brought in by hundreds, and they all agree that Buonaparte's army was composed almost entirely of men who had been prisoners in England, and that revenge was a great incentive to their courage, which really astonished our troops.² The French wounded are very numerous, and in a deplorable state. However, they will find great attention in this country. I met thirty wagons full together on the road yesterday. Colonels Dick and Harris³ I have seen daily; both are doing well. I cannot imagine that my account of the death of the latter could have given you any anxiety, as he himself must have written before to Mrs. Harris. I was foolish in sending you any but most authentic intelligence; yet, with a view to justify myself, I send you my authority. Some soldiers of his regiment first

¹ The number was greater. I recollect being struck by a circumstance on the edge of the field,—children playing merrily among the dead bodies. Soon after, not a living creature was in sight save my horse. The bodies both of men and horses were much swollen; those of the horses had, without exception, burst. Some of the men, as they were all swollen, seemed gigantic, and as these were on the part of the field on which the Household cavalry encountered the cuirassiers, no doubt they were of these regiments. Great numbers lay beneath the hedge at La Haye Sainte. The only particle of dress I perceived were a poor Highlander's kilt, of which he had not been stripped, and a pair of red epaulets. My dismounting to pick up one of these as a trophy wellnigh placed me in an awkward predicament. My spirited charger, terrified by the dead bodies, especially of horses, long refused to allow me to mount. Had he ultimately succeeded, serious might have been my plight.

² The old grim moustaches would not answer when spoken to, and when the Baron offered them refreshment would not thank him. But the youths, the greater part of the prisoners, did thank him. The Baron, whom I overtook on my way from the field, was furious with the drivers of the carts conveying the wounded, who made use of the rough *pavé* instead of the adjacent road, and expressed his remonstrances by oaths and the back of his sword.

³ I found Colonel Harris sitting up in his bed. All his officers, save two, had been killed or wounded: some in the hotel had undergone amputation.

informed me that he was killed. I applied to the Town Mayor of Antwerp, who said that his death was certain, and that his own information was in a measure official. I was since confirmed in my fears by the testimony of a surgeon, and most happily on arriving at the Hôtel d'Angleterre was astonished at hearing he was in the house, and immediately found him progressively improving. I have however gained experience on this head. Colonel Dick lent me his horse and his sabre yesterday. He has got the command of his regiment, vacated by the death of the Colonel, who left him, I believe, in addition £1000. The Prussians¹ are² * * Here they have lost their character, and are detested by the * * They are looked upon really as a banditti; and fairly by their conduct deserve the name.

The old French King is waddling down into France, as some towns have declared that they will open their gates to his Majesty in person, but not to his allies. A little shaking and cannonading will do the French royalists no harm. The Prince of the Netherlands³ has conducted himself with great bravery. He is here wounded; and his mother, the old Queen, overtook us on the road from Antwerp, on a visit to her son. The Duke of Richmond witnessed the action, or, in other words, was engaged, for no place was safe to a spectator. Two of his sons were led there by duty, and he took with him his third, with a view to train him. He is a lieutenant in the Blues, but has not yet joined the regiment.

¹ The runaway and disbanded soldiers who plundered in Soignies and on the road to Antwerp were of other nations besides Prussians.

² ms. imperfect.

³ Afterwards King of Holland. The following is a proof of the equivocal feeling of the Belgian troops. Sir T. Noel Hill, afterwards my brother-in-law, was sent to General Chassée, who commanded them, afterwards distinguished by his defence of Antwerp against the French, to order their advance, when the General plainly told him that it would be vain to give it, as they would not obey it. "If that be the case," replied Sir Noel, "you had better march to Brussels."

I did not witness the action, and providentially. I mentioned in my last the alarm on Sunday, which hurried all Brussels in dire confusion to Antwerp, and me amongst the rest. Had I remained I might have been tempted to ride over to see it, and in the opinion of all officers should have entered into the heat of it, intending to take a distant view; for the nature of the country is such that a spectator could not see without engaging in the battle, and all agree that literally the campaign in the Peninsula, with all its assemblage of engagements, cannot present one that bears the least comparison to the slaughter of this. The above false alarm may have saved many of our amateurs.¹

June 24th.—News most favourable. The Duke of Richmond has received a letter from one of the Duke of Wellington's aides-de-camp, informing him that 5000 French had deserted from Buonaparte in a body the day before yesterday. Strong reinforcements to the Duke are passing through Brussels daily. Sir Robert and Clement Hill are in high spirits, although the former is certainly in a measure depressed, as his wound is severe. They neither will die for want of company, as there is a constant succession of visitors. Some English families are still here, and are very kind to the wounded.

June 26th.—Lord Hill writes that he is moving on Cambray, but does not expect the French would make a stand, except at Laon, where they appear to be collecting some forces.

Mons, Wednesday Evening, 28th June.—Sir Francis had determined to remain at Brussels with his brothers; and

¹ Mr. Uniacke, brother-in-law to Lord Mayo, mentioned an instance of the feeling entertained towards amateurs by the soldiers. He was quitting the field with his regiment, the 10th Hussars, after the battle of the 18th, when they passed the bodies of two men attired as civilians, lying by the roadside, and was struck with the savage jeers of the men at the expense of these unfortunate victims of curiosity.

meanwhile all agreed that it was preferable for me to join the army once more, and witness its triumphal entry into Paris, than to remain idling away my time at an expensive hotel. * *

I am accompanied by a captain of the Blues, friend of the Hills, who was taken prisoner in the great battle, and is on his parole. * *

Villiers le Bel, near Paris, July 4th.—You see by the date of my letter that I am within three miles of Paris, at the most beautiful little village which I have seen. Lord Hill and Sir Noel I found in health at this place yesterday evening, at the close of one of the most wonderful campaigns which has occurred in the annals of history. Yesterday morning the French army offered terms of capitulation, and Paris of surrender, and at eight o'clock this morning intelligence came from headquarters informing us that the terms were agreed upon, and happily most glorious for us. A regular despatch will soon reach you; in the meanwhile I send you all I know with respect to the treaty. Its general bearing appears to be this,—that France is resigned to its legitimate sovereign, Louis XVIII., that the French army on Montmartre is to march to the Loire, that St. Denis is surrendered to-day, and Montmartre to-morrow, to the Allies, that the armies are to march through Paris, and be encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, and that they are likewise to meet the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, and escort them into Paris. At present I know nothing more; but if this receives confirmation, which I fully expect, it is all that you can wish. Of Napoleon nothing has been heard. Some reports say that he is at Cherbourg, others at Havre, and others at Rochefort, but all agree that he is not at Paris. I trust indeed that his fall is now approaching; and that it has been accomplished in the short period which this campaign has occupied is matter of great astonishment to us,

and subject of thanks to Providence, which has employed, as it were, a miracle in our favour.

On Tuesday the 27th I left Brussels at four P.M., and reached Soignies, where I slept. Next morning I proceeded to Mons, where I spent the whole day in finding out my luggage, and despatching Sir Francis's to Brussels, and transacting my fellow-traveller's business for him, as he could not speak French. I mentioned Captain Thoyts to you before. * *

We had the greatest difficulty in finding means of conveyance at Mons, but luckily found a gig on Thursday morning, which engaged to take us to Cambray. Captain Thoyts rode forward to order breakfast at Bavay, whilst I proceeded in the gig with his servants and horses; he missed us on the road, and I never heard of him again till last night at headquarters. Between Mons and Bavay I passed the frontier, from Bavay to Cambray left the high-road and went across the country. I passed near three towns, two¹ of which were invested, and the other, Le Quesnoy, had surrendered that morning at ten o'clock; and as I entered Cambray I met the whole garrison marching out, having just surrendered to the King. My conductor abused them, and gave me his reason,—that he had seen those very fellows marching out of Cambray to garrison Le Quesnoy about three weeks before with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" The other towns were Maubeuge and Valenciennes: the bombardment of the former was actually taking place, and I distinctly heard the cannonade, and saw the firing on Valenciennes.

The Allied Armies had marched to Cateau-Cambrésis, and thence to Cambray, which Lord Hill's troops had taken. The fortifications at Cambray are very strong, and the town is fine. The cathedral disappointed me; indeed, after the

¹ The firing on Valenciennes was visible. Maubeuge, though close, was enveloped in dense fog, which caused Thoyts to lose his way.

cathedral at Mons, it appeared not worth seeing. The ruins of the ancient Notre Dame, the monastery attached to it, and the residence of Fénélon, were beautiful and interesting. At Cambray I found the King of France, the Duke de Berri, and all the Royalists, and saw them leave the town in procession at ten o'clock P.M. next day (Friday). The King's body-guard is fine; but the procession reminded me of one of Kemble's shows: an assemblage of the most splendid uniforms, of the various nominal regiments to which the officers attached to the King are appointed. The army was an army of officers; I cannot say soldiers. The Duke de Berri rode at the head of about twenty *vieux Papas*, and was followed immediately by the King, who was greeted of course with cries of "Vive le Roi." The King's route was that which the English army had taken, by Péronne, Roye, etc. The Prussian army had marched to St. Quentin, Noyon, Compiègne, and had concentrated with the British at Senlis. Everybody chose the former route, but as I saw the difficulties of proceeding, when all horses were in requisition for the Royal suite, I found out a diligence at Cambray, and set out for St. Quentin one hour after the King had left Cambray. I have no reason to regret my choice, as the former route contains no large towns, and the latter is rendered interesting by the beauty of the country and several fine productions of art. However, the whole road was a scene of misery. The Prussians have conducted themselves shamefully: they have pillaged and destroyed everything that came within the reach of their rapacity. All the houses are forsaken, and many of them broken to pieces; outrages have been committed, and even the English have been plundered repeatedly on the road. You cannot conceive the misery which I have witnessed, and the insolent wantonness of these barbarians.¹ A Prussian

¹ I must record one honourable exception. In 1835, after the reviews

officer, adorned with numerous insignia, told me he was a volunteer, and that he came with no other view than to show his hatred to the French, and unite his efforts to those of the rest of his nation in endeavouring to burn every house in Paris. The English have paid for everything; their conduct has been most honourable, and has rendered them beloved literally by the French through whose towns they have passed. The Duke of Wellington and Blücher, it is said, have disagreed with respect to the treatment of Paris, each displaying the national spirit, but mercy has prevailed. The Prussians are on the opposite side of the river Seine, and their headquarters are at St. Cloud. You will regret to hear that these barbarians have ransacked the beautiful little palace of Josephine, Malmaison. However, when we consider the aggressions of the French as a nation, you cannot wonder at the conduct of the Prussians, and must view it in the light of a just retribution; many well-disposed have suffered, but the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

The principal curiosity at St. Quentin, or rather four miles from it, is the subterranean canal, nearly four miles in length, and in which the hill is sometimes 250 feet above the level of the water. This was one of Buonaparte's great

at Kalisch, I visited in Silesia Baron Bissing, a fine old veteran, the patriarch of his neighbourhood. He had three country seats, one of which had been sacked after Jena, and another in the Russian campaign. He commanded the brigade of the Landwehr of his district in the last war, and led it to Moscow and to Paris. In the latter campaign it formed the advanced guard. The humane Baron would allow his men to take nothing for which they did not pay. His animosity, he observed to me, was confined to Buonaparte, author of his country's invasion, and did not extend to the people who were forced into the war. No less just than eloquent was the unfortunate J. Scott's testimony, in his *Paris Visited*, to the respective parts borne by the British and the Prussians in the Waterloo campaign. "England had met Buonaparte only as an enemy in the field; Prussia had felt him at home as a remorseless oppressor. And to England on that memorable day was given the glory, and to Prussia the revenge."

projects, and after his marriage he led his wife through the passage. I descended into it, and was much gratified with the spectacle. The canal is the great Picardy Canal. From St. Quentin I proceeded to Ham, and saw the castle, which was originally reserved for the reception of State prisoners: from the battlements the view is fine. Indeed, the country now became very beautiful. Hitherto it had been open and wild, but possessing little variety. We now entered upon the forest of Compiègne. The town is situated on the banks of the Oise, at the extremity of a plain; the forest of Compiègne clothes the hills which surround it, and the scenery is exquisitely beautiful. The palace is considered the finest in France, with respect to internal decorations; but a surly Prussian Commandant refused us admittance. However, he permitted us to see the gardens, which were last year the scene of the massacre of the Prussians, but have suffered little. Buonaparte has erected a trellis walk, which reaches from the palace to the forest, 4000 toises ($6\frac{1}{2}$ feet) in length, under which he drove in shade to his hounds, and spent the day in the chase. The forest is infested with wild boars, and in the last two years 1500 have been killed. On Sunday morning I went to Senlis and spent the day there, arriving long before the King.¹ I had travelled from St. Quentin in a berlin with two French officers, and had a good spell of French. On Monday (yesterday) I found means of conveyance to Gonesse, headquarters, where I found Sir Charles Broke, Quarter-Master-General, who at Grammont was on Lord Hill's staff. He

¹ Senlis was surrounded by Prussian regiments encamped. I walked out at night to see them, but was mobbed by the soldiers, pointing to my face, and vociferating "Napoleon," till they found I was an Englishman, and welcomed me everywhere. The inn was full of English, who were under great apprehension of the town being pillaged, sharing the fate of every other town on the line of the Prussian march. And it was agreed that our garrison should place itself in a state of defence.

kindly lent me a couple of horses, and forwarded myself and baggage to Lord Hill's headquarters. There had been some severe fighting in the morning, but all was now peace. Villiers-le-Bel is completely the Richmond of London, and from my window this morning I enjoyed a beautiful prospect. The gardens beneath are laid out with great taste; the hill is covered with foliage. St. Denis is close under my eyes, Montmartre rises beyond, and Paris is stretched out beneath, the hills presenting a similar appearance to that in the panorama of Montmartre. We expect to enter the city to-morrow.

Boulogne, near Paris, July 8th, 1815.—I am now arrived at a period of the campaign which will allow me to decide my plans. The Allies have obtained peaceable possession of Paris, and consequently the communication between England and France is opened as before. My last letter was dated Villiers-le-Bel. In that I stated to you the general terms of the Military Convention, which is now ratified. In pursuance of the agreement the troops marched out of St. Denis on Wednesday, and Lord Hill entered with the advanced guard. I accompanied him, and was present at a conversation between himself and the French general Alix. Lord Hill does not speak French, and makes use of one of his aides-de-camp as interpreter. The French are extremely sulky. A shot was fired upon us on entering the town, for which General Alix apologised.¹ On the same evening a

¹ The account of this incident mentioned by Sidney was communicated by myself. Lord Hill was at the barrier when General Alix, who commanded the French rear-guard, who had been in the thick of the conflict at Waterloo, and was afterwards one of the few exempted from the amnesty, rode up. Whereupon Lord Hill turned sharp round, saying that he did not like talking with those French generals, and desiring Mackworth to take his place, when some disposition of the respective forces was arranged. This interview was preceded by a *contretemps*. Alix was mounted at some distance when we arrived, a single aide-de-camp at his side, when a French sentry close to us fired at us. The

volley was fired on some of the British troops, and Major Stavelin, carrying a flag of truce into Paris, received a shot through his body next morning. These accidents policy leads us to treat as mistakes. On Thursday Lord Hill removed to a château on the banks of the Seine, three miles from Paris, and the same evening I accompanied him to the heights of Montmartre, which commands a magnificent panoramic view of the town. The fortifications on these heights are very strong, and they literally bristled with artillery. It is the opinion of engineers that they were almost impregnable, and happy is it that the effusion of so much blood is stopped in a contest where the event must be certain. Excepting Cambray, no French town has been carried by assault.¹ Valenciennes, Lille, and others, have been invested or observed by Belgic and Prussian troops, but the Duke of Wellington's policy has been to march immediately to Paris and accomplish at once the great object of the campaign.

Yesterday the Duke entered Paris. It was his intention to have reviewed the troops and marched through the city the day before, but he was evidently deterred by prudential motives, and was apprehensive of unpleasant occurrences. You will be anxious to hear in what manner he was received. I accompanied him with a numerous train of officers, whilst not a single British soldier was admitted. He did not go far beyond the gate, but immediately went to his headquarters, which adjoin the Place de la Concorde. A few aide-de-camp instantly rode up at a gallop exclaiming, "He is drunk." The apology was at once accepted. Many years afterwards, when I was shooting with Lord Hill at Hardwick, some stray shots from the gun of a stranger having reached us, I reminded him that it was not the first time he and I had been under fire together, and he observed that he perfectly well remembered the occurrence to which I alluded.

¹ Sir Sidney Smith, hero of Acre, who rode at Paris in a Prussian uniform covered with orders, fired, at his own request, the first shot at the siege of Cambray. At the grand review at Paris he was riding about in a fancy uniform.

cries of "Vivent les Anglais" were heard, and fewer still of "Vive le Roi." Some of the Royalists made a fruitless attempt to excite some friendly acclamations, and were hailed with cries of "À bas le garde du corps." The tri-coloured standard and cockade are displayed in all directions. The opinion of many is that Louis XVIII. will never be crowned. However, the silence of the people may be attributed to fear of expressing their sentiments before the government is decided. The Prussians marched through Paris yesterday; they are excessively fine troops. Lord Hill observed them passing in review during an hour and a half, and as I remained with him I had a fine opportunity of seeing them. What a mortifying sight to the French, the nation which of all others perhaps they hate most cordially, marching triumphantly into their capital! The English are popular here, and perhaps they may owe their popularity to their conduct and moderation, which the depredations of the Prussians would place in the strongest light of comparison. Lord Hill has removed, as you see by the date of my letter, to Boulogne, situated at the extremity of the wood which bears that name, about three miles from Paris. He does not intend to take up his residence in the city, as he prefers quiet and retirement.

Last Monday the grand review took place. I rode along the lines with the Emperors, etc., and afterwards took my post near them on the Place Louis XVI., the very spot where he was executed, and saw the army under the command of the Duke of Wellington, composed of British, Belgians, Saxons, etc., about 60,000 men, pass in review. The Duke marched at the head of his army. The Household Brigade (Life Guards and Blues) followed him, and next the light cavalry and artillery. Lord Hill and the Prince of Orange each appeared at the head of their respective corps. It was a grand sight, and a glorious day for England. The Emperors of Russia

and Austria, King of Prussia, etc., were present, and as I succeeded in getting near them I had a good view of each. Last Sunday, with J. Thornton and General Macaulay,¹ I attended the Protestant Church, which is large and was excessively crowded. The King of Prussia and his two sons² were present without any ceremony. We heard a most excellent sermon from a M. Monod, a Dane. Last night David Morier introduced J. Thornton and myself to Lady Castlereagh's party, after the spectacle. Her Ladyship and his Lordship were very gracious. Amongst several persons of distinction were Lord Cathcart, etc. Ouzaroff, the reputed assassin of Paul, was present. John Thornton has dined twice with Lord Hill, and has accompanied him to the review. Lord Hill removes to-day to Boulogne, and I am expecting his summons instantly to accompany him to the Louvre, to point out to him all that is worth seeing amongst the pictures and statues, and accordingly must conclude, hoping to see you on Monday next.

¹ Brother of Zachary and uncle of Lord Macaulay, one of the unfortunate officers imprisoned at Seringapatam by Hyder Ali. As an old Seringapatam acquaintance, the Duke of Wellington treated him with friendly regard.

² The late King of Prussia, and present Emperor of Germany; the one then nineteen and the other eighteen years of age.

CHAPTER V.

1815.

HAWKSTONE—THE HILLS.

TAKING leave, in the summer of 1815, of Lord Hill at Paris, where he had reached the acme of his military reputation, I found him in the autumn of the same year resuming his place as a younger son under the roof of his venerable sire, Sir John Hill, at Hawkstone in Shropshire. The habits of the Hawkstone family were simply patriarchal. Every member of it, whatever may have been his previous pursuits or distinction, fell into the accustomed routine. The hour of dinner was four, and of supper nine, followed by prayers in the chapel, usually read by the clerical son, incumbent of a neighbouring parish. Sir John saw himself now surrounded by six sons and four unmarried daughters; five of the sons having served in the army, four of whom were at Waterloo, another accidentally prevented from being there, and another a titled diplomatist.

But a cloud had recently overcast the brilliant sunshine of their happy home. There was a blank in the family circle. In the previous year, at the close of a Peninsular victory, Lord Hill and his brothers received the melancholy intelligence that their eldest brother had died at Hawkstone after a short illness. He had served in Holland as a cavalry officer. His disposition was chivalrous, and, like my friend Grove Price, he had proposed to himself as the model of

heroism the character of La Rochejaquelein. Competent judges deemed his talents superior to those of his next brother, Lord Hill, whilst had his life been spared, and had he followed up his military profession, he might have disputed the palm of renown with the officer to whom he stood next in his regiment, Lord Combermere. But "*Dûs aliter visum.*" Urged by his uncle Sir Richard, he quitted the army and resided at Hawkstone. A keen sportsman, noted as a daring and skilful rider, he rendered essential service by raising and commanding a fine regiment of yeomanry. In all the relations of life he was one of the most estimable and honourable of men. On his death my father and mother repaired to Hawkstone, by the desire of his widow, my mother's niece, who was left with eight children.

The truth of the saying, "*C'est l'homme qui propose mais c'est Dieu qui dispose,*" was strikingly exemplified by the fortunes of the Hills. Of Sir John's eight sons, the four who had served in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, and other wars, three who were wounded, and a fifth who had, as a diplomatist, passed through the ordeal of unwholesome climates, survived by many years the three who had exchanged such perils for the comparative security of home. Mrs. Hill sat at table in front of a large picture representing her husband, self, and children, object of the tenderest kindness and solicitude to every member of the family.

The conversation was just such as might be expected in a sporting country house, interspersed with jokes, in which Sir John took an unfailing hereditary delight, infinite good-humour making due allowance for any especial deficiency of merit. The Hills of the nineteenth century were in one respect an anachronism. They should have lived in the days when "*Sir Fool*" bore an indispensable part in the conviviality of the round table. Of the dry humour which characterised his house, by Wilberforce called Hillism, Sir John had no

lack. In reply to my question, as I was walking with him in Shrewsbury, as to the owner of some large house, he said, "A man whom you could trust with a secret;" adding, to insure my comprehension of his peculiar meaning, "Because, if he repeats it, no one will believe him." He would rub his hands with glee as he recounted, himself having been present as M.P. for Shrewsbury, how Sir Richard, during the debates on the coalition of Lord North and Fox, begged leave to read a copy of verses which he had composed for the occasion in lieu of a speech, and how differently the *jeu-d'esprit* was received by the two statesmen—Lord North sharing the merriment of the members, but Fox angrily expressing his wonder that the House could demean itself to listen to such low pothouse stuff.

Sir John felt deeply the death of his son and heir. And it was not surprising that when the letter announcing the battle of Waterloo was placed in his hands he had not nerve to open it, but consigned the task to his butler, the bearer, and when he heard that his sons were spared he exclaimed, "God bless the lads."

A more strait-laced paterfamilias might have been fashed rather than amused, as Sir John was, entering heartily into the fun and the frolic, by the truant expedition of the young heir, Rowland Hill, then fifteen, and myself, somewhat older. We were sent on a visit to the celebrated ladies of Llangollen, mounted, with an attendant groom, and, tempted by the enticement of Welsh scenery, on the border of which their romantic residence was situated, we pursued our route, without giving any intimation of our intention, to Snowdon and other places of interest. The Spanish mare on which I rode had borne my future brother-in-law, Sir Noel Hill, at the head of a regiment of Portuguese Caçadores, herself and her rider unscathed, through most of the principal battles and manifold skirmishes of the Peninsula.

The occasion of the retirement of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby from Ireland to a beautiful valley on the high road to their native country, was, I believe, an unsolved mystery, though attributed to some disappointment in a love affair. Their retreat was so well known, that, so far from effecting seclusion from the world, had that been their object, they received all sorts of visitors, and were kept *au fait* respecting all that was going on. It was understood that on Lady Eleanor devolved principally the entertainment of guests, whilst household affairs depended chiefly on her quieter companion. On our arrival at the inn at Llangollen, having received from the ladies an invitation to breakfast next morning, we perceived as we approached the house a gentleman, as we supposed, attired in hat and habit, and wearing a red ribbon, a distinction conferred by the King of France, leaning with folded arms over a gate, and found to our surprise that the welcome we received was from Lady Eleanor. The two ladies were very kind and agreeable, and their inquisitiveness, natural enough in their retreat, accounted for the abundance of their gossip and general information.

Of Sir John Hill's sons, Sir Robert, who commanded the Blues, was the most communicative, and unsparing of his jocularities. He kept his kindred, sensitive as they were, ever on the *qui vive*. He failed not to assure his military chiefs at head-quarters, that if they would give his "cheese-mongers" a chance,—so he called his troopers, who, owing to George III.'s predilection for the regiment, were quartered at Windsor, and had become domesticated there, chiefly as tradesmen,—they might be depended upon. The reading of the Waterloo despatch by Sir Robert to his wounded comrades, a noteworthy incident of the campaign, might have formed the subject of an interesting picture.

His presence in the chapel at Hawkstone was wont to dis-

concert his clerical brother as he performed divine service, well aware that in the fraternal "war" of jokes "there was no discharge." And consequently, being of a nervous temperament, he advanced more rapidly as he proceeded, his pace being accelerated by the prospect of the Lord's Prayer, and attaining at length full speed as he fairly charged through the blessing. "Dick," remarked Sir Robert, "is the only man in England who can read the Lord's Prayer in a breath."

Sir Robert mentioned to me an interesting coincidence in his military career. He and Colonel Slade, who commanded their respective regiments, the Blues and the 11th Light Dragoons, at Waterloo, had played together as boys at marbles on deck, when repairing as junior cornets of the same regiments on the Dutch expedition.

In person, bearing, and address, though not perhaps in respect of refinement, Sir Robert satisfied most of the requirements of a chivalrous soldier. None among the Knights of the Bath, or their representatives, himself of the number, became the pageant better on the occasion of the installation.

Sir Robert settled in an old family mansion near Hawkstone, valuable as a magistrate, and known, so far as a well-pensioned wound permitted, as a sportsman.

Indeed, Sir John, an inveterate fox-hunter, inspired his descendants, and perhaps somewhat too exclusively, with like taste, inculcating on their youthful minds the rare old English maxim, that a paramount aim in a country squire's education should be a firm seat in his saddle, and one of the noblest objects of pursuit a good wild fox. His love of sport did not, however, induce apathy as to public duty, for he was in politics a staunch Tory. During his latter years he shared the religious feelings of his brother, and was a diligent reader of his Bible. If he erred, it was perhaps on

the score of hospitality. The utmost harmony prevailed at Hawkstone. Nowhere was the fable of the Bundle of Sticks more happily exemplified. Tenants, retainers, pensioners, cottagers, shared the diffusive benevolence of the lord of the land: the ladies of the family visiting the poor and sick in their cottages, the gentlemen having a kind word for every one. And it was natural enough that the humbler creatures should not be overlooked. Hawkstone was the paradise of pets. A scene which I witnessed was quite characteristic of the household. Having to start early on a journey, I was apprised that breakfast would be ready for me in the kitchen, no servant stirring. On sitting down I took a view of my companions, who were all sleeping before a blazing fire—cats, dogs, a monkey, and a magnificent macaw. By and by my attention was arrested by a commotion amongst them, and immediately afterwards by a sharp blow on my shin, for which I was indebted to the macaw, intimating that he was ready to partake of my breakfast, and for whose progress the rest of the fraternity had prudently made way. The favourites, especially if distinguished by their plumage, were reserved on their demise for exhibition in “menageries” or other suitable domiciles.

Happily, despite of the *vix ea nostra voco* of the sceptic, we consciously or unconsciously appropriate to ourselves ancestral merit, and thus the character of families is modified by the influence no less of moral than of physical descent. Although the Hills may not have evinced any especially romantic sensibility to the rarely surpassed grandeur and beauty of the scenery of their ancestral homes and haunts, and to the redundant memorials of the private worth and public loyalty of their forefathers, there can be no doubt that the genuine appreciation of such incentives to noble designs and pursuits has contributed to the moulding of the undeniable family type. Distinguished they have been from

generation to generation by a happy union of unshaken allegiance and enlightened independence, whether in the capacity of the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London, whose effigy looks from his lofty column over half the county, or of the martyr to his devotion to the Royal cause during the Great Rebellion, who was compelled to exchange his burning house in the park for the refuge of a cave, or of the companion of Marlborough in campaigns displayed on the canvas adorning the wall of the dining-room of the present mansion, or of the civilians and soldiers of later generations.

And well in their day did the brothers, of whom Sir Richard, the eldest, was in possession of the estate at the commencement of the present century, sustain, though in various modes, and after a quaint fashion, no doubt bequeathed to them by their progenitors, the inestimable reputation of the family. No filial piety ever exceeded that of Sir Richard in treasuring up and communicating the virtues of his ancestors. To "praise the famous men of old, and our fathers who begat us," was not in his case a mere festal formality, but the habit, and somewhat costly one, of his life. At every turn in the grounds of Hawkstone we meet with his piety-prompted records of ancestral worth and self-devotion, in the shape of columns, urns, and tablets. And the influence of hereditary example was not lost upon him. At an age when earnest religion was ridiculed and despised by the bulk of the clergy and laity, he steadfastly maintained his principles both in and out of Parliament. Of his independence he gave droll proof, when, in a country—and being himself the head of a family devoted to fox-hunting,—he denounced the practice in verses so conspicuously placed in his park that none could pass them unnoticed. Abhorring the use of steel traps, when assured by his keeper, whom he had taken to task for setting them,

that in fact there were none, he directed as a salvo to the conscience the burying some mouse-traps.

My recollection of Sir Richard dates from 1800, when the kindly old man served the nurses as a bugbear, and when he accompanied us round his grounds, and it recalls his subsequent visits to my father's house at Clapham, his short stature, droll expression of countenance, and quaint humour. The most retired and romantic recesses of his beautiful park suggested to his very peculiar turn of mind the exhibition of strange grotesque devices, stone lions peering through the bars of caverns, and "spewing" toads, to borrow his own phraseology, whose performance, as they discharged from their open jaws a volume of pure water, was especially pointed out to his visitors.

Sir Richard's public spirit, tainted, perhaps, with somewhat of vanity, unfortunately led him into crippling the means of his family by expending, in opposition to the Berwick branch of the Hill clan, who incurred like costs, £100,000 in a single Shrewsbury election. Sir John succeeded to his still ample patrimony.

In none of the brethren of the elder generation were the more prominent family attributes—piety, zeal, intrepidity, independence of spirit, dignified but kindly bearing, and irrepressible drollery—more fully developed than in Rowland, the well-known preacher. He was ordained deacon of the Church of England, but shook off the restraints of its authority ere admitted to priest's orders, "leaving our Church," to use his own expression, "with one boot on." He would still, when invited, preach in its pulpits. Mr. Gisborne of Yoxall Lodge, whose love of fun rivalled that of Rowland Hill himself, was consulted when at Tenby by the incumbent of the parish church whether he should be justified in offering his pulpit to Mr. Hill. Mr. Gisborne, gladly seizing the opportunity of hearing the celebrated

preacher without crossing the threshold of a conventicle, replied that Mr. Hill was an ordained deacon. On this, as too often on similar occasions, Mr. Hill indulged his humour; and his jokes, as Mr. Gisborne informed me, were the chief subject of the conversation of the congregation on leaving the church. It appears from Mr. Sidney's Memoirs that he sometimes bewailed his unseasonable levity. His independence of spirit verged on lawlessness. His defiance of the ban of the Kirk of Scotland is well known: when debarred from its pulpits he designated his carriage-horses, as he travelled through the country, by the names of "Order" and "Decorum." Nor could the dissenters reckon on his respect for their observances. In a Baptist chapel at Bristol he vindicated his appearance in his gown by a defence, which he concluded by declaring that he would just as soon have mounted the pulpit without his breeches as without his gown. My informant, who was present, on my asking him how the congregation received this sally, observed that they did not like it, as it offended their prejudices. In his tour in Scotland he had not gone far without falling foul of a very stiff Presbyterian whom he visited near Dunbar. Being invited to offer up the family worship, he prayed for his horse. At breakfast his host took him to task for this strange proceeding; but Mr. Hill, a match for his host, declared that if not allowed to pray for his horse he should decline taking any ostensible part in the family devotions.

It was, as is commonly the case, easier for him to assert his own independence than to tolerate it in others. In Staffordshire he found that in one of his chapels the service of the Church of England, the *sine quâ non* in this instance, had not been introduced, and on asking the reason received for answer from his minister that he was an Independent. "Independent!" retorted sharply Mr. Hill; "you are not independent of God, for He made you; nor of

me, for I built your chapel; and it is perfectly clear that you are not independent of Satan."

Mr. Hill was never formally reinstated in the Church of England, but had not become more satisfied with Dissent, and was wont, when residing during his latter days at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, to aver to a friend of mine, a neighbouring incumbent, that the more he saw of dissenters the less he liked them. He would, however, cordially co-operate with both Churchmen and dissenters when he conscientiously could. He was an ardent supporter of the Bible Society, and could plead forcibly, though in his own way, in behalf of "order and decorum." At a stormy meeting of that institution, happily the only one of the kind, on the occasion of the Trinitarian controversy, Mr. Hill, as other authority failed to maintain peace, was prevailed upon to interpose. On rising he forthwith rebuked the prolixity of a gallant naval officer, distinguished in and out of the House of Commons by his Protestant zeal, by observing that he had made a long speech, and that long speeches were in the first place very rude, and in other respects, to which he alluded, objectionable.

Mr. Hill's appearance was dignified, and yet every lineament of his deeply-wrinkled face was instinct with drollery. He was sitting at Westbourne Lodge with Lord Hill, when a little boy, his grand-nephew, went up to him, accosting him by the remark that he had observed him for some time, and had never seen so funny a face in his life. No one enjoyed the child's happy hit more thoroughly than the object of it. The sentiment which Mr. Hill's presence inspired, notwithstanding his peculiarities, alike among the members of his own large clan, and all who enjoyed his society, was that of veneration.

Bryan, a younger brother, fully partook of the family idiosyncrasy. Short, quaint, droll, pious, and zealous in the

discharge of his ministerial duties, he was cast in the same mould as his brother. Though very quiet and retiring in his habits, he too had courted publicity as author of *Travels in Italy*, when he accompanied Sir Richard to that country ere it was overrun by tourists. But he had derived more celebrity from a pill which he distributed among his parishioners, and far and wide, as a specific for headaches, composed of pure white flour! He rarely broke his habitual silence.

Prince d'Aremberg, the relation of Napoleon whom I have alluded to, on his parole at Shrewsbury, taken prisoner by Lord Hill when he surprised Gerard at Arroyo del Molinos, must have been struck during his frequent visits to Hawkstone with the perfect simplicity and cordial kindness of the good old English inmates, and would have been especially surprised, had they been at home, by the quiet unassuming demeanour of the two younger brothers, his captors, the General, and Clement his aide-de-camp, who brought home the despatches. Lord Hill's personal appearance indicated little of the soldier. He might have passed for a healthy well-to-do genial unobtrusive country gentleman. The Duke of Wellington adverted to his ruddy complexion, when, walking across the Park, on his return from a royal confinement, he met Lord Hill, summoned on the same occasion, but too late in his compliance,—“Fine child, and as red as you, Hill!” The benignity which characterised the Hills beamed from no countenance of the family more placidly than from his, yet nowise compromising the firmness of which it was ever, and especially when he was called to action, mildly but unequivocally indicative. His modest deportment, and occasionally nervous and fussy manner, might have shaken a stranger's faith in his judgment, decision, and determination, which suggested the remark that no one knew Lord Hill, and sometimes caused him to be regarded with a certain degree

of awe. His uncle Rowland, testifying to the soundness of his judgment, observed to me that he always saw at once what was required to be done, and did it. It was an eminently serviceable merit of the Hills, that whether called upon to speak, write, or act, they acquitted themselves of not a tittle more or less than was required by the thorough discharge of their duty. No one appreciated this quality in Lord Hill more than the Duke of Wellington, whose dependence on his lieutenant was known to be implicit.

In point of faithful, lifelike representation of the original, no portrait of Lord Hill is comparable to the half-length in water-colours, taken by Richmond. He appears dressed as a civilian. It might perhaps be liable to the critique that the gentle benignity of the expression predominates too much. It betrays marks of declining life. The portrait preferred by Lord Hill himself is in oil, full-sized, by the elder Pickersgill, who has placed him erect in a martial attitude, in military attire, in front of a prancing charger,—a position better suited to a Granby or an Anglesea, as Lord Hill made no pretence to skill in horsemanship. Being at Hawkstone when this magnificent picture was completed, and called into the artist's studio to express an opinion as to its merits, I remarked that I was not quite satisfied with the likeness. "Likeness," he interposed, "is immaterial; all that posterity requires is a good picture."

In conversation, Lord Hill, to borrow Richard Heber's description of it, was chatty. Though no one could be less ostentatious in alluding to his own military experience, he would occasionally mention interesting anecdotes suggested by it. I remember his alluding to the strong presentiment felt by a Colonel, towards the close of the Peninsular war, that he should be killed next day, justified by the event. In anticipation of it he had bequeathed to Lord Hill his watch, which the General was then wearing.

Lord Hill's political opinions were Conservative. He held them as independently as staunchly. In his support of Catholic Emancipation he never swerved, persisting in steadfast opposition to the views on this question entertained by his family, his county, and his chief, whether as statesman or soldier, till the Duke's memorable concession. Vain, though very urgent, were some of the representations made to him on the subject. On my congratulating him, after the final settlement of the question, on his having at last got the lead of his old chief, he was greatly pleased, attributing the original formation of his opinion to his observing, when in command in Ireland in troublous times, that the information he received from Roman Catholics could be relied upon as thoroughly as that supplied by Protestants. Mr. Sidney, the usually faithful biographer of the Hills, in his *Memoir of Lord Hill*, has not done justice to his political consistency, especially in reference to the Emancipation question, eliminating all mention of it, though informed of it by the memoranda with which I supplied him. Notwithstanding this temporary political discrepancy of views between the Duke and Lord Hill, it was interesting to remark that on one occasion on which the Duke's personal honour was concerned, and he was called upon to vindicate himself from the charge of taking undue advantage of George IV., addressing to the House from the cross benches a speech which elicited a glowing eulogium from Lord Brougham, Lord Hill and Lord Beresford placed themselves immediately behind him.

Lord Hill's country residence, whilst he discharged the duties of Commander of the Forces, was Hardwicke, between Hawkstone and Shrewsbury. Here he enjoyed the society of two of his three unmarried sisters. The elder presided at his table, as she had previously at that of her uncle Sir Richard, and her father Sir John. She was, to use an Irish expres-

sion, a lady "every inch," dignified but unassuming, and the very personification of benevolence. In London, whilst accompanying Sir Richard during his attendance on Parliament, she had seen far more of society than subsequently in the retirement of the country. Her views of religion accorded with those of her uncles and aunts of another generation, and her life was spent in deeds of Christian charity. But her notions of Church-government were loose, and singular was her plea for attending a dissenting chapel, that it mattered not where an old woman like herself worshipped God, for her influence, though in a narrow sphere, was, as might be supposed, considerable. Lord Hill was naturally aggrieved by her building a chapel close to the parish church, because she did not approve of the clergyman's teaching, a proceeding which a change of her minister for the worse must have occasioned also on her part some compunctions.

No better proof can be supplied of the estimation in which Miss Hill was held by her brothers than that their letters written during the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns were all addressed to her. Those bearing the signatures of at least four of them, chiefly that of Lord Hill, were pointed out to me by the late Lord Hill as preserved insecurely in a lidless deal box in a cupboard of the dining-room at Hawkstone. On undertaking to sort them, I found that they formed a complete series of despatches from the seat of war, and with the assistance of Lord Hill, and Colonel Egerton his secretary, who being fortunately at Hawkstone furnished dates when wanting, left them carefully deposited and available for Mr. Sidney's biography. One letter in a round hand, addressed to his mother by Lord Hill, which I concluded to have been written when he was a child, proved on perusal to contain the account of his having been wounded in the right hand at Toulon, in the first action in which he took part. It is unfortunate that this valuable autograph, which at the

time I consigned to the especial care of the late Lord Hill, should be missing.

One remarkable result of Miss Hill's knowledge of war and of the military profession was her decided aversion to any one entering it. "I am sorry for it," she observed emphatically, when I informed her of my eldest son's going into the Guards.

Hardwicke afforded Lord Hill little employment. His pigeons and bantams, on the breeding of which he bestowed much attention, amused him. And he would stroll round his estate, gun in hand, till his strength failed him. Once when I was accompanying him we came to a "game tree," for such it might be fairly called, got up adroitly by his gamekeeper, then as much the terror of poachers as when following their vocation he had once been of the preservers of game. Lord Hill's sagacity had not failed him in this instance, while acting on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, for he felt that he could depend on the man. He had not previously seen this trophy. The trunk was garnished with cats, one large space at the bottom being reserved for a dog, the limbs and longer boughs with weasels and other vermin, while moles and birds depended from the branches. The vacant post of honour had very nearly been occupied, for we saw a large dog chased by the keeper, narrowly escaping a distant shot.

Lord Hill's official correspondence occupied his evenings, for which purpose he retired with his valuable secretary, Colonel Egerton. But save when any improvement was in progress at Hardwicke or Hawkstone, his active mind, impatient of retirement, might have become the victim of *ennui*. Had not his judgment, kindness, and conciliatory manners smoothed down the occasional asperity incidental to official intercourse, his sensitiveness might have subjected him to annoyance. Indeed, at times he showed it, and

never more than when his interposition was solicited in behalf of an officer of high social as well as military rank, who had got into various troubles. Lord Hill's good-humour and drollery enabled him sometimes to make light of comparatively serious matters. When I was at Hardwicke, a chaise drove up containing a gentleman, who proved to be the Hon. Col. M., commanding a regiment at Chester. He had unfortunately applied some disrespectful language to the Mayor of that city, who forthwith reported it to the Horse Guards. The aggressor promptly resolved on stealing a march on the complainant, proceeding to Hardwicke to propitiate the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Hill on hearing the statement quietly observed: "If you had — for a hatter, the case would have been different, but unfortunately it was in his official capacity that you abused him." The affair could not have been placed in better hands, and was satisfactorily arranged.

In another case, when a young recruiting officer stationed at Cambridge, had, without leave of absence from duty, run off and married the daughter of a celebrated Salopian Professor, my father was requested to intercede with Lord Hill, who much enjoyed the fun of the adventure, and relieved the parties from professional liabilities.

It seems singular that so many members of a family possessed of the most humane and kindly feelings should have selected the profession of arms, especially as their sensibility to suffering, not only of human beings, but of the brute creation, instead of being deadened, grew keener as they advanced in years. Lord Hill's aversion to any one exposing himself to the dangers of battle, unless when required by duty, was proverbial. He would not allow any dependant or servant to encounter such risk. Latterly, when the subject was alluded to, "War, horrid war," was the expression he used when referring to it.

The high and responsible post to which Lord Hill was called induced his regret that his education had been somewhat neglected, and that his father had not bestowed on it more of the care he had expended on his riding. Lord Hill entertained a deep sense of religion, and valued it greatly, as exhibited by some of his friends, and especially members of his own family. Such examples as those afforded by his uncle Rowland and his eldest sister were not lost to him. For his uncle he felt much affection and veneration. His first dinner-party, on his being appointed Commander of the Forces, consisted of relatives and connections, among whom were Mr. Hill and my father, and the genial assemblage was fraught with pleasant associations. Lord Hill ended his days at Hardwicke in Christian preparation for a peaceful close.

Rowland, eldest son of Colonel Hill, succeeded to his grandfather in the possession of Hawkstone, and to his uncle, Lord Hill, in that of his title, in 1842. A happy union with an excellent lady, proprietor of large neighbouring estates, revived the waning fortunes of the family, and contributed materially to reinstate Hawkstone in its elevated and influential position, enabling its worthy lord to acquit himself creditably of various public obligations, whether as Master of the Hounds for a while, commander of his yeomanry regiment, representative in Parliament of his native county, and Lord-Lieutenant, whilst none were more exemplary than himself and his partner in the kindly exercise of hospitality, and in the discharge of all the relative duties.

No more pleasing, though perhaps somewhat equivocal, proof can be given of the kindly understanding which subsisted between himself and his constituents, than that they were quite content that he should reserve his presence in the House of Commons for critical occasions, when, Hill-

like, he was sure of being at his post. One amusing result of the exact coincidence of his appearance in the lobby with the perturbation of the political atmosphere was that by common consent of the members the part of the *stormy petrel* was good-humouredly assigned to him.

Tales of Waterloo were now rife, and it was natural enough to hear the recital of them in the riding-school of the Life Guards, in the racy dialect of troopers chiefly recruited in the northern counties. The officers of the 2d Regiment conferred a great boon on their friends by allowing them to avail themselves of the instruction of their rough-riders. My brother and self enjoyed this advantage for a considerable time. There were six of these straightforward, soldierlike instructors. It was amusing to listen to their stories of Waterloo, where one of their number had been severely wounded. They fully believed that after their first success in their celebrated charge they would meet with no obstacle till they reached Paris,—an unfortunate delusion which cost them dearly, though, strange to say, they seemed disposed to blame their officers, who, like true soldiers, obeyed the order of recall, for not having shared in it. The 2d Regiment suffered a severe loss in Colonel Fitzgerald. The Household Cavalry was in column. Sir Robert Hill was just behind this unfortunate officer, and remarking that he had never before seen such a sight in his life, described him as rocking to and fro for a short time in his saddle, a headless trunk, ere he fell.

The rough-riders adopted a curious mode of summary jurisdiction in case of any one of their number neglecting to clean the school in his turn. Entering the school at the appointed time, I perceived the brotherhood in a corner, one of whom acted, as they said, as “My Lord Judge,” standing on a tub, the regimental colours covering his head and shoulders, and grasping the long broom used to reach

the furthest recesses of the roof of the building. Before him stood the culprit, and on each side of him the assessors. The sentence was the customary one, seventy lashes or the fine of a barrel of ale, the alternative preferred being, as might be supposed, satisfactory to all parties.

These men were in the habit of doing their work in a straightforward way. We obtained leave for our connections, the sons of Mr. Serjeant Praed, to attend the school. The youngest, Winthrop, then quite a boy, was on one occasion pitched from his horse on his head. Hocroft, the rough-rider, concluding from the blackness of his face that there was a dislocation of the neck, and recollecting the mode of rectifying such an injury which he had seen adopted by one of his officers, called two of the troopers off their drill, and placing his patient's head between his own legs, made them jerk it into its right place. The sequel of the proceeding was simple enough—to carry the youth on a shutter to his father's house, to deposit him in the entrance-passage, and return to the barracks without offering a single word of explanation. The learned Serjeant, reaching home soon afterwards, hastened with intense anxiety to the barracks to make inquiry respecting the accident. Young Winthrop recovered, to obtain distinction at Cambridge, in Parliament, and in the literary world, till his failing health blighted his prospect of further eminence, and closed his brief career in 1838. When he paired off in the lobby of the House of Commons with Lord Surrey, who was bound for Athens in quest of his bride, he was so fully satisfied of his hopeless condition that he observed to a friend that it was strange that death and marriage should pair off together.

CHAPTER VI.

1816.

THE RHINE—SWITZERLAND—DR. COPLESTON AND THE
DUNCANS—GENEVA.

IN July 1816, accompanied by my College friend, Harvey James Sperling, I commenced the tour of Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. Between Dover and Calais the loss of our topsail elicited a curious instance of sailors' superstition. They attributed the mishap to the presence of women, declaring that when they saw those soldiers' wives come aboard they knew that they should neither have luck nor grace. "There were sixteen, each with a child a fortnight old," a well-seasoned tar assured us, "t'other day when our mast went over. Cats and women ought to keep at home, I've always said it."

At St. Omer we found that out of thirty-six churches and religious establishments which once contributed to the celebrity of this hallowed city only four remained. Here and at Cassel the display of British uniforms announced the presence of the army of occupation. At Cassel the delightfully situated Hôtel Vandamme, formerly belonging to the General whose name it bears, and still retaining traces of the damage it suffered on the occasion of its owner's disgrace, now furnished the headquarters of Lord Combermere,

who commanded the British cavalry. The Pagets and Cottons were brought by a singular combination of circumstances to cross-purposes. Lord Combermere arrived in India as successor to Sir Edward Paget, just in time to deprive him of the *éclat* and the prize-money which would otherwise have fallen to his share on the capture of Bhurtpore. But his good fortune was cancelled by a severe mortification on the appointment of a Paget, in the person of Lord Uxbridge, to the command of the cavalry at Waterloo, whilst, to complete his ill-luck, of the spoils of Bhurtpore, amounting to £70,000, one half was lost by the failure of Alexander's bank, and the remainder was much impaired by losses in the indigo trade.

The steamboat had not yet deprived the traveller of much of the enjoyment of the scenery of the Rhine, as, viewed from the land, its castled crags and wooded and rocky ridges on the one bank are brought into close proximity by the winding of the road, whilst the ever varying foreground enhances the picturesque beauty of the other.

At Cologne our innkeeper conversed with us freely in Latin. And at Frankfort one of our many useful introductions brought us acquainted with a manufacturer, the sole topic of whose conversation was English literature, with which he was thoroughly conversant. Here, and at every town on this part of our journey, we were received with open arms by ministers and laymen, some men of distinction, members of Bible Societies, to whom a letter from our own foreign secretary, Dr. Steinkopff, proved an open sesame.

We stayed a few days at Stuttgart. The rule of the King, though reputedly despotic, was in some respects praiseworthy. He tolerated liberty of opinion, provided excellent roads, and, so far as good government may conduce to such a result, might be in some degree credited with the uniform civility of his people. But his unpopularity was

excessive, and attributable to the fact of his burdening a population of a single million of inhabitants with the cost of two large palaces, 300 horses, and a corresponding hunting equipage, and of the further luxury of an immense menagerie, and of his State contingent of 20,000 men. The Queen was little known, living in privacy, and devoting herself to the care of the poor.

We diverged from our route to visit a castle cresting a distant conical hill, which proved to be that of Hohenzollern, eyrie of the Prussian eagle ere the royal bird took his flight to Brandenburg, on his way to more extensive empire. In its elevated site—difficult of approach, as befitted troublous times—and its spacious apartments, from whose dismantled walls hung fading portraits of the ancestors of an imperial line, we could retrace the half-obliterated vestiges of an illustrious history.

We can scarcely now realise our countrymen's ignorance of the scenery and of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Switzerland when its fastnesses were first opened up by the Peace. The Germans, especially students, had made good use of their almost exclusive access to the forbidden territory—plodding, but unenterprising, and contenting themselves with no other guidance than that derived from the pages of Ebel's valuable but ponderous work in four volumes. Though the Swiss De Saussure had immortalised himself by his ascent of Mont Blanc in the preceding century, yet the virgin snows of no other of the higher Alps had received the impress of human footsteps. The significant title of Jungfrau might then be claimed by many a rival peak, whilst less was ascertained of Monte Rosa than of the Mountains of the Moon, and the formidable Matterhorn was as yet undiscovered.

Ebel as our guide—for there were as yet no handbooks—and Planta our historian, we explored, so little were these

less picturesque districts known, the north-west Cantons. There was a freshness in the aspect and manners of the Swiss at this time which modern travellers would fain have witnessed. At St. Gall we found an excellent cicerone in the person of Antistes (late Dean) Scherer, who conducted us to the library of the celebrated monastery, orphan establishment, and other objects of interest.

The manufacturers of this Canton had signalled their liberal anticipation of the successful struggle of free-trade by foregoing their monopoly in favour of the untaxed admission of foreign goods to their market.

The population of the Canton of St. Gall is equally divided between Roman Catholics and Protestants, living amicably together, as Dr. Scherer informed us, after experiencing the inconvenience of living on unfriendly terms. The Roman Catholics branched into two sections, the one liberal, headed by Baron Wessenberg, a warm supporter of the Bible Society, and the other Ultramontane, at the beck of the Pope. Few of the priests have ventured to follow the Baron's example in defiance of Papal opposition, but many are favourably disposed to the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures.

The Canton of St. Gall includes the lesser one of Appenzell, which is divided into two parts, the one Protestant and commercial, and the other Catholic and agricultural, of which Appenzell is the *chef lieu*, constituting two distinct republics. From St. Gall we proceeded to Appenzell, and thence through beautiful scenery to Weissbad, at the foot of the Appenzell mountains. The aspect of the Canton of Appenzell indicated the peculiar social condition of the people. Pasture is exclusively regarded and skilfully managed, so that hills and valleys, so strikingly are lawns interspersed with forest, remind one of an English park, whilst neat cottages, placed at brief intervals in the midst of their little territories, radiating from the metropolis, suggest the idea

of universally diffused comfort, whilst their cheerfulness and kindness are indicated by the unfailing smile and cordial welcome with which they greet the stranger.

At Appenzell, an innkeeper who spoke French remarkably well proved to be *chef d'État*. The constitution of the government of this little community was somewhat complicated; composed of an assembly meeting annually, to which every male of the age of sixteen is eligible, invested with the right of electing all the officers of the State, the head of whom is the Landamman, and also of a senate, a parliament of shepherds, who declare war or peace. And well did these nomad patriots assert their independence some four hundred years ago, when at Am Stoss, a few miles hence, their women fought by their side against the Austrians, whose captured standards still adorn the church, as did the armour of which the enemy had been despoiled, till removed by the French. In a vault below a chapel is observed a custom revolting to our notions. A railing, enclosing a heap of bones and skulls, appeared lined with skulls, one of which had belonged to a Landamman who died in 1811. The State permits its subjects to testify their affection for a deceased kinsman by digging up the body, and assigning to it the coveted honour of this conspicuous position, distinguished by an appropriate inscription.

An immense ridge rises to southward of the Canton of Appenzell, culminating in Sentis, 7600 feet in height. At the entrance of three ravines scooped out of this mountain stands Weissbad; and on our arrival, informed by a young Neuchâtel merchant of a hermitage in the mountains, the chapel of Wildkirchli, some 4000 feet above the level of the sea, where he proposed passing the night to witness the sun rise, we agreed to accompany him. A rough ascent brought us within hearing of the bell of the not distant chapel, which announces five times daily the hour of prayer to the in-

habitants of the mountains, the effect of its tones solemnised by the fast closing shades of evening. At length a narrow path, overhung by beetling rocks, 250 feet in height, conducted us over a little bridge spanning a deep chasm to the hut in which we had to pass the night, the lonely domicile formerly of a priest, and now of an aged peasant. Our host cordially welcomed us. We found three peasants on their way to Sentis, speedily followed by others of both sexes, attracted by the report of our arrival and the free distribution of wine, which we purchased of our host for the purpose. Our hermit's glee was irrepressible. He waltzed with shepherd girls for an hour and a half. Conversing with his guests by means of our Neuchâtel interpreter, we were much gratified by the simplicity of their manners. The apartment in which we mustered was but twelve feet square, and the dormitory whither we and five privileged peasants were ushered, when the party broke up, about ten o'clock, was a loft in which some straw was strewed by way of bedding, whilst the heat of the atmosphere would have been intolerable had it not been attempered by blasts admitted by crevices in the wall. As for sleep, it might have been encouraged by the drum-like murmuring sound of the dripping of water from the rock on the closely contiguous roof of the building, but for the unrelenting persecution of a host of insects, to escape which we plunged at earliest dawn into the delicious cold bath of the drenching mountain mist.

We were very much gratified by the sight of an album, in which, at the request of our host, we inserted our names. During the many years in which the entries of visitors had been recorded, there were only two other than German, but these deeply interested us. The one was dated just twenty years previously, that of a young Englishman, of whose future great expectations were entertained, a member of our own College, who having attained high distinction at the

University, devoted his time to the acquisition of the dialects of Switzerland and a thorough knowledge of its social condition, and afterwards proceeding to Greece, found his grave in the Parthenon: "John Tweddell, 1796." Of the other I much regret having lost the exact inscription, but it was as nearly as possible as follows: "The Duke d'Enghien, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, * * *, passed the night in this cell on such a date, on his way to the top of the mountain." Beneath it some one had written in French, "This unhappy prince was shot on the * * *" (a few weeks after this adventure).

"Exoriare aliquis vestris ex ossibus ultor."¹

At Zug we had the good fortune to meet with three distinguished Oxonians, who, having engaged the only available boat, on hearing of our arrival kindly invited us to join them. One of them taking up my sketch-book interested me much by his artistic criticism. One of his companions, observing my gratification, whispered to me that my instructor was Dr. Copleston, Provost of Oriel, to whom I then recollected having been introduced when a boy at Oxford by my father. A general interchange of names ensued. The Doctor's companions were John and Philip Duncan, fellows of New College, to whose enlightened munificence Oxford can bear witness, and of whose practical philanthropy both Oxford and Bath retain lasting memorials. My acquaintance with these eminent individuals, especially Mr. Philip Duncan, proved a source of much enjoyment and profit in after life. And as the guest of Dr. Copleston at the Deanery of St. Paul's, at his episcopal residence near Llandaff, and elsewhere, I had many opportunities of enjoying his instructive conversation.

Dr. Copleston suffered through life from an unhealthy

¹ This ancient hermitage, opened in 1656, has been since closed.

physical temperament affecting his nerves and spirits. Morally and intellectually he was better qualified for the discharge of the duties of a College than of a See. The natural and acquired power of his reasoning faculties, sharpened up by the habitual discussions of the Oriel common-room, induced a tendency to refining obstructive of practical results. He found congenial employment in the fruitless endeavour to reconcile in his published sermons Free-will with Predestination, and more successfully in vindicating the educational system of his University from the strictures of a trinity of contributors to a hostile article of the *Edinburgh Review*, so effectually as to justify the *Io triumphe !* of his apt quotation—

“Tres una disjectas forma, tria corpora, Memmi,
Una dies dedit exitio.”

Though fond of argument and addicted to paradox, he was wont to delight his friends by the ready outpouring of his extensive and varied information, and he was by no means disinclined to the romance of history or of fiction. I found him, on passing a couple of days with him when Bishop, at his rented villa near Chepstow, much interested in a work recently published at his suggestion and cost, detailing, under the title of *Restormel*, where stood the oak which sheltered Charles II., the adventures of the fugitive monarch. And whilst we took shelter in a barn from rain when walking together at Sidmouth, I listened to him, with surprise as well as enjoyment, analysing our novels from the earliest date chronologically and critically, as if rehearsing the subject-matter of an article of a periodical.

When his strength failed him he had seats arranged round his lawn at Chepstow at short intervals, walking from one to another, and thus whilst he conversed indulging his taste for scenery.

Latterly his friends found the Bishop occasionally irritable and captious; but I never saw him but once in such mood. Meeting him abroad in London, and listening to his complaint respecting his indifferent health, I suggested his consulting Jephson. He observed that he had already received similar advice, and that he reserved compliance with it as a *dernier ressort*. Some time afterwards I found him still ailing, and reminding him of his formerly expressed intention, found that he had fulfilled it, as he sufficiently proved by his vehement denunciation of "that quack," whose recommendation of a couple of mutton-chops for dinner was equivalent in his estimation to a sentence of death. It would have been difficult to find amongst Jephson's submissive patients one less tolerant of such prescribed abstemiousness than Bishop Copleston; for perhaps to his uncareful management of a morbid appetite his ill-health was partly attributable.

It was happy for the Bishop of Llandaff that his episcopal position did not involve him in controversies which would have sorely tried his administrative capacity. For the intellectual solution of the problems with which he might have found it necessary to deal would not have supplied the lack of practical decision and of prompt action, to which he was neither physically nor morally disposed, and his consequent embarrassment might have shaken the confidence of his staunchest friends.

Mr. Philip Duncan, whose valuable friendship I enjoyed to the close of his protracted life, was, according to its truest and best type, a citizen of the world. Whether we found him at Oxford, where he resided during term-time, in his rooms in New College, in the exercise of hospitality, or exhibiting as a well-skilled cicerone the collections of natural history for which the University was indebted to himself and his brother, or otherwise occupied at Bath in the super-

intendence of the Mendicity and other philanthropic institutions of which he and his brother were the joint founders, or sharing with his aged sister in a pleasant suburb of that city the comparative retirement of a villa, which Wilberforce happily designated his "wren's nest," cherishing his remembrance of past and present friendships as he turned over the pages of a volume containing the engraved portraits of a long list of episcopal and other distinguished allies, lay and clerical, or seated in his arm-chair at his club amidst a group of listeners, or gratifying his friends by amateur lectures on natural history,—a subject which he originally took up to relieve his spirits of the burthen of an at one time oppressive melancholy, or as one of the most engaging and well-informed of companions, he was ever the same genial friend and philanthropist; his keen, penetrating glance beaming with benignity, his heart, hand, and purse ever ready for the promotion of any good work, and the ample resources of his varied experience of collegiate, cosmopolitan, and travelled life ever available for the delight and instruction of persons of all ages and conditions. Till not long before his last gradual decay, when he was wheeled about in his invalid chair, he kept up his early habits. When staying with us at Clifton, as he occasionally did, he presented my son, then quite a stripling, with a sketch of the adjacent cliffs and river, which he had taken before breakfast, as a memento of his last visit. And once when I met him walking healthfully, he informed me that he had on that day completed his eightieth year, enjoying the great gratification of seeing every one of the institutions which he had planted at Oxford and Bath flourishing around him. To John Duncan much that has been said of Philip was applicable. The two brothers were inseparable till John's marriage, and when on one and the same day they received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford,

shared the enthusiastic ovation which their distinguished merit elicited from the collective University.

At Berne we were kindly received by the venerable Antistes Hess. *En route* we passed a very pleasant day with General Aufden Maur, Capitaine d'État of Schwyz, etc. This distinguished officer, who had headed the insurrection of the Swiss against the French, had been mainly instrumental in overcoming the prejudice which deterred the Swiss Roman Catholics from serving under a Protestant sovereign, of whom 4000 were now included in the contingent of 10,000 in the pay of the King of the Netherlands under his command. Of their devotion to the Bourbons the Swiss Roman Catholics gave memorable proof in their self-sacrifice at the Carousel. They now preferred the Sardinian to any other service. The Swiss practice of foreign enlistment, though regarded invidiously, has been vindicated and encouraged by the Swiss Government as furnishing a ready supply of well-trained native troops in case of need. The General was very fond of the English, and offered us letters of introduction. He had recently met with a curious adventure. As he was riding leisurely over the bridge at Rapperschwyl, a mile in length, his horse, taking fright, proceeded at full gallop, scattering in all directions the loose planks of which it was composed, till his course was arrested by the closing of the further gate of the town, and himself arrested and detained prisoner till it was ascertained that he was the innocent cause of a wreck which it required a flotilla of boats to gather up and replace.

At Geneva we found the social habits of the people differing materially in one respect from those of the small towns through which we had passed. The individuals to whom we had been elsewhere introduced laid out their time for our benefit, but offered no hospitality, whereas our mornings and evenings were now at once mortgaged to a variety of hosts.

We received much kind attention, at his beautifully situated country residence, Au Bocage, from an individual well known in the political world, M. François D'Yvernois. Geneva owed to him a lasting debt of gratitude. At the commencement of the Revolution, the French Government directed the immediate bombardment of the city by the troops investing it. But the General in command, Montesquieu, who, during a short residence at Geneva, had contracted friendship with some of the inhabitants, and especially D'Yvernois, deferred compliance with the edict, declaring to the citizens that the Almighty kept watch upon their ramparts. The Convention, incensed by the delay, issued an order for the arrest of the General, but D'Yvernois, receiving private information of it from Paris, repaired to him in his camp at the risk of his own life, and brought him into Geneva, whence he escaped across the Lake. The crisis passed, the French army was withdrawn, and Geneva was spared!

M. D'Yvernois conversed much on politics, among other subjects. He deplored the mischief resulting from the revelations of the *Morning Chronicle*, and especially from their influence on the English funds during the war. "J'ai lu le Morn. Chro. et je dois connaître tout," was the language held. He dwelt on the republican spirit of economy manifested by the Genevese Government.

Geneva had now become the resort of distinguished foreigners, who mingled freely with the natives. At Lady Breadalbane's ball and private theatricals they mustered in equal numbers. On these two occasions we saw assembled Prince Metternich, Lady Jersey, several members of our aristocracy, and a young Prince of Mecklenburg. But the chief interest, when two French plays were performed, centred in Madame de Staël and her daughter, afterwards Duchess de Broglie, who appeared attired as Corinne, but only as a spectator. A prominent part was assigned to

young Lord Glenorchy, whose exhibition gave no promise of the lead he was destined to take in the Free Church movement soon after the Disruption, or in Sir George Sinclair's subsequent unsuccessful scheme of comprehension, or when mustering his tartaned clan at a great review in the Queen's Park, in such loose array as to elicit the objurgation of the military authorities. His composure was now put to the test by the immoderate laughter of his father, a short quaint old gentleman, who had his eyes open and his remarks ready wherever he went, and whose risible faculties were now sorely taxed by histrionic display in a quarter in which apparently it was least to be looked for.

The tone of morals in Geneva was represented as superior to the general average of that of other large towns. The religion of the community had notoriously suffered much detriment from French influence. Socinianism had deeply infected the Genevese as other Protestantism, but was happily yielding to reaction, promoted much by English visitors, among whom, about this time, Haldane and Drummond commenced their labours. The prevalent infidelity was chiefly traceable to Voltaire. M. Moulinié, author of an interesting work entitled *Meditations on Mont Blanc*, an excellent pastor, who most kindly greatly assisted our researches as cicerone, conducted us to the Délices, whence the arch-heretic diffused his poison throughout Geneva and other European States. "A numerous and increasing society," observed M. Moulinié, "worshipped Voltaire as an oracle, whose inspiration was as surely prompted by the devil as that which Rollin imputed to the ancient oracles. Several of his friends vainly endeavoured to engage Voltaire in discussion on religious subjects, as, evading their arguments, which he could not combat, he defended his position by one of those terrible *jeux-d'esprit* which, darted by a sarcastic smile and envenomed by infernal

poison, inflicted a deadly wound, and so disposed of the controversy.”

M. Moulinié, Professor Pictet, and other like coadjutors, were engaged in the circulation of religious books, and, notwithstanding much opposition, in the endeavour to introduce in part the Liturgy of the Church of England into the Presbyterian service. Much moral benefit had in their opinion resulted from the suppression of the theatre. On its having been opened by the French, the workpeople reserved their savings for the entertainments. The Genevese now identified the closing, the usage of the olden time, in the spirit of the Scotch Presbyterians, with the recovery of their liberties. It may be presumed that private theatricals did not come within the scope of the prohibition. Yet dancing in private houses was by Genevese law not allowed after midnight—a restriction which probably would not have been tolerated in any other State.

At an ordination of clergy, a simple, solemn service, we listened to a very impressive discourse; but were disappointed in hearing the celebrated preacher Chenevix deliver on another occasion only a brief catechetical address to children. Some persons wore their hats, according to ancient Presbyterian fashion, during divine service.

The Bible Society, whose operations had proved most seasonable and effective, had alarmed the Protestant Church by the circulation of some queries among the pastors, many of whom were scattered through France. Apprehending the jealousy of the Government, they obviated such possible consequence by at once showing the documents received to the Prefects.

We passed a few days at Chamouni, climbing the mountains by different tracks. Professor Pictet had supplied us with valuable information, illustrated by reference to a bas-relief of the mountains in his possession, and also M. Moulinié, who

had made Mont Blanc his study. But we placed more reliance on our guide, Jean Michel Cachat, *dit le Géant*, so called as having discovered that passage, and having shared with De Saussure the honour of ascending Mont Blanc. He was now aged, but his frame was stout and muscular, and his countenance strikingly expressive. During the four days in which he accompanied us he conversed with animation, interesting us much by his tales of adventure; and as he approached the scene of his principal exploits speaking enthusiastically of De Saussure, narrating every particular of his ascent of Mont Blanc by quoting his words. Cachat, on discovering the passage of the Géant, reported his success at Geneva to De Saussure, who at once on receiving the intelligence sprang up, seized him by the hand, and replied, "Est-il possible? il faut que je parte le lendemain; veux-tu m'y conduire?" Cachat at once consented, supped with him, assisted him in the immediate preparation of the necessary equipage, and soon afterwards accompanied him on the expedition, followed by his son Cachat, and Balmat, *dit le Mont Blanc*, as discoverer of the route to the summit. The party spent seventeen days on the Col du Géant making observations, and the guides commemorated their stay by the erection of a stone hut, which they called the "maison aux cinq cents fenêtres."

The guides questioned us strictly as to whether we travelled on Sunday, and were much gratified by our answering in the negative. They mentioned that some Englishmen had lately ascended to the Montanvert on Sunday without guides, as none would accompany them, and paid dearly for their rashness. An eminent Professor's recently published ridicule of his guides on account of their respect for the Sabbath-day is, to say the least of it, dictated by no good taste or creditable feeling.

The hospitality and kindness of the Genevese were un-

bounded. Letters of introduction to Italy and to all the Protestant ministers in the south of France were offered to us. We passed a night at the monastery of St. Bernard, being entertained by such fare as was compatible with a *jour maigre*.

CHAPTER VII.

1816-17.

NORTH OF ITALY—VENICE—NAPLES.

IN the north of Italy we got a sight of some noted personages. Near Como two carriages passed us filled with men attired in Turkish dresses. Our driver gave us notice of their approach, and drove up by the road-side that we might have a full view of one, a portly-looking personage, whom he pointed out to us, exclaiming loudly enough to be heard by the whole party, "Ecco il marito!" This was no other than Bergamo! Queen Caroline resided at a villa near Canobbio on the Lake of Como, attended by a cortége of twenty so-called Turks, unvisited by the Milanese.

Near Parma we were present at a review of 1500 Parmesan troops by the Archduchess of the Principalities of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, wife of Napoleon. We were struck by the pleasing expression of her smile as she graciously acknowledged our bows as we awaited on a bridge her return after dismissing her troops on account of heavy rain. As the palace was very rarely accessible to strangers, we sent up our cards to the Governor with little prospect of seeing it, when to our surprise and gratification we were received by a Count at the door, and by another Count, the Governor, at the top of the grand staircase, who, expressing his regret that there was so little to show us, but that all

was open to us, conducted us through the various apartments, not excepting the Archduchess's private cabinet, which she had obligingly left for the purpose. On our mentioning our having seen the Archduchess as she passed, he replied that she had observed us. The marked and exceptional attention shown to three young travellers presenting themselves in a hired country carriage was doubtless owing to one of our party being a kinsman of the house of Hapsburg and a Count of the Holy Roman Empire,—the Earl of Denbigh. He had originally proposed my accompanying him on his tour, but he left England too soon for me, and had now joined us at Geneva, and eventually returned to England with us. The armorial bearings on his carriage, identical with those of Austria, must have been remarked everywhere by the Austrian authorities, and prepared the Count for our kindly reception. The Archduchess was personally popular, and bore the title of Her Majesty; but the people complained of the weight of the taxes, the produce of which was chiefly destined to the Austrian treasury. The Archduke Regnier was now here.

At a palazzo near Venice we saw Lord Byron, who was now leading an unhappy, ill-conditioned life in that city. He had quarrelled with and avoided his countrymen, irritated unceasingly by the hostility of reviewers, whose critiques were duly transmitted to him. He was engaged, like ourselves, in looking over a picture-gallery, accompanied by some Italian artists. I recognised him at once, having seen him in the House of Lords; but we carefully, as we thought, concealed our knowledge of his person, till, perceiving that we had passed two or three times through the room in which he was, he concluded that he was observed, and turning upon us that look and lip of scorn occasionally aped in his day by caricaturists affecting the poet's morbid misanthropy, stalked away indignantly with his suite.

The Austrians were generally now much disliked in the north of Italy. Napoleon, aware of his unpopularity after Marengo, propitiated the Milanese at the expense of Turin, Venice, and other neighbouring States, by selecting their capital as the seat of government and centre of legislation, enhancing its grandeur by commemorating his recent victory by a stately arch and opening a costly picture-gallery. The natives compared invidiously the lavish but congenial magnificence of the Imperial Court with the niggardliness imputed to the Austrians, although the taxes imposed by the French amounted to only a half of those levied by the Austrians; whilst the politeness of French manners could smooth down asperity induced by unpopular measures, which would be only aggravated by the rudeness of the Austrians. The Milanese were, moreover, deceived by the relative pre-eminence assigned to them into the belief that they were sharers of Imperial ascendancy, and that their interests were so thoroughly identified with those of the French that they might be heard to declare: "Had we been led by Beauharnais or Murat we should have kept out the Germans;" whilst they recollected that their State had been reduced by the Austrians, whom they looked down upon as an inferior race, to the condition of a province. The notion, now prevalent, of the unification of Italy centering in Rome, they positively loathed.

Meanwhile Venice withered under the baneful influence of Austrian rule. Excepting a small portion engaged by the Austrian army, 8000 workmen employed in the arsenal, one half of whom collected timber in Istria and Friuli, had been turned adrift; and, to save expense, the work done by freemen devolved on 700 convicts. Commerce, which had flourished after the peace, had been almost annihilated by the imposition of duties. The Austrian fleet was reduced to two frigates and a sloop. The population was rapidly

diminishing. The nobles were half-ruined: of their palaces two or three rooms only were occupied, whilst the cheapness of precious stones and other rare specimens of *vertu*, traceable to their cabinets, indicated the necessitous sale which brought them into the market.

At Venice we were so fortunate as to be accompanied by M. Maffei as our cicerone. Speaking æsthetically of the gondoliers, he had been acquainted with one, who, with the single drawback of some slight malformation of the neck, was a Hercules in his proportions, with another who might have personated Apollo, and with a third who in point of form and expression of countenance might have passed for an Adonis, and whose model was nearly completed when he was unfortunately sent to the galleys as head of a gang of housebreakers. Among the Neapolitan women he had never met with a Venus.

Leaving Denbigh at Rome, we remained at Naples from December 6 to February 20, 1817. Ferdinand VII., King of the Two Sicilies, having drained to its dregs the bitter cup of adversity which he had shared with most of his crowned or discrowned European contemporaries, had been lately restored, a time-stricken veteran, to the peaceful enjoyment of his spacious palaces and pleasant hunting-grounds, and to the undisputed sovereignty of his richly-endowed continental and insular dominions. The immediate succession to his throne was secured by his two sons, the elder, Duke of Calabria, who resided at Palermo, viceroy of Sicily, and the younger, Prince of Salerno, who had just introduced a Sardinian bride to his ancestral home. The *point d'appui* indispensable to the support of his feeble mind, long supplied by the energetic character of his deceased queen, was now provided for by a triumvirate composed of somewhat incongruous materials, in the persons of the handsome Princess Partana, his confessor, and his

honest and thoroughly-trained Prime Minister, Medici, descendant of the Florentine family, who consigned to his colleagues the key of the Royal conscience, whilst he considerably concurred with them in keeping the King in happy ignorance of the real condition of the country. Ferdinand was devout; but his fasts, contrary to scriptural injunction, were proclaimed on the house-top, being duly gazetted for the edification of his subjects. Personally he was on good terms with the Holy See, fully acquiescing in the belief of the partisans of Rome, that Napoleon's downfall was owing to his ill-treatment of the Pope. But his public relations with the Vatican were now seriously disturbed by the steadfast refusal of his Government to fill up seventy out of two hundred vacant bishoprics, and the Papal influence was manifestly declining.

The King had been most loyally welcomed by his subjects, and had reciprocated their enthusiasm whimsically enough in one instance, of which the theatre was the scene. No one who has not observed the electrical effect on the light-hearted Neapolitans produced by any allusion to their prime luxury, macaroni, whether serving as a spur to drivers or rowers or otherwise justifying the exclamation of our guide on Vesuvius, "Behold Naples, where macaroni is eaten from morning till night," could have comprehended the rapture of the spectators on beholding their restored King nibbling off, as he held up, standing in his box, a bunch of the precious condiment with as hearty zest as could have been manifested by one of his worse-fed subjects. The King's advisers must be held responsible for a less harmless appeal to popularity, the throwing open the prison-doors and letting loose 10,000 bandits, assassins, and pick-pockets, who repaid his fatuity with a vengeance.

Murat's brief occupation had not conduced to the stability of the throne or the wellbeing of the people. He must be

credited with laudable projects entertained or accomplished: a scheme of national education, including polytechnic schools; the partial suppression of brigandage, by holding districts in which it chiefly prevailed penally liable; and especially by compelling priests to quit a neighbourhood in which they had obtained cognisance of crime by means of confession; and the costly exploration of Pompeii. But in his military capacity he unexpectedly failed; for, owing no less to his incapacity for supreme command than to the insufficiency and half-heartedness of the Neapolitan troops whom he led, the defeat of Caserta disposed of the scant prestige of good conduct which they had brought from the French service. The splendid swordsman was seen tearing his hair in an agony of vexation as he left the field. The Neapolitans derived some consolation for their failure from the renown, in which they felt a just pride, of their General Filangieri, son of their own celebrated expositor of the Law of Nations, who had distinguished himself in several battles, and had recently shed his blood in the disastrous conflict on the banks of the Po, and less auspiciously by slaying in a duel a French General who had cast a slur on the Neapolitan troops. We once met this hero at a soirée of the *Academia*.

Foreigners have appreciated much more cordially than the natives Murat's antiquarian zeal, but the natives could more thoroughly sympathise with the delight of the *Lazzaroni* on procuring the reversal of an edict, customary, as it was said to be, on the part of the French, ordering the destruction of dogs, by a good-humoured appeal to the better feelings of the Commandant. They formed a line extending to the foot of the staircase of the palace, up which they drove a dog, with a petition from the canine race hanging from his neck, the prayer of which, on the animal reaching the august presence, was instantly accorded.

Traces of the usurpation were not yet obliterated. The portraits of Murat and his kindred of the Buonaparte family still adorned the walls of the palace, whilst his royal wardrobe, as exhibited on the stage, in behalf of which it was purchased, indicated his well-known love of display.

Our only opportunity of seeing the Court in its splendour was on the occasion of a grand masked ball at the palace, in celebration of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Salerno. The King, after playing his rubber with his coterie, walked about in company with the Princess Partana and Medici, conversing affably with several persons, and seemingly very happy. The Prince was tall and stout, and his countenance did not indicate talent. His young bride was much admired. The royal group included the Duke and Duchess of Genovese, the former brother of the King of Sardinia, and the latter sister of the King. Masks were soon laid aside, but the fancy costumes of about 1000 guests, chiefly Spanish and Turkish, enhanced the splendour of the pageant. The hero of the day had a predilection for early hours, of which he gave proof by passing through the ball-room divested of his Court attire amidst a blaze of lights.

The popularity of the Court was already on the wane. The ministers were held responsible for the taxation required to indemnify the English for their services in Sicily, and the Austrians for their costly restoration of the Bourbons, and for the maintenance of an enormous Church establishment, and, unjustly, for the high price of corn. Further, the Neapolitans, whose discontent found a mouth-piece in a large party, sustained by a compact phalanx of 80,000 Freemasons, though enjoying liberty of speech and partial religious toleration, attributed to their own Government, as well as to the British, the failure of their expectations of some amendment in their constitution, corresponding with that which had temporarily prevailed in Sicily. At the head

and front of the offending stood forth, in their estimation, the soldier-statesman, the hope of the Constitutionalists and the bugbear of their opponents, Lord William Bentinck. Very amusing were the current reports of his alleged demeanour towards the hapless King, whom he held in tutelage in Sicily, and of the King subsequently prohibiting his landing at Naples, and taking to his bed whilst his formidable Mentor was in the offing. In proof of the sinister influence ascribed to him, Lord William was fully credited at Naples with the supposed revolutionary tumults which had occurred in England, so alarming in the estimation of the sensitive Neapolitans as to have called forth, as I was informed by the son of Circelli, one of the ministers, on the authority of official documents received from England by his father, during three hours, the open-air rhetoric of Lord Sidmouth!

There was a prevailing impression that the dream of Italian unification might be realised, the language held being utterly at variance with that of the Milanese. "Rome should be the seat of government, as best suited to prevent jealousy. Having no commerce, the capital should derive its wealth from external sources. Italy would politically counterbalance France and prove friendly to England, whose trade would be admitted to all her ports, but hostile to France, as also to Germany, and possibly, at some future period, a check to Russia, whose aggression she regarded with apprehension. Austria, though now powerful in Italy, would eventually cease to be feared."

Naples was now on good terms with all her neighbours, save Rome, and the sword was not likely to decide the ecclesiastical differences between the two States. Yet the internal condition of the country was practically anarchical. Excepting when Austrian pickets patrolled the road between the Roman frontier and Naples, the rural districts were

overawed by brigands, who robbed or levied contributions without stint, in defiance of the ill-paid and cowardly *sbirri* and *gens-d'armes*. A band of outlaws, fantastically accoutred, actually entered Naples on the King's restoration, presented to him a purse containing the proceeds of what they called their war with the French, and after parading the streets for some days resumed their profitable vocation. On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the Government were driven to the shift of employing as police a certain number of *banditti*, till they relinquished its service, on the plea of insufficient pay. The Archbishop of Tarento, Minister of the Interior under Murat, showed us a passport signed by the chief of the *banditti* in a district through which lay his route to his remote diocese, guaranteeing his safety—these criminals relying, no doubt, as they are very superstitious, on their protection of so eminent a Church dignitary as providing an indemnity for their guilt. Another noted chief was in the habit of walking publicly in a village eight miles from Naples, the people capping him as he passed.

The following incident, which occurred just before we reached Naples, shows that, despite of authority, the *banditti* could range up to the very suburbs of the capital. Owen, an excellent man and officer, lieutenant of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Sir Deans Dundas's frigate, now in the Bay, accompanied by two amiable daughters of Sir Henry Lushington, Consul-General at Naples, whose son¹ was a midshipman on board, whilst walking in a neighbouring wood, perceived four men strangely attired and armed to the teeth approaching them. Their alarm was partly dispelled by one of them courteously accosting Owen, assuring him that the disclosure he was about to make was prompted

¹ Just deceased as Admiral Sir Stephen Lushington, K.C.B., a distinguished officer.

by full confidence in the honour of a British officer. It was to this effect: that the lives of himself and his companions had been imperilled by the guilt of robbery and murder, and that they implored him to prevent their capture by conveying them on board his ship. Struck by such dependence on British good faith, and by the demeanour of these outlaws, and believing that the ends of justice would be as effectually secured by their expatriation as by other punishment, Owen agreed to meet one of them, who should appear in disguise at a stated rendezvous in Naples, and make the necessary arrangements for accomplishing the object. The result of the interview was that Owen met the bandits at night on the beach of Baiæ, where a boat was in readiness. But an unexpected obstacle was interposed by the presence of a Neapolitan sentry. The bandits purposed putting him to death, but Owen declared that in that case he would leave them to their fate. Abiding their opportunity, they slipped off unobserved, and were spirited away to Malta.

Several parties had been robbed on the highways, Lady Frances Beresford, Lord Valletort, and others, and afterwards my friend and fellow-collegian Colyear, son and heir of Lord Milsington, who died of a fever, in part occasioned by the ill-usage he had met with.

At length General Church, noted for his ability, was appointed by the Neapolitan Government to the command in Apulia. By the decapitation of some sixty miscreants he manifested what had been wanting to protect the country.

Robbery and assassination enjoyed as complete indemnity in the city as brigandage in the provinces. A foreign resident had witnessed several instances. A friend informed me that he had seen a man ride into Naples, stab another, and make his escape. The law, which requires the imprisonment of witnesses till the trial, defeats its own object, as they naturally fly from the ordeal. The Austrian patrols

make up in some degree for the inefficiency of the police. The city was infested by pickpockets, boys trained, as elsewhere, regularly for the purpose. A figure representing a man, stuffed with straw, depends from the ceiling, covered with bells. Soon as the probationers can extract a handkerchief from the pocket without ringing these, he is considered an adept. During our first week at Naples I captured two culprits out of four who had selected me as their victim. One of these, an old offender, was sentenced, on my proceeding against him, attended by a witness, to a year's imprisonment; but having ascertained the disgraceful state of the jails, as afterwards exposed by Mr. Gladstone, I preferred inflicting corporal punishment on the next who fell into my hands.

And what were the Neapolitan Government's available means of self-defence? The army, nominally amounting to 60,000 men, consisted of regiments many of which were skeletons; whilst the youths who had filled its ranks having been disbanded at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven, were now absorbed into the mass of idle, dangerous loiterers; and recruiting was frustrated by the decline of military credit. Four line-of-battle ships and eight frigates formed the navy, uncommissioned, and their officers on half-pay, as Naples was at peace with the African corsairs, the only power with which it could engage in hostilities. In fact, exclusively of some Sicilian troops, who, clad in scarlet, did duty at the palace and elsewhere, the Government depended, in case of emergency, on such of the 10,000 Austrians as were not employed in supplementing the police. These were considered the *élite* of the Austrian army—Hungarians—distinguished by their blue trousers and higher pay: and of their splendid companies none were comparable to those composed of gipsies, whose complexion, dark as that of Sepoys, with whom they claim kindred, contrasted finely

with their white uniforms. The reason assigned for removing these exotic subjects of the Austrian States to the greatest distance from the holes out of which they had been dug, was, that so strongly were they actuated by the *nostalgia*, that they would otherwise desert.

If we might judge of the ordinary demeanour of the Austrian soldiery from that which they displayed on the Chiaja at a review on the Emperor's birthday, it was not calculated to conciliate the people. Freely did they apply the back of their swords, with or without excuse, to the unfortunate drivers of carriages. Having witnessed the rough retaliation of the Prussians for the wrongs they had suffered from the French, on their march to Paris, the boorish deportment of the Germans in the Milanese and other States, and the dragooning at Naples, I hailed with joy the effacement of the last hoof-print of the imperial host from the devoted soil of Italy.

And on what moral could the Government rely to supply the defects of administrative agency? The education of the people had been grossly neglected; their morals were notoriously profligate; the priests accepted their superstitious homage as an equivalent for honesty and morality; and none flocked more sedulously to the shrines of Loretto and other sanctuaries. Nor, as Madame de Staël justly observes, was there any public opinion in Italy (how could it be formed?), no dread of shame to supply salutary correction of their vicious and criminal propensities. The upper classes shared the superstition of the lower. They were firm believers in the *jettatura*, or evil-eye, and none more seriously than the eminent Archbishop of Tarento.

The piety of devotees had now partly replaced in sanctuaries the treasures plundered by the French. The jet-black complexion of the Virgins of Einsiedeln in Switzerland and Loretto was attributed to the constant action of the

smoke of tapers. But the phenomenon admits of more satisfactory explanation. A beautiful portrait of the Virgin, painted by Sebastian del Piombo, indicating the hand of Michael Angelo, in the collection at Blaise Castle, represents her holding an open volume, on the pages of which is inscribed the following passage from Solomon's Song: "Nigra sum sed formosa filia Hierusalem: ideo Deus me dilexit."

It must be admitted that at Loretto the *culte* of the Virgin has not superseded that of the Saviour, as the features of the brazen statue which bears His name are almost obliterated by the kisses of pilgrims.

No people are more addicted to saint-worship than the Neapolitans; the mariners invoking St. Nicholas in the hour of danger, and the owners of horses St. Anthony, whilst St. Januarius is as much the object of veneration as was Diana of the Ephesians. The pseudo-miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of this saint obtains general assent, though discredited by the avowed scepticism of a Pope, successor of good Pius VII.; and as proof of the emasculating influence of certain teaching on the clergy of our Church, one of their number, an amiable man, and personal friend of mine, incumbent of a valuable benefice, a High but not Romanising Churchman, son of one of our Bishops, ventured during a winter's residence at Rome to publish a vindication of the genuineness of its title to credibility. The Italian Government having prohibited the practice of parading the image of the Saint about the streets, and bringing it face to face with the destroying element when lava approaches the city, will no doubt be held responsible for any calamity which may hereafter ensue.

The Neapolitan population was almost exclusively agricultural, as trade was consigned to foreigners, the army was out of repute, and the navy unavailing; and consequently no diversity of employment stimulated the industry, sharpened

the faculties, and enlarged the information of the labouring classes. The metropolis numbered half a million of inhabitants, recruited exclusively from the rural districts, whence the boors were lured from their ploughs and spades by the boast of their more fortunate townsmen, as expressed by their favourite sayings; the *dolce il far niente*, the *pochi pensieri*, the *si mancano mai*, and the *si muioyono mai*, implying happy exemption from ills to which ordinary mortality is liable,—work, care, hunger, and death. On these texts light-hearted fashion rings its changes from morning till night, “teaching the rustic moralist,” engulfed in the vortex of dissipation, to *live*, if not to *die*.

Porterage and other precarious jobbing supply the loiterers with the means of sustaining life and spirits. The well-stocked provision-shops forbid the dread of starvation. The present takes such effectual care of itself as to preclude anxiety for the future. Death is kept out of sight, or disguised as much as possible: its obsequies are celebrated at night, distinguished by pomp and blazing torches, better suited, when the body is not exhibited to view in its best attire, according to usual custom, to the festal display of a bridal than to the mournful solemnity of a funeral procession. Rarely any but officials follow the body to the sepulchral vault, where I have seen it, after being removed from its gorgeous coffin, and divested of the corresponding paraphernalia of the fraternity to which the deceased belonged, soon as the priest had twice walked round it, waving St. Peter’s keys and sprinkling incense, cast naked into its grave.

Thought is banished by the unceasing *méléc* of the streets, clatter of tongues, and rattling of wheels. The priests humour the national predilection for noise. The *éclat* of a religious ceremonial in honour of our Saviour, which we witnessed, was heightened by a brilliant display of fireworks, whilst the uproar of the saturnalia by which Christmas

is celebrated, when nightly the streets are deserted, except by half-maddened dogs, kept up by the perpetual discharge of pistols and firearms, might suggest to a stranger the idea of a bombardment. The vacant hours are filled up by the questionable teaching of another instructor, Poncinello, who, unlike our own well-dressed moralists, appears, according to the means of the proprietor, in every sort of costume, and even ventures as a full-sized actor on a stage appropriated to his performance.

The merriment of the audience, both in the theatres and in the streets, attributed by foreigners ignorant of the *patois* to their readiness to be pleased, was justified by the more enlightened appreciation of the wit which excited it, formed by one who, passing this winter at Naples, had become capable of understanding it,—Mr. Matthew (called from a work he published, *Monk*) Lewis, brother-in-law of Sir H. Lushington, author of clever but unreadable novels, whose loss Byron lamented—

“ I would give many a sugar-cane
To have Monk Lewis back again.”

It was surmised that Mr. Lewis was as much indebted to his invention as to his memory for the jokes he repeated. The native jargon was treated less ceremoniously by Mr. Hugh Elliot, the able and spirited but indolent diplomatist, when minister at Naples. While walking on the pier he observed a man fall into the water, and plunging in, rescued him from drowning. The grateful native, rushing to his benefactor, overwhelmed him with noisy expressions of gratitude, which Mr. Elliot, grasping him by the hand, thus curtly acknowledged: “ Good-day to you, my friend; it is easier to save your life than understand your lingo.”

But the substructure of Neapolitan society is volcanic. Its light-hearted but inflammable populace may at any time break out into revolt, primarily perhaps with a view to

plunder, but speedily and unconsciously into revolutionary excesses. On the expulsion of the French, the popular frenzy reached its acmé, even, *it is said*, to its victims being roasted and devoured in the market-place.

Climate, fertility of soil, lack of incentive, and vicious or unsettled government, have severally contributed to the degradation of the national character: but can it be denied that it is owing in part to the carelessness and inefficiency of the priesthood? Where and how occupied has been a clerical staff, headed by two hundred bishops (the required number, when the vacancies are filled up), superintending a fabulous multitude of priests, of whom Naples reckons 1200, exclusive of thirty dignified canons, so that it has left little mark on the nation save the signet of rightful or usurped authority?

Of the character of the priests in the rural districts I had no opportunity of judging. We became acquainted with several in Naples, who might be divided into three classes. Those we met in native society, whether prompted by their own or disposed to humour our supposed tastes, invariably opened the conversation by questioning us as to the comparative dimensions of the theatres of Naples and Milan; and the sequel was usually of the same style. We saw much of one who was the brother of our landlady. He was a right genial, jovial, good-humoured, middle-aged gentleman. He passed his evenings almost invariably at the theatre, conspicuous by his merriment. He was exceedingly obliging, and when we had to get dresses for a royal fancy ball, he was indicated to us as a safe authority in such matters, and did not disappoint us. On my return to England I received from him a letter, requesting me to procure for his nephew a consulship, or for himself a pair of razors—an alternative which there was no difficulty in accepting.

I fell in with a priest of very different type at the table of the well-known Mr. Henry Drummond, bent on proselytism, and therefore a man after mine host's own heart. A canon had been instrumental in enticing Lady John Campbell to Rome,—might he have been the individual now present, bent on further conquest? for Mr. Drummond informed me that his guest, on himself leaving the room after dinner, availed himself of the opportunity of inviting Lady Harriet to kneel down and pray to the Virgin, assuring her that such act of devotion would prove harmless, if not very beneficial.

A third class of priests has been spoken of besides the worldly and the zealots—the liberal. Of these several were favourable, though, from fear of consequences, not ostensibly, to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Drummond had sounded their disposition. He was bent, in accordance with official sanction temporarily obtained, on publishing at Naples an edition of the New Testament. He proceeded with caution, which had been strongly recommended to him by Lord William Bentinck, and was sanguine enough to anticipate the Papal sanction of a proposed Bible Association under the presidency of the Bishop of Pozzuoli, though now out of favour. But, as we shall see, Mr. Harford precipitated at Rome the inevitable result.

The tone of Neapolitan society is very low. The Cavalieri or nobles, whether owing their titles to territory or to inheritance, so numerous as to include nearly all the unprofessional gentry, are very ill educated. They are seldom sent to school, and are apt to forfeit the advantage of public tuition, when secured to them, by insubordination; and consequently the great majority of them are brought up at home under the sole charge of the priests, who are generally quite unqualified for the task. Attaining manhood, they find scarcely any opportunity of employment, unless appointed, in rare instances, to a civil office. To professional

and commercial pursuits they will not condescend. We have seen that the credit of the army was not such as to overcome their indolence and love of pleasure, and that the navy was on half-pay. The heads of noble families are admitted to diplomatic posts, and are sent on foreign missions at the age of fifty or sixty, having received no special training for their important duties, as it would be considered, so rooted is their prejudice, *infra dig.* that men of their rank should be thrust into the "common herd of clerks" of the Foreign Office. Some Church preferment is reserved for the nobles: six out of the thirty canonries of Naples are so appropriated, whilst they are eligible to the rest. Thus the whole system of the treatment of the higher classes is calculated to degrade them in the social scale. No inducement is offered to them to make up by self-culture for the deficiency of education, and they too commonly pass their time in riding, dancing, gallantry, playgoing, and too prevalent gambling. Their ignorance is notorious. A kindly Marchese, from whom we received much civility, asked me, when calling on us, on my replying to his question how long it would take to go from England to St. Helena, "Whether by land or sea?" His younger son, an intelligent merchant, was evidently discomposed by his father's blunder. Somewhat similar was the observation made to Fox by a Sicilian nobleman who applied to the minister for the assistance of troops,—in reply to his remark that England was an island,—“But Sicily is an island too, and that makes all the difference.”

In person and manner the Cavalieri betray no incapacity for higher pursuits than those which engross their time, and are unaffectedly friendly and obliging, as we experienced in not a few instances. The Cavalieri mingle to a certain extent in familiar intercourse with other classes of society; but as a rule they form a caste apart. The *Accademia dei Cavalieri*, an institution which provides twice a week the

largest social gatherings, excludes all other classes, except military officers above the rank of Captain, and foreigners introduced by an Ambassador. The isolation of the Cavalieri is carried so far that they are buried apart as members of an exclusively noble fraternity. Moreover, it was the custom to dig up their bodies on All Saints Day, and dress them up smartly to receive a visit from their relatives and friends.

The four houses opened weekly or more frequently for receptions were the Academia, and those of Sir George Talbot, the Princess Belmonte, and the Archbishop of Tarento. In the two latter gambling was permitted. In these a portion of the families of the Cavalieri might be seen; but many were precluded from attending by poverty or the unsuitableness of their hours to those of the English. Sir George Talbot laid himself out for attracting the natives. He pointed out to me at his own house a dance, every lady taking part in which was a Principessa. It should be observed that the title of Prince, being territorial, ranks below that of Duke. The English, nevertheless, complained that they saw nothing of native society save the scantling of Cavalieri whom they met in ball-rooms. In proof of the effect of incongruous hours, at a grand concert at the Academia, when the Duke and Duchess of Genovese were present, the natives, who had dined between twelve and three, withdrew *en masse* to the rooms set apart for gambling, or to their own homes, before the English swarmed in after their late dinner. The deferential respect shown to ladies in Neapolitan society was remarkable. At the Academia whole benches were cleared to make room for them. Politics were never suffered to disturb the harmony of the parties. We observed a Cardinal present who had been Grand Almoner under Murat.

Facile princeps among the Neapolitan nobles was Monsignor Capecelatro, Archbishop of Tarento. Representative of an ancient and wealthy family, he owned several palaces.

That which he occupied at Naples commanded a fine view of the bay, and was so spacious that he incurred no inconvenience from having an Austrian general quartered upon him. It derived especial interest from the circumstance of its having been the residence of Sir W. Hamilton, and consequently associated with well-known incidents in Nelson's life. During the reign of Murat the Archbishop discharged the duties of Minister of the Interior, and prosecuted zealously, with the full encouragement of his chief, excavations at Pompeii, stimulating by private largesses the industry of the workmen, a merit contrasting favourably with the general apathy of his fellow-countrymen in respect to such researches. His multiplied avocations did not preclude his attention to science. Sir Humphry Davy remarked to me that he was the most scientific man in the kingdom of Naples,—scant commendation, he added.

The Archbishop dined at three P.M., and after a siesta received his visitors. He invited us once to dinner, and to all his other parties, and gave us the run of his picture-gallery. He was singularly affable and communicative, and though politically under a cloud, could perceive no lack of attendance at his levees. He played cards regularly, and, as it has been mentioned, was so perceptibly under the influence of the *jettatura*, that he would sometimes throw up his game, under the impression that he was the mark of some evil eye. He had an especial predilection for Persian cats, which swarmed about his room and person, some very beautiful.

A fairly solid structure underlies the polished surface of Neapolitan society. The class next below the Cavalieri consists of the lawyers, very numerous, medical practitioners, University professors, bankers, and upper merchants. They receive a systematic, but, as we should regard it, a defective education. They exchange school for College between the ages of twelve to fourteen, and at eighteen or nineteen, when

we enter College, commence their professional training. The *curriculum* includes grammar, Latin, and Greek, to the close; rhetoric during two years; and poetry, mathematics, and philosophy successively. The peculiar characteristic danger of the predominance of the imagination is guarded against by the exclusion of Ariosto from the schools, whilst Dante and Tasso are admitted. To judge of the system by its results, the youthful students on betaking themselves to their several vocations discover the insufficiency of their preliminary education. It is remarked particularly that the lawyers are more eloquent than learned. Their exquisitely beautiful mother tongue, especially when the use of it is improved by rhetorical training, is apt to induce a fatal fluency, concealing from the speaker, and perhaps from his hearers, deficiency of information or of argument.

No better evidence can be given of the plastic power and rhyming susceptibility of the Italian language, than that the *improvvisatore* is by no means an exclusively professional performer, but is found in all ranks of life. For a successful exhibition of the practice at our lodgings we were indebted to an amateur, our friend the secretary to the Sardinian embassy. Having sung a while to work up his enthusiasm, he extemporised poems on subjects selected for him, the rhyme in some instances in successive stanzas corresponding throughout. On Pompeii being proposed, he placed himself in the attitude of one who suddenly beheld the city emerging from the ground, and opening his address with the words "Sorgi famosa città," poured forth without pause, or even hesitation, a continuous stream of genuine poetry.

The professional classes must be depended upon for the supply of the materials of representative government whenever required.¹ It is unfortunate that, thus liable to

¹ Gallenga states that the deputies of the Italian Parliament are chiefly lawyers, and that very few of them are nobles or merchants.

be the repositories of important responsibility, they should be deeply tainted with the prevailing national vice of extravagance, which is carried so far that walking is considered a mark of inferiority, and that many persons keep carriages who cannot afford the expense—contributing to the overcrowded traffic of the streets. Gambling aggravates the evil. From intemperance the Italians are happily exempt.

A fortunate incident introduced us to the class of society of which we have been speaking, almost inaccessible to the English. We engaged a suite of five apartments, seventy feet in length, in a palazzo situated in a street leading into the Strada Toledo. The other part of the house was occupied by Signora Ungaro—daughter of a general, and wife of an advocate who had been imprisoned on account of some political offence,—an elderly and very agreeable lady, whose two young daughters lived with her; and her brother was the jolly and obliging priest of whom we have already spoken—her right hand in matters to which she could not personally attend. As her health was indifferent, it was her practice to receive her friends every evening sitting up in her bed; and though she complained that some had deserted her in her reduced and afflicting circumstances, her soirées were well attended. We enjoyed the singular advantage of seeing and conversing every evening, when not otherwise engaged, with intelligent, pleasant, and simple-mannered people. We were sometimes amused by the notions entertained by the natives respecting the English. The Signora informed us that, till she discovered how steady we were, she wondered that our parents could allow us to travel without a “director.” Her elder daughter on one occasion, pleased by our discourse, exclaimed, addressing herself to her mother, yet in so loud a tone as to be heard by the whole company, “What a pity that so fine a people as the English should not be Christians!”—a mystery as inexpli-

cable to her as were the frowns and gestures by which her mother rebuked her inadvertence in letting the cat out of the bag. One of Signora Ungaro's most valued friends was the Judge Morelli, who had just been appointed by Government to some honourable post. His house was open for reception every evening. Here we obtained several introductions, and amongst the rest to a very singular personage—the Conte Galdi. He was a professed Pythagorean philosopher, a firm believer in the Metempsychosis. He seemed to take pride in the distinction of being a living representative of Magna Græcia, and so to identify himself with the archaic nationality to which the Neapolitan kingdom, whether Italian or Sicilian, could lay claim. He delighted in tracing the Neapolitan dialect, rough as it seemed on the lips of the Lazzaroni, to its classic source, deriving no less than 2500 words from the Greek. He carried about with him a list of queries, beginning with “Chi e l’huomo?” He was, as might be expected, a poet, and meeting us by his own appointment at Judge Morelli's, read to us in a sonorous voice many pieces of his own composition.

Notwithstanding his eccentricity, the Count had been elevated to the chair of an ancient and celebrated Society,—the Societá Reale Arcadica Mergellina, founded by Alphonso VI. in honour of Sannazaro, of which Judge Morelli was secretary. Members of the first class appeared at an anniversary meeting of the Society on their introduction, crowned with laurel, under an assumed name, and repeated some Italian poetry of their own composition. This honour was destined for Sperling and myself, as diplomas had been conferred on us as well as designations, had we not left Naples previous to the occasion, which would have derived some additional *éclat* from the presence of the Prince of Salerno and his bride. This Society—not the only one which has for its object the encouragement of literature at Naples—

has proved a valuable rallying-point for literary men of all classes.

The Neapolitans glory in the memory of Sannazaro, who linked his own reputation with that of Virgil, whom he adored and imitated. He regarded the reputed tomb of the Roman poet as his temple, and selected it as the scene of his meditations, while he expressed his desire that his last resting-place might be in its immediate neighbourhood. The good fathers of a neighbouring monastery evinced their estimate of his merits by erecting in their church to his honour a beautiful monument, composed of white marble, exhibiting a bas-relief representing a group of heathen divinities, surmounted by a fine bust of the poet, the expression of whose countenance denotes firmness and vigour; whilst, in strict accordance with the general design, the supporters of the central fabric are Apollo and Minerva. The execution of the work was assigned to an artist who stipulated that it should not be unveiled till completed. The priests were horrified by the heathenish violation of the sanctity of their church, but ingeniously contrived to satisfy their scruples by inscribing the names of Judith and Holofernes under the statues of the tutelar divinities, whilst the satyrs who figured in the bas-reliefs might pass for devils. So

“Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn.”

Among the foreigners whose acquaintance we formed, we saw much of our friend the improvvisatore, the Conte Solaro della Margerita, Secretary of Legation to the Sardinian embassy, and a Danish Baron. The former was a very amiable and accomplished young man. He accompanied us on an interesting expedition to Capri, bringing with him the Marquis de Pallavicini and his brother, who, with a Polish nobleman, formed our party. One object of his interest was the Bible Society. He entirely approved of its

proceedings, an article of faith curiously contrasting with the tenets he must have subsequently held when leader, as he became, of the Ultramontane party in the Italian Parliament, in which capacity Sperling, to his surprise, recognised him on revisiting Italy some years afterwards.

To attempt an enumeration of the English now at Naples would be superfluous. Mr. A'Court, afterwards Lord Heytesbury, was deservedly popular as minister, and Sir Henry Lushington no less so as consul-general. We had the good fortune to become acquainted with Sir William Gell, who was diligently pursuing his researches at Pompeii.

Mr. Henry Drummond had hitherto been a stranger to me. His health was precarious, and as he informed me, he was fairly kept alive by a casing of wash-leather extending from his neck to his heels. But the energy which flashed from every glance of his speaking eyes was, as it continued to be to the end of his protracted life, indomitable. Irving, whose religious views he adopted, observed that Drummond was "at everything;" he could not comprehend him. Like Wellington, to quote the Duke's own words, on having an unpleasant affair submitted to his arbitration, he was "destined to have a finger in every pie,"—in his case from choice, as in the Duke's from constraint. Whilst by no means neglecting health and recreation, he sought and found ample opportunities of casting his net into troubled waters. In the United Kingdom, in Geneva, and in Italy, he was at work plotting religious revolutions. Whilst projecting, as we have seen, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in Italy, he courted the society of the Roman Catholic priests, and those especially whose proselytising zeal he appreciated, and even anticipated the Pope's sanction of a Bible Society. And whilst striving to ameliorate the social condition of his fellow-countrymen, he selected as his companions an unfortunate couple of high rank, whose violation of the marriage

compact had excited much sensation. We met the trio Pompeii. Conversion was believed to be his object.

Drummond's subsequent career is well known, for what he did was not hidden in a corner: his adoption, after his own peculiar fashion, of Evangelical views, of high prophetic interpretation, of Irvingism, and unknown tongues. And rather than restrict the liberty, perhaps license, of his speculation he would not hesitate to denounce opinions which he had entertained with as much vehemence as if he had never entertained them. At one time an enthusiastic admirer of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, he banished that eminent preacher from the living of Albury, to which he himself had appointed him. Latterly he became his own high priest, and, aided by his chosen lieutenants, inculcated his doctrines and impressed his warnings on the chief authorities in Church and State, not excepting the King himself. No less ardent was he as a politician, taking a prominent part in politics as Member for his own county of Surrey, and ever commanding a hearing by his singular knack of hitting the right nail, enforced by his sprightly eloquence and engaging address. But such was the offence given by one of the home-thrusts he inflicted on Popery in the House of Commons, that it was difficult to restrain the wrath of an opponent from physical violence. He was a keen soldier, looking forward with the spirit of an old Crusader to his daring doughty deeds in some Apocalyptic battle which he firmly believed to be at hand. He was the life and soul of his mess in the regiment of Surrey Yeomanry in which he held the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, indeed he was in every society which he frequented. His military proceedings were by no means free from eccentricity. To mention instances: At one time, anticipating a tumult, he proposed an enlargement of his corps. Meeting me at a levée, he urged me strongly to join a Southwark troop which he was forming; but I declined, on the grou

of my already holding a commission in another corps, which would be revived in case of need. Next morning I received a visit from a tall gentleman, who expressed to me much gratification that I had enlisted, and on my explanation of the circumstances, bitterly complained of having to do with such a man as Mr. Drummond, who had sent him on another like bootless errand. To complete the complication, when the Croydon company mustered, two captains made their appearance, each in virtue of Mr. Drummond's nomination. The versatility of his genius manifested itself in all his pursuits, and not the least in his splendid genealogical history of the Drummonds—a distinction which due encouragement would have induced him to confer on other noble families.

We left Naples, February 20, after making excursions to Pæstum, Pompeii, and the adjacent islands. And we ascended Vesuvius under fortunate circumstances.

Crossing a tract of hard lava deposited by ancient eruptions, we reached the Hermitage, a small convent of Capuchins, situated on a level ridge extending to the foot of the mountain, whence the entire valley enclosed between the rugged and precipitous cliffs of Mount Somma and the abrupt conical summit of Vesuvius opened to our view. The lava up to the base of the mountain was the produce of the memorable eruption of 1810, reduced to fine mould by its rapid decomposition. The ascent is steep and toilsome, owing to the loose texture of the pulverised lava. On reaching the summit we perceived at some distance, emitting volumes of smoke, the cone enclosing the crater, towering above a rugged surface, so broken by fissures and crevices as to resemble a glacier, whilst our approach to it was indicated by the oppressive heat of the atmosphere. From its rim we looked down at once into the crater as it vomited forth violently a shower of red-hot lava, which, shivered into frag-

ments of various sizes, was driven by a smart breeze in the direction opposite to our own position, covering the ground with a sheet of fire. Twice our guide warned us of danger; but relying on the force of the wind, we continued to pry as closely as we could into the mysteries of the awful phenomenon. The discharge was incessant: the lava, as it rose from considerable depth, took the shape of a fiery bubble, filling up the space of an ordinarily-sized well, whilst from the chasm issued a heaving sound as of a person forcibly drawing in his breath or choking, followed, as the explosion took place, by a rushing and hissing sound and the outburst of a volume of white smoke. Absorbed by the contemplation of this wonderful effort of nature, we stood for a moment half aghast, not assured that the volcanic crust was not giving way beneath our feet, on hearing behind us a corresponding uproar, and beholding about forty yards distant another cone emitting an immense column of black smoke interspersed with ignited stones. We now stood betwixt the mouths of the two craters, the difference of the colours of the smoke produced by diversity of soil. The guide apprehended no risk from the second explosion.

We next ventured to approach within thirty yards of the south side of these orifices, over lava quite red-hot beneath the surface. But we had got to windward, and had only just quitted our station when the space over which we had crossed was so densely bestrewed with fiery lava that the cone itself seemed on fire, whilst the entire mountain was enveloped with dense smoke, opening out occasionally only to disclose the surrounding desolation. The heat of the atmosphere, though somewhat tempered by a very cold wind, was infernal, causing excessive perspiration, whilst to prevent the soles of our shoes being burnt, we were compelled to keep in constant motion. As the sun was setting we hastened to an eminence, whence we surveyed the whole adjacent coast

from Gaeta to Vesuvius, its bays, promontories, and islands reflecting the departing sunlight: and as we turned reluctantly from the fast-fading landscape, the brightening glimmer of unceasing volleys of red-hot stones, shot forth from the crater, on the background of a blue sky, preluded to northward the gradual illumination of the torrid waste which we had traversed, by the lurid flames issuing from the fiery furnace in its midst; whilst the southern firmament was ablaze with the brilliant light which streamed forth from a broad torrent of lava flowing down to the mountain's base, a mere streak, as, when reduced by distance, it seemed to us when on our route to Pæstum, such as might have represented the incipient outpouring of the mighty deluge which overwhelmed, in Pliny's time, the cities of the plain.

CHAPTER VIII.

1817.

ROME—WESTERN ITALY—WILLIAM HAYGARTH.

INSECURITY of person and property reminded us that we had entered the Roman territory. The high-roads, no longer protected by Austrian patrols, were infested by banditti. A whimsical but characteristic proof was vouchsafed to us of the inquisitorial procedure of the Papal Government. Our quarto volume of Altieri's Dictionary was scrutinised by the Custom-house officers, who, ascertaining that no single paragraph in its closely-printed pages furnished any clew to the signification of the following, announced to us that it must be reserved for inspection at Rome, where, after many days, we recovered it.

The solitariness and stillness of Rome were strangely contrasted with the bustle and clamour of Naples. The disadvantage of exchange of a brighter and milder for a duller and colder climate was compensated for by the fire-grates, which we had missed in our palazzo at Naples, and other adaptations of the houses to English notions respecting warmth and comfort.

About 1600 foreigners now resided in Rome. This number included Sovereigns crowned or discrowned, some of whom kept up a certain amount of state. The society which assembled at dinner or at early evening parties at the

houses of the various ambassadors and several of the English visitors was very pleasant. Our countrymen were busy, not only in investigating antiquities and studying the works of art so recently opened to their view, but in purchasing pictures and statues, freely offered to them by impoverished nobles and ecclesiastical and conventual establishments. The spirited Duchess of Devonshire obtained leave to commence her excavations at the Forum.

The native element in mixed society was scant, composed chiefly of a few Cardinals and nobles. Torlonia, the banker, had receptions. And the representative of the princely house of Colonna re-opened his spacious palace, after having been closed during half a century. Several families, including ourselves, chiefly Scotch as the natives observed, were disappointed of being present at this gathering, as it was fixed for Sunday. Some few who had accepted their invitations, after a sharp struggle between duty and inclination, were proportionally alarmed by a thunderstorm almost unprecedented in violence, which burst on the vast throng of visitors, as they were approaching the palace. The peals were terrific. Much damage was done. The angel on the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo narrowly escaped destruction, as the chamber, on the roof of which it stood, was laid in ruins by a single stroke of lightning, the sentry who usually slept in it escaping by having left his bed at the time.

We were fortunate in forming the acquaintance of many Italians, whether mixing in the general social circles or otherwise, of whom some were Cardinals. Consalvi, the popular, kindly, and affable Prime Minister; Fesch, relative and partisan of Napoleon, and consequently in disgrace, who passed a retired life in the solitary enjoyment of his well-stored picture-gallery; and Cacciopati, the good-natured old man, who deemed his presence indispensable to every

réunion. Among the sculptors in vogue were the two great rivals—Canova and Thorwaldsen.

The habits of the English people in point of hours and dress were ill suited to the natives. Some music which delighted us, especially the Scotch, which Lady Compton sang with genuine Highland spirit, they could in nowise appreciate, and our enjoyment of it was to them a perfect enigma. The seclusion of the natives was chiefly attributed to poverty entailed on them by the war and French occupation. We observed at two *conversazioni*, exclusively attended by natives, that all the ladies appeared in morning dress, unable to incur the expense of evening display. But we found at such parties in Rome, as well as Naples, that gambling was practised by some, resorted to as a desperate expedient for retrieving their depressed fortunes.

Superstition was now rampant in the Eternal City, levying, to recruit the Church's exhausted resources, her customary tribute on the living and on the dead. A walk to a few of the churches in Rome sufficed to prove the inconceivable extent to which Purgatory, under the control of the priesthood, had usurped the province and functions of Eternity. In fact, Eternity had become so deeply mortgaged by the Papal See in payment of its debts, as practically to reduce its reversionary value to a minimum. And the grave yielded up to the hand of the extortioner the perishing relics of mortality, acquiring in the Papal mint a marketable price, and proving a fertile source of income. Hence has originated in Roman Catholic countries the disgusting exhibition of exhumed bodies sharing the homage, even when not contributing to the wealth, of the living. Yet whilst so noticing a practice revolting to our notions, I am reminded that a beautiful chapel in my own cathedral at Ripon was long appropriated to a collection of bones, tastefully arranged, whilst the verger was wont to deliver over the skull of a

well-known French master a kindly oration, not unlike that which I heard a Capuchin monk at Rome pronounce over that of one of his own fraternity.

We listened to several of the Lenten sermons. The manner, action, and modulation of the voice of the preachers were extremely theatrical—illustrating their meaning by forcible metaphors and corresponding action—walking rapidly to and fro within the limits of their pulpits, or sitting down suddenly in their chair, or as suddenly rising from it; and then, after raising their voices to the highest pitch, and making use of the most violent gesticulations, arresting their seeming frenzy, and pausing to allow a brief respite from their exertions. It was surprising to observe the perfect composure of the audience, who seemed to consider the exhibition as a scenic representation, to which they were well accustomed. Amongst the various modes of fixing the attention resorted to by the Roman preachers, was that of regarding the subject of discourse objectively, and addressing it as a living and present reality. One, for instance, represented the heart agitated by passions as a nest of venomous reptiles, whilst the preacher stretching forth his hands, and turning his head aside, exclaimed, “The serpents, the vipers! see how they writhe and hiss! See how they crawl from side to side—from the top to the bottom! who can paint their forms and colours?” And another imagined himself seated in a car, reining in unbroken horses, whose wild career he denoted by the most impassioned language and exaggerated gesticulation.

It must however be admitted that the matter of the sermons was often excellent. We heard sound morality enforced by apt citations from the Fathers, and denunciations of the practice of attending mass in the morning and devoting the rest of the day to unrestrained libertinism. Nor should we forget that modes of expressing feeling which

to us would seem theatrical, or at least overstrained, are to the Italians, especially perhaps to the Neapolitans, perfectly natural. Let any one disposed to criticise the action of the pulpit bear in mind what he may observe daily as he walks the streets of an Italian city. A Neapolitan postilion resented our determination not to submit to some imposition by taking up his position in the middle of the road, flinging his whip, cap, and jacket successively on the ground, shrugging up his shoulders, throwing his head on one side, and spreading abroad the palms of his hands, as if he had been exhibiting on the stage the attitude and gestures of despair. But what effect had this appeal to their sympathy on the passers-by? None whatever. And again, we had occasion to witness an Italian exhibition of suppressed wrath. Our Roman landlord claimed a much larger amount of rent than was due to him, and on our refusal to acquiesce in his demand turned deadly pale, looking like one to whom the *vendetta* had been familiar from his childhood. His countenance after a while resumed its usual complexion, when we discovered that he had got access to the cupboard which contained our money-bag, and had thence extracted the number of dollars which he required. Though it was clear that no one else could have hit upon the exact sum, the evidence of his guilt was insufficient to criminate him.

Nay, we are reminded that even within the comparatively narrow precincts of our own islands variety of race exhibits and demands corresponding diversity of address. I remember hearing Dr. Cotton, Dean of Bangor, preach in the morning in the choir of his Cathedral, his manner being perfectly staid and composed; and again in the evening in the nave, in the Welsh language, when it was distinguished by considerable gesticulation. He accounted to me for the difference of his style by the intimation that the natives

would not give credit for sincerity to a preacher who did not make use of such action.

But stage effect was nevertheless studied in the pulpit as elsewhere by the Italians as a legitimate source of influence, and on no occasions more than those offered by the ceremonial of the Holy Week. Alike did the theatrical element predominate in the sanctuary of the Sistine Chapel, at the hour of the far-famed vespers, when, as the last altar-light was extinguished, the full-robed Cardinals fell on their knees, and the penitential strains of the solemn *Miserere* were heard in the darkness of night, or as during the imposing pageant enacted in the most magnificent of Christian temples, to the solemnity of which illumination, processions, masses, benedictions, ostentatious self-humiliation, instrumental harmony, military display, and other accessories, contributed their effective aid; or as when the heirs of reigning and the representatives of fallen dynasties, and the gorgeously attired patriarchs of Greek and Armenian Churches, tendered homage to the "prince of one world and the prophet of another," as he appeared surrounded by his imperial conclave, among whom were conspicuous Consalvi, his Prime Minister, old Ruffo, to whom the Papal See was indebted for the expulsion of the French from the Neapolitan territories, and Fesch, submitting with good grace to the providential dispensation which had dethroned his usurping kinsman.

The chief actors in this quasi-dramatic exhibition were not wanting to the parts assigned to them. The deportment of the Cardinals and prelates was dignified, as was that of the Pope simple, serious, and devout. As we beheld the pious veteran, full of years, enfeebled by ill-health and ill-timed austerities, and sorely exercised by severe alternations of prosperity and adversity,—as a spiritual Pontiff commanding and reciprocating the veneration and affection

of the larger portion of Christendom, whether secular or ecclesiastical, especially of the States to whose efforts and sacrifices he chiefly owed his restoration,—we felt that Pius VII. might have fairly reminded us of the paternal remonstrance addressed by one of his predecessors to a scrupulous Protestant, “An old man’s blessing can do you no harm.”

And though the Roman Catholics are not responsible for the marring of the effect of their genuflexions by the Protestants standing *en masse*, their demeanour was too generally that of spectators rather than of devotees, the ladies especially busily engaged in explaining the mysteries of the ceremonial to their less initiated neighbours.

The Pope’s kindly and grateful regard to the English rendered him very accessible. Mr. Harford of Blaise Castle elicited from his Holiness, on presenting a copy of Mr. Wilberforce’s letter to Talleyrand, expressions of his utmost abhorrence of the slave-trade, and determination to exercise his influence with Spain, Portugal, and other countries, to induce them to suppress the traffic. And the instructions addressed to the nuncios sent to these States were, as Consalvi informed him, in conformity to such declaration.

Our friend was less successful in the management of a much more delicate negotiation, failing in two attempts, the one indirect, through the intervention of Cardinal Lanti, and the other direct, to obtain the Pope’s sanction of the Bible Society.

The Pope received more favourably certain propositions of the British Government, by conceding a veto on the nomination of Roman Catholic prelates, in case of the selection of an obnoxious nominee, and the right of examining the communications of the Papal See with the Roman Catholics. But the Irish took umbrage, and commissioned some bishops to wait on his Holiness, and inform him that the people

would revolt against their authority should the course indicated be persevered in. And when the Pope replied, "What! are the people to guide the bishops, or the bishops the people?" the deputation retired in silence. But they were speedily followed by an emissary of very different temperament, a hot-headed priest named Hale, who, backed, as he asserted, by eight millions of his Roman Catholic countrymen, reiterated, in his interview with the Pope, the arguments adduced by the bishops, and received the identical answer addressed to them. Whereupon the unabashed plenipotentiary scrupled not to rebuke the Pontiff by intimating to him plainly that he had sold his spiritual to purchase his temporal power. The meek Pope was so transported with rage that, as a friend of Consalvi informed me, the Cardinal declared that he had never witnessed such an alteration in the expression of a countenance as in that of his Holiness on the occasion.

On our return home northward we had a very pleasant interview with Sismondi the historian and some learned Professors of the Universities. At the gate of Genoa we saw the kindly-looking King of Sardinia. But the most interesting personage, whom we met in society several times—interesting alike in character, manners, and her tragic history—was the widow of Marshal Ney, who was residing with her two sons, boys, at Florence. The prospect of an encounter with banditti *en route* had roused the hereditary spirit of the elder brother.

During a few days we enjoyed the society of an agreeable, talented, and far-travelled companion, William Haygarth, whose friendship I retained during his too short life. We left him doing justice to his pencil amidst the beautiful scenery of Lerici. Unfortunately his fair promise of literary distinction was blighted by successive disappointments. He had ventured on a quarto volume of poetry on Greece, the

refuge of enterprising tourists ere Italy was thrown open, illustrated by engravings from his own admirable drawings. Its merits would have been far better appreciated by the critics of the last than of the present century. He meditated a corresponding publication of his Italian lucubrations; but to his success—and under any circumstances it would have been problematical—a fatal obstacle intervened, his being forestalled by the publication of a canto of *Childe Harold*. Thenceforward he resigned to his illustrious rival the region of classic song, and betook himself to prose, contributing some articles to the *Quarterly Review*. And, animated by a heroic spirit, he hesitated not to challenge on his own vast field the supremacy of the historian of the Roman Empire. Hearing that Dr. Arnold had thoughts of occupying the same ground, he availed himself of my slight acquaintance with that eminent individual to ascertain whether their labours were likely to clash, and the result of the communication was satisfactory to both parties. Haygarth read assiduously every work bearing on his subject within his reach, and arranged under separate heads his references to all the passages which might serve his purpose. His materials were all prepared and available.

He held that style of composition depended on character, and could be little affected by painstaking effort. His own was classically chaste, but not forcible, and might have been unfavourably contrasted, had he completed his work, with his rival's splendid rhetoric. But it would not have failed to do justice to the accuracy of his research, and his laudable purpose of exposing Gibbon's misrepresentations, and of rendering invaluable service to the cause of which he had magnanimously assumed the championship. But his progress was arrested by the pulmonary disease which eventually consigned him to the grave. Clinging still to the hope of resuming his toil, he engaged a lodging next to Murray's in

Albemarle Street, where I last saw him, shortly before his death. I found him, whilst the shadows of evening were gathering around him, retracing the *veteris vestigia flammæ*, as he read Cowper's poems, "glittering," as he remarked, "with the morning dew." He died, as he lived, a believing Christian. Few have been the published tributes to his memory. But the readers of Mrs. Trench's Memoir may recollect that due attestation to his worth has been borne by one fully capable of appreciating it.

CHAPTER IX.

1818-19.

DUBLIN.

THE kind invitation of Mr. Charles Grant, junior, Chief Secretary for Ireland, enabled me to pass part of the winter, from the commencement of October 1818, most pleasantly at his Lodge in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Within the precincts of this spacious demesne the Irish public functionaries were agreeably located. To the Secretary were assigned sixty acres adjacent to the fifteen, which were once a notorious resort of duellists, appropriated to the manœuvres of the regiments of the garrison, the rattle of whose musketry, as their glittering array reflects the morning sun, may sometimes disturb official slumbers, and on Sundays, *proh pudor!* to hare-hunting, a practice which has probably been since discontinued.

As the shibboleth of Catholic Emancipation served no longer, at this time, as a test of political partisanship, the extension to Dublin of the armed truce, which prevented a dead-lock in the Cabinet, resulted in the usual appointment of a Lord-Lieutenant and a Secretary entertaining opposite views on the question. Mr. Grant was consequently pitted as advocate against Earl Talbot, opponent of the contested claims.

But intolerance nevertheless preponderated in the official

circles of Dublin, for both the principal law-officers of the Crown—the Chancellor, Lord Manners, and the Attorney-General, Saurin—were adverse to innovation. The Chancellor was an amiable and dignified representative of his profession, bearing, it was thought, a striking resemblance to Charles II. The Attorney-General, a descendant of one of those refugees driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, whose families have acquired both wealth and distinction in the land of their adoption, had attained, by means of the disposal of official patronage, no less than by his character and abilities, influence in Ireland somewhat akin to that which Harry Dundas had once exercised in Scotland. He had opposed the Union no less zealously than the removal of the Catholic disabilities. His stiff demeanour and saturnine aspect presented a contrast to the bland expression of the Chancellor's countenance and affability of deportment.

In his intercourse with the Viceroy, Mr. Grant could reckon on the courteous and kindly demeanour of the "fine old English gentleman," who, provided that on matters of importance his opinion was regarded with due deference, abstained from needless interference in the transaction of business, and willingly consigned the labouring oar to the Secretary. Lord Talbot's frame was tall, large, and powerful, as well became the President of an Agricultural Society. He seemed never more at home than when pointing out the merits of his Smithfield prize mutton, as it exhibited on his table a solid mass of fat; but far less so when, drenched by the contents of a bottle of *poteen*, which had by some means come into his hands, and was broken whilst he was holding it up after dinner to the admiration of his guests, he was endangered by the officiousness of a servant rushing up to him with a lighted candle. His loud expostulations, blended with the outcries of his anxious friends, might have reminded old stagers of bygone viceregal festivities. In his

genial and hospitable receptions he was seconded, so far as her failing health permitted, by his amiable lady.

Mr. Grant's conciliatory but retiring manners disarmed the hostility which his political views might otherwise have provoked. None were better qualified than the Irish to appreciate his amiable disposition, his refined taste, the poetical talent evinced by his prize poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East, now read eagerly, and his oratorical power as evinced in his speech on Catholic Emancipation, circulated in all shapes and sizes, or his signal University distinction. Addresses poured in upon him from all quarters. That of the Lord Mayor and Corporation was very complimentary, whilst dexterously evading allusion to the question on which the majority of that body differed from him. A solitary *contretemps*, contrasting with the hearty goodwill of a "hundred thousand welcomes" of an Irish reception, occurred at the Sheriff's dinner, when the Lord Mayor, having proposed the Chief Secretary's health, and called in compliment to him for "Scots wha hae," was met by a clamorous demand for "Croppies"—*i.e.* rebels—"lie down."

The Secretary's answers to the addresses taxed to the utmost his ingenuity no less than his sensitiveness, too keen, perhaps, for the rough work of public life. The considerate suggestion of his brother had induced him not to look at the Irish newspapers. The only duty he ever delegated to me was to report to him aught that was important in their contents. Loud was the admiration of his official penmanship. Nor was Trinity College backward in recognising his earlier and later distinction, conferring on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

He was fortunate in his colleagues, especially Mr. Gregory, whose high personal character, abilities, and practical experience were much prized. Kindly feeling was, as usual,

promoted by an incessant round of dinners, to which the Chief Secretary contributed an ample share, occasionally receiving with somewhat of state formality the Lord-Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor and Corporation, etc. On these occasions Lord Forbes, himself and his lady a most agreeable accession to the society of Dublin, represented the Army; whilst the Church appeared in the person of the Bishop of Meath. The principal characteristic of these entertainments was good-humour, enlivened by a certain amount of jocularly. The monotony of the official circle was varied by the occasional accession of Irish magnates passing through Dublin. And among the visitors at the Lord-Lieutenant's were foreign royal personages. The Irish ladies—less reserved in their manners than the English—are deserving of all commendation; and amongst them at this time, whether as regarded personal or mental attraction, Lady Charlemont was pre-eminent.

Mr. Grant's social range was not confined within official limits, and was so far more enlarged than that of Mr. Peel, who lived in a set of which, as anti-Catholic champion, he was coryphæus.

Several of the anti-Union notables were still conspicuous. At a very small dinner-party I had the good fortune to meet the Chief-Justice Bushe. Of his delightful conversation I recollect but a single sample. Allusion being made to some statesman "pleased with the danger when the waves went high,"—"He was a sea-bird," observed the Chief-Justice, "on his native wave." I met at Lord Charlemont's Lord Norbury, celebrated more for the jokes than for the law which he delivered from the bench, who had exhibited in the Irish House of Commons the fearless determination which proved very serviceable to his party in accomplishing the Union, at a time when conventional assassination, under the pretext of duelling, was regarded as a legitimate means of disposing of

an adversary. The chase, of which he was fond, supplied its quota of incidents to his own ready humour. When a learned counsel was descanting somewhat prosily on the merits of a certain law-book, called *Fearne on Contingent Remainders*, Lord Norbury put at once the climax on the tedious eulogium by observing, "Contingent remainders are like the hares of Tipperary, they are *all* to be found in fern."

On the present occasion he appeared in the character of a prisoner at the bar. A successful conspiracy had been plotted to draw the old Judge fairly out. On the retirement of the ladies our host introduced a then familiar topic of conversation, Lady Morgan's novels, in one of which she had severely criticised Lord Norbury himself. The bait was readily taken. The defendant sat silent for a while, and then looking down as he spoke, pronounced judgment slowly and solemnly, stating that Lady Morgan had been accused of such and such delinquencies, quoting *seriatim* the charges, sustaining one of the most formidable bills of indictment that was ever embodied in a review, by which Croker assailed the veracity and moral and literary pretensions of his fair victim, concluding his summing up by taking for granted that judgment had gone by default. Madame de Staël gives an account of similar dealing on the part of a minister at Geneva, who in her presence, when preaching from a platform, bade his cap, as he doffed it, represent Jean Jacques Rousseau. He then addressed appropriate arguments to his extemporised opponent; and after a pause observed triumphantly, "How now, philosopher of Geneva, what have you to answer to my arguments?" and, receiving no answer, added, "Since you are silent, I will replace you on my head."

In the Four Courts I chanced to witness a curiously characteristic scene, in which more than one sage of the law figured. Attracted thither by a dense crowd, I asked a

spectator who had secured standing-room on a bench what caused the excitement. "It is Mr. O'Connell," he replied; "he declares that no man shall tell him that he lies; and I know that he shall not." My friend good-humouredly gave up his place, when I came in for a warm forensic altercation, which drew forth the antagonism of Judge Fletcher, a rough but honest partisan, whose opinions and manners had sorely offended the Tories and his brother judge, whilst the counsel on opposite sides, one of whom was O'Connell, whom I had never before seen, apparently did their best to add fuel to the flame.

Martin of Galway, notorious as a duellist, and by his defiance of sheriffs—as he ensconced himself, when heavily indebted, within the safe precincts of his stronghold in Connemara,—was one of Mr. Grant's guests. He accounted satisfactorily for his presenting himself two hours before the dinner hour by entertaining Mr. Grant and myself, no one else being present, with the recital of speeches as delivered in the Irish Parliament by eminent orators, exactly imitating their style, tone, and manner. When the other expected guests arrived, Martin, posting himself at the door, received them as if he had been the host, Mr. Grant observing that he might perhaps be apprehensive lest the next comer might prove his mortal foe.

This eccentric individual, "a chip of the old block," as Knox described him, represented his county during many years in Parliament, and rendered signal service to humanity by riding about the streets of London followed by a train of boys in quest of instances of cruelty to animals.

One of the most remarkable Irish celebrities, Sir Philip Crampton, was now fast attaining the zenith of his reputation. Mounted on Mr. Grant's two Yorkshire hunters, we met him occasionally following the beagles in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Among our juvenile Nimrods were the

sons of the Lord-Lieutenant, the eldest of whom perished miserably some years afterwards in a marsh near Vienna; the second entered the navy, and was the bearer of Codrington's despatches from Navarino, subsequently represented Dublin in the Conservative interest, and lived to recover the title and estates of Shrewsbury to the Talbot family. But of many skilful riders none surpassed Crampton in agility, as, Cossack-like, he could leap on and off his horse whilst on a canter. I was amused by a countryman's droll misunderstanding of my designation of our pack. Being once late, I asked him, as he was working in a field, if he had seen the *hounds*. "No, plase yer honour, I have not," was the reply. Not suspecting his evasion of my inquiry, I had proceeded over two fields, when, recalling me by his loud shout, he questioned me: "Perhaps your honour manes the *bagles*; if yer honour manes the *bagles*, they have gone this way."

Less adventurous and less scrupulous sportsmen than those who could risk exploring, with long-deferred chance of extrication, the labyrinth of broad and deep ditches by which our remoter hunting-field was reticulated, could find safer pastime near home; for it was the strange and unseemly custom at this time to chase on horseback or on foot the hares which abounded in the Phoenix Park on Sunday afternoon. Two of the foremost cavaliers on these occasions were clergymen, sons of an eminent official functionary, whose hunters awaited them on their exit from the Hibernian Chapel in the Phoenix Park after divine service.

I accompanied Mr. Grant on a visit to Lord Jocelyn, better known by the title to which he succeeded as Earl of Roden, at Dundalk, where he lived *en famille*, surrounded by a large family, having married a daughter of Lord Le Despencer. Morally no less than physically he was one of the noblest among many noble specimens of the Irish aristocracy; his lofty stature, stalwart frame, and counten-

ance beaming with honesty, courage, and generosity, rather than with intellectual power, marking him out for influential if not commanding ascendancy. A "travelled thane," he now discharged zealously the duties of several important posts, whether representing his own county Louth in Parliament, or taking his place as a courtier in the royal household, or in command of his local regiment. But nowhere was he more at home,—for both he and his excellent lady had become very religious,—than when presiding at his chapel and teaching in his Sunday-school. Many years afterwards, when Lord Roden, he gave an interesting narrative, at an anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of the occurrence which first drew his attention to religious subjects. Observing while lounging in Dublin a large number of persons congregating, he followed them from motives of curiosity to ascertain the object of their meeting, which proved to be that of a Bible Society. Remaining listening to the speeches, he was so impressed by what he heard that he thenceforth became a changed man. Although the speaker addressed his audience in the third person, it was soon conjectured that he alluded to himself, and the effect of such a statement, delivered with a loud voice and the most intense earnestness, may be well conceived. The remark made to me at the time by Sir Robert Grant, that such autobiography was out of place, yet that no one who heard it could have wished it unsaid, probably expressed the sentiments of the vast majority of his audience.

Fearlessly did Lord Jocelyn maintain as a staunch Protestant his position in a neighbourhood deeply infected by religious discord. Amongst the outrages perpetrated near Dundalk at the instigation of fierce fanaticism was the notorious burning of the house and family of Wildgoose Lodge. The guilty parties were hanged over the ruins of the build-

ing, and conspicuous among the number was the clerk of a Roman Catholic chapel, which Lord Jocelyn pointed out to us as the locality in which the plot had been concocted. No criminating evidence whatever of the priest's suspected connivance transpired. Striking proof of our host's beneficence not being confined to members of his own denomination was given by the fact of his carrying on his shoulders to the hospital a poor fever-stricken Roman Catholic whom none else dared approach.

The recent Dundalk assizes had proved, as was not unfrequently the case, by no means pacificatory. The same Judge Fletcher whom I had seen on the bench at Dublin engaged in altercation with his colleague and counsel, now presiding in the circuit, had by his demeanour and language grievously offended the Grand Jury, and more especially the foreman, Lord Jocelyn. By no means agreeing with Grattan, who, as his biographer informs us, declared that he preferred Judge Fletcher's growl to any other man's good-humour, they retaliated by wounding him in a quarter in which he was peculiarly susceptible, withholding from him their customary invitation to dinner.¹

On succeeding to his title and patrimonial estates, Lord Roden occupied during half a century a distinguished and very influential position. He was consulted by all parties, and left behind him a voluminous correspondence, which

¹ A similar penalty was inflicted on Lord Brougham at Durham on his having indulged his matchless power of vituperation, on which occasion this eccentric leader of his circuit was guilty of a notorious practical joke. The good-humoured Canon Townshend, who had compassionately invited him to his own table, became his victim, for, on his having alluded to some subject on which he was about to appeal to the public, Brougham extemporised the Latin title of an imaginary book which might throw light upon it, and put his unsuspecting host upon fruitless researches in the principal European libraries, till at length the cheat was discovered, and the Canon went about piteously complaining that "the man had lied unto him," that "he had lied unto him."

was placed in the hands successively of Mr. J. C. Colquhoun and Mr. Hamilton; but the death of both these talented biographers deprived the world of the light of these valuable historical documents referring to a long and stirring period of Irish history. As a politician Lord Roden was steadfastly Conservative. In the support and public advocacy of the Protestant cause, and of institutions formed for the promotion of religion and religious education, he took a prominent part, and his personal example no less than his public and private efforts contributed materially to the growth and improvement of religious feeling amongst both the Irish clergy and laity. Though undistinguished as an orator, his stature, bearing, and voice contributed to the impressiveness of his earnest and effective speaking. Had serious disturbance, often threatened, broken out in Ireland, Lord Roden, in the vigour of his days, would have at once been looked to by any Ministry as one physically and morally suited to the emergency,—one who, had the opportunity offered itself, might have emulated the prowess exhibited by his father, who at Vinegar Hill singled out and slew the gigantic champion of the rebels.

But to the security of the Irish people, the constabulary—Peelers as they were called, in compliment to the statesman to whom we are indebted for the creation of the force—materially conduced, whilst a large proportion of the British army was quartered in Ireland. The 42d, under the command of my old friend Colonel Dick, was now at Dundalk. The troops, scattered about the country in small detachments, were employed in irksome and sometimes unsuitable services—such as still-hunting, and occasionally, on the plea of enforcing excise laws, sustaining the authority of landlords, who, at this time, were by no means free from the imputation of corruption. Obnoxious to the natives on these accounts, and not the less as interfering with their faction-

fight, the soldiers were ill-requited for their gallant conduct abroad. Of the extensive saving of life in Ireland by the timely interposition of British bayonets no adequate estimate can be formed. I shall hereafter mention one instance of the result, which occurred during my stay at Limerick. General W. Napier declared that one of the most gratifying duties the discharge of which ever fell to his lot was the prevention, at the head of his troops, of an internecine conflict, in a town in the south of Ireland, between the partisans of *moral* and *physical* force, which would have probably ended in the defeat of the latter, as inferior in strength.

The *ennui* endured by our officers at their country quarters when not employed on active service was lamentable enough. Some enjoyed the diversion of a pack of hounds. But in some instances they notoriously took refuge in intemperance. A young officer of the 9th Foot, cousin of Mr. Grant, was more agreeably circumstanced. Stationed, without a single companion, in a country village, he received on his arrival an invitation to dinner from a gentleman residing close at hand, and found a very pleasant family at the house of his host. Daily the proffer of hospitality was renewed, till, fearing intrusion, he made some excuse for absenting himself. His apprehensions were soon relieved by a visit from two strapping sons of his kind friend, who informed him that they had orders from their father to bring him by force should he refuse to accompany them.

Among the Secretary's guests was his father, who passed some days with him. In Clive's time the presence of a Nabob would not have enhanced the popularity of a host, more especially if a relation. But since the reform which enabled the East India Company's servants to realise fortunes by honest means, their pensioned return to their native country has recruited most seasonably the ranks of our functionaries, on whom devolves an incalculable amount of

public and unpaid service. Mr. Charles Grant, senior, whilst promoting effectually the extension of Christianity throughout the world, and especially in the East, devoted, as one of the Company's Directors, his eminent sagacity, untiring industry, and vast information, to the administration of Indian affairs,—*facile princeps*, whether in or out of the chair, of "those great ones who," to quote Canning, "sprang from their own loins, the kings and conquerors of Leadenhall Street."

Mr. Grant, a true Scotsman, bestowed a sufficient amount of the patronage which fell to his share on his fellow-countrymen, who recognised his kindly offices by returning himself and two of his sons to Parliament as representatives of a county and a burgh. Seldom addressing the House, and only on a subject with which he was especially conversant, he commanded the utmost attention. The effect of his rising, which I once witnessed, at a stormy meeting of the Court of East Indian Proprietors, was the subsidence of the tumult, and the obvious endeavour of every one to catch each word which fell from his lips. His official habits were somewhat enwrapped in mystery. He literally turned night into day. Whilst his colleagues enjoyed their evening relaxation, Mr. Grant might be seen on foot or in a hackney-coach wending his way through the busy throng from Russell Square to the India House, whilst his secretary, having awaited his arrival till dinner-time, would return home through back streets, lest his chief's keen glance and long lank finger should recall him to his post; whilst the watchman of the night might perhaps, with some degree of awe, observe him as he sat at his desk till dawn unravelling the tangled web of imperial diplomacy.

Mr. Grant, notwithstanding, is said to have been mulcted for non-attendance at the India House during regular hours more frequently than all his colleagues put together. But

though his habits of business might scarcely seem compatible with combined action, his surpassing solitary labours were duly appreciated and turned to account.

His struggle in behalf of the propagation of Christianity and Church Establishment in India, little countenanced and much opposed during many years by his prejudiced colleagues, at length secured their support as well as that of Parliament, and the cordial approval of the nation.

Mr. Grant's presence was imposing,—perhaps repressive, and even alarming, in the estimation of some persons, even to members of his family, though he lived with them on the most affectionate terms. Mr. Serjeant Stephen observed to me that he was, without exception, the most awful man he ever met with. And to youthful aspirants his indefinite postponement of the rightful period of entering on public life might be discouraging. To one of his friends somewhat advanced in life, dubbed by Mr. Grant, on returning after a successful career in India, “a rising young man,” that designation clave for life. My own recollections of Mr. Grant are most pleasant. From no friend of my father did I receive more considerate kindness whenever the opportunity offered, and none did I ever find more gentle and unappalling. Though much engrossed by State affairs, Mr. Grant was fully capable of relieving the affliction of suffering friends. Of his loving and sympathising letters addressed to these several are in my possession.

Singularly during his stay at Dublin did he evince the force of inveterate habit. As his son was engaged on the evening of his arrival, I dined with him *tête-à-tête*. During and for some time after dinner, till he fell asleep, he questioned me minutely and unintermittingly respecting Italy, and especially Naples, apparently taking much interest in that locality. Finding him not likely to wake, I left him at table, where he remained about three hours,

the dessert spread before him, and a large chandelier, which some days afterwards fell with a loud crash, blazing over his head, whilst the servants ventured not to disturb his slumber. After his cup of green tea in the drawing-room, he resumed his conversation till I retired, when he remained for two or three hours. Yet he was punctual in his appearance in the morning, and after his green tea and a few slices of bread and butter, his only meal till dinner, sat down as assiduously as a secretary to the perusal of his son's papers on Irish affairs, making notes in his clear round hand.

Mr. Grant passed his evenings in society, meeting at the Lodge or elsewhere nearly all the principal officials and other influential personages. Nor did he neglect the opportunities thus offered him of studying their characters and qualifications, from the Lord-Lieutenant downwards. It may be concluded that the few days which he devoted to Dublin not only disposed of a large amount of business, leaving a rich legacy of minutes to his son, but contributed in no small degree to his knowledge of the colleagues and others with whom he was brought into official contact. Most favourable, as may be supposed, was the impression made on the minds of those with whom he conversed, by this aged, dignified, gentle, and sagacious ruler of millions. At home most instructive was his conversation on moral and religious topics.

On the only Sunday which Mr. Grant could spare from his London engagements, he was disappointed curiously enough of the gratification he had anticipated from listening to Irish pulpit eloquence. In the morning he attended the Hibernian Chapel, where seats were provided for the Lord-Lieutenant and the Secretaries. On coming out, Mr. Grant observed that the sermon he had heard was beyond the experience of the young man who preached,—such as might

have been expected from Mr. Venn. His son on returning home found it amongst Mr. Venn's, though, with a view to conceal the plagiarism, a different text was assigned to it. In the evening I accompanied Mr. Grant to a church in Dublin to hear a celebrated preacher. He was unfortunately absent, and Mr. Grant's comment on his proxy's sermon was that it was very much in the style of that which they had listened to in the morning. It was found unaltered, and with no transposition of texts, among Mr. Venn's. Strange enough that at two unconnected churches in Dublin the clergy should on the same day have borrowed sermons from the same preacher, and have delivered them in the presence of one who had been long one of the ablest members of his congregation! Henry Venn, the son, was amused and gratified by the coincidence.

Full of years and honours, and of the remembrance in all Christian humility of services far beyond the scope of human records, rendered to his God and his fellow-creatures, Mr. Grant survived his brief residence at Dublin till 1823, when, at the age of seventy-eight, he literally died in harness, yielding up his spirit to his Maker as he sat working at his desk. To borrow the language of his son Robert, "he was not, because God took him."

CHAPTER X.

1818.

BELLEVUE—THE LATOUCHES AND KNOX—TINNEHINCH AND
GRATTAN.

DURING my present and subsequent residences in Ireland, I visited Mr. and Mrs. P. Latouche at Bellevue in Wicklow. The Beresfords and Latouches have been two of the most flourishing families in Ireland; the one representing high native aristocratic lineage, and the other, like the Saurins, who have shared their prosperity, refugees from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of the Latouches, well worthy of their parentage, wealth, and distinction, none had taken deeper root in the soil of their adopted country and in the affections of the people than the proprietors of Bellevue. The venerable patriarch at this time owner of the estate had attained the ripe age of eighty-five. He and his lady were celebrated for their hospitality and munificence, to which their immediate neighbourhood bore ample testimony, no less than those institutions in Dublin which enjoyed the benefit of Mrs. Latouche's active personal superintendence. Their want of a family was in a measure compensated for by the companionship of a niece of Mrs. Latouche, Miss Boyle, a superior and highly-educated lady, who had enjoyed the rare privilege of having been brought up at the feet of Alexander Knox, and was afterwards

married to the Rev. James J. Hornby, Rector of Winwick, editor of his *Remains*, their union being the result of their joint share of a publication which proved, in more senses than one, a labour of love. During half the year Bellevue rejoiced and gloried in the residence of Knox. From his pen, as a specimen of his descriptive power, elicited by the charms of his summer retreat, I borrow the following passage:—

“ Mr. Knox, in a letter, dated May 24th, 1806, then describes Bellevue, and implies the effect produced by the scenery and the society of that place upon his feelings :—‘ I have been here more than a fortnight, and, certainly on this earth, I could not have been more delightfully placed. This is, doubtless, the most beautiful season of the year. After the May season comes on, and the hawthorn fades, and the cuckoo becomes silent, the youth of the year is over; but, just now, everything is freshness and gaiety: and this is the very scene to enjoy it in. The walks are so diversified—so close, or so open—so wildly natural, or so carefully laid out—so sunk in the valley, or so elevated almost among the mountains, and so uncommonly picturesque in both, that, to a mind capable of innocent enjoyment, it is continual gratification. And then—the owners themselves—what shall I say of them? simply that they are the animating soul of their own paradise; and that they, and it, and what they do in it, in daily acts of beneficence, and in unrivalled establishments of human comfort,—in using wealth nobly, and in bearing their faculties meekly,—furnish, altogether, the loveliest exemplification of what Providence has designed high prosperity in the world to become and to produce, that this little rolling orb of ours could furnish. In order to find any happier combination, we must, I conceive, go to some better world, or wait for what this spot seems, in some degree, to anticipate—the blessedness of the hoped-for millennium.’ ”¹

There is no professedly biographical record of Mr. Knox. The references to his life in the preface to the *Remains* are very scant; the *Remains*, voluminous as they are, almost ignore his valuable political recollections and speculations. From such inadequate sources, and from his conversation, I

¹ *Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq.*, vol. iii. preface, p. xix.

have gleaned a few particulars illustrative of his course of life, habits, and opinions. He was in early youth associated with the Wesleyan Methodists, and was the intimate friend and devoted disciple of their great leader. During two years, 1797-8, a most critical period of Irish history, he acted as private secretary to Lord Castlereagh, and witnessed the terrible events of the Rebellion.

When affairs assumed a threatening aspect, Knox tendered his resignation of his official post, pleading physical and moral incapacity for the fitting discharge of his duties, and especially his inability to ride, a resource which might prove indispensable. Lord Londonderry, speaking to me of Knox at Dublin in 1821, on the occasion of their first meeting since the Union, observed, "Give him a subject to talk or write upon, he delivers an excellent piece of reasoning, but he does not understand fling papers; in practical intercourse with mankind he fails."

And it was in accordance with this estimate of his secretary's character that the Lord-Lieutenant retained his services, guaranteeing his immunity from the rough work, which might otherwise have fallen to his lot, by consigning him to an inner chamber, where, aloof from the din and turmoil of the conflict, pen in hand, he waged successful warfare with the "United Irishmen" and other advocates of rebellion.

Mr. H. Grattan in his Memoirs of his father attributes Knox's eventual retirement to his aversion to the alleged corrupt practices of the Government. Without offering any opinion respecting the morality and policy of the course pursued, well known to the readers of Lord Cornwallis's Memoirs and other publications, further than to deplore the measures resorted to, I venture to assert that neither have Knox's writings nor conversation supplied any justification of the statement. On the contrary, I have heard Knox repeatedly defend Lord Castlereagh's share in the con-

demned proceedings, on the score of his having availed himself of an indispensable instrument found ready at hand. For his former chief he entertained the most unfeigned respect and affection, and uniformly expressed his most decided opinion of his honesty, humanity, and other statesmanlike qualities, as recorded in a letter dated July 1798. Lord Londonderry, in the House of Commons, when accused of complicity with the cruelties perpetrated in the suppression of the Rebellion, invariably denied the charge and challenged impeachment. And heartily did Knox value Lord Londonderry's esteem and respect manifested to himself, as evidenced in a letter from him, of which he gave me a copy.

Knox would have been gratified by the following testimony to Lord Londonderry's character borne by Mr. David Morier, a distinguished member of a distinguished diplomatic family, who having been trained at Constantinople by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, had discharged with credit the duties of our minister at Berne and Consul-General at Paris, and now in his ninety-second year¹ recorded his deliberate opinion. It was communicated to me in a letter dated May 13, 1876:—"I have not forgotten your query about *my* Lord Castlereagh. I can only say that as far as I can judge from my long and intimate intercourse with him in all the negotiations at Paris, Chatillon, Vienna Congress, and at home in the Foreign Office, he was the most upright statesman we ever had. No man was ever more misrepresented and misunderstood than he. Perhaps I am partial, from having always been so favoured by him."

But Lord Londonderry's endeavours, both on personal and public accounts, to retain Knox's services were unsuccessful.

"Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret."

Shattered nerves and impaired spirits were ill suited to the

¹ Died, aged ninety-three, in the following year.

turmoil of public life. And Knox sought in seclusion more congenial employment, very rarely, as the *Remains* no less than his ordinary conversation testified, adverting to political topics, unless when his especial interest in former events, as in the times and proceedings of the Irish Parliament and in the settlement of the Union, the measures by which it was accomplished receiving his warm approval, was aroused by the predilection of his hearers; or when some more recent question, such as that of Catholic Emancipation, involving religious considerations, afforded scope to his brilliant eloquence. Now and then he was fortunate in his political augury. In December 1806, six years before the Moscow campaign, he expressed his opinion in a letter that Russia was not then prepared for a conflict with Buonaparte, but would eventually prove a main instrument in that usurper's downfall.

If there was one eminent Irish statesman whom he seemed to regard with peculiar affection, it was Henry Grattan. Palliating his views on political and religious subjects at variance with his own, Knox, as I recollect, bestowed on him the somewhat equivocal praise of being an *old Roman*, and was wont to add, in terms which struck me as applicable to his own occasional eccentricities, that "he was misled by the magic of his own misconceptions." Knox's account of the memorable conflict in the Irish House of Commons between Grattan and Flood, which he witnessed, was most interesting. Commenting on the rancorous personalities interchanged by these Parliamentary leaders—and it may be remarked that on this and similar rencounters the members, so far from interfering in vindication of the dignity of Parliament, if not from personal considerations, seemed to regard the floor of the House as a privileged cockpit,—he observed that "if ever man was possessed of the devil it was his friend Grattan on this occasion."

Knox's personal appearance indicated a thoroughly delicate and refined organisation, physical as well as moral. His invariable action when he was animated in conversation was ungraceful, seemingly denoting the struggle of intellectual energy with physical debility. He fairly ejaculated his sentences, resting, as he spoke, the back of his clenched fist on his chin, then gradually raising it over his mouth, and ultimately slowly outstretching his arm till he reached the close of his sentence. His conversation was declamatory, and his periods were rounded off as if he were addressing a popular audience, though very probably he had never been subjected to such an ordeal.

Knox apparently profited by Hannah More's entreaty that he would not be intellectual before breakfast, for he was usually silent till he had swallowed a large cup of coffee, and at other times, if not drawn into discussion which called forth his dormant intellectual powers. But when his listeners were evidently interested in his discourse, and more especially when, as was usual in his case, he was controversially disposed, he would pour forth the redundant streams of his eloquence far into the night. The "prophet's chamber" to which he invited his own congenial friends could testify to the unflagging force and fervour of his disquisitions. Often have I remained with him till two A.M., leaving him quite willing to proceed had I been disposed to listen longer. On one occasion Sir Thomas Acland remained spell-bound by the ingenuity and splendour of his speculations till two hours later.

Knox's religious opinions were of the composite order. He had been associated, and in some instances identified, with various and mutually antagonistic schools and denominations, and had studied their dogmas and practices in an eclectic spirit. No religious leader had engaged a larger share of his regard, or influenced his views more decidedly,

than John Wesley. With his followers, the Butterworths, Adam Clark, and others, he kept up constant intercourse, as appears from the voluminous correspondence published in the *Remains*. Detaching Wesleyanism from dissent in general, he denied that it was schismatical, inasmuch as it had not relinquished communion with the Church of England. He even, as I had once before occasion to show, attributed the piety retained by our Church, when, as in the last century, its spiritual condition had been much debased, to Wesley and his followers, to Whitfield, and to those members of our Church, whether clerical or lay, whose views harmonised with theirs. He would observe emphatically that he had never witnessed so much Christian love and fellowship as in the Wesleyan love-feasts.

Knox had read much of the writings of the Puritans, and greatly extolled their piety. With the various denominations of Protestant dissenters he had little communion. He had mixed more with the Presbyterians of Ulster, chiefly of a lower type than those of Scotland, not only as sharing their Calvinism, a system to which he felt repugnance, but, worse still, Calvinism infected with Arianism. Nor had his adverse prepossessions been mitigated by the recollection that, as author of the tracts written in opposition to the "United Irishmen," he had been brought into conflict with the sect at the time when, politically disaffected, it disunited itself from the then loyal Roman Catholics. It was therefore with pungent zest that he would quote the dictum of a friend similarly disposed towards his Northern brethren: "I can put up with the . . . of such a sect, the . . . of another," and so forth, specifying their respective peculiarities, which I have forgotten, "but tolerate I cannot the cachechu austerity of that costive-faced people the Presbyterians."

Knox had seen little of the Roman Catholics. He held

that union between our Church and Rome had been rendered impracticable by the assumption of arbitrary authority and the extinction of the right of private judgment, not only by the Pope, but by the Romish Church at large, and by their holding the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He regarded the Papacy as the Babylon of the Apocalypse, and the Romish dogmas as opposed to those of the first Christian centuries. But in other respects he was less explicit. He commended, as excelling that of the Protestants, the piety of the Romish writers, whilst he dealt leniently and guardedly with the corruptions of their system, deeming those of the ultra-Protestants, whether free or not from metaphysical abstraction, as the more pernicious. He recommended the study of both the pre- and post-Reformation divines, maintaining that vital truth must be gathered out of the entire storehouse of Church history, as the materials so collected were much more reliable than the uncertain records of the three first centuries, and the testimony of all ages of the Church much more valuable than that of any single period. And he ventures on the following conclusion, as stated in a letter dated December 1808:—
“Though conscious of as real reformed feelings as any one, I must deliberately prize what the Church of Rome possesses so deeply as to make me prefer their religion to sectarianism, in whatever plausible form the latter may appear.”

It is remarkable that Knox should have formed an erroneous estimate of the hold which the Romish system had on its followers, that he should have maintained that convertibility as between Romanists and Protestants would be decidedly from rather than to Rome, and that it should have been his favourite and oft-repeated opinion that the grandson of any Roman Catholic admitted to Parliament would turn Protestant. Assuredly in these respects events have not vindicated his sagacity. How would his confi-

dence in his predictions have been abated could he have foreseen that whilst political emancipation would bear no such fruit, this temporising with Rome with a view to peace, and proselytism, would on the contrary shake the faith of multitudes of clergymen of the Church of England, and produce the very result which he earnestly deprecated in a letter to Mr. Dunn (*Remains*, iii. 315), where he denounces concession on the part of Protestants as tending to bring them within the clutches of the Romanists, who, whilst resolved to yield nothing, “ would hide their teeth and claws in a cloak of specious gentleness until the silly sheep were fairly within the wolf’s den” ! The result of a comparison of the dogmas of the Ritualists of the present day with Knox’s views confirms a prevalent opinion, entertained both by them and by their opponents, that Knox has been pre-eminently responsible for the rise and progress of their heresy.

Nor was the enthusiastic veneration with which Knox regarded the Church of England incompatible with such prepossession, for most of the Ritualists of the present day dread nothing more than following the honester example of their perverts of the preceding generation, bent rather on Romanising than renouncing their Church. Knox held that the Church of England had retained all the important truths whilst rejecting the errors of Christendom ; that its liturgies were all but inspired ; that it derived from the adventitious circumstance of its union with the State not only stability, but immunity from the corruption which would have ensued from the unchecked authority of conflicting Churchmen,—that consequently its condition as an establishment was essential to its safety and vitality ; and that the Church of England, as possessed of the due notes and needful stamina of perpetuity, would provide a central ecclesiastical organisation available to Universal Christendom.

But he could nevertheless hazard the declaration (*Remains*, iv. 195) that in his judgment public worship was, to a confirmed Christian, more a gratifying recreation than a direct means of grace. Nor do some subsequent explanatory words affect the statement. The opinion thus enunciated furnishes a fresh clew to his peculiar views. He contended that the cultivation of personal piety should be the permanent object of life, attainable chiefly by means of private prayer and the due regulation of our habits of life; and that society and employments calculated to obstruct our progress in holiness should be foregone. His zeal for sanctification laid him open to the imputation of entertaining low views of justification, and of undervaluing the direct efficacy of the Atonement. To secure advancement in holiness, he would borrow help from systems however various. The Church of England, whose arm, in his opinion, had been paralysed by the suicidal system of the old High Church party, should accomplish her mission steadily, unaggressively, and by instrumentality ordained by Divine Providence.

The *Remains* almost ignore Missions. Though in 1805 he had so far advocated the Bible Society as to devote some weeks to the composition of a pamphlet vindicating the proceedings of that institution, of its President, and of the Bishops who were favourable to it, in 1817 he became alarmed by its progress, withdrew his support, and predicted its speedy collapse, and the consequent exposure of the too freely circulated Bible to disrespect! Had Mr. Knox incurred the responsibility of public life, he would have been more cautious in hazarding his anticipations of the future. But his treatment of the Bible and other Societies whose action he deprecates was in strict accordance with the system of passivity to which he had now in a great measure succumbed. When taxed with his own conclusion, he was asked whether he would oppose the movement which he had

disapproved, he could emphatically reply that he would not lift up a finger against it. He tolerated Calvinism and Romanism notwithstanding the dangerous errors he imputed to those systems, recognising them as instruments employed by Divine Providence for the accomplishment of certain purposes. He recommended Wesleyans not to desert their communion, and even counselled a young friend not to renounce some dogma, although confessedly dangerous, inasmuch as it had its especial part to play in the general Providential scheme.

Thus Knox entrenched himself in what he regarded as the impregnable stronghold of Quietism. But nevertheless he disavowed and protested against Quietism, defining it to be the professed absorption of the mind into the Divine essence. But is there any practical difference between such estimation of mental action and that effectuated by assigning to the providential dispensations of the Deity the practical annihilation of free-agency? To the subordination of his moral and intellectual faculties to his system conduced his weakly physical organisation, precarious health, and nervous disarrangement, no less than the general tenor of his reading, conversation, and writings. And from without no antidote to his aberration was available. Anglican, Catholic, waiter on Providence, Methodist, Mystic, Pietist, Quietist, Eclectic in turn, yet not obnoxious to the charge of being everything by fits and nothing long, or of being irretentive whilst susceptible of novel and conflicting impressions, he endeavoured to weld into one consistent whole the most incongruous elements. And so long as he was content, like the insect endowed with like inexhaustible resources, to construct and beautify the cell within which he had voluntarily incarcerated himself, his skill, industry, and command of materials served only to enhance the difficulty of self-extrication.

Those who sat at his feet spell-bound by his transcendent eloquence, would sometimes discover, when they looked for practical result, that they had been listening to "one who hath a pleasant voice and can play well on his instrument;" the visions of whose philosophy, however splendid, had passed away like dissolving views, and its enigmas, however ingenious, had proved, like the riddles of symbolism, as evanescent as

"the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place."

From our brief analysis of Knox's views it may be inferred that though he had many admirers who could derive much benefit from his instruction, he could number very few devoted disciples. Perhaps Bishop Jebb's opinions were identified more closely with those of his Mentor than those of his other friends and correspondents. In Dublin, as a prophet lacking honour in his own country, Knox laments that latterly he could not reckon on a single follower.

Whence then the acknowledged influence of this eminent Christian philosopher? Assuredly it was not owing to vigorous health, physical activity, wealth, social position, or practical experience of life, for, save during his brief official career, his habits were those of a recluse. Much of it was due to his erudition and his power of appropriating it, and still more to the extraordinary fascination of his eloquence, which, however digressive, never missed its aim; and, as his friends will agree, to that discriminating sympathy which secured their attachment by communicating to them the instruction which they craved; tracing—a favourite theme—the course of Divine Providence by the light of personal or historical experience, or imparting to them the wisdom of the Sacred Writings, and of Plato, and Bacon, and Milton, and Boyle, in the original, or his own scarcely less expressive diction, or else corroborating by the force of his

reasoning, or testing by the touchstone of his scrutiny, the distinctive views of Jebb, of Wilberforce, of Hannah More, the Butterworths, and other representatives of various theological schools, or luring them onward through some tangled labyrinth of mingled truth and error, to which his refining ingenuity supplied a dangerous clew. The magical sway of the enchanter's wand was indisputable. Nor were his heresies injurious to minds whose discriminating alchemy could detach the true from the false, though it could prove delusive, enfeebling, and emasculating to others of less robust texture, seduced into sacrificing wholesome doctrine and habits to a dreamy amalgamation of irreconcilable systems inducing lotos-like repose, which, however alluring to the spirit wearied by doubt and disputation, could not supply the only effectual antidote to the "ills which man is heir to." All who listened to him, of whatever school, must admit that the land of the prophet's promise, so far from blossoming as a rose, has yielded hitherto an abundant crop of thorns and thistles.

The following brief notes of conversations with Knox may confirm or illustrate the preceding remarks :—

"Knox quoted an observation of Dryden that the Church of England had been formed on one principle and had proceeded on another. He agreed with Dryden so far. The principle upon which the first form of prayer and discipline was instituted was to recognise the necessity of a National Church, by retaining as much of the Roman Catholic system as was consistent with the new tenets. Edward VI. was influenced by Bucer and Peter Martyr, followers of Calvin, and was induced to rush into the opposite extreme to that of the Catholics, and to renounce everything which belonged to their system. Knox was of opinion that the Church of England would fall into a state of great depression; that a general spirit of investigation would

follow, and that the universal tendency would be to restore the Church to its original principle, and to a closer resemblance to the Roman Catholic system.

“Episcopacy he regarded as of Divine appointment, essential to the dignity and stability of religion and to the respectability of its ministers.

“He was of opinion that almost all the religion in the country may be traced to dissenters; that Whitfield and Wesley were the immediate instruments of raising the religious world from that deplorable state of apathy which existed when they appeared. He instanced Mrs. Hannah More, who derived her religious views from Dr. Doddridge, through the medium of Sir John Stonehouse.

“He thought that the High Church party, whilst pretending zealously to fight the battles of the Church, were striking a dagger to its heart.

“The Christian religion, he observed, has an attractive and a propulsive feature in its character. John the Baptist exhibited the latter—to excite terror was his object: in our Saviour was evinced the former—He came to display the beauties and excellencies of religion, to attract and to elevate the mind. The Queen of the South was allured by the wisdom of Solomon, the men of Nineveh were impelled by the preaching of Jonah, and yet both were to rise in judgment against the existing generation. ‘We have piped to you, and ye have not danced,’ ‘We have mourned to you, and ye have not wept,’ still further illustrates this duality. The Christian religion therefore rises to the highest and descends to the lowest; affording motives adapted to their respective constitutions. In the attractive method there is something calming and elevating; in the propulsive all is agitating. Knox saw in the nature of our Church Establishment the former property, and the latter in the sectarian. The Church adopts a sober settled form of prayer;

the sectarians have recourse to the passions by extemporaneous effusions in prayer and preaching. The Church encourages the purifying, calming, and elevating devotion of the closet; the sectarians depend upon each other, upon their meetings, upon their communion. The system of the Church is best calculated to preserve religion pure and in its native dignity; the sectarian methods are most applicable to conversion, and therefore Providence has employed the sectarians as its instruments in alarming, in propelling, in performing those offices which are inconsistent with the elevated character of the Church.

“Extemporaneous prayer is dangerous; and that a congregation should be compelled to follow the effusions of a novice or of a man inferior to the greatest portion of them is absurd. It follows that extempore preaching is dangerous.

“Knox, in reply to some remarks of mine, admitted the distinction between praying and preaching extempore; but argued that these practices encouraged an appetite for excitement, which they would not find in the sober system of the Established Church, and would go in quest of elsewhere. He reverted to his former position, and maintained that to elevate and purify were the duties of the ministers of the Church.

“And farther, he was far from passing sentence of condemnation on all that activity, whether individual or collective, that was at present in operation in the country, because all that *is* is ordered by Providence, and to resist it would be resisting Providence. But in all this he saw no permanency; he perceived a spirit of improvement at work; education in his opinion was the powerful instrument it employed in so raising the intellectual character of the people as to qualify them for the lofty, purifying, and elevating system of the Established Church; and in proportion as their spirit operated, and the mental condition was raised, so there

would be a diminution in the exciting and agitating agency which was now so popular."

The colloquial powers of both Knox and Coleridge have been celebrated, but no one would place Knox on a par with Coleridge in respect of intellectual gladiatorship. Let me avail myself of an opportunity afforded me of passing some hours in the society of Coleridge to bring the two great talkers into juxtaposition. My friend Mr. Basil Montagu invited me to accompany him to his usual Thursday evening visit to Coleridge, who was then residing apart from his family with Mr. Gilman at Highgate. Mr. Irving, celebrated as a preacher, and subsequently as an heresiarch, was the third of our party. We found the poet-philosopher sitting alone in his dining-room after his dinner, with a bottle of wine before him. Basil Montagu and Irving shook hands with him without exchanging a word, further than to introduce me to a kindly welcome, and then sat down, each in an arm-chair, by the fire-side, resting his face on his hand in an attitude of profound attention. *In medias res* was evidently the order of the day. Coleridge paced to and fro, discussing abstruse German metaphysics, of which, excepting two or three brilliant illustrations, I could comprehend nothing. "Whether," observed to me Dr. Chalmers, on my alluding to this least satisfactory part of our evening entertainment, "Irving understood it, I much doubt: I am certain that Basil Montagu did not comprehend a word of it." Ere long we were ushered into the drawing-room, round which sat a circle of young men. Coleridge took his seat in a vacant chair, desiring Irving and myself to place ourselves on each side of him. Nor had we long to wait for the enjoyment we anticipated; for without hesitation he poured forth a copious stream of eloquence on philosophical, moral, and religious subjects. It having been hinted to us that an appropriate remark, when he paused,

might be serviceable, I availed myself of the opportunity of his eulogising Episcopacy, to ask him whether he did not consider that Burnet's rank in the Church had facilitated his salutary access to Charles II. ; whereupon Irving arose, and, adapting voice and gesture to his utterance, exclaimed, " If I must have taken the title of My Lord to have addressed his Majesty, I would have flung it from me with disdain." Those who can recollect the awful solemnity of Irving's presence in the pulpit, as he stood erect and lofty—his long black hair depending on his shoulders ; the steadfast gaze of one of his dark eyes fixed on his audience, comprising the great and good, the learned and eloquent, of the land : the other, owing to the obliquity of its vision, " communing with the skies ;" or else when, at the close of his sermon, he covered his face with his hands, in prayerful anticipation of the mysterious jargon which usually at such times burst from the lips of some duped or deceiving member of his congregation,—may imagine the effect of this dramatic exhibition.

Coleridge was equal to the occasion. Needlessly apprehensive lest some one should take up the gauntlet thus defiantly thrown down, he delivered at once a brilliant but unpremeditated and quite irrelevant rhapsody upon the Creation, leaving, as he towered aloft into an empyrean of his own, immeasurable space betwixt the sweep of his wing and the *brutum fulmen* of Presbyterian indignation. And well did he sustain his unflagging career, sometimes outstripping our straining vision, and sometimes, if we might judge by the glare of his eye and acceleration of his diction, almost overpowered by the uncontrollable succession of his ideas and superabounding wealth of his illustration.

If I might venture to found, on imperfect data, a comparison of the styles of these two colloquial orators, I might observe that the flow of their eloquence resembled that of

a majestic river reflecting from its ample surface the blended hues of heaven and earth, but that whilst that of the Irish conversationalist, though occasionally rapid and redundant, was ever placid, that of his English rival was at times impetuous and even wayward as a torrent when overcharged by swollen tributaries, or chafed by the obstruction of rocks and quicksands, or diverted from its usual course by the influx of some adverse current.

At Bellevue I first saw the celebrated Henry Grattan. His countenance expressed his characteristic energy and determination. His figure was remarkable, partaking of the grotesque. He was short in stature, but long-limbed. His extraordinary stride so alarmed the girls of Mrs. Latouche's school, as he approached them on their way to the house for morning prayers, that I saw them disband and fly at the approach of the unexpected apparition.

It was my singular good fortune to be listener, sole, as it happened—for the ladies had retired from the dining-room, and our venerable host had fallen asleep—to the conversation which ensued between Knox and Grattan on the Catholic Emancipation question, exhibiting the splendid rivalry of the two foremost champions of the yet unceded claims, each avowedly yielding to the other the palm of ascendancy, whilst vying in the alternate and responsive advocacy of the common cause. Strikingly contrasted was the brilliant declamation of the one with the epigrammatic point and antithetical mannerism of the other, as their fraternising efforts, animated by the prospect of triumph, afforded no less incitement than scope to the display of the different characteristics of their patriotic eloquence.

Mr. Grattan kindly invited me to Tinnehinch, six miles distant from Bellevue. This delightful residence was purchased by the proceeds of the sale of an estate which he had acquired by means of a grant of £50,000, conferred on him

by the Irish Parliament in recognition of his public services,—in reference to which Flood during the debate already alluded to designated him “a mendicant patriot.” The sum accepted by Grattan was a moiety of that offered to him, £100,000.

“The beauty of his little seat,” to quote a letter of mine dated October 31, “is exquisite. It stands at the entrance of the famous glen of the Dargle, and that little river runs within twenty yards of his windows. The fine bold mountains of Wicklow rise above the high bank of foliage on its opposite bank. In this romantic spot Grattan lives a quiet life with his wife, who has unfortunately lost the use of her limbs, his daughter, and his sons when not with their regiments. He is constantly walking about and using in his soliloquies the violent action which characterises his speeches. All his great speeches have been composed on the banks of this romantic river. He is altogether the most extraordinary man I ever beheld—his ragged clothes; his walk and gait and manner, are altogether remarkable. I have always heard that no one could be more amiable than Grattan in private life. I received the greatest kindness from him. He is very communicative, very fond of reverting to the halcyon days of the Irish Parliament, and very entertaining, as he never says anything like anybody else. I introduced the Catholic question, and he talked on it for some hours to my great delight and edification.” This brief sketch omits mention of the roses in the cultivation of which Grattan took great delight, and for which Tinnehinch was celebrated.

His conversation was oratorical. His gesticulations were almost vermicular. It was said of the younger of his sons, as of others who have unconsciously imitated their father’s manner, that he exhibited the contortions without the inspiration of the Sibyl. His habit of rounding his sentences seemed quite natural to him. On my asking him who was the owner of a house beautifully situated in his valley, he

replied, "An old gentleman named ——; he lived there alone till at last he got another old gentleman to live with him, and they went on very well for a time, till at last they took to arguing, and they argued, and they argued, and they argued, and it is impossible to conceive the insignificance of the things about which they argued." Adverting to a plot which he alleged had been contrived for entertaining the foreign Sovereigns at a Guildhall dinner in 1814 with a specimen of Irish eloquence, he observed—and it might have been supposed that he was alluding to his own manner of speaking,—“I saw that they wanted me to tumble for them, and I was determined that I would not tumble for them, so I rose and drank all their good healths in a bumper.”

Mr. Grattan's amiability in domestic life was proverbial. He expressed great satisfaction as he directed my attention to Cobbett's *Parliamentary History*, as having been just purchased by his eldest son, James, probably a guarantee of a statesman's career. Both his sons had served abroad in the army, and were long in Parliament. It is unfortunate that men so warm-hearted and upright—the remark applies chiefly to Henry, the younger—should have exhibited a spirit and ventured on tones and gestures much better suited to an Irish pre-Union political atmosphere than that in which they now lived and moved. The especial violence of Henry's deportment was no doubt increased by the significant silence of the opposite party, who had formed a tacit agreement not to reply to his speeches. To play the part of the "Chimæra bombinans in vacuo" was assuredly trying to his temper; and the groans and foaming at the mouth which occasionally marked the recovery of his breath after one of his sallies indicated, like the oracular utterances of old, the violence of the struggles of his spirit. As the *Mémoire* of the life and times of his father is a monument of filial veneration and patriotic zeal, it is unfortunate that he should have indulged

in some unjust, rash, and, as time has proved, inaccurate opinions and reflections.

The state of the elder Mrs. Grattan's health compelled her to pass the remaining years of her widowhood with her family in England, where we enjoyed several opportunities of cultivating their acquaintance and friendship. Mrs. Grattan was an excellent lady, striking in personal appearance, and no less dignified than pleasing in manner.

The elder daughter of the Grattans was married to a Mr. Blachford, and secondly to Lord Carnwath; the younger to Mr. Wake, an excellent clergyman of the Church of England. Lady Laura, widow of the elder son, survived to assist on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of her father-in-law in 1876. The widow of Henry was worthy of the family into which she married. She was once indebted for a droll adventure to the bungling of her coachman. Being engaged to an evening party at our house in Portman Square, she attributed her late arrival to her coachman having driven her by mistake to Lord Fitzwilliam's in Grosvenor Square. The venerable owner had expressed, in reply to the announcement of her name, his regret that he could not see Mrs. Henry Grattan, as he did not receive company on that evening. The coachman made a fresh start, and unluckily, to Mrs. Grattan's dismay, not being conversant with London, returned to the same door, and subjected her to the same courteous answer. Mrs. Grattan, to proceed with the sequel, called on my mother subsequently to inform her that her husband, on the same night, assured her of his conviction that old Lord Fitzwilliam must be mad, for he had come up to him as he entered the club, and expressed great regret that he had been unable to receive her, accounting for the circumstance as it has been explained.

Another characteristic anecdote of the Grattan family:—Mrs. Wake, whose amiability, naïveté, and talent were the

delight of every one acquainted with her, gave us, when Miss Grattan, the following amusing account of a *contretemps* at Chatsworth, which caused her no small annoyance. The Duke of Devonshire had just marshalled a line of carriages for an excursion, and finding no vacant place for himself except in a chariot occupied by Miss Grattan and another lady, placed himself between them as bodkin. Not aware that the Duke, who was very deaf, like many others subject to a like infirmity, could hear well in a carriage, Miss Grattan observed hastily to her companion: "So we shall be bored with the Duke." "I shan't bore you long," replied the Duke good-humouredly, and during her visit never showed the least symptom of resentment: but alas for the pleasure of the kind-hearted offender's visit!—she had forfeited it.

Mr. Grattan pressed me to return to Tinnehinch, and afterwards invited Mr. Grant and myself to pass Christmas under his hospitable roof; but other engagements prevented. His life, latterly comparatively peaceful, but still stormy to the last, for he was resolved to perish at his post, was now drawing to a close. In the previous year he had been mobbed and hurt by an ungrateful populace at the General Election at Dublin. In the following year he was defeated on his motion in behalf of Catholic Emancipation in the House of Commons by a majority of 2, and in the autumn his last illness commenced. There was a prevalent impression that his religious views were unsatisfactory, and Mr. Knox participated in it; but his son Henry, adverting to it with much feeling, produces evidence to the contrary, and such as may be deemed, in one instance, conclusive, as the deathbed testimony of one whose integrity had never been impeached. He writes thus, April 29, 1820, when his father was dying:—

"Every day one of his daughters read prayers to him and chapters from the Bible. He admired particularly the book of Isaiah, and at the conclusion of one of the chapters he

said: 'If I had not read this book before, it would be of little service to me to do so now. I can do nothing of myself. I prostrate myself, with all my sins, at the foot of the Cross, and I trust to the mercy of my Redeemer.'

The following notes of Mr. Knox's and Mr. Grattan's conversations at different times on Catholic Emancipation were taken by me at the time.

"G. rested his position on the *terra firma* of right, admitting, however, that the advocacy of the measure had been seldom placed on that basis, and never by Pitt. Nevertheless, he strenuously insisted on the claims of mercy. He attributed the opposition of the Protestants to selfishness, to their unwillingness to share with the Roman Catholics the power and patronage of which they enjoyed the monopoly. Whilst allowance should be made for the much greater value of this consideration as applied to Ireland than to England, on account of the much larger proportion of Roman Catholics in the former country, and for the bias of G.'s natural inclination to regard the question from an Irish point of view, it seems remarkable that a statesman, whose large and liberal political opinions had never been restricted to any party groove, should have credited his opponents with so little of the intensity of religious feeling which the measure had excited.

"Both K. and G. were persuaded that the settlement of the question would disintegrate the Roman Catholic body by loosening the ties which bound its members by the consciousness of common suffering and degradation; that Government, no longer confronted by an united phalanx, to the ascendancy of whose more violent leaders their gentry submitted as a preferable alternative to endangering combined action, would find it broken into divers sections; that those who would risk revolution, rather than forego their claims, would give ample proof of their loyalty, out of regard

not only to the upholding of sovereignty, but to the security of their own position and property ; that hitherto deprived by oppressive laws of every inducement to self-culture and improvement, they would vindicate the confidence reposed in them by qualifying themselves for magisterial and other public functions, and thus become a safe medium of communication with Government, and a channel by which valuable information might be obtained respecting the real condition of the country, the want of which had been much experienced ; and further, that the exclusive authority of the priesthood would be shaken.

“ K. held that the Roman Catholic laity, no longer fettered by their adherence to a proscribed and persecuted denomination, would find themselves at liberty to examine impartially the distinctive doctrines of conflicting creeds, and that many of them would desert their old standard, whilst, on the other hand, Protestants would be divested of their prejudices, and their mutual kindly feelings would be cemented by joint education. He justified his expectation by adverting to the fact that no less than seventy Roman Catholics had been admitted to Trinity College, Dublin. He contended, as I have already mentioned, that the grandson of every Roman Catholic returned to Parliament, released from the stringent obligation of the point of honour, would become Protestant, attributing little weight to hereditary attachment to creed, and the stubborn resistance of the *vis inertia* when opposed to other predominating motives.

“ G., though attaching less importance to differences of creed, did not share K.’s views of the proselytising effect of legislative privileges, but nevertheless dwelt with delight on the amalgamating influence of the removal of disabilities. It was the anticipation of the results of the measure as affecting both Protestants and Roman Catholics that drew from Grattan, whilst addressing the British House of Commons

on the question, one of the most brilliant impromptus on record.

“The objection that concession would not satisfy the Roman Catholics was, in the opinion both of K. and G., not to be lightly disposed of. They acknowledged that the lower classes of the Roman Catholics had obtained as much as placed them on a level with Protestants of the same rank, and that the gentry would be admissible to every office of State except the Chancellorship, to which, on account of the large amount of ecclesiastical patronage attached to it, they were no more justified in aspiring than to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but that the priesthood, getting nothing, would consequently be discontented. The Roman Catholic Bishops would therefore infallibly demand seats in the House of Lords. And he could perceive no valid objection to compliance but the addition of so many bad votes to the number already existing, *i.e.* they would be always placed at the disposal of the Ministers of the day. ‘Doubtless,’ he said, speaking of the Upper House, ‘their Lordships might at first take offence at the mitres and *gould* waistcoats of the Roman Catholic prelates, and such toys as these, but would soon become reconciled to them.’ He was opposed to the concession of a Government veto on the appointment of those functionaries, regretting that the Pope had given his consent to it in his letter to Cardinal Litta, as calculated to do harm, and commending the Irish Parliament’s steadfast resistance to it.

“G. could not be persuaded that any compromise of religious or constitutional principle would be involved in the admission of Roman Catholic prelates as spiritual Peers to the Upper House. But K. required security for the good conduct of the priesthood, and recollecting the potent influence of the purse in effecting the Union, naturally turned to it as the most efficacious means of purchasing their

dependence. And moreover he held that such payment, by supplying the priesthood with a *quid pro quo* as some equivalent for the burdens imposed on them, would reconcile that body to the tithe as effectually as the *Regium Donum* had proved a sop to the Presbyterians. G. did not advert to the tithe question."

CHAPTER XI.

1818.

IRELAND—EDUCATION.

ERE parting with Ireland, I will endeavour briefly to sketch the progress of education in that country, as coming more especially within the scope of my personal reminiscences. A lull had now succeeded the political tempests which had ushered in the present century, whilst the Emancipation question, though warmly discussed, had not as yet evoked the ultimately successful agitation. Government, before and since the Union, had lavished its bounty, often wastefully enough, with the twofold view of imparting social benefits to the people and of securing their allegiance, so that a private subscription was considered an unfailing preamble to a public grant,—and it must in justice be allowed advantageously, by encouraging the reformatory efforts of public-spirited landlords and others. But to be effectual the patriotic movement required to be deeper and more extended. Statistics, especially as comprised in Wakefield's bulky volumes, were now usefully tabulated and studied. But a pre-eminent share of the merit of Ireland's regeneration must be assigned to Miss Edgeworth, whose novels brought home to our firesides, as well as to the cabinets of our Ministers, a faithful representation of the debased condition of her native country.

At the root of the evil lay the deficiency of education, as disclosed especially by Mr. Forster's exhaustive report in 1809, proving that the demand of the Irish people for education was urgent, and had engendered as its spurious offspring the notorious hedge-schools,—seminaries, as Mr. Forster designated them, of lawless and profligate adventure. Had Government taken no steps to mitigate the evil? Yes; it had planted long since, as garrisons in an enemy's country, the celebrated Charter schools, in which 2000 children were educated. The main object contemplated by these institutions was proselytism, which proved a failure, inasmuch as the greater number of the children, on returning to their homes, were subjected by the conditions of marriage or other means to the restored authority of the priests.

At a later date the Government had bestowed an annual grant on the Kildare Place Society, in whose numerous schools the Bible was taught. Whether this indispensable element in its educational system should or should not be approved by the Government was a question of the future.

But the work which should have been done by Government was consigned in a great measure to the voluntary effort of individuals. A very important educational movement had originated with a Presbyterian named Robert Stevens, who devoted his life to the formation of scriptural unproselytising schools in Ireland. Land and sea did he compass to raise funds for the purpose,—cordially esteemed on his mission, his somewhat unpolished exterior not ill-suited to the rough work of a pioneer, the kindness of his heart beaming forth from the *sauerkraut* expression of his countenance, and his brush, the so-called broad dorsal appendage to his coat, suggestive of his characteristic shrewdness.

Meanwhile a Society was formed at Dublin for teaching

the Irish in their native tongue. Its excellent founder was a younger brother of the better known Sir Henry Parnell, a leading member of Parliament, and near relative of the wife of Archbishop Longley. Perceiving the vast growing power of association, he devoted his efforts and influence to the enrolment of coadjutors who, designated by himself Institutioners, co-operated with him in promoting the various schemes he had set on foot or supported. He was the intimate friend and ally of Lord Roden, and other like-minded philanthropists, and was ever welcomed at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. A drawback to his popularity, and so far to his usefulness, was his inveterate prosiness.

The result of Robert Stevens' exertions was the formation of the London Hibernian Society. The Committee, originally composed exclusively of dissenters, admitted four members of the Church of England, with a view to enlarging the sphere of its operations and influence, viz., Frederick, afterwards Lord Calthorpe, Sir George Grey, the well-known Captain Gordon, and myself. The Marquis of Lansdowne accepted the office of President, supported by a long list of titled and other distinguished Vice-Presidents. The funds of the Society were largely increased, and the anniversary meetings held at the Freemasons' Hall were thronged with fashionable audiences, under the presidency on one occasion of the Duke of Gloucester as Earl of Connaught, and on others of noble and eminent Irish landed proprietors. The most brilliant of these gatherings numbered among its speakers the President Lord Lansdowne, Lord Dover, and Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, to whose presence subsequent occurrences imparted additional interest. He had been induced to attend by a deputation from the Society consisting of Baptist Noel and myself. His address was effective and evidently flowed from his heart. He had just returned from a tour in America, and on sitting down

pledged a glass of sherry to a lady sitting opposite to him, his future bride. Several of Lord Lansdowne's friends who were present observed that they had never heard the venerable statesman speak so well.

It was however under other auspices that our Society achieved its great success. Though differences of opinion prevailed among its supporters on the important question whether it should abstain, as heretofore, from direct proselytism, accepting such result only as the legitimate offspring of scriptural education, or else, in the spirit and language of Captain Gordon, declare open war against Rome, and cross the Rubicon of avowed reformation. Practically, as the teaching of the Bible, though not controversial, was committed to schoolmasters appointed by the Society, there could be no doubt but that its tenor was Protestant. However, the Society adhered to its original rule, and the rough-and-ready champion of an uncompromising course, a genuine salt, found ample scope for his combativeness in the service of the Irish Reformation Society, and more especially in a mission to Ireland in company with Baptist Noel, announcing himself the Luther, and his gentler colleague the Melancthon, of a second Reformation. Gordon's success in encountering O'Connell in the House of Commons, when subsequently returned for Dundalk, proved the value of his diligence in acquiring a vast amount of information, and in attaining the fluency in which he originally was deficient.

The immediate victim of the explosive spirit of which our Committee had discovered symptoms was our distinguished President. One of our younger members, a red-hot Protestant, aggrieved by some measure adopted by Lord Lansdowne on his Irish estates, availed himself of the failure of a quorum to propose to the only other member present, an aged and pacific Quaker, to address a letter, *in*

the name of the Committee, to the President, announcing to him his summary dismissal from his post. The gross insolence of this proceeding was aggravated by the graver offence of usurping, on behalf of a body extemporised for the purpose, authority in such case vested exclusively in the subscribers at large at a general meeting. Public bodies sometimes avail themselves of the shelter of corporate sanction to perpetrate injustice, but very rare are the instances of an individual not shrinking from so scandalous a dereliction of principle and propriety.

On ascertaining the circumstances of this outrage, I wrote an explanatory letter to Lord Lansdowne, earnestly requesting him to regard it in its true light, as the unauthorised act of a single individual. He replied, kindly and courteously, that, but for the respect he entertained for some members of the Committee, he would have previously relinquished his connection with the Society—proof of his being aware that the Committee had not been exempt from the prevailing differences on the Irish education question. The affair was so disreputable that it was thought advisable to take no public notice of it; and in the Marquis of Cholmondeley we were provided with an excellent successor to the vacant chair, who devoted his services to the Society, whilst *pari passu* his excellent lady superintended the Ladies' Hibernian Society, which took charge of the education of girls.

Mr. Stanley never withdrew his name from our list of Vice-Presidents, but eventually, by declaring in his memorable official letter, that the vital defect of the existing educational schemes in Ireland was the insisting on the essentiality of the Bible, laid the axe, so far as he could, at the root of its existence. Feeble and tentative had been hitherto the educational measures of Government.

Mr. Peel, when Chief Secretary, went so far on the part of

Government as to meditate remedying the gross abuses of the Charter Schools. Mr. Grant placed in my hands his predecessor's official correspondence and other educational documents, urging me to take up the subject, which, had he remained longer at his post, would not have remained in the background. But the severing the Gordian knot of the great question was reserved for Mr. Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, and we shall see with what result. Bound to Ireland by personal as well as public ties, this patriotic statesman—who, as we are informed by Bishop Jebb, writing August 21, 1824, intended building and occupying a residence on his father's estate in that country, originally, as it was stated at the time, indebted to Miss Edgeworth's publications for his knowledge of its social condition—resolved on devoting his commanding abilities, unflinching determination, and untiring industry, to the practical solution of the problem of united education.

The National Board was his handiwork. On the proposal of one of its members, Archbishop Whately, its ruling body hit upon a compromise by which it was hoped the Holy Scriptures might be taught in the schools without giving offence, viz., the substitution of Scripture extracts, from which whatever was denominationally distinctive might be carefully eliminated. This expedient reminds me of its author's characteristic reply, when I mentioned to him, at Tunbridge Wells, on our way to the National School, that an eminent Jew in the neighbourhood, David Solomons, had subscribed liberally to its funds: "He did quite right. If in a Jewish country, I would subscribe to Jewish schools, to secure to the scholars the knowledge of the Old Testament."

The Romish hierarchy had reluctantly humoured the popular craving for education, sanctioning the institution of the National Board in the person of their representative at its council table, Archbishop Murray. Opposition to the

equivocal system, now spreading fast under its auspices throughout the country, did not emanate from this body, nor yet from the Presbyterians, both shrewdly anticipating the certainty of their obtaining the exclusive management of the schools in which their own children predominated, but from the clergy of the Church of Ireland, who, with few exceptions, sacrificed the prospects of preferment to their conscientious scruples. The dissenters in Ireland, if we exclude the Presbyterians, were of small account.

For a while the clergy supported strenuously the London Hibernian Society in its struggle in behalf of scriptural education; but at length, convinced that Ireland was the proper centre of operations, they adopted the wise and liberal resolution of founding the Church Education Society for Ireland. The position of the London Hibernian Society was thereby materially altered. Its funds, derived almost exclusively from members of the Church of England—as the dissenters found sufficient denominational claims on their support,—were so much affected that the reduction of their schools forced on the Committee the discussion, which lasted two years, whether the Society should not join the Church Education Society, confining its agency to raising funds in England. The dissenters strove hard to prevent the consummation, and when they found it inevitable, those who were members of the Committee resigned their seats, and the result of combined action has proved very beneficial.

And what of the National Board? The Scripture extracts having been scattered to the four winds of heaven, like the Sibyl's leaves, by the blasts of controversy, Archbishop Whately resigned his seat in disgust. In July 1840 the Presbyterians secured the exclusive management of their own schools. The Roman Catholics have, in a great measure, attained the like result. The Church of Ireland educated its own scholars independently of the Board. The success of

the original scheme must be tested, not by the comparatively irrelevant though very important inquiry as to the quantity and quality of education actually imparted, but by another issue, whether it has proved undenominational, and whether Ireland under the auspices and management of the Board has established the possibility of united religious education.

CHAPTER XII.

1819.

DEBATING SOCIETY—BORRODALE—SOUTHEY.

IN 1819 a few friends formed a Debating Society. The following is a list of its members :—

1. FRANCIS T. BARING, Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc., Lord Northbrook.
2. ——— CAMERON, distinguished by his services in the India Law Commission.
3. CHARLES (afterwards Sir C.) CHAMBERS, Judge at Bombay, author of works on Law.
4. ——— COWELL, Banker, contributor to the Press.
5. GEORGE GROTE, M.P., historian of Greece, etc.
6. HENRY HANDLEY, M.P., President of the Royal Agricultural Society.
7. R. T. (Sir R. T.) KINDERLEY, Vice-Chancellor.
8. DR. KING, author of medical and other works.
9. S. J. LOYD, Lord Overstone, etc. etc.
10. S. R. LUSHINGTON, Commissioner of Customs.
11. W. LEADER MABERLY, Lieutenant-Colonel, M.P., and Secretary to the General Post-Office.
12. ——— NORMAN, an authority on Commercial subjects and Political Economy.
13. Hon. C. J. SHORE, Lord Teignmouth, M.P.
14. GEORGE R. SMITH, M.P.
15. Rev. HENRY VENN, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Hon. Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, and author.

Our *début* at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street was ill-omened, being nipped in the bud by the

sudden appearance of the landlord, who, recollecting that debating societies were obnoxious to the restrictions of the "Six Acts," then in force, at once implored us to quit his premises, for the use of which he would decline making any charge. This interruption of our proceedings led to a very pleasant arrangement, Dr. King, one of our number, offering us, for our Thursday evening meetings, his own dining-room in Queen Anne Street. It lasted during the two years of our Society's existence, when the increasing professional and other engagements of several of our leading members materially thinned our ranks. Our intelligent President observed to me long afterwards that the members had derived as much advantage from two years' training as they would have done from a longer period.

Dr. King accepted as perpetual President the superintendence of our proceedings. The name of this amiable, talented, accomplished, and most benevolent man may be familiar to the readers of the *Memoirs of Robert Anderson and Frederick Robertson*. He passed his latter years at Brighton, where he contributed mainly to the establishment of the German Spa, and published some useful contributions to professional literature. As his dining-room in Queen Anne Street had been appropriated to debate, so his drawing-room in Regent Square was opened to his friends as a lecture-room, in which he weekly instructed them in chemistry and other subjects, his delivery unfortunately not doing justice to his good sense and abundant information.

One of our best speakers was Lord Overstone, then a member of the House of Commons, though rarely attending, and never, I believe, taking part in the debates. Most felicitous was the language which conveyed the thoughts and arguments suggested by his clear, powerful, and well-informed understanding; but his address was unimpassioned and his

manner diffident. Referring to one of his performances in a letter written to me many years afterwards, Dr. King observed, that "he recollected a celebrated debate on Burke and the French Revolution, in which Loyd distinguished himself in what we thought a most beautiful and eloquent effusion,"—indicative of the gratification which his speeches have since afforded to the House of Lords, Quarter-Sessions, and other audiences. Lord Overstone was wont to give the Tories of our Society credit for making better defences than the Ministers themselves of their own policy.

Francis Baring, afterwards Cabinet Minister, was a very hard-headed speaker. I will reserve a few remarks on his career for a future opportunity. Of the rest none were distinguished as orators. William Leader Maberly, indefatigable though ineffective as a speaker, in our Society as in the House of Commons, brings to my recollection his remarkable father, whose aspirations the son did not fulfil, though he conducted himself with credit in command of a regiment, and as Secretary to the General Post-Office.

The senior Maberly was very friendly to all his son's associates, especially those who had a turn for politics, and it was thus that I became acquainted with him. He was in his way a thorough Buonaparte. His grasp of mind was as comprehensive as his attention to details was minute, whether indicated by his commercial ventures,—he was said to be the only man in England who could sleep over a million of omnium,—his Parliamentary speculations, or his habits as a country gentleman, as Master of the Surrey hounds, or as a field-officer of Volunteers. Like some other self-made men, he was pre-eminently self-confident. I remember his embracing the opportunity, previously to a run with his hounds, of affording no small amount of instruction in the art of fox-hunting to Charles Grant and myself, whom Mr. Stephen Lushington of the Treasury, with

whom we were staying, had mounted,—a lecture which he enforced by the assurance that Leicestershire sportsmen were wont to declare that they derived more knowledge from his teaching in a few days than from their whole previous experience; whilst returning their visit he had proved by his own prowess in the chase, and that of six “tiger captains” who accompanied him, that he was himself “the great sublime he drew.” I have seen him no less at home in the barrack-yard of the Light Horse Volunteers in Gray’s Inn Lane, delivering mounted, in his capacity as Major, to the bandsmen at one time and the rough-riders at another, long addresses on their respective duties. He wrested the burgh of Northampton from the noble family of that name, and thus held two seats in Parliament.

I was his guest at his house in Grosvenor Square and also at his country house near Croydon. My visit to the latter I have reason to recollect. Mr. Maberly introduced Lord Auckland, afterwards Indian Viceroy, and myself to his well-stored preserves, himself not accompanying us. We had not proceeded far when his Lordship’s not distant shot passed close by my cheek, cutting it in two places as by a razor. He was much concerned, but, as ill-luck would have it, towards the end of the day a shot which I had aimed at a rabbit elicited a loud shout and an answer from Lord Auckland to my expression of hope that I had not hurt any one, that I had hit both himself and the keeper, an announcement confirmed by the fact of the two victims coming forth from the cover rubbing their legs. Whatever annoyance his Lordship felt was disarmed by the sight of my still bloody face. Our civic hero became like Buonaparte the sport as well as the child of fortune; but in one respect he rose superior to his prototype by the equanimity with which he endured unavoidable expatriation.

In the summer of the same year I joined a party of

friends who had formed a reading party during the long vacation in the neighbourhood of Keswick. Clement Francis, much my senior, who had been associated with us similarly at Havre de Grace and afterwards at Lowestoft, Sir John Kennaway's eldest son and Leland Noel, a brother of Lord Gainsborough, were located at the Grange; whilst Charles, John Kennaway's younger brother, preferred Keswick, and Henry Sykes Thornton and myself were comfortably lodged at an unfinished house, now hotel, at Rosthwaite in Borrodale, two miles distant from the Grange, where we daily dined. Keswick was formerly much more the resort of Cambridge students, "cathedrals" as they were then called, Southey accounting for the designation by the people confounding it with "collegers."

The lonely house at the Grange, which formed our headquarters, belonged to a well-to-do statesman, Anthony Wright, a thoroughly unsophisticated specimen of a class of society now fast disappearing. The minute division of freehold property in Cumberland, the Isle of Man, and elsewhere, proved so incompatible with agricultural improvement, that through the impoverishment of the owners, and consequent mortgage and sale of their starved holdings, it has become almost obliterated by the outlay of capitalists. Much of the purchased property has passed into the hands of the Marshalls. As the confiscated Derwentwater estates were bestowed on Greenwich Hospital, it is said that the country has been twice under *martial law*. The statesmen, the so-called small proprietors, flocked, half-ruined, to towns, and there, as Miss Martineau observes, endeavoured to drown in drink, to which they were always addicted, the remembrance of their forfeited position. Anthony Wright ended his days at Cockermouth, but happily not in consequence of difficulties. He was always genial and bright. When, ten years after my present stay in Borrodale, I revisited him, he promptly

invited my congratulations on his continued prosperity by a characteristic announcement: "Since you were here last, Mr. Shore, I have buried my wife and bought an estate, that I have." In 1875 I found that his house had changed ownership, had been decorated, and that for the old stone pavement of our dining-room had been substituted a wooden floor.

The house occupied by Thornton and myself had been commenced by a lady¹ who, miscalculating her means, had only completed the upper story. Southey had formed the attraction which induced her to settle at Keswick; but her romantic turn directed her steps to Borrodale. We found a library composed of old-fashioned books, and amongst them Baker's Chronicles of the Kings of England, a right loyal panegyric on our successive dynasties, which inculcated on the Tory country squires of the last century the literal interpretation of the maxim that "kings can do no wrong."

A summer's residence in Borrodale enabled us to test its demerits no less than its merits. The heat, owing to insufficient circulation of air, was often intolerably oppressive. The woods supplied no shelter, and by night we found difficulty in sleeping; and when the rain fairly set in it continued, at times a perfect downpour, during four days and nights, so that, being debarred by the overflow of the Derwent from access to our *table-d'hôte*, we depended during that period on the very homely fare stored up by the two old women who kept our house. But one cannot judge of the infinitely diversified beauty of the scenery of this celebrated valley without making up his mind to rough it. The opportunity of seeing it under exceptionally favourable circumstances was afforded me on the fourth day, when the rise of water had reached its climax. It cost me four hours of wading, sometimes neck-deep, to reach and return from the head of the valley. From ledge to ledge down the mountain sides leapt forth, swollen into torrents, forming

¹ The "Bhow Begum" of Southey's *Doctor*.

a beautiful display of waterworks, the brooks whose ordinary course was marked only by silvery streaks, in sultry weather scarcely visible; whilst I fully realised the delight of an explorer on finding, at the farthest point which I reached, at the foot of Styehed, a familiar stream pouring forth from the edge of a precipice into an ample rocky basin a volume of water and of spray, reminding me of some of the finest Swiss falls. My venture cost me dear—illness in consequence of long exposure to wet.

Our mountain-climbing afforded us the excitement of but one somewhat hazardous adventure. We had reached, five in number, without a guide, the conical summit of Scawfell, the highest of the Lake ranges, when we got enveloped in a dense mist. At a loss to proceed, we agreed not to separate, but to draw lots who should take the lead, and in the event of the chosen guide being brought to a stand-still, returning and making a fresh start under another's auspices. After several failures we effected our descent, though out of the usual track, with some difficulty.

John Kennaway subsequently incurred a far greater risk. When at St. Bernard, not well enough to accompany his fellow-travellers to some height in the neighbourhood of the monastery, he strolled out in the direction which they had taken, climbing to the brow of a rock, whence, losing his footing, he slid down to a ledge just broad enough to allow him standing-room, whilst he heard his stick, which fell from his hand, rattling down a tremendous precipice. Return he could not, and therefore he adopted the only available expedient, that of waving his handkerchief as a signal. It was already growing dark, when providentially one of the monks at the monastery, looking through his telescope towards the quarter from which he expected the descending party, perceived him, and a detachment rescued him by ropes, which enabled them to reach him, from a position which must else have soon proved fatal.

Clement Francis was fraternally related to the translator of Horace, and maternally and more nearly to Madame D'Arblay and her kindred. The failure of his health, and the occasional overclouding of his mental faculties, to which Southey alluded when speaking to me of him as a stricken deer, prevented his fulfilling the expectations of the dons of his College, Caius, as the destined senior wrangler of his year. Eventually he gathered up strength enough to encounter the ordeal of an examination, and graduated as third wrangler. He subsequently undertook the tutorship of his College, and exchanged hospitality and friendship with the heads of houses and leading members of the University, by whom his merits were fully appreciated. A travelling fellowship enabled him to enlarge the sphere of his extensive acquirements. But he died ere he reached middle-life, and a monument, on which his intimate friend Southey, who valued much his generous disposition, talents, attainments, and social qualifications, has inscribed an elaborate and affectionate tribute, marks his resting-place in the church opposite to his College. Caius lost about the same time two men of great promise, Francis, and Jacob, a year I believe his senior, who wrested from Trinity and from Whewell the senior wranglership, after being called to the bar, dying of consumption.

Arriving before the rest of our party, Thornton and I had the pleasure of passing an evening with Southey, who was proceeding next morning to Scotland. We received a most kindly greeting from the poet, Mrs. Southey, and her sister Mrs. Coleridge. But unfortunately the latter of these ladies, who now resided with the Southneys, apart from her husband, who was under medical care at Highgate, engrossed so effectually the whole of the conversation, plying so indefatigably her interrogations, that the poet scarcely opened his lips. I met him afterwards a few times in London, and

once at Keswick. At a small literary party he was perfectly silent, but at other times was very agreeably communicative.

On my passing through Keswick several years afterwards he invited me to breakfast, and was full of conversation. But he seemed occasionally excitable, and especially when touching upon the Catholic Emancipation question, as, though undisturbed by any previous discussion on the subject, he rose from his chair and walked up and down the room, his eyes straining as if he saw a ghost, repeating ominously the same expression again and again—"tremendous question." One peculiarity in his deportment struck me, and the more so when subsequently the failure of his mental powers supplied a melancholy commentary on the past,—his taking from his well-laden shelves, after breakfast, book after book, pointing out to me something remarkable in the type, edition, or the quarter from which he had received it. For such manipulation of his books became habitual to him, and when he was no longer capable of appreciating their contents, simply and distressingly mechanical. One of Mr. Southey's topics was Scandinavian literature, on which he spoke with much interest, finding that I had been in Sweden, proposing to study it with a view to the acquisition of a more thorough knowledge of his own language, of which it is well known he was an unrivalled master.¹

¹ My recollection of Southey in his home reminds me of a very pleasant day passed with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. His sensible and thoughtful conversation embraced various topics of the day, but to the exclusion of poetry and the mention of his own compositions, though he was now meditating a sonnet denouncing the construction of a railway in his valley. And when he left me, having accompanied me so far on my way to call on Mrs. Arnold at her well-known residence, he greatly regretted being prevented proceeding farther by the prospect of an interview with the Commissioner who was deputed to confer with him upon it.

CHAPTER XIII.

1819-20.

DISTURBED STATE OF COUNTRY IN 1819—CATO STREET CONSPIRACY—DEATH AND FUNERAL OF GEORGE III.—QUEEN CAROLINE—HER TRIAL—THE VOLUNTEER FORCE—FORMATION OF YEOMANRY CORPS—LIGHT HORSE VOLUNTEERS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER—DEVONSHIRE YEOMANRY—LORD ROLLE—UGBROOKE.

THE safety of the country in 1819 was endangered by a combination of untoward circumstances produced by commercial embarrassment, the coincidence of low wages with high prices, the anomalies of Parliamentary representation, and the restrictions on the importation of corn, whilst many of the ringleaders who fomented the prevailing discontent openly avowed their determination to overthrow the Established Church and religion. Earl Grey, leader of the opposition, observed in the House of Lords (November 9th) that “never had Parliament assembled at a more important crisis, and when greater difficulties and dangers were to be overcome.” These had been aggravated by the unfortunate collision between the yeomanry and the populace at Manchester, branded by the latter as the Peterloo massacre, by the antagonism to Government expressed by the City of London on the occasion of an address suggested by that un-

fortunate occurrence, and manifested especially at a large open-air meeting in Yorkshire under the presidency of Lord Fitzwilliam, at the cost of his Lieutenantcy. The Ministers induced Parliament to provide for the emergency by passing the "Six Acts," encouraged the formation of yeomanry corps, and adopted other defensive measures.

The following year opened less inauspiciously, but the elements of disturbance, though compressed by the timely display of vigour, were ready to explode. Hunt, the most noted of the mob-leaders, whose trial now took place, was a tall, powerful, and talented man. The mild expression of his countenance, indicative of his well-known disinclination to extreme proceedings, suggested to the more violent of his followers the conviction that "ambition," such as they demanded, "should be made of sterner stuff." His manner, so far as I was able to judge from hearing him speak at a Westminster election, and as a witness at a State trial, was vulgar, swaggering, and bullying.

But more desperate projects than could result from mere mob agitations were contemplated. The failure of the revolutionary schemes of 1819 gave birth to the atrocious Cato Street conspiracy, plotted by desperadoes who despised both Hunt and Cobbett, and shrunk from no crime, however horrifying, which might effect the subversion of the Government. Perfect tranquillity prevailed in London, when these confederates assembled in a loft in an obscure by-street of Marylebone, bent on the murder of the Cabinet Ministers, who dined together at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square.

We were expecting on that very day at dinner in Portman Square young Frederick Fitzclarence of the Guards. After a short time, when our party had sat down, a message from him informed us that he was unexpectedly detained; and in fact his life had been imperilled. In the absence of the

officer on duty in Portman Street barracks, he had proceeded, by order of Government, with a detachment to the lurking-place of the conspirators, and whilst parrying, as he made good his entry, the thrust of the sword of Thistlewood, their leader, which had pierced the body of a Bow Street officer, he would have been shot by a pistol but for the interposition of his sergeant,—a meritorious act duly recorded on the monument erected to the memory of this individual on the wall of the graveyard of St. James's, Piccadilly. This timely onslaught of the soldiers resulted in the capture or dispersion of the gang. Fitzclarence called on us next day and detailed the circumstances of his adventure. His gallantry was rewarded by the sobriquet of Fitzcato, and his many friends congratulated him on an achievement which in some degree compensated for his bitter disappointment in having been borne invalided over the field of Waterloo instead of sharing with his comrades of the Coldstream the glory of the day.

Through the kindness of our friend Sir Thomas Plumer, Master of the Rolls, I was present at the trial of the five conspirators. Thistlewood, who had held a commission in the army, was the only one amongst them who could pretend to the appearance of a gentleman. He seemed fully to realise his awful situation, as he appeared red-handed in Court—the pallor of his countenance being deadly, and the hue of his compressed lips perfectly livid. He was overheard to say to one of his confederates on the day previous to their execution, “By this time to-morrow we shall know what is the grand secret.” Ings the butcher looked the butcher all over. Davidson, a half-caste, stood giggling as if the whole affair were a joke, and was the only one of the sufferers who manifested discomposure on the scaffold. Fitzclarence gave his evidence distinctly and unaffectedly. The Cato Street traitors were the last on whom was inflicted the

ancient penalty of decapitation—the knife, in deference to modern refinement, being substituted on the occasion for the axe.

Had these conspirators foreseen that an unexpected and formidable complication of public affairs, consequent on the death of George III., was at hand, they would have bided their time instead of precipitating their insane projects. A royal funeral, which usually takes place at night, is an imposing spectacle; the more especially, as in the instance in which I witnessed it, of a Sovereign being conveyed to his last home—one to whose eventful reign clung the stirring reminiscences of two generations. It was a solemn moment when the central pavement of the chapel, draped in black, having been removed to receive the coffin, every eye of the august assembly present, comprising statesmen, ecclesiastics, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, and representative men of other callings—many of whom had borne the heat and burthen of their royal master's troubled day—followed it, as slowly and sadly it descended on its way to the ancestral vault. The procession, passing through lines of Guardsmen, was exposed during two hours to frosty air, a canopy overhead affording no protection against the cold. No wonder that royal funerals have proved death-warrants in several well-known instances. The venerable Lord Stowell, who walked next before me, had fortified himself, as he intimated to a friend who asked him how he fared, by seven pairs of stockings, the size of his legs affording unmistakable proof of the superfluity of his precaution.

All classes had responded loyally to the appeal of Government by the formation or enlargement of yeomanry corps. The vacant cornetcy of the Sidmouth troop of the Royal 1st Devon was assigned to me by my uncle, George Cornish, who commanded it. The first duty to which I was summoned, though my attendance was not required, was to

escort the body of the Duke of Kent, who died at Sidmouth, *en route* to its last resting-place.

The demise of George III. inducing the return of Queen Caroline to this country, as claimant of royal rights, rekindled the flames of discord. The metropolis became the focus of agitation. This misguided personage strove to enlist public sympathy in her behalf by parading the streets *usque ad nauseam* in her royal carriage, and refusing pacific overtures. The inquiry elicited by her trial by the House of Lords involved the question of her moral delinquency. George IV.'s unpopularity, and the prevailing impression that she had been cruelly treated, supplied additional impulse to disaffection. Great uneasiness was felt. Certain regiments, including a battalion of the Guards, were believed to have been effectually tampered with, and to have manifested insubordination. Additional troops were drawn to London and its neighbourhood, and the services of volunteer cavalry were put in requisition, especially the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, usually called the City Light Horse—a regiment to which, ever since it was constituted, the Government had resorted in every domestic emergency.

A brief sketch of the history of this corps, in itself not without interest, may throw light on the origin and progressive formation of the Volunteer force, its intrinsic value, and the great importance attached to its services by the highest civil and military authorities. For my information on the subject I am much indebted to my old friend Mr. Colyear, author of the history of the corps, illustrated by engravings from his own coloured drawings. Educated as a civilian, he became a military enthusiast, and volunteered to undertake the duty of Adjutant, without remuneration, after the Government withdrew its allowance, and in the same capacity rendered valuable services to the North Riding Yeo-

mianry Corps. He ended his days at the delightfully situated residence which he inherited on the north bank of the Tees, at Haworth, near Darlington.

The long-continued employment of volunteers, in preference to regular troops, in quelling civil disturbances, notwithstanding the inferiority of their discipline and possible command of temper, may be attributed to the old constitutional jealousy with which standing armies were regarded; to that dread of military interference which requires the removal of troops from the neighbourhood of elections; to the natural disposition to relieve soldiers from unpopular services, and to the moral influence which volunteers, some of whom are large employers of labour, and are otherwise looked up to, exercise in their neighbourhood. To the last of these reasons Lord Sidmouth attached much importance. It was well known that some of the Light Horse assembled their workmen, before repairing to some scene of disturbance, warning them against taking part in it. It should be moreover recollected that the need of military aid in keeping the peace was far more urgent previously to the substitution of the metropolitan police for the old constables, the Charleys of their day, who scarcely served any other purpose than that of affording sport to practical joking, and a butt to the stage. The county constabulary, efficient as they are, are numerically incapable of serving as a substitute for the military.

The embodiment of Volunteer corps, excepting only the London Artillery Company of ancient date, and the old disused trainbands, originated in 1779, when, as the French and Spanish fleets scoured the Channel, armed associations, including the Light Horse Volunteers, sprang up to avert the danger. But no sooner had the panic subsided than defensive measures were relinquished, except on the part of the latter corps, whose members wisely deemed the respite

but temporary. The rectitude of their decision was justified by the occurrence of the memorable riots of the following year, when they rendered invaluable support to the regular troops, serving during six nights in the streets, and being under arms for several weeks. Again, in 1794, the regiment proved very efficient in suppressing the Moorfield disturbances, advancing to the house which formed the headquarters of the mob, under a storm of brickbats and other missiles; and it is on record that, as the constables refused to enter the stronghold where the ringleaders were assembled, their capture was effected by four gentlemen of the corps who dismounted for the purpose. When, after the mutiny of the *Nore*, disaffection had manifested itself among the artillery at Woolwich, Lord Cornwallis sent for the regiment. At the muster, which took place at Blackheath, the Duke of Montrose, a private, had the credit of being the first at his post. It affords proof of the alacrity of the members, that intelligence having reached the corps, as it awaited further orders, that conciliatory measures had allayed ill-feeling, on the proposal of the colonel, though they had been for several hours under arms, they proceeded at a swinging trot to Wimbledon Common, in time for a review in which they were expected to take part. And in 1798, on the occasion of some State prisoners being despatched to Maidstone, the Duke of York requested the Light Horse Volunteers and the Kentish Yeomanry to act successively as their escort.

In 1815 the L. H. V. took the duty of the household cavalry in the metropolis when their reliefs joined the army of occupation, and their services were in requisition during the Corn-Law riots. It was then that an expedient was resorted to by the mob, which was rendered less practicable by the substitution of gas for the glow-worm glimmering of the old tapers. The regiment was on the point of advancing

on the assailants of a house in Soho Square,—that, I believe, of Sir Joseph Banks,—when a loyal subject warned, and as it proved honestly, the commanding officer of the fact of iron rails having been laid down to entangle the feet of the horses. By a prompt flank movement he dispersed the rioters.

The long delay which deferred the final military organisation of a corps which had performed such valuable services, affords curious proof of the tardiness with which our countrymen adapt themselves to circumstances. It can scarcely be credited that for some time after the formation of the corps, and notwithstanding its acknowledged efficiency, it had no regularly appointed officers, reliance being placed on the *esprit de corps* which animated every member of it. Troop-officers were at length nominated, charged with only temporary authority. Field-officers were of later date, and it was not till 1819, after the death of Colonel Herries, the commanding officer, to whose ability and popularity the regiment was greatly indebted, that Lord Sidmouth granted the rank of full colonel on the representation of Colonel Bosanquet, his successor. The application was granted on the assumption that the concession of the boon would not constitute a precedent, inasmuch as the L. H. V. differed in several respects from the yeomanry corps, as having been previously embodied, as bearing the King's standard, as looking to the sole authority of the Secretary of State for the nomination of its officers, and to the sanction of the Crown for the enrolment of its members, and, in consideration of its services, having a detachment of the Royal Artillery attached to it, whilst to the other privileges conferred on the corps was added that of being placed on the right when in line with other volunteer regiments.

The Government allowance was sufficient to keep up the regiment's extensive barracks in Gray's Inn Lane, available

to any troops, and to provide the pay of an adjutant, riding-masters, six rough-riders, a band, and a sufficient supply of horses. And though materially reduced in numbers from its full complement of a thousand, its efficiency was increased by the emancipation of its constitution, being freed from arrangements prompted by civil prejudice. The strong partiality of George III. for the Light Horse was fully shared by Lord Sidmouth, who, in conformity to policy sanctioned by the highest military authorities, relied on the services of the corps on every domestic emergency.

In 1820 the Queen's trial seemed likely to bring on the climax of popular agitation. Many families left London, and whilst the regular troops were held in reserve, the primary post of duty and danger was assigned to the volunteers. The Light Horse and the Surrey Yeomanry received orders to consider themselves on active service, and to discharge on alternate days the duty of protecting the Lords during their sittings. The Light Horse consequently enlisted a few recruits, myself amongst the rest. We marched at eight A.M. in fog and rain, preceded by our surgeon in charge of his ominous box of instruments, and supplied each with twelve rounds of ball cartridges. Our reception in St. Giles's and elsewhere was not cheering; we were loudly warned by crowds of spectators against the work which we should have on our hands before the day was over, whilst the walls were chalked over with such inscriptions as "Peterloo Massacre," and the like. Our destination was to premises close to Westminster Bridge, where we were concealed, with the exception of patrols. As the hour of the Queen's arrival approached, the first troop, to which I was attached, was mounted. We listened to the shouts of the mob marking her progress, expecting momentarily to cross the bridge. But in about ten minutes the uproar gradually subsided. The huge wave of popular

agitation having disposed of its burden had spent its force, danger for awhile was no longer apprehended, and after three days the volunteers were released from further duty. Our services were again required during three nights, when disturbances were threatened upon the result of the Queen's trial, and during twenty-three hours at George IV.'s coronation. It was fortunate that we took no part in the fray on the passing through London of the Queen's funeral, when many of the Life Guards were severely hurt, and one of the mob was killed, as even those who are disposed to make due allowance for the comparative inexpertness and inexperience of volunteers might perhaps have suggested that had regular troops been employed on the occasion the disastrous consequences might not have ensued.

No pleasant prospect was afforded to the Peers on the 17th August by the exchange of the welcome rest and enjoyment of the country for their actual irksome duty, and pitiable was the fate of the Ministers, on whom heavy and unprecedented responsibility devolved.¹ Lord Liverpool, the

¹ The following descriptive passage is from the pen of Lady Holland (see *Memoir*):—"In the meantime we are not very comfortable here; this sad business of the Queen's has inflamed the public mind to a most extraordinary degree of heat; the rabble cry out for injured innocence. . . . The soldiers, especially those about London who are married, influenced by their wives,—for the women are all *Queenites*,—are tainted, and it is far from impossible that we may see a junction of mob and soldiery in her favour, for it is a singular fact that these persons cannot be made to understand the difference of Queen and Queen-Consort, and fancy it is no departure from their allegiance to prefer Queen to King, pretending *their* rights are the same. The danger is that mischievous and artful persons will take advantage of this feeling, and under the name of the Queen's cause effect an overthrow of the present Institution for their own objects. I own for one that I am far from easy, and wish the months of August and September safely over. The Duke of York is become extremely popular. He is often stopped in the streets and huzza'd for appearing amongst them, which they contrast with the King's seclusion entirely of himself from public view, which is unlucky for him, as I am sure his manners would win if he would show himself

Premier, looked more than usually anxious. The spectacle of the trial was august, but less imposing than that of Lord Melville's impeachment in Westminster Hall. It was difficult to judge whether the Queen's horror, when, after drawing aside her veil and looking fully at the face of the witness whose presence had discomposed her, she rushed screaming out of the house, was feigned or real. My own impression on witnessing it was that she was acting a premeditated part.

Lord Denman's pleading must have cost him a painful effort, for jaundice, *splendida bilis*, had suffused the complexion of his fine countenance with its yellowest tint. The effect of his address was the more impressive as it was understood that he thoroughly disbelieved in the Queen's moral guilt, whilst to Lord Brougham was imputed a contrary opinion. Lord Brougham's estimate of the duty of an advocate to his client as paramount to all ordinary scrupulosity is well known. It was therefore natural enough that his colleague should not have concluded his beautiful peroration without eulogising his zeal, observing in reference to their steadfast co-operation in the arduous contest in which they had been engaged, that "in each well-fought field they kept together in their chivalry."

Lord Denman's appreciation of the character of his wonderful but eccentric contemporary was subsequently shown in a curious instance. Being aware of his peculiar disinclination to avowing his exact age, and of his always

oftener. The imperious duty imposed upon the Peers of regular attendance on the 17th of August from ten in the morning till six in the evening is very annoying, will be injurious to health, and destroys many plans of pleasure. All the grouse sportsmen are baffled; the Duke of Bedford, who has purchased a large tract of land and house in the Highlands, is disappointed for this season. We had intended to make an excursion for some weeks into France, but must I fear renounce the project."

ante- or sub-dating it, he called for writing-paper on reading the newspaper report of Lord Brougham's death, caused, as it was stated, by accident, and wrote thus:—"My dear Brougham, I have just seen the account of your death. I do not believe a word of it, and am not surprised that a man who can take a liberty with one end of his life should have no hesitation in taking a liberty with the other.—Yours sincerely, DENMAN." I mention this singular anecdote on the authority of Lord Monteagle.

The Queen's amiable counsel's charitable opinion of her moral character was not participated by the country at large, and though the result of the trial was generally popular, as she was regarded as a victim of persecution, yet when impelled by the native courage of her race she ventured to repair to St. Paul's and publicly to appeal to the Almighty in behalf of her innocence, there was a fearful revulsion in the tide of public feeling which had hitherto borne her sympathetically forward, only to desert her as a stranded wreck; for, except in one important instance, there was no further ebullition of indignation.

Relieved from military duties in London, I was able to join my comrades of the Devon Yeomanry on permanent duty at Honiton. The regiment mustered upwards of 500. We were deprived of the presence of our genial old Colonel, Lord Rolle, by the death of his first wife, and his duty devolved on his relative, Colonel Cutliffe, who had commanded the 23d Light Dragoons, and was wounded at Waterloo, and moreover one of the few survivors of the memorable charge of that regiment at Talavera, a first-rate drill-officer. As the circumstances to which he owed his distinguished post at Waterloo have been variously stated, I may quote the information for which I am indebted to General Sir Maxwell Wallace. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Lord Portarlington, who should have been at the head of his regiment,

was at Sir Thomas Picton's headquarters on the day previous to the battle, where he was taken ill of dysentery. His servant administered to him an over-dose of opium, which caused his over-sleeping himself. In the hurry of the eventful morning he was forgotten, and when roused after the firing had commenced, mounted his horse and rode off in quest of his regiment. Not finding it, he attached himself to the 16th Light Dragoons, and joined in their charge. He was so thoroughly disheartened by his misadventure, that but for the urgent representations of his kind-hearted friend, my informant, who had met him at Sir Thomas Picton's just before he was taken ill, and was fully cognisant of the sequel, he would probably have suffered judgment to go by default at the cost of his military reputation.

We were fortunate in our officers. Our Major was Lord Graves, who afterwards unhappily destroyed himself in a fit of jealousy whilst expected at dinner at the house of his brother-in-law the Marquis of Anglesea. Among our Captains were Buller of Downes, who succeeded to the command of the regiment; Charles Trefusis, afterwards Lord Clinton, on whom devolved that of the North Devon; Divett, M.P. for Exeter; and Sir Lawrence Palk. Our mess after dinner, for his previous admission to the table might have given umbrage to his comrades, was enlivened by the presence and colloquial talents of a private, who appeared in his undress, a nephew of Coleridge the poet, whose younger brother held a commission in the regiment. The lieutenant of my troop, Guppy, was a notable specimen of a Devonshire yeoman. He was "very well to do," kept hounds, drank hard, quarrelled with his clergyman, and left directions, happily revoked on the settlement of their differences, that he should be buried in his fold-yard. His annual march into Honiton he regarded as an ovation, as he avowed his belief that all the maidens in the town were on the look-out for him. His

dialect was exceptionally provincial, and he was intrusted with the mess accounts solely for the sake of the fun of listening to his financial expositions. As a specimen, on being asked as we neared Honiton where would be our exercising-ground, he replied, "Oop St. Cys, handy General Shingo,"—*Anglicè*, "Up St. Cyrus, hard by General Simcoe's." As our troop was returning to Sidmouth, our lieutenant, hearing the cry of his pack, cleared a fence and was soon out of sight. Twenty-six years elapsed before I met him again, and then at Sidmouth, once more in uniform, as the regiment was on permanent duty; but not mounted, for he was still suffering from the effects of a severe accident whilst hunting. It was pleasant on this occasion to renew my acquaintance with the old corps as an honorary member of the mess, though very few of my brother officers remained in it.

I have alluded to the fact that some regiments were suspected of being disaffected, and that pains were taken to shake their loyalty. In confirmation of this impression, I may mention that an individual, who proved to be a naval officer, was detected in the act of distributing seditious tracts among our yeomen at their last foot-parade at Honiton. The officers of the regiment, on inquiry into the circumstances, reported his conduct to the Admiralty.

As to the efficiency of the Devon cavalry, though in point of size and appearance they presented a somewhat sorry contrast to the chargers of the Metropolitan Light Horse, many of them indicating by broken knees, otherwise called "Devonshire arms," their hard service on their stony roads, yet they were capable of much and heavy work. It was remarked by officers who had served during the campaign on Haldane, near Exeter, when Buonaparte threatened our shores, that whilst the horses of the regular cavalry regiments suffered perceptibly from the toil of hill-work, to which they

were unused, those of the yeomanry, though "greased up to the hocks," improved daily.

Not to notice our kind and friendly old Colonel, Lord Rolle, would be to omit the part from the play of *Hamlet*. The hero of the Rolliad made some figure in public life. Lord of many a broad acre, and returning a member for his county, a Church-and-State Tory to the backbone, a man after George III.'s own heart, to whom he tendered devoted allegiance, he employed his ample means and influence in upholding the interests of his King and country. He might have ruled more effectually had he sooner cultivated the usual arts of engaging popularity. The first Lady Rolle, who was apt to confuse terms, was quite aware of her husband's shortcoming in this respect, and was wont to observe that had he only chosen he might have been the most *populous* man in his county.

Lord Rolle's physical peculiarities were well known in his day. Stalwart were his dimensions. His hand and foot were said to be the largest in the kingdom. When it was designed to oppose the French invasion by a swarm of gunboats, Sheridan suggested, in reply to the question where they could be procured, the borrowing his shoes. At his own table at Bicton, when epitaphs on the individuals present were proposed as *jeux-d'esprit*, his friend and frequent guest, George Spicer, thus hit off his host's various characteristics, but not without giving unintentional offence:—

"Here lies John Rolle, of heart and hand so rare,
Who went from this here world to that there."

Lord Grey alluded no less happily to his adversary's dialect on the occasion of a passage of arms in the House of Lords which I witnessed. Questioning Lord Rolle, who had attributed the disturbances then prevailing in the North of England to speeches made in the quarter of the House in which he was sitting, whether he himself was intended, he

received for answer, that if the cap fitted the noble Earl he was quite at liberty to wear it. "If," retorted the indignant leader of his party, drawing up his stately form and glancing contemptuously at his assailant, "the noble Lord, who has addressed the House with his peculiar elegance of phraseology, charges me with having been in any degree accessory to the disorders to which he refers, I tell him, I tell him to his teeth, that the imputation is false."

When invasion was expected, Lord Rolle being in command of five regiments,—three of infantry, militia and volunteers, and two of cavalry,—was asked by the General in charge of the district with which he might be found in the hour of need: "With that which is nearest to the enemy," was the reply; a declaration which, had the opportunity offered, would have been made good. During the Irish rebellion he led his militia to Ireland.

The venerable peer lived to a good old age. I used to be his guest both at Bicton and in London. The last occasion on which I saw him was at a Lambeth dinner, when a well-tutored servant removed from before him dish after dish, heedless of his never-failing remonstrance. He was fortunate in the devoted care of his second wife, sister of Lord Clinton; a lady of whose munificence, surpassing even that of her predecessor, the Church will cherish everlasting remembrance. His last public demonstration of his loyalty was at the Queen's Coronation, where we saw him stumble as he approached Her Majesty, who characteristically and gracefully stepped forward to offer him assistance.

The first Lady Rolle, a wealthy heiress, was, as we have seen, plain-spoken. She exhibited a rare union of munificence and parsimony, endowing almshouses to the amount of £10,000, and at the same time sparing in trifles. The anecdote has been oft repeated of her husband observing,

when, proud of her skill as a whip, she boasted that she could drive over a sixpence: "No, my dear, you would stop to pick it up." There was a touch of heroism no less than of generosity in this remarkable lady's character. When Lord Rolle was quitting the shore for the vessel destined to convey his regiment to Ireland, he heard loud cheering on board, and on asking the cause was informed that his men were welcoming Lady Rolle, who, giving to her husband no previous intimation of her intention, had resolved to accompany him.

Ladies, when duties were high, and temptation to smuggling were proportionally strong, were not unfrequently liable to the charge of smuggling. The wrath exhibited by a celebrated and choleric English judge on discovering that his own handsome wife had rendered herself obnoxious to it was much talked about. Lady Rolle was shrewdly suspected of falling into the too common snare, and gave countenance to the imputation by her remark, on hearing a lady's allusion, at the table of Bishop Fisher, to the female prisoners on board the hulks, which she had visited, and to the fact that the crime of which they had been convicted was chiefly smuggling: "What fools they were to be caught!"

Among visits in different parts of Devon during the autumn, I refer more particularly to one for the purpose of recording an instance of chivalrous generosity worthy of a class ever distinguished by their honourable, courteous bearing, worthy of their traditional names and titles,—the English Roman Catholics. An invitation to Ugbrooke, interesting on account of its picturesque beauty and classical recollections, which I was very glad to accept, reminded me of Lord Clifford, the then head of a large and amiable family, having on hearing of the title conferred on my father, although to

himself a perfect stranger, offered him the manor of Teignmouth, though an integral portion of his estate. My father enjoyed the gratification of welcoming this much-respected nobleman as his next-door neighbour in Portman Square, and of congratulating him on the recovery of the long-lost seat of his ancestors in the House of Lords.

CHAPTER XIV.

1820.

WILBERFORCE.

IN the autumn of 1820 an invitation from Mr. Wilberforce took me to Bath. He was residing in Pulteney Street, in the enjoyment of as much retirement as was within his reach. My reminiscences of him recall the great and unceasing kindness which I received from him, and the help of all kinds to the discharge of private and public duties. I remember when a child first seeing him at Broomfield on Clapham Common, and, ere I went to school, his giving me a seven-shilling piece, which led to my father prohibiting me accepting pecuniary presents from any one but himself.

In person Mr. Wilberforce was slightly deformed; his profile, his shoulders being thrown back, exhibiting, notwithstanding the stoop of his head, the convexity of a bent bow, a defect aggravated perhaps by the weight of books and papers with which his capacious pockets were stuffed. Mr. Owen, Secretary of the Bible Society, was wont to describe with his inimitable humour a scene at Kensington Grove, when he was offering up family prayers. As Mr. Wilberforce was kneeling before him, one of those receptacles burst open, emptying its contents on the floor. What with surprise at the abundance and variety of the materials spread out before

him, and the owner's grotesque endeavours to regain possession, his gravity was sorely tried.

Mr. Wilberforce usually carried an inkstand in his waistcoat-pocket, applying to it so vigorously on one occasion in the House of Commons, that he jerked it over the nankeen trousers of my informant, Sir Thomas Baring, who sat beside him. On perceiving his misfortune, Mr. Wilberforce started up, and in his distress cut such capers on the floor of the House as to attract universal observation and provoke a roar of laughter, amidst which Sir Thomas walked forth to change his dress. Against such casualties Mr. Wilberforce was proof, as he invariably wore black clothes, sometimes till they had become quite dingy, for he ignored his outer man, never, as his valet intimated when he dressed at our house, making use of a glass. At Highwood Hill I saw him garnish before breakfast every button-hole of his coat with flowers, whose freshness sorted ill with the faded hue of his almost threadbare garment, till the heat of a summer day had produced assimilation no less singular than the previous contrast. And he was quite unconscious of the notice which his personal appearance attracted. When occupying my father's vacant seat at church, he discovered, on opening his Prayer-book, a tulip flower, and, remaining standing whilst the rest of the congregation were sitting, commended to me its beauty loudly enough to be heard by many, who evidently regarded the stranger with surprise.

Again, when visiting his son Samuel at Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, I saw Mr. Wilberforce mount on the seat of his pew, indicating as he leant over the pulpit, looking through his eye-glass full at the preacher's face, his delight by the animation of his countenance and of his gestures, as he rose tip-toe responsively to the eloquence to which he was listening, whilst quite unaware that every eye of the rustic congregation was fixed upon him.

But so complete in Mr. Wilberforce's case was the triumph of mind over matter, so instinct was his whole presence with intelligence and benevolence, that one lost sight of external blemish or characteristic eccentricity. Robert Hall described him as the "incarnation of love." Rowland Hill declared at a public meeting, directing the attention of his audience to Mr. Wilberforce, that he required no further proof of Almighty power than that such a soul as his should have been domiciled in such a body. But happier still was Bishop Jebb, who spoke of him as "entering his room with all the sweetness of an angel and all the agility of a monkey." Richmond was never more successful in the portraiture of aged men, in which he excelled, than in that of Wilberforce. It was said to have been the result of the painter's study of his subject during some days at Sir Robert Inglis's at Battersea Rise, especially when a friend kindled the fire of his philanthropy by vindicating Slavery. Lawrence's life-like representation of his face, painted for Sir R. Inglis, suggested, when lighted up by a powerful lamp, the idea of his being permitted to "look from behind the arras" once more on his surviving friends. But what of the bust in Westminster Abbey? In the artist's behalf, be it admitted that he had a very difficult subject to deal with. When the committee for the erection of the monument adjourned from Lord Chancellor Brougham's room at the House of Lords to the Abbey to choose a site, Mr. Bankes, with whom I was walking, asked me what I thought of the bust, and on my expressing disapproval of it, replied that he quite agreed with me, as Wilberforce had been transformed into an old satyr.

Though seemingly physically little qualified for work, and in compliance with the advice of his medical attendants he had habitually since early youth taken a small but not increasing dose of opium, it was marvellous to observe his powers

of endurance whilst inhaling atmosphere and exposed to temperature trying to the strongest constitutions. He assured me, when I asked him how he had borne the fatigue of constant attendance in the House of Commons, and daily speaking at public meetings during a hot May, that he never recollected such exertions affecting him.

His delight in the beauties of nature was childlike. I have alluded to his especial love of flowers. The scenery of the Lakes, in the midst of which he had resided, had left an indelible impression on his susceptible imagination, and supplied him with a lasting stock of imagery, as he was wont to point to the recesses of his shrubberies in Kensington Gore, as reminding him of the glades, and his tall poplars of the pikes, of his familiar Windermere. Beattie's *Minstrel* was one of his favourite poems; and exquisite was his enjoyment of one passage which he was in the habit of repeating—

“ Ah! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields?” etc.

Of Keble's *Christian Year*, his constant companion, he relished not only the simple and exalted devotion, but the charm of its descriptive poetry, proving that the author had realised the promise of this world as well as of that which is to come.

Mr. Wilberforce's discriminating knowledge of mankind was derived from the force of his sympathy and quick perception of peculiarity, embracing every variety of character which opportunities of social intercourse, such as have been realised by very few, brought within the scope of his observation. His immediate surroundings, which excited the surprise and amusement of his visitors, were in some sense “not one, but all mankind's epitome.” Large indeed were the demands on his sympathy, public and private. And though it might be supposed that he could scarcely dis-

engage himself from the distracting multiplicity of such appeals, yet he could devote his attention to each of his applicants as unreservedly as if no other bespoke it. Nor, if occasionally annoyed by persons who had no legitimate title to his notice, and might be even on some account objectionable, was he betrayed into impatient reprehension. A visitor obnoxious to him was announced. Mr. Wilberforce gave utterance to his aversion, but nevertheless welcomed him with customary friendliness. Mr. John Thornton, who was present, observed to me, that a stranger unacquainted with Mr. Wilberforce might perhaps have attributed such seeming inconsistency to insincerity; but that in fact the sight of the individual at once called forth his kindly feeling by reviving the recollection of circumstances which would otherwise have escaped it. When my fellow-traveller and self, then young, called on him to bid him farewell ere setting out on a tour to the south of Europe, though immersed in business he came forth from his levee and spoke to us in a strain which reminded us of some of the most beautiful passages of his celebrated work, and of which we should have been glad to retain a verbatim report.

Mr. Wilberforce's keen sense of the ludicrous occasionally however found irresistible opportunities of indulgence in the microcosm in which he played his part. The droll expression of his countenance harmonised with his speech, as he described not a few with whom he came in contact,—Wilberforce's white negroes, as Pitt designated them,—as "bound in sheep." To his anteroom, crowded with interview-seekers, he would point as he passed, when starting for some meeting in London, comparing it with Noah's ark, containing both clean and unclean. Reverting to public life, he would mimic Lord Sidmouth's affectation of the roll whilst lacking the power of Pitt's majestic eloquence. And he would

laugh heartily as he spoke of the peculiarities of a certain patriotic but eccentric Scotch Baronet.

He was happy in his quotations. His eldest son William had just joined the Light Horse Volunteers, having property at stake which unfortunately cost his father dear: a large farm at St. John's Wood, where he introduced me to a herd of 360 cows and a regiment of milkmaids. At his father's table, a family party, my recruit was questioning me minutely respecting the proceedings of the corps. Mr. Wilberforce, by whom a red-coat must have been regarded as somewhat novel in his household, was evidently listening attentively to our conversation till he heard me mention that it was the uniform practice of the landlord of the Freemasons' Tavern to treat us at our mess-dinners held there with a course of marrow-bones, when, whilst sucking his finger, soaked with sweetmeats, a common habit, he muttered the following couplet:

“ They feed on lion's marrow spread
On toast of ammunition bread.”

Mr. Wilberforce could good-naturedly appreciate jokes of which he himself had been the victim. He was amused when reminded by Mr. Stephen, with whom we were dining, of one of many stories circulated about him when representing Yorkshire, charging him with having run off with a man's wife, the name of the injured husband being specified.

A leading Yorkshire squire and eminent politician, intimately allied with Pitt and Wilberforce, married a member of his household in very humble position. Hearing the rumour of Wilberforce's having wedded his maid-servant, this worthy personage addressed a letter of three sheets to him, congratulating him on having followed his own example in waving in behalf of deeper feeling considerations of difference of rank. Mr. Wilberforce returned an answer consisting of a few lines, assuring his friend that there was not a

word of truth in the report. Mr. Wilberforce seemed, as he gave us this anecdote, to enjoy the fun of it as much as any one else. When Sheridan's well-known personation of him was alluded to he seemed absorbed by feelings of pity, and observed repeatedly in a low and piteous voice, "Poor Sheridan!"

Of Mr. Wilberforce's playfulness his sons would naturally take boyish advantage. On a visit to Mr. Sperling at Park Place, near Henley-on-Thames, when he was there with his family, I observed him during a considerable time walking round the lawn followed by three of these striplings. Whilst he selected each in his turn as his companion, the other two amused themselves with practical jokes of which he was the victim. Repeatedly brought to bay, and remonstrating with his persecutors, each of whom in turn profited by his instructive converse, he passed much of his time fruitlessly on the defensive.

The buoyancy and sportiveness of his spirits were fully inherited by at least one of his descendants. Let me for a moment trace it up to its maturity in an instance which recurs to my recollection.

The Bishop of Winchester, when Dean of Westminster, having held his courts *virtute officii* in Worcestershire, was engaged to preach on Sunday afternoon at West Malvern, and afterwards to dine and sleep at our house at East Malvern. During his sermon one of the congregation was called out of church, as we were informed on coming out, in consequence of a woman having fallen down dead on the road. The awfulness of the event was deepened by the fact that she was on her way to a house at hand to visit a sister who was living disreputably with the gentleman who owned it, whilst three of her children, one of them a babe she had borne in her arms, a sister who was wailing loudly, and her husband, who stood aghast, having not seen her

during six weeks since he had been driven from home by her ill-usage, were grouped around the corpse. The Dean, a prebendary, his official coadjutor, and myself, had the body removed to an inn, and saw it laid out. We were, as it may be supposed, much struck by the solemnity of the occasion, but the fine air and prospect of scaling the hill before him speedily restored the exuberance of the Dean's spirits. He would be satisfied with no less extensive deviation from our regular track than to prolong our walk to the Worcestershire Beacon, though we could not have reached our dinner-table till nine o'clock. With much difficulty we dissuaded him from the enterprise, and after crossing the Herefordshire extremity of the range we overlooked East Malvern, when the Dean gave vent to the exhilaration produced by the fine keen air by bowling large stones down the hill, scattering the pasturing sheep and risking more serious mischief by endangering another flock,—the parishioners who were coming out of church. Some young standers-by were evidently much amused by this display of muscular Christianity. My jocose old College friend Luxmoore, Dean of St. Asaph, incumbent of the beautiful parish of Cradleigh, close at hand, on hearing of the incident, could not resist the opportunity of going about expressing his wish that the Dean of Westminster would not stone the congregation of Malvern on their egress from church.

“Those who have glass windows should not throw stones.” The good-humoured Dean of St. Asaph should have recollected his own memorable charge, for a while the talk of London, the consequence of which might have proved much worse. He was peacefully enjoying in Hyde Park the shelter of one of those fast-decaying elms, beneath whose shade the tide of fashion has flowed and ebbed during many generations, when his horse, warned by a loud crack overhead, portending the fall of a branch, sprang from beneath

his rider, overturning that on which a gallant General, Sir Howard Douglas, was mounted. Both the victims of this unfortunate adventure lay sprawling, but happily unhurt, on the ground. An aide-de-camp of the Commander of the Forces, when dining with us, commenced his narrative of the affair, which had caused some sensation at the Horse Guards, when prompt introduction to his next neighbour brought him to the acquaintance of the charging divine himself.¹

Mr. Wilberforce's restless and roving propensities were amusingly criticised by Croker in the *Quarterly*. His habitual versatility was surprising. One of his days at Highwood Hill may serve as a sample. It was during his morning lounge, whilst, to use his own expression, his tea was brewing, he had garnished himself with flowers, that he expressed his intention of making a tour in Scotland, and requested me to supply him with letters of introduction. These, I assured him, he would not require, for as soon as his intention was made known he would be welcomed everywhere. After breakfast, assisted by his secretaries, ex and actual, he set on foot a search for a map of Scotland,

¹ A remarkable fatality befell both these Church dignitaries. The tragedy enacted at West Malvern proved but the rehearsal of that of which the Bishop of Winchester was himself the victim. And the only child of the Dean of St. Asaph, heir to his large fortune, was killed on the high-road by a fall from his horse, whilst riding a race with his friend, a son of Lord James Stuart.

The above-mentioned income was derived partly from the Dean's marriage with the only daughter of the eminent judge, Sir John Nicholl, and partly from his patrimony and very ample Church preferment. The last of these sources of income was so considerable, amounting it was said to £6000 annually, that the Dean found himself singled out as a "prince of pluralists," and as such obnoxious to the animadversions of Lord Llanover. In justice to the Dean it must be recollected that he had resigned a very valuable living, to which his father had presented him when Bishop of Hereford, on receiving in exchange another in the diocese of St. Asaph, to which the Bishop was translated, and that his assailant availed himself of the peculiar vulnerability of his victim during the delay which the transfer necessarily required.

which occupied much of his morning, and at length could not be found. Followed by the above staff, reinforced by a son and myself, he walked forth, armed with a spud, the movement of which, as being dangerous to his feet, owing to his shortsightedness, we watched with anxiety. He was more successful in his quest of a passage of Shakespeare, in which he was assisted by his staff, but not till tea-time, when he bounded into the room, repeating it with all the force and feeling of which he was susceptible :—

“ For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keep death his court,” etc.

During the evening his conversation was animated and sustained, notwithstanding his frequent references to three or four volumes on different subjects lying on his table, the contents of which he rapidly appropriated as he turned over the pages, whilst pursuing the ordinary tenor of his discourse, like a sea-bird dipping for his prey and then resuming its flight.

But for the extraordinary activity and elasticity of his intellectual temperament, the irregularity of his habits would have cost him a much more exceeding waste of time. At Brighton he asked me to seal his letters. The first preliminary to this proceeding was a long search, in which he joined, for the wax ; and when I questioned him afterwards where it should be placed, he pointed to his table, covered with papers, begging me to “ turn it loose once more on the common.” Mr. Samuel Thornton, who represented Hull when Wilberforce sat for Yorkshire, assured me that Wilberforce sometimes wrote four answers to the same letter, each consisting chiefly of an apology for previous supposed neglect.

Mr. Wilberforce’s excessive candour proved an impediment to decision and despatch. No prepossession, no personal or party feelings, could bias his appreciation of any merit or

force attributable to an adversary's argument, especially if circumstances might suggest self-distrust in attaining his conclusion. My father remarked that he had never heard Mr. Wilberforce speak unfavourably of any one without qualifying his censure by a *but* of qualification. Croker said that he always agreed with the last speaker, unless that speaker was himself. I witnessed a somewhat painful exhibition of this amiable peculiarity in the House of Commons. Balancing his opinion as he spoke, he elicited alternate cheers from both sides of the House,—for the approval of one party suggested to him the probability that he had expressed himself too strongly, and he immediately oscillated to the other, till both seemed to vie with each other in the enjoyment of the never-pausing game of battledore and shuttlecock. Mr. Wilberforce's impressibility, which prevented him suppressing his feelings as he listened to other speakers, got him the reputation of being the noisiest member of the House.

Aware of the difficulties he himself experienced in making up his mind, he would inculcate indulgence in behalf of others subject to like infirmity, observing that when we reach a conclusion we are apt to forget our preceding perplexity, and consequently to make little or no allowance for that of others. The multiplied and often quite groundless claims on his sympathy proved a serious obstacle to his regular transaction of business, and a sore trial to his coadjutors. But he was little affected by other drawbacks. The cares of private life, which, though comparatively minute, Burke in his retirement placed on a par with public anxieties, seldom ruffled the serenity of his disposition, whilst the possible consequences of neglect were obviated by the devotion of an affectionate partner and the fidelity of dutiful servants. On these devolved the charge of his unbounded hospitality. Never did it occur to him to limit

his invitations to the capacity of his tables. His old butler, "a friend at court," would sometimes suggest to a favoured guest the advisableness of keeping near the door when waiting dinner, as there were several more guests than there was room for. His remark, on the only occasion of his seeing his estate, that "his land was like any one else's land," supplied a clew to his comparative exemption from practical solicitude. He had "neither toiled nor spun" for the acquisition of his ample property, and the possession of it suggested only a deep sense of responsibility and thankfulness. When he ceased, on disposing of his house in Kensington Green, to have a house of his own, he was yet freer from care; and he bore the heavy losses, for which he was not himself answerable—contributing, with other circumstances, to a considerable decrease of his income, which, notwithstanding his insensibility to ordinary trials, cost him poignant grief—with the most exemplary Christian equanimity.

And further: few men, especially such as have been exposed to, without realising his divine mastery over the temptations of public life, have been so little influenced by the distracting passions of ambition, avarice, vanity, and resentment. As he said of himself, "he took nothing amiss;" and fear, especially the most slavish of its kind, the dread of being thought afraid—for he was never betrayed, Mr. Gisborne observed to me, into the display of false courage—he ignored. And hence the mainspring of his public and private acts, that steadfast independence which too often gains little credit because as little credence.

If Mr. Wilberforce devoted his time, talents, and social advantages to the service of others, others in turn afforded him invaluable assistance in the prosecution of his enterprising labours, endowed with the very qualifications for the transaction of business in which he was comparatively deficient. Zachary Macaulay, Stephen, and others, were ever

at hand, ready to relieve him, as far as they could, from onerous details of work, and, a task far more difficult, from excessive interruption. It was thus that, like the Roman soldier, freed when on active service from much of the burden which he bore in time of peace, he could exert unfettered those sustained efforts which have won for him the reputation of an intrepid leader and a first-rate Parliamentary orator.

Excepting his standard work on *Practical Christianity*, and some ephemeral publications, Mr. Wilberforce contributed little to the literature of the day. He commenced an interesting Memoir of Pitt, which he allowed me to peruse. Oratory was his forte. I was too young to witness his great Parliamentary success. He could not be considered as attaining the high mark once assigned to him on the only two occasions on which I heard him speak in the House of Commons,—that to which I have already alluded, and the other one of the most important which ever elicited his patriotic exertions, and for the failure of which his country rather than he himself was responsible. Well deserved was the spontaneous testimony borne to his worth and abilities, when all parties, desirous of averting by some compromise of the differences between Queen Caroline and both Houses of Parliament, concurred in looking to Mr. Wilberforce to propose, in accordance with general feeling, and, as it has since transpired, with expectation of success encouraged by Her Majesty's legal advisers, an address to the Queen. It was an interesting spectacle to see the feeble and half-blind veteran led to his seat. And when he rose, accredited umpire and mediator in a great national dispute, he spoke well and worthy of the occasion. But as I listened I could not but share the prevalent misgivings as to the result. An address was voted in accordance with his motion, which was presented to the Queen, not without symptoms of popular displeasure,

by the proposer, accompanied by Sir Thomas Acland and Mr. Stuart Wortley, and met by a stern but courteous rejection of the proffered overture.

If the *suaviter in modo et fortiter in re* could have restored peace to the kingdom, the mission could not have been confided to more suitable individuals than those who composed the triumvirate deputed by the House of Commons, and more especially their leader. It would be impossible to conceive suavity more constraining and unaffected than that which disarmed the determination of his purpose when engaged in any worthy cause of all that was unconciliatory and repulsive. Modern cynicism as to paying compliments, reactive perhaps from the extravagant and artificial adulation of a preceding age, could not have found a flaw in his delicate appreciation of merit which claimed his notice, whilst no one could administer a rebuke more effectively, as when he vindicated himself from an uncalled-for onslaught of Sir Francis Burdett.

But other than senatorial eloquence was demanded by the cravings of a people roused from lethargy and impressed with the importance of long-neglected duties. And to no one was the popular call more unceasingly addressed, and by none was it more readily responded to, than Mr. Wilberforce. Though ever earnest in Parliament, he found little scope for his peculiar, and in some respects unrivalled, eloquence in conventional dealing with many of the subjects on which he spoke—and latterly he spoke on too many,—excepting those which drew from him special efforts in behalf of some philanthropic or religious object. His reception at public meetings was enthusiastic. His advent was precluded by visible commotion. Business was at a stand-still, and the speaker of the moment held his breath, whilst every eye was riveted on the agile but unsteady gait of the man of the people, as, leaning on some friendly arm, he was borne

amidst tumultuous applause to his rostrum. When he rose, utterly self-forgetful, every countenance reflected the unspeakable benignity which beamed from his own. And no less could be predicated of Wilberforce than was said of Pitt, when the great statesman, towards the close of his celebrated speech on the abolition of the Slave-trade, wound up his glowing anticipation of the future of a liberated African by a quotation from the *Æneid*, that he spoke as one inspired, when at an Anniversary of the Bible Society, the herald of a more extensive emancipation capped his beautiful allusion to its progress by borrowing our own poet's sublime comparison:—

“As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,” etc.

His language was fit vehicle of the beauty and occasional sublimity of his thought. Memnon's orisons never discoursed sweeter music than that which found utterance in the tones and cadences of his exquisitely modulated periods; and as he realised the *sursum corda* of his loftiest aspirations, he seemed, despite of the deformity of his outer man, to stand forth, as it were, transfigured by the light of his own heaven-gifted eloquence.

Seasonable to Mr. Wilberforce was the quiet he now enjoyed,—a clerical son of Mr. Gisborne and myself being at this time his only visitors,—for never perhaps did public difficulties weigh more oppressively on his mind than at present. Notwithstanding his conviction, since the failure of the Parliamentary endeavour of which he was the exponent, to settle the affair of the Queen, that it had passed out of his hands, bequeathing to him a keen sense of the bitter and unmerited censure which his patriotic conduct had brought upon him, he could not conceal from himself that men of all parties were yet disposed to rely on his guidance. Perplexed beyond measure by consciousness of the magnitude of the public duty which they sought to impose on him, and the seemingly insuperable

difficulties which obstructed its discharge, he confessed himself weary of politics. Yet during his favourite walk of two hours, when, on his proposal, I accompanied him, the play of his spirits was quite characteristic. An infinity of objects attracted his attention. Yet he resumed incessantly the main thread of his discourse, ever recurring to the harassing theme which chiefly engrossed his thoughts, and obviously with a view to disburthen his mind of its anxiety. His conversation in the evening, till, after tea, he retired to write his letters, was on more general topics, as when in his ordinary mood.

An incident occurred during our morning walk indicative of the estimation in which he was held by the lower classes. As we turned down a narrow street, one side of which was excavated for the erection of new buildings, our progress was prevented by a cart freighted with a large stone. Mr. Wilberforce requested the two men in charge of it to remove it so as to enable us to pass, but in vain, as they were too much absorbed by their own dilemma to attend to his remonstrances,—and naturally enough, as their apprehensions were realised by the overbalanced cart forthwith discharging its cargo in the sunken ground. Mr. Wilberforce being under an erroneous impression as to their inattention to his appeals, upbraided them, and, I must say, somewhat provokingly, intimating that had they consulted our convenience the mishap would not have occurred. The taller of the two carters, a powerful man, resented by his angry and threatening looks the stranger's onslaught, when his companion, hastening to his side, whispered in his ear. The communication at once operated as a charm. The expression of the man's countenance changed rapidly from wrath to surprise, and ultimately to kindness. Doubtless the spell which subdued his spirit, and drew forth the native generosity of his disposition, was the name of Wilberforce.¹

The old saying, "It never rains but it pours," was exemplified in the case of Mr. Wilberforce. Soon after my visit to him at Bath he heard of the death of Christopher, and of the disappointment of his plans for the benefit of St. Domingo. Sadly did he proceed to London, in the desperate hope of satisfying the expectations of the country by averting extremities in the Queen's affair. It might have been thought that on the very eve of his departure he could scarcely have found time for showing his interest in my studies, and yet it was then that he wrote to me a long letter as illustrative of his kindly sympathy.

cences, to my friend Mr. Colquhoun, when preparing for the press his work on *Wilberforce and his Contemporaries* in nearly the identical words in which it now appears.

But humouring, in his own case needlessly, the prevailing mania for the *sensational*, he so transformed my narrative as to do grievous injustice to the carters, and to procure for Mr. Wilberforce a prominence on the platform of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to which he was by no means entitled. The following is his reading:—

"More touching was a testimony which reached him from the rudest class of society, which comes to us from an eye-witness. In one of his last visits to Bath, the little dwarfish figure, twisted now into a strange conformation, was wending its way up one of the steep streets by which loaded carts bring coals to the inhabitants of Bath from the port on the Avon. Two rough carters were urging their feeble horses up one of the steepest of these streets, when one of the horses slipped and fell. The man to whom the cart belonged, a burly specimen of a savage race, infuriated by the stoppage, rained blows and kicks, mingled with hoarse curses, on the prostrate animal. Wilberforce, who was near, and who forgot everything in his sympathy, rushed forward, when the giant had raised his hand for a further blow, and interfered, pouring upon him at the same time a torrent of eloquent rebuke. The fellow, arrested in the very height of passion, and furious at the language used, stood with his face like a thunder-cloud, as if meditating to turn his stroke on the puny elf who appeared before him. At this moment his companion, who had recognised Wilberforce, stepped up to him and whispered his name. The word acted like a charm. In an instant the lowering face cleared, and from rage and sullen hatred the look passed at once into wondering reverence, as if in the midst of his brutal passions and debasement there was suddenly presented to him an object that awakened the better feelings of his nature, and drew forth his slumbering sympathies."

But eventually the clouds which had gathered round the setting of the brilliant luminary which had so long lighted up our path was dissipated. In a few months disaster and death had removed the main object of Mr. Wilberforce's and the nation's anxiety. The West Indian difficulties disappeared; and he survived to witness the consummation of his hopes and the climax of his efforts in the cause of African liberty by the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and to appropriate to himself, as was happily suggested by Mr. Stanley, author of the measure, the words of the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Mr. Wilberforce's funeral in Westminster Abbey was attended by a considerable assemblage of members of both Houses of Parliament. Opposite to Apsley House I observed from my mourning coach the Duke of Wellington drive up Constitution Hill to don his mourning attire, and was particularly struck by the solemn intensity of the expression of his countenance as he fixed his eye steadfastly on the hearse, awaiting till the procession had passed by. The prospect of his own public obsequies was probably brought home to his feelings by the pageantry of which he was spectator.

The preceding sketch of Mr. Wilberforce's character and habits may prove not superfluously supplemental to the far ampler contributions to his biography for which we are indebted to his sons, his nephew Sir James Stephen, Harford, Colquhoun, and others.

The authorship of his sons' long and interesting Memoir shifted hands during the progress of the work. Archdeacon Robert, the elder, who at first took the principal charge of it, was good enough to read to me at East Farleigh, in Kent, of which beautiful parish he was incumbent, much of what he had then written. The composition was, as might be expected, excellent, but the style was dry. And strange to say, he wanted neither letters nor anecdotes

to enliven it. But fortunately for the public, and most unfortunately for myself, the plan was changed. It was found desirable that a more prominent share in the work should be assigned to Samuel, the Bishop. And then, at his own request, I committed to Robert the whole of Mr. Wilberforce's letters addressed to my father, from his accession to the Government in India till nearly the close of his life,—stipulating that they should be punctually returned to me,—a very valuable correspondence relating to public and private affairs extending over forty years. Some reasonable time after the publication of the Memoir I applied to him for them repeatedly, and, being unsuccessful, had recourse to the Bishop, who recommended importunity as affording the only chance of getting anything out of his brother. At length, having pressed him as far as I could with propriety, I received from him three letters, all that he could find, which I sent back to him by return of post, refusing to be satisfied with any instalment of his debt short of the whole. The result was a severe loss to myself and my family, for which I had not even the consolation of the conviction that the public was benefited by the loan, for not one of the letters, nor any allusion to them, appeared in the work. Such a transaction as this may serve as a warning to the proprietors of literary documents.

CHAPTER XV.

1820.

GEORGE IV.'S CORONATION—VOLUNTEERS.

THE events to which I have referred were followed by George IV.'s coronation. Aware of a strong prevailing feeling that his miserable Queen ought not to have been excluded from her supposed due share of the ceremonial, Lord Sidmouth, by way of laudable precaution, collected 8000 troops, regulars and volunteers, in and about the metropolis. The latter were again brought to the front; the Light Horse being stationed in Palace Yard, and the road leading to it, supported by the Buckinghamshire and Surrey regiments of yeomanry.

Towards the close of the day we were allowed to picket our horses, and to range the Abbey. Stationing myself at the western door, as approached, marshalled on their way to the Banqueting-Hall, the Royal personages, ambassadors, peers, and other notables, I had a close view of them individually. His noble presence and dignified but easy bearing, and the bland expression of his countenance, set off by the magnificent robes of the Garter, marked out Lord Londonderry as the "bright particular star" of that brilliant galaxy, to which, after an interval of two generations, since a like occasion had called forth such glorious pageantry, the chivalry of the kingdom contributed its varied splendour.

But verily eclipsed it would have been by the shadow of death, could some gifted seer have foretold that ere a year should have elapsed, the hearse conveying to their resting-place in the Abbey the remains of this eminent statesman, now at the zenith of his reputation, should deposit them at the very portal through which he was passing, amid the execrations of a mob, who recognised in his suicide self-inflicted retribution for his imputed political delinquencies. At this moment all that was wanting to the full measure of his prosperity was reconciliation with his native Ireland, aggrieved by the part he had taken in the settlement of the Union, and this was accomplished a few weeks afterwards by his revisiting Dublin the first time since that event.

Meanwhile a different scene was enacted at the southwestern door of the Abbey. Flushed, hurried, and excited in her manner, the Queen, rushing through Palace Yard, endeavoured to make good her entry. Fortunate was the arrangement which brought the resolute but courteous Sir Robert Inglis, as Gold Stick, face to face with Her Majesty. The inflexible Tory was "unfortunately endowed with all the properties of the badger, except his ferocity," observed his friend Sir Thomas Acland, on hearing of Brougham's determination "to worry the bigoted Baronet" on his entering Parliament. Happily on this occasion no other qualification was wanting for the painful duty of resisting a Queen's plea for admission than that which Sir Robert pre-eminently possessed, a stubborn but gentle conscientiousness. Her rejection was followed in a few days by her decease.

An oversight which occurred when the Light Horse were allowed to enter the Abbey might have occasioned some trouble. None were retained to take charge of the horses; and happening, on the expiration of our leave of absence, to return to Palace Yard, I found our Colonel, Bosanquet, who was very short-sighted, sitting solitary on his horse,

aware of the utter helplessness of his plight. He instantly rode up to me, beseeching me to bring him help from the Abbey. Happily, in case of need, the Life Guards were at hand. I observed one of these stalwart troopers dispose of a turbulent fellow in an unusual fashion: seizing him by the collar as he cantered past, looking in another direction to conceal his intention, and galloping off with his victim to a considerable distance, then leaving him to run as if for his life.

Very severely tested was the physical endurance of many who assisted at the Coronation. We found, when we marched into Palace Yard, at 1 A.M., a long line of carriages already waiting the opening of the Abbey door; and when we were dismissed at 11.30 at night, the Park was densely packed with them. Vast numbers must have been detained upwards of twenty-four hours.

The kindly feeling manifested by Lord Sidmouth towards the Light Horse, and his constant reliance on their efficiency, were fully appreciated by the corps, and he was much gratified by our entertaining him at a banquet in Freemasons' Hall. It was attended by the Duke of York, Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Anglesea, and several distinguished civilians and officers. The only error of judgment we ever attributed to our Colonel during his long command occurred on the occasion of his proposing, as chairman, the health of the great Duke. It is surprising, considering his proverbial promptitude of insight, courtesy, and tact, that he should have committed it. His speech consisted of a running and somewhat jocose commentary on the Duke's Peninsular campaigns, eliciting subsequently from the subject of his confused panegyric the remark that he had been in a great many hashes, but never in such a one as that for which he was indebted to our Colonel.

The tranquillised state of the country, and motives of

economy, induced Government in due time to withdraw its allowance from our regiment, and its colours were deposited in the Tower, after exactly half a century of good service. The Duke of York wished to see us ere we were disbanded, and reviewed us on Wormwood Scrubs, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington and a "brilliant staff." As our numbers had dwindled in anticipation of our fate, we mustered only about sixty. As our field-officers were first-rate, and we were mostly regularly drilled amateurs, we underwent our minute inspection and performed our manœuvres satisfactorily. The Duke of York rode up to us, addressing us with his customary *bonhomie*, manifesting his own wish to have retained our services: "You have done very well; I wish you were three hundred."

Conspicuous among our spectators was that magnificent regiment, the 1st Dragoon Guards, which was reviewed on the ground which we had quitted. Several years afterwards, I heard from a distinguished General officer that its commander, Sir John Teesdale—otherwise highly qualified for his post—having attained considerable *embonpoint*, representation to that effect was made to the Duke of York. It was consequently arranged that the portly colonel should be seen by his Royal Highness at the head of his regiment. Sir John, having got wind of the plot, rode so nimbly and performed his part so efficiently, that the Duke remarked that, after what had passed, nothing could be done in the matter. The alleged date of this curious incident corresponded exactly with that of our review.

Our corps had rendered essential service by the pleasant opportunities of drill and instruction afforded to yeomanry officers, several of whom afterwards commanded regiments. Drills, field-days, and occasionally sham fights up to Highgate, were followed after breakfast by the lessons of our adjutant, Bamford, illustrated by his plans, which had been

much prized, and, as he was wont to say, appropriated at the Horse Guards without due acknowledgment. He was a capital officer, having got especial credit by his having brought into order a certain cavalry regiment, composed of rather unmanageable materials, during the Peninsular war. Unfortunately, he was unable to adapt his demeanour to the very different class of recruits with whom he had to deal, and used to lose his temper and give much offence.

The corps had its traditions. Its muster-roll, two copies of which exist, fine specimens of caligraphy—the one in possession of our biographer, Colyear, and the other of myself, to whom Colonel Bosanquet, when there was some prospect of reorganising the corps, presented to me,—comprises the names of men of high position, whether titular or as statesmen, lawyers, millionnaires, and others, including some distinguished military officers. The Premier, Perceval, and his colleagues, Mr. Richard Ryder and Lord Bexley, rode in the ranks, and would revert with enthusiasm to their military services. Sir Launcelot Shadwell prided himself more on having testified his loyalty as a mounted sentry at the Horse Guards than on his professional achievements. The well-known Sir Herbert Jenner Fust was allowed to retain his troop, though long incapable of appearing in the saddle, till the dissolution of the corps. The two last Dukes of Montrose were privates. Of the zeal of the elder we have already adduced an instance. At a grand review on Wimbledon Common, on George III. expressing his intention of dismounting, a trooper galloped, by his colonel's orders, from the ranks of the regiment, sprang from his horse and held the stirrup, when the King recognised his friend the Duke. His Grace was less fortunate on another occasion. Chancing, when marching in the ranks, to pass Lord Eglinton, he greeted that nobleman with his customary salutation, "How d'ye do, Eglinton?" and received for

answer from his Lordship, who, drawing himself stiffly up, thought he had been accosted by some humble trooper acquainted with his person—"An impudent fellow, to call me Eglinton!" At their club on the same evening the Duke surprised his friend by taxing him with disrespect, when, and to their mutual amusement, explanation followed.

The name of Herries, its colonel during its palmiest days, was a household word in the regiment. His military efficiency was highly commended by competent authorities; and his personal popularity could not be surpassed. In proof of the estimation in which he was held by the members of the corps, intelligence having been received by them on a field-day that he had suffered a commercial failure, they offered to subscribe a large sum in his behalf ere they quitted the ground. One of the most impressive funeral ceremonies which ever took place in Westminster Abbey was on the occasion of the entire corps consigning his remains to a vault within its walls with military honours.

It is but a just tribute to Colonel Bosanquet, who succeeded Herries in command, that whether as a gentleman or a soldier, he was worthy of his predecessor.

There was one strange drawback to the cosmopolitan spirit of the corps, the exclusion of Jews, adopted originally, it was alleged, in reference to certain objectionable persons of that persuasion; but in fact mainly attributable to antiquated prejudice. And it was put to the test by the proposal of Baron Rothschild, who afterwards represented the City of London in Parliament, as a recruit. On my suggestion the corps was specially summoned to consider the advisableness of rescinding the obnoxious rule, and my motion to that effect was carried, after a long debate, on a division, by a majority of two to one, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of our excellent old Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop and his contemporaries, who could not shake off their bigotry.

A question is suggested by regard to the materials of which the L. H. V. consisted, applicable to any other somewhat similarly constituted regiment,—how far the sacrifice involved in its being exposed to warfare would be in any sense of the word remunerative.

Supposing, for argument's sake, that it was equal in efficiency to any regiment in any other service, and that in the event of collision each might lose the same number of men, the hostile ranks might be replenished from the very lowest classes, whilst the social loss incurred by regiments recruited from the higher would be comparatively incalculable: gold for brass with a vengeance! Walter Scott, champion of chivalry, more than hints at the right reply to the inquiry in his narrative of the battle of Sheriffmuir. "A troop of about sixty in number, comprehending the Dukes of Douglas, Roxburgh, Earls, etc., fought bravely, though the policy of risking such a *troupe dorée* might be questioned."

But in fact the undue sacrifice of such valuable life might have been spared. Deducting, we will suppose, from our Light Horse those members, not a few, who would have held command in local corps, and many who would have readily volunteered to meet the pressing want of officers, the remainder might, without needless exposure to danger, have relieved the regular troops of various detached duties; their drill might have proved most serviceable; and those otherwise unemployed might have formed an important reserve available in the hour of urgent need.

The problem we have glanced at has since found an open field for actual practical solution.

CHAPTER XVI.

1821.

GEORGE IV.'S VISIT TO IRELAND—LORDS LONDONDERRY
AND SIDMOUTH.

MR. C. GRANT kindly invited me again to Dublin, on the occasion of the King's expected visit, which followed the Coronation. Henry Grattan joined me at Chester, and on board the packet we found Lord Sidmouth, who afterwards expressed to me dislike of the looks of my companion. As the following passage in H. Grattan's Memoir of his father, published eighteen years afterwards, indicated that time had not so far blunted the edge of his patriotic resentment as to prevent his *writing* daggers when adverting to the imputed misdeeds of Lord Sidmouth's colleague, it is likely enough that he may have *looked* daggers during our voyage at Lord Sidmouth himself:—

“It is possible that if two or three courtiers had been killed, the Union might have been prevented. Lord Ely and Lord Clare would have been intimidated and Mr. Pitt would have been frightened. A very little thing would possibly have stopped the measure. However, these were not the olden times, as in Rome, when a patriot drew his sword and killed a magistrate, then, brandishing it, appealed to the people that he had slain a traitor! Unquestionably Lord Clare and Lord Castlereagh deserved to die. The

popular conviction of such State criminals would have been a national as well as noble judicial sentence. Some weak old woman might have cried out 'Murder,' but it would have been the deed of a Brutus."—(Vol. v. 63.) Not so Henry Grattan's illustrious father, who, not long before he died, spoke kindly of Lord Castlereagh, and hoped that he would not be ill-treated.

The Secretary's Lodge teemed for some time with the bustle of an hotel. The guests whom I found there were Lord Sidmouth and the Marquis of Londonderry, the two Cabinet Ministers in attendance on the King, and their secretaries Lord Valletort and Mr. Seymour, besides Frederick afterwards Lord Calthorpe. The Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Talbot, usually joined the breakfast party, and on the occasion of the review there was a large gathering. The entertainment of the ladies devolved in part on Mr. Grant's sister.

The concourse of newsmongers at the Castle reminded old inhabitants of the feverish excitement of the Rebellion. But good-humour beamed from the countenance of the multitudes who flocked in from the country. The city was busy preparing for illumination, and the new harbour of Dunleary was ready for the anchorage of the Royal Squadron and the King's landing. But meanwhile all the arrangements were thrown into confusion by the Queen's illness, as in the event of her death the proposed ceremonial of the debarkation and procession would be relinquished. Only twelve months had elapsed since the Queen's advent on the kingdom was dreaded as a signal of rebellion. Her illness was now regarded at Dublin in no other light than as likely to disturb the festivities of the hour.

The dismal *dénouement* of the expected crisis came speedily to pass. The announcement of the Queen's death coincided with that of the arrival of the King at Beaudesert,

Lord Anglesea's, in Anglesea. Prompt in the discharge of his duty, now urgent, Lord Sidmouth, not many hours after his own landing, proceeded there at once to represent to his Majesty the impropriety, under the circumstances, of a public entry, and to consult with him as to the course to be pursued. On his return he had a stormy passage, and his steam-vessel ran down a boat containing seven men, two of whom received serious injuries, for whom he liberally provided. His mission was successful. It was settled that the King should take up his residence privately at the Lord-Lieutenant's Lodge. Pat, though grievously disappointed, could not be balked of his fun. On the landing of the Royal carriage, the State coachman, mounted on his box, duly caparisoned, received a perfect ovation, a genuine tribute on the part of the populace, who could not believe in the object of their homage being other than the King himself.

The postponement of the ceremonial prolonged official business and hospitality. Lord Sidmouth wrote rapidly the replies to the loyal addresses which poured in, and, in the opinion of the conclave at the Lodge, admirably in point of despatch; tact, and composition. The passing conversation was very pleasant. Lord Sidmouth usually took the lead, abounding in personal and historical reminiscences. Lord Londonderry contributed his share, talking to the purpose in his own easy way, in cumbrous but expressive phraseology. He observed of steam-communication, then recently introduced, that "it completely overrode the ordinary principles of human proceeding." A dictum which he hazarded on punishments, viz., that hanging was objectionable, because it was ludicrous, might have been taken up as fiercely as Canning's memorable apostrophe to "the revered and ruptured Ogden," as he was constantly charged in the House of Commons as prime instigator of the whole and half

hanging of the Rebellion, notwithstanding his uniform indignant meeting of the imputation by challenging impeachment. And it was in the capacity of chief executioner that he figures in the severe satire composed on the King's present visit to Ireland:—

“ The dandy of sixty who bows with a grace,
 And has taste in wigs, collars, cuirasses, and lace,
 Who to tricksters and knaves leaves the State and its treasure,
 And when Britain's in tears, sails about at his pleasure.
There is Derry Down Triangle by name
From the land of misrule and half-hanging and flame,” etc.

Lord Londonderry's style, sometimes intentionally enveloped so as to conceal his meaning, or at length imparting it, as if by lucky chance, and more especially when embroiled by some strange metaphorical entanglement, has been sufficiently commented upon. Yet he could be direct and forcible. Mr. Knox ascribed the defects of Lord Londonderry's style to inadequate education, observing that whilst other youths pored over their books he devoted himself to the study of mankind.

Noticeable was the punctuality of Mr. Grant's guests, considering the multiplicity of their engagements. One morning the approach of a rapid step overtaking me was that of Lord Londonderry passing me at a rapid pace, expressing his fear that we were late for prayers. They had in fact just commenced; and on entering the room he knelt down against the door to prevent further interruption.

Some anxiety was felt respecting Lord Londonderry's reception in Dublin, as, although he had visited his Irish estates, he had never made his appearance in that city during the twenty years which had elapsed since the Union. And consequently most gratifying to himself and his friends was the cordial greeting he received from the crowd at the Castle. Such demeanour was, however, characteristic of the land of a “hundred thousand welcomes.” Sir Robert Peel

was wont to mention an instance of the sort which had occurred to himself. When shooting in the south of Ireland at a time when he was very unpopular, he was asked by a countryman whether he was the gentleman they called "Orange Peel." On his expressing the belief that he was sometimes known by that name his questioner replied: "When your honour is in Dublin we should be glad to hear you were killed; but now you are come amongst us, we'll kill for you our fattest sheep."

In his ovation at the Castle Lord Londonderry attained the acme of his political success. Among those who flocked to congratulate the triumphant statesman on his return to his ancient headquarters was his old friend and colleague Alexander Knox. Twenty-two eventful years had elapsed since they had met. But their mutual regard and appreciation of each other's contrasted but harmonising eminent qualities had never abated. No topic was more congenial to Knox's feelings than the character and public conduct of his old chief; and he attached the greatest value to a letter, of which he gave me a copy, addressed to him by Lord Londonderry, expressive of his warm reciprocation of Knox's good-will. Their interview, which lasted two hours, took place in the drawing-room of the Lodge. Their conversation must have embraced a review of the momentous transactions in which they had been engaged. And doubtless no doubtings as to the result, or the means employed to attain it, as involving the personal responsibility of either the statesman or the philosopher, abated their satisfaction. But nevertheless it failed to prevent depression of spirits, which soon after caused the self-destruction of the one and the morbid despondency of the other, and it is possible that Lord Londonderry's misgivings may already have foreshadowed the rock on which, if not his fame, his personal enjoyment of it, would be shortly wrecked for ever.

Lord Londonderry's suicide has been attributed by scandalous rumour to other than the true cause. His overwrought mind had evidently brooded on imaginary political reverses. He would cast despairing looks on the benches of the House of Commons behind him, supposing that, though really thronged, they were deserted. Mr. Stephen Lushington, Secretary to the Treasury, and afterwards Governor of Madras, mentioned to me a circumstance confirmatory of the impression that the ailment which preyed on his spirits was political. Lord Londonderry, sitting next to him at a ministerial dinner about a week before he committed the fatal deed, remarked, as he looked at Lord Bexley, "I envy Van his composure." This feeling referring to a colleague must have been prompted by some common cause of anxiety, and consequently must have been political.

It is remarkable that Lord Londonderry at Paris, alluding during dinner to Buonaparte's fall, observed (my informant was present) that he cut his throat as much as Whitbread did, then little anticipating his like doom.

The last act of the melancholy drama in which the Queen had figured so deplorably had just been played out. The despatch announcing to Lord Sidmouth the disgraceful occurrences at her funeral in London, when collision took place between the Life Guards and the mob, many of the former being hurt, and one of the latter having been shot by a trooper, and, to complete the imbroglio, a distinguished general officer so compromised himself by his interference as to justify the forfeiture of his commission, was placed in his hands just as he was stepping into his carriage to go to dinner in Dublin. He read it aloud to Frederick Calthorpe and myself, who accompanied him on a similar errand, and when he reached the notice of the Life-Guardsman killing his antagonist, emphatically exclaimed, "He did quite right!" This unshrinking assumption of responsibility was character-

istic of Lord Sidmouth. On one occasion he rode out of the Home Office into the street during a disturbance, and authorised the commanding officer of a detachment of the Life Guards to act as circumstances might require. During the critical period when murderous conspiracies were rife, and he himself was repeatedly threatened with assassination, he was in the habit of constantly driving to and fro, by day and night, between his residence in Richmond Park and his office.

The disaster at Cumberland Gate would never have taken place had Lord Sidmouth been at his headquarters. He would have taken effectual precautions, by such a display of military force as would have convinced the mob that the Government was in earnest; but improvidence or timidity ruled the counsels of his deputies. It is fortunate that the exasperating and dangerous duty creditably discharged by the Life Guards had not devolved on this occasion on the volunteers, for the old cry of "Peterloo" and the "Manchester massacre" would have been revived with a vengeance.

I have alluded to Lord Sidmouth's predilection for anecdote. Having often listened to him at his various residences and elsewhere, I ventured to suggest to his eldest daughter, Miss Addington, taking notes of his most interesting reminiscences; but she expressed apprehension lest his being aware of her so doing might put constraint on the freedom of his conversation. Latterly he betrayed symptoms of *anecdotalage*, for he would repeat in the course of the same evening, to the distress of his hearers, some favourite story *totidem verbis*. At Dublin he adverted much to the great American war; in England, to home topics. He was fond of relating the practical jokes perpetrated by the Lord Lyttleton of his day at Christ Church: how he concealed himself before daybreak in the Dean's staircase, and attiring himself so as to pass for the Dean himself, skated on the

ice in the quadrangle, whilst he waved off the College servants, who nevertheless marvelled, as they peeped from their lurking-places, at the supposed Dean's performances, the rumour of which soon became circulated through the town and the University; and further, of Lord Lyttleton having won a bet that he would walk from one end of Oxford to another in a barrister's wig and gown without being recognised.

Lord Ellenborough supplied an unfailing quota of recollections. The hot-tempered judge, dining with the Prince Regent, when the question occurred as to what should be done with Buonaparte, who had just fallen into our hands, observed that they had had Samuels enough,—Samuel Romilly and Samuel Whitbread and others,—but that the Samuel who was then wanted was the Samuel who hewed Agag in pieces. And again, at a Guildhall dinner, on the occasion of entertaining the Duchess of Oldenburg, in reply to a worthy alderman, who expressed the hope that he had a good dinner, Lord Ellenborough asked him “why they had not the national air.” “The Duchess is not fond of music,” was the answer, which the incensed judge met by the very audible retort, “Give us the national air, and don't mind the foolish fancies of a silly hysterical Finland b——.”

Lord Nelson was occasionally alluded to. Lord Sidmouth showed me the table at his lodge in Richmond Park on which the hero of Trafalgar had traced the destined pre-arranged evolutions of that battle. Nor were the “Attic nights and refectations of the gods” forgotten, the deep potations and the sprightly talk by which Pitt and Dundas recruited their wearied strength and wasted spirits; nor did he hesitate to confess that their example had tempted him to seek in such transient exhilaration the relief from public anxiety and the solace of domestic sorrows. And he occa-

sionally gave proof of his not having completely shaken off the habits of a former generation.

One of Lord Sidmouth's characteristics was his remarkable amiability in private life, and his kindness to young men. One of the last occasions, perhaps the last, on which I saw him, I chanced to call on him in Richmond Park on the completion of his eighty-second year, when he was expecting his relatives assembling to celebrate his birthday, and as I left him I met Sir Robert Peel riding to offer his congratulations.

Of the few marplots which interrupted the preparations for the Royal visit, one was sufficiently droll. The portly and jovial alderman, Sir William Curtis, George IV.'s boon companion, made his appearance at breakfast at the Secretary's Lodge in high spirits, humorously describing a strange misadventure which had befallen him that morning. Arriving in his yacht by night, he had innocently taken quiet possession of a new harbour, which he found clear of shipping, ready for the public opening by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City, destined to come off this very morning with suitable *éclat*. At early dawn, whilst he was felicitating himself on the snugness of his berth, he was accosted on his quarterdeck by officials, who, having received intimation of the stranger's unwelcome intrusion, questioned him as to his name, business, and right of entry. Explanation was tendered, but could not cancel the vexation occasioned by the infraction of the civic arrangements.

The King's public appearances were very successful. His entry into Dublin, seated in an open carriage, accompanied by the Marquis of Headfort, was quite unostentatious. The presence of the garrison, consisting of twelve regiments, who lined the streets, served no other purpose than that of heightening the effect of the spectacle,—for had a stranger formed his judgment of the vast assemblage of spectators

from town and country by their demeanour on the occasion, he would have supposed himself in the presence of a nation of gentlemen.

I was present at the entertainment given to the King by Trinity College, when he proposed and responded to the toasts which concerned him in right royal style. He was equally at home at the review of the troops in the Phoenix Park. Some umbrage was given by the exclusive permission accorded to Lady Conyngham of following his Majesty in an open carriage, attended by a military escort, across the privileged enclosures.

The inmates of the official residences in the Phoenix Park did not regret the conclusion of the military display, for old Sir David Baird, one of Hyder Ali's prisoners, and second in command to Sir John Moore at Corunna, where he lost an arm, had effectually sounded the *réveillie* by the bugles of his garrison preparing for their court reception by a rapid succession of field-days. At the rehearsal immediately preceding the grand review, two regiments of cavalry, the 19th and another, made their last appearance. The officers of the 19th had allowed their beards to grow, in token, it was surmised, of grief, previously to being disbanded. Lord Beresford, of Peninsular renown, whose kind-heartedness was as well known as his occasional irritability of temper, turned round as the doomed regiments marched past, observing that he could not bear to see anything tortured before it was killed.

The installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, a fine spectacle, but not so imposing as that which I had witnessed of the Bath in Westminster Abbey, derived interest and popularity from the admission, for the first time, of a Roman Catholic, in the person of Lord Fingal, to the distinction of the order,—a happy prognostic of further concessions to their just claims.

The only visits which the King was able to pay whilst in Ireland was to Slanes Castle, the Marquis of Conyngham's, and to Lord Powerscourt's. Declining to avail himself of the road to the Falls of the Dargle, new gravelled for the purpose, and even, it was said, to look forth on the beautiful scenery of the valley, his Majesty obtained little credit for any taste for the picturesque. Happening to pass, as he drove up to the house, I can testify to the enthusiastic welcome of the assembled peasantry.

Mr. Grant having received an invitation from Lady Conyngham to meet the King at Slanes on Sunday, requested, as he objected to travelling on that day, that it might be transferred to Saturday. Lady C. kindly assented, remarking that the King never travelled on Sunday. Mr. Grant was cordially received on the day which he proposed, and it was, moreover, intimated to him that the King had approved of his conduct.

The King's Irish subjects resolved loyally on providing some permanent memorial of his visit, partly in the hope of inducing him to reside occasionally in Dublin, taking the shape of a palace, which objectors ridiculed as eleemosynary. Though supported zealously by O'Connell, the project fell through, after about £10,000 had been promised.

CHAPTER XVII.

1821.

WICKLOW—SOUTH OF IRELAND—DISTURBED STATE—
THE GRANTS.

FREDERICK CALTHORPE and I left Dublin after the conclusion of the Royal pageant on a tour of Ireland, in furtherance of which we received manifold invitations, and a kind assurance by Lord Londonderry of a hospitable reception at his residence by his steward, in the probable event of his absence. My own fulfilment of this pleasant plan was much abridged by an illness brought on by exposure to damp soon after our starting, and though I struggled against it till we reached Limerick, after remaining there awhile to recover strength, was obliged to return to Dublin, leaving my kind companion to pursue his journey northwards.

We passed four days at Bellevue, once more enjoying the society of the amiable inmates and of Alexander Knox. Just before we left Dublin, we accompanied him on his annual inspection of Maynooth College as official visitor. On such occasions a chaise and pair drove up to his door, and donning top-boots, though he never rode, he presented himself to the authorities of the institution. Our survey was necessarily superficial. I was struck, as at Stoneyhurst, by the economy of the arrangements. Mr. Latouche enabled us to see to the best advantage the beautiful scenery of his neighbourhood.

The King had promised Mrs. Latouche a visit at Bellevue on his next visit to Ireland. The household was aroused early one morning by the announcement that the Royal Squadron was in sight, whereupon a red curtain and sheet were unfurled on the roof of the mansion, and muskets, disused since the Rebellion, were put in requisition. The King's yacht returned the salute.

The glory of Wicklow has departed. Full of years and honours Grattan passed away in 1820, Knox in 1831, and Robert Daly, Bishop of Cashel, in his ninetieth year, in 1872. Is it too much to say that no rural district of like area could boast of three such representative men as met in frequent and familiar converse in the bowers of Dalgeny or the glens of the Dargle,—in their different spheres, by the influence of personal example, and by the magic of their highly-gifted and no less highly-cultivated eloquence, delighting, instructing, persuading, and in some instances misleading, their listeners, who hung with breathless attention on their utterances, as they spoke with authority from the floor of Parliament, from the arm-chair of the prophet's chamber, from the platform or the pulpit,—high-souled men who, notwithstanding the partial discordance of their respective political and religious views, generously appreciated each other's distinctive merit as redounding no less to the credit of their common parentage than to the promotion of the common weal?

A few passages from my letters written after our leaving Wicklow may throw some light on the state of the country through which we passed at this time. The following is dated Glanworth, near Fermoy, County Cork. Our host, Dr. Woodward, incumbent of the parish, father of the celebrated preacher and grandfather of the excellent incumbent of St. James's, Bristol, who unfortunately became a pervert to Rome, was well known as an Irish resident.

Claiming thorough acquaintance with his native country, he was wont to say to his visitors: "If you wish for information respecting Ireland, come to me: I know more of it than any man living." The only drawback to the satisfaction of access to such an oracle was that our host had unconsciously contracted the habit of occasionally drawing the long bow. The difficulty of obtaining an accurate knowledge of Ireland as compared with Scotland is that our north-countrymen pay due regard to facts and logic, whilst the natives of the sister island, in their eagerness to reach a standpoint, are apt to leave both in the lurch. Nothing could exceed the kind friendliness of our host and his family; and let me add that of the Roman Catholic priest, Dr. Woodward's guest every Sunday, who lent me his horse, on hearing that the medical attendants had prescribed riding.

I wrote from Glanworth, near Fermoy, Co. Cork:—"Sept. 13.—The general aspect of the country we have seen is very bare; the banks of the rivers are wooded and very beautiful, in the style of Devon scenery; the hills form bold outlines; the towns appear neat, but the abodes of the peasantry and their condition equal in wretchedness all I have ever heard of them; the children *never* appear in shoes and stockings,—many all but naked; their hovels filthy,—receptacles of the pig who pays the rent, of the poultry who purchase the whisky, and of the vermin inseparable from such company. As all are alike, distress is evidently not the sole cause. Mrs. Woodward tells me that many in this village have saved large sums, and yet live in the same way. The standard is low, the people are content with it, and therefore the filth and wretchedness must be their portion. The farms are miserably managed; no barns, no hedgerows or fences, hay left out till the corn is ready to be carried in with it, and the roads filled with all sorts of cattle, with all four legs tied together, and generally in pairs or trios to prevent them in-

dulging the liberty to which the openness of the country and their own activity invite them. At Waterford we were compelled to take horses to Lismore, fifty-two English miles, no horses being kept at any town between. The roads are good and the horses very fair, but there is no settled charge in the south, and imposition becomes the necessary consequence. Here, however, all is exceptional. Dr. Woodward sacrificed two good livings to come and reside in this place just before the Rebellion, then so bad that it was threatened by the Government with extermination. He accepted the living, built a house, purchased land, which he has made glebe for ever, built a church, and from being obliged to carry pistols and put on a red jacket, he has now reconciled Roman Catholics and other inhabitants to him, can do what he pleases, has directed the building of seven churches in the neighbourhood, and is a sort of patriarch. On the banks of the beautiful Blackwater river, four miles distant, whither he took us this day, stands Castle Hyde, the seat of Mr. Hyde, one of the most valuable of the Irish gentry. His mansion is noble and his grounds celebrated for beauty; all his farms are English in appearance, and the cottages upon them of an order perfectly distinct from the cabins of the country. Though a member of Parliament, he seldom quits his place."

And again from Killarney :—"Sept. 25th.—This is a county more completely Roman Catholic than any other, yet it contains a large body of active and useful resident gentry, whose influence, when properly exerted, is superior to that of the priests. Mr. Newenham had a school containing sixty-five children, of whom only ten are Protestants. When his number amounted to thirty-eight the priest declared war, and proclaimed at the altar that he would refuse the Sacraments to any parents who sent their children to the school. This occurred some months ago, and the number

has nearly doubled. The Douay version of the Scriptures is taught, and Mr. Newenham takes no other steps than to require the labourers whom he employs should be educated sufficiently for the faithful discharge of all their duties. Lord Thomond, on the other side of the river, has, in a school of upwards of 100 children, only ten Protestants. Lord Carbery, who invites us to his place, is a regular resident, intent on education, reforming prisons, etc. Dr. Woodward, who knows all the clerical part of the county, and Mr. Newenham, both agree that the zeal and piety of many of the young clergy are remarkable. Stevens, of the Hibernian Society, has been itinerant for some time in this part of the world, and breakfasted at Mr. Newenham's. He has been forming Auxiliary Societies without end, and increasing the number of schools. A great moral change is going forward in Ireland; the old breed of gentlemen, Buckeens and Middlemen, is nearly extinct; but still immense tracts of country are deserted by absentee lords, and the peasantry are in a very low stage of civilisation."

At Killarney we met with a curious instance of superstition. Aware of the awe with which the peasantry regarded Muckross Abbey, we asked our boatmen, as we left it at dusk, whether they dared approach it by night. This beautiful ruinous sanctuary served, when we visited it, simply as a ghastly charnel-house, piled up with bones and skulls,—a remarkable instance of the combination of veneration and neglect manifested by the Irish towards their cemeteries. In another graveyard within the walls of a church we could see the bodies of the dead through the broken or half-opened lids of their coffins. That of a young gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood who had lately dropped down dead on a racecourse was pointed out to us.

Well, of our four boatmen, the first replied to our interrogatory, that nothing would induce him to enter Muckross

at night; the second, that he would venture it fortified by a pint of whisky; and the third, after some hesitation, that he might possibly, under like circumstances; whilst the fourth remained silent till we repeated our question, when he answered, that he could face the peril without apprehension, as his ancestors had been buried at Muckross during several generations, and he was sure would turn out to defend him should the other ghosts molest him—a faction fight of ghosts!

A visit to Lord Bantry at his mansion on the shore of the bay from which he takes his title recalled a strange incident in our great war. In 1797 the French landed here in no inconsiderable force, and remained some time, when shipping disasters obliged them to re-embark. Our gallant host, instead of taking flight, armed his yeomanry and retainers, and remained at his post, earning an earldom in reward for his services. Better known is Lord Cawdor's still more remarkable achievement, and equally well recompensed, of which I heard a narrative from an aged eye-witness on the spot—his capturing a division of French troops on the beach of Fishguard in Wales, at the head of a small body of yeomanry, having taken the precaution of lining the hills with women disguised by their red cloaks, whom the French supposed to be regiments of infantry.

Less fortunate was the issue of the resistance offered to the French who landed under General Hoche in Killala Bay. An Irish clergyman, whose humorous but effective advocacy of the interests of his fellow-countrymen on English platforms was warmly appreciated, gave a characteristic account of this affair at my father's breakfast-table. He and others were breakfasting with the Bishop, when tidings reached them of the landing of the French. Up they rose, assuring their host that they would exact a good reckoning from the enemy, and joined a band marching into the town.

As they turned the corner of a street a volley of French musketry struck down their extemporised commander, a local attorney, and put his followers to flight. Seymour saved himself by leaping a broad ditch, a feat which he could not have accomplished under ordinary circumstances, and which he told us has ever since been distinguished as "Saymour's *lape*." The defeat of such raw levies by a force which subsequently repelled Lord Lake, and eventually surrendered only to Lord Cornwallis at the head of a considerable body of regular and other troops, was excusable.

The old Earl seemed to be the quintessence of good-humour. He and his sons spared no efforts to make our visit pleasant. They accompanied us on leaving to Glengariff Bay, and left us for the night at his beautifully situated shooting-box in the mountains. I find the following description of the habitation and mode of living of one of the better sort of peasants in the Bay of Bantry. To quote from my correspondence:—

"*Glengariff, near Bantry, Oct. 1, 1821.*—On Sunday I took refuge in a better sort of peasant's house on the beach, and found him possessed of an acre and a half of land, for which he paid six guineas rent and twenty-four shillings tithes. This land provided his whole establishment with potatoes throughout the year. The peasant's children were all gathered round the fire, and the turf was turned up and the cabin filled with smoke to give me good cheer. Three pigs and a sheep occupied one half and the family the other, and two children who were sent out soon returned with fifteen turkeys, as I was told that the 'craturs' liked rain even less than Christians! These awkward birds then submitted to be hoisted one by one by these little children to a ladder, where they began whining and pluming themselves. He could not afford to send his children to school. I met on

the wildest part of the route from Killarney three children, all reading books."

Spring Rice, M.P. for Limerick, kindly offered me during my stay there two large apartments in an unoccupied house belonging to Lord Limerick, and the Bishop also, whom I saw, tendered hospitality ; but the hotel being very comfortable suited me best in my invalid condition. We found the county Limerick in a state of revolt. We passed through it chiefly in our carriage, but occasionally on foot, and neither apprehended nor experienced danger, as we were told that strangers were not molested, and if possibly stopped by parties in quest of arms we should be allowed to proceed, if, as was the case, we had none. The following extract from a letter written at the Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, October 2, supplies a representation of the deplorable state of things at the very time when all was harmony and festivity at Dublin :—

"The disorders which are at all times breaking out in some part of Galway, Tipperary, Limerick, Waterford, and some other counties, are now raging in Limerick, and the few facts which formed the subject of deep interest in that county I will mention. Lord Courtenay's estates were delivered over some years ago to an agent who was popular among the tenants ; he was succeeded some months ago by another agent, Mr. Hoskins, who misunderstood the Irish character and tyrannised over the people. They took their revenge ; his son, a youth of nineteen, was selected as the victim. He had no part in his father's dealings, and was really beloved by many of the peasants. He was coursing, when a number of men stationed themselves at different places and fired upon him. He was wounded, and rode off, but his enemies met him on all sides. He saw a countryman at a distance, made up to him, appealed to his knowledge of him, and on his knees begged him to rescue him : the horrid

miscreant told him that he had no malice against him, but that some blood must be spilled for his father's sake, and completed the work of destruction. A man was tried for the murder, but acquitted, and the peasantry have now for some months made a practice of entering houses in large parties, calling themselves Whiteboys, plundering arms, and latterly demanding money. They entered Sir Aubrey Hunt's house, and his ladies almost died with fright. We found when we visited his brother-in-law, Rice, that he (Rice) had been out all night with his own tenants to oppose these infernal attacks. On that very day (we entered the county the evening before at Tarbert, and found the yeomanry under arms) an execution of a Whiteboy was ordered a few miles off; troops were marching down, and the people, who were supposed to have collected two field-pieces and eight hundred stand of arms, were determined to resist; a *reprieve* was ordered, the second in the case,—to me a most inexplicable proceeding, as fear seems to have prompted it. We breakfasted at Rice's, and on the road found that Mr. Hoskins, the agent, had recently passed through, escorted by cavalry, having been dismissed from his post by Government. At Limerick we found a large party of Highlanders marching out of the town; they were going to the racecourse, where a battle was taking place betwixt two parties of Irish, in pursuance of family feuds; of those killed on these occasions no account is taken. I saw at the hospital one man who had been trepanned in consequence of his wounds. I should have mentioned that we passed the spot where, a few months ago, a large party attacked a man who had defended his house against the Whiteboys, drew his wife from his gig and murdered her, and then, as they supposed, killed him also; but he recovered from his wounds; and, finally, I may conclude my story by another horrible business, of which account came by express into Limerick as I was getting into the

coach, that Major Gowan, lately dismissed from the command of the police, had been shot by several ruffians the evening before at four o'clock, on his way from Limerick, where he had been dining with a friend. Revenge also prompted this, and the poor man has left a wife and ten children. Such is the state of things in Limerick. The management of the Irish peasantry requires great caution. They are either sworn friends and dependants or deadly enemies; but I cannot now enter into the various causes which contribute to this deplorable state of moral and political abandonment. I will send you timely notice of my movements, but must of course wait for C. Grant, and remain a day or two with him."

To the above statement I should add that at every stage at which my coach changed horses large crowds of people were congregated, many of whom were well dressed, anxiously inquiring as to the result of Major Gowan's murder, as they evidently regarded it as a signal for general disturbance. The regiment employed was the Black Watch, the loud tramp of whose rapid march as they passed my hotel betokened needful expedition. Characteristic enough was it of Irish pugnacity that the people, freed from restraint, were not content with waging war with their landlords and Government, but must give play to their internecine feuds. Upwards of 4000 combatants took part in the fight of the racecourse, many of whom were wounded, and but for the promptitude of the Highlanders the loss of life would have been terrible.

Mr. Grant was expected at Dublin from Scotland, and his brother Robert from England. The information which chance had thrown in my way respecting the disturbed districts I communicated to the Secretary. Doubtless Lord Sidmouth was in full possession of more detailed evidence, which induced his adoption of stringent measures. Convinced of the failure of Mr. Grant's conciliatory system, as congenial to his amiable disposition as in harmony with

his liberal political views, and of the necessity of prompt and vigorous action, he at once recalled his Secretary. This decisive step was attributed to Lord Sidmouth's disapproval of Mr. Grant's opinion on the Roman Catholic question, and to his dilatory transaction of business—certainly erroneously in the former, but to a certain extent correctly in the latter instance.¹ The Emancipation was avowedly an open question, but no one could doubt the Secretary's undue delay in official correspondence. Mr. Grant was conscious of it, and would sometimes in the evening make a desperate effort to overtake his work, on the strength of an overdose of green tea, and at the cost of a headache next morning. And procrastination was dangerous in the face of actual rebellion. Lord Sidmouth's summary procedure was regarded by some of Mr. Grant's friends as involving a breach of the rules of hospitality, having given no intimation of his intention to his host whilst under his roof. But in fact he formed his resolution after his return to England; and no one could pretend that his being entertained by the Secretary at Dublin divested him of his own paramount official responsibility.

On the opening of Parliament Mr. Grant vindicated his official conduct by a speech explanatory of the details of two Bills which he had framed for the purpose of suppressing the disturbances. This address, delivered from a back bench on the Ministerial side of the House below the gangway, was as eloquent as his manner was graceful and dignified. I observed that Lord Londonderry, who, it was believed, was no party to his removal, looked him throughout full in the

¹ It is attributed, in the Memoir of Lord Melbourne, to Lord Sidmouth's desire of securing a bestowal of patronage more in unison with his own views, but I believe without foundation. Lord Talbot, the Lord-Lieutenant, was in no way responsible for the dismissal of his Secretary, to whose merits he testified handsomely.

face, evidently testifying his marked approval. Public opinion was no less favourable to the proposed measures than condemnatory of the delay which had endangered if not defeated their efficiency.

Mr. Grant's abilities were, however, so fully appreciated, that he was subsequently offered the Vice-Presidentship of the Board of Trade; but as the duties assigned to this important post involved descent in the official scale, it became a question whether he could with propriety accept it. His father, instead of consulting personal friends on the occasion, sought the advice of an eminent veteran statesman, Lord Harrowby, who suggested that if Mr. Grant was desirous of persevering in an official career, he should by no means forego the opportunity of so doing, relying on the possibility of future promotion,—counsel the wisdom of which was justified by the result, for in the sequel the discarded Secretary was promoted to the Cabinet in three different departments, though serving under more than one Administration.

It was when having been raised to the peerage that Lord Glenelg, whilst Colonial Secretary, was selected by Lord Brougham as the especial object of the Minister's vituperation, by which two other prominent functionaries were also victimised. His reply was considered one of his most successful Parliamentary efforts, and his allusion to the circumstance of his aggressor having left the House, instead of remaining to listen to it, by comparing him to the Thunderer shrouding himself in clouds, was most happy. His relatives and intimate friends remarked that, during six weeks after this notable passage of arms, he had been roused into unwonted energy and animation.

Lord Glenelg, incapable, in the estimation of his colleagues, of grappling with the vast amount of business which devolved on his office, and not working smoothly with Lord Howick, his able but somewhat impracticable sub-

ordinate, was relieved of his duties. The Duke of Wellington observed that, if he silently submitted to the indignity thus passed upon him, he would lose his position as a public man. But on full and anxious consultation with relatives capable of tendering sound advice, he "made no sign," and was thus left by both the political parties of the day "deserted at his utmost need."

It was unfortunate that the long-drawn conformation of Lord Glenelg's features, and narcotic expression of his countenance, should have suggested the semblance of habitual somnolency—subject of the satire of H. B. and other humorists. His loss of his coronet at William IV.'s coronation was ascribed to his slumber having offered some waggish peer the opportunity of spiriting it away. But in the opinion of those who were officially conversant with his transaction of business, he did not neglect it. Sir James Stephen, the able permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, asserted that of all the chiefs under whom he had served, none spent more hours on his work than Lord Glenelg. His deficiency lay in decision and despatch. Sensitiveness, fastidiousness, over-scrupulousness, and shrinking from the turmoil of public life, contributed to aggravate it. The simplest note, if time permitted, would cost him, and perhaps any other available member of his family, deliberation which would have sufficed to dispose of an important State affair. And thus his inferiors in ability were able to work round and round him. "He was too long in India," observed Macaulay, Secretary to the India Board, when he was President. Much of his languor and slowness was probably attributable to his having remained there till, I believe, his fifteenth year—an ordeal through which the constitution of no English child can pass unscathed.

In the tranquil enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*, derived from his well-won peerage and pension, Lord

Glenelg devoted a long-protracted life to domestic and social pursuits. In private intercourse he was the personification of amiability ; no one better qualified for matrimonial happiness, which unfortunately he never realised. Too retiring and silent in company, he failed to do justice to his conversational powers, on which Madame de Staël paid a high encomium during her visit to England. No one was better qualified for literary enjoyment. His taste chiefly inclined to and was freely indulged, in the reading of poetry and romance. He was to the last an insatiate devourer of novels, English and French. Few if any statesmen have luxuriated more unreservedly in the delicious dreams of Fairyland.

He ventured, I believe, late in life, on the publication of some poetry, nor did he ever give up the intention of attempting an Anglicised version of his celebrated prize poem, the circulation of which had been impeded by the obscurity of Eastern mythological allusions. Lord Glenelg passed a few days with us in Yorkshire when he had completed his eightieth year. He was still capable of long walks. There was a melancholy cast on his countenance, effect perhaps partly of poetic temperament and partly of political disappointment. As we were strolling beneath my shades, as he called them, my chance quotation of a couplet which served as heading for a chapter in one of Walter Scott's novels, suggested by a sudden whirl of autumnal leaves, seemed at once to chime in with his feelings, and perhaps to revive the sad estimate of life to which he gave expression in one of the most beautiful episodes of his prize poem. The two passages read thus in juxtaposition—

“ Life's like the light dance which the wild wind weaves
Amid the fading race of fallen leaves.”—WALTER SCOTT.

“ For what is life? a groan, a breath, a sigh,
A bitter tear, a drop of misery,

A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,
 A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb:
 Or wept or weeping all the change we know,
 'Tis all our mournful history below.
 Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,
 And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy?
 Oh come that hour whose rustling wings shall play
 To warn the shades of guilt and grief away!"

LORD GLENELG.

The prospect which animated the author of the above concluding stanzas cheered him in his declining days, which he ended in perfect peace at Cannes, where he spent some of his winters in the society of members of his family. He had long abstained from public work of any kind, or might have undertaken the duties of President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, proffered to him by the committee on the death of Lord Bexley. His remains, and not long afterwards those of his old antagonist, Lord Brougham, rest in the same cemetery, far away from their native land. Curious proof that no lasting animosity resulted from their Parliamentary warfare, Lord Glenelg, on his return from the House of Lords after their memorable Colonial duel, found and accepted an invitation from Lord Brougham to meet the American calculating boy at breakfast next morning. And much was I gratified by hearing Lord Brougham deliver from the chair of the Social Science Association at Manchester to a large audience, a just, eloquent, and graceful tribute to the memory of his friend.

Any allusion to either of the Grants implies reference to the other. Bound together by the closest fraternal ties, they were never spoken of but in the plural number. They shared like educational advantages and drawbacks. Not arriving in England from the land of their nativity till they had attained an age at which boys have usually profited by the training and discipline of a school, and association with their fellows, they were placed under the charge of a private tutor, and

afterwards consigned to one of the smallest Colleges of the University of Cambridge. Their studies were identical, even when, to use a technical expression, they *degraded* or postponed their examination for degrees,—a proceeding detracting from the credit of their success, distasteful to contemporaries, and, still more, as interlopers to their fellows of the year of their adoption: and again, when they achieved their great distinction, it would seem as if they shrunk from the possibility of outstripping each other, and so contrived their participation of honour, that the elder graduated first in classics and fourth in mathematics, and the younger second in classics and third in mathematics.

The two brothers prosecuted conjunctly their legal studies, and were both called to the bar. But ill health having compelled Charles to proceed to the Cape, Robert, characteristically of their mutual attachment, relinquished, during his brother's absence, his professional pursuits. Their father's political interest in Scotland opened to them a new and congenial career. Charles's entry into the House of Commons was soon followed by his appointment to an official post by a Tory administration: and Robert's, after he had won some distinction at the bar, by being nominated Judge Advocate by a Liberal administration. Their party flexibility was such as to render their political creed somewhat dubious. Charles's public career was prolonged much beyond that of Sir Robert, who died at Bombay soon after his appointment to the Government of that Presidency, a loss by which, as of a second self, the surviving brother was lastingly affected.

Both brothers partook, and doubtless from the same cause, of the languor and lassitude which impaired their public efforts. If Charles could speak with zest of "whiling the tedious hours away," Robert could regard it as the height of enjoyment to read *Undine* in a warm bath; but of the

two Robert was unquestionably the more energetic and vivacious.

“GLENELG AND ———.

“He has a very good berth,
He does nothing at all on the face of the earth,
But his brother Bob beyond the sea
Is a far sprightlier chimpanzee.”

So sang Theodore Hook. The unpunctuality of the Grants was notorious. In this respect what an example did their father afford them, turning as he did night into day! But even here we have Robert somewhat more on the alert than his brother. If, says Mr. Greville, *Charles* was invited to dinner on Monday at six o'clock, *Robert* would make his appearance on Tuesday at seven.

The oratorical powers of the two brothers, cultivated at the Speculative Society at Edinburgh, and in a debating society in London, when addressing public meetings, such as the Bible Society, were of the highest order. Robert's perhaps indicated more nerve. Of one of his forensic pleadings—I think at the bar of the House of Lords—it was said by competent judges, that, manifesting great ability, it combined the ardour of youth with the matured experience of age. But in Parliament Charles's success eclipsed that of his brother, partly owing to his more frequent opportunities of addressing the House. Robert as a senator is chiefly known by his sober advocacy of the removal of Jewish disabilities,—a course which probably excited little enthusiasm in the minds of those who were benefited by it. The Jews, however, gratefully acknowledged his effectual services. A report was circulated, uncontradicted by the family, that they presented him with a silver cradle, in anticipation of his lady's confinement. I witnessed the cordiality of his reception by Sir J. Lyon Goldsmith, on that prominent representative of a distinguished Jewish family entertaining him at his villa in the Regent's Park, when an unusually

sumptuous repast was followed by the musical performances of several fair Jewesses.

Robert composed poetry worthy of his genius and good taste ; but his poetical reputation depends on his exquisitely beautiful hymns, some of which, though published by his brother after his death, are far less known than they deserve to be.

He published a brief History of the East India Company, but derived more credit from two articles which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, one of which was on Tomline's Life of Pitt. My father, as knowing Gifford the editor, was requested to transmit to him this brilliant essay, and received £40 as the author's customary fee. Mr. Canning declared that he should be glad to avail himself of the services of the writer could he ascertain who he was.

In society Robert was far less retiring than his brother. His conversation was ready and lively. He told a story well, and could pun successfully without boring.¹ By way of instance, on the beach at Sidmouth he pronounced the six beautiful Miss Twopennys to be the "splendid shilling." And when in the House of Lords, on the occasion of a memorable dissolution of Parliament, I congratulated him, as one of the Ministers, on the success of the measure, observing, at the same time, that I looked on them as conspirators,—drawing himself up, and looking good-humoured, as was his wont when he meditated a *bon-mot*, he remarked, "If you mean that we have dissolved Parliament *con spirito*, I admit that we have."

He was devoted to music. The Ancient Concerts

¹ An exceptional case. The enjoyment of the weekly dinner assemblages of the Royal Society Club, composed of forty members of the Society, and of such guests as they invited, of which I was a member during forty years, was marred during the *ex officio* chairmanship of no less distinguished a president of the Society than Sir Humphry Davy, by his being inveterately addicted to the practice.

reckoned on no more regular attendants than the Grants. He would devote hours to rehearsing "Scots wha ha'e," and the "Laird of Cockpen," previous to an evening gathering. Lawyers, aware of the absorbing toil necessary to professional success, were wont to marvel at the episodic vagaries of a distinguished rival. Lord Lyndhurst observed that Mr. Grant was a man of stupendous abilities, but that he was too apt to warble away his mornings. In truth, the career of the Grants, though somewhat brilliant, disappointed their friends.

The land of their sires stood in their stead, as in that of many of their fellow-countrymen, merely as a stepping-stone to national distinction. The estate of Glenelg was no longer the property of the family when it conferred this title on Charles. Nor did they impress on the history of their country any conspicuous mark. Their political wavering subjected them to the imputation of being the Swiss of politics. But in justice to Charles, be it remembered that he adhered uniformly to his opinion on the crucial question of Catholic Emancipation; and that if he embraced indefinite Parliamentary reform at the back of a Whig leader, he might point, as in fact he did, in justification of the course which he pursued, to the anomalous and untenable state of national, and especially Scottish, representation. Robert was less stable in his dealing with Catholic Emancipation.

That the two brothers acted up to the religious principles in which they had been educated and uniformly professed, must be acknowledged by their friends, as it would be by foes, supposing the possibility of men endowed by such amiable and peaceful dispositions to have provoked enmity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1822.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

IN 1822 the death of Mr. Smyth, son-in-law of the Duke of Grafton, caused a vacancy in the representation of the University of Cambridge. No less than eight aspirants to the honour of succeeding him took the field. The relative strength of parties had materially changed since the Regent's cavalier reception of the University's address, betokening his stern disapproval of its predominating Whiggism. But the Tory majority in the Union Debating Society proved that other leaven was at work. Conservatism, or modified Toryism, had not yet assumed its familiar designation. The University voters now ranked as high Tories, liberal Tories, independent, and Whig. The three first of these sections were represented by the following candidates—William Bankes, Lord Hervey, and myself.

Bankes inherited an old historic name: son of Pitt's friend, who had borne a conspicuous part in the House of Commons. He had already sought Parliamentary reputation, but with little success; and had devoted himself to antiquarian research in Egypt, passing his time, as his talented mother informed me, in scratching the back of the Sphinx. His having floundered in the last speech which

he addressed to the House, whilst deep in a rhetorical allusion to the Lake of Geneva, suggested as the cause of his lengthened expatriation his being drowned in its waters. His colloquial facility proved very serviceable to him on his canvass. On a question being started in the Travellers' Club as to the best mode of dealing with a foreigner admitted to its society, who was addicted to spitting, he moved as an amendment to the recommendation that the offender should be sent to *Coventry*, the substitution of *Spitalfields*. He was quite at home in the College Hall and Combination Rooms, and capable in an easy good-humoured way of keeping up the ball of conversation with Whewell, Sedgwick, or any other professed talker.

Lord Hervey was known as an amiable and highly respectable nobleman, fresh from College, and a stranger to public life. The theoretical appropriation of the representation of the Universities as a prize of public political distinction was waived in his favour, as it had been in the instances of Pitt—who had only just commenced his wonderful career when he attained the honour, and some time previously, I believe, to Sheridan having, by way of retort, assigned to the youthful statesman the part of the “angry boy in the Alchemist”—and others who had been candidates, whether successfully or not, Lord H. Petty, Lord Palmerston, Smyth, Townshend, and afterwards Lord Feilding. But the heir of the house of Bristol was exceptionally commendable to the Cambridge clergy, as nearly related to and supposed to be patronised by the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool. It was to such natural sensibility to the value of the loaves and fishes that Dr. Butler, master of Shrewsbury School, alluded, when, preaching in the University Church whilst Pitt was candidate, he selected as his text: “There is a lad here who has two barley loaves and five small fishes; but what are they among so many?”

The troubled waters were further agitated by the sudden plunge, for such it proved to be, and no more, of a leviathan of the deep. The Speaker, Manners Sutton, presented himself at Cambridge as candidate. Bankes at once retired, followed by Sir J. Copley (Lord Lyndhurst), who had just entered the lists, but to whose success, notwithstanding his University and subsequent distinction, the imputation of *ratting* would have, at this time, proved an insuperable obstacle. No other candidate quitted the field, as a rumour, speedily verified, was afloat, that a technical impediment interfered with the Speaker's pretensions. Notwithstanding the prestige of his position and personal popularity, it was thought by many, some of whom were well capable of judging, that a probable resulting coalition of the Independent and Whig parties might have rendered his return problematical. On his retreat, Bankes proceeded with a *bona fide* canvass.

But further complications intervened. I had pledged myself to the two Grants that should either of them come forward for the University I would give way. And Robert was proposed by his friends. His consent had not been asked, for he was not to be found; and all that was conjectured as to his whereabouts was that he was roaming about the Yorkshire dales. Some days elapsed before the intimation reached him that his presence was required; when, at a very early hour, he arrived in hot haste at Cambridge, and immediately informed me of his intention to proceed. His demeanour at this moment was quite characteristic. I found him at his hotel perfectly at his ease, and cutting his jokes, whilst his cousin, Charles Chambers, and another friend, who formed the nucleus of an embryo Cambridge committee, betrayed no little impatience, when they contrasted his good-humoured, but unseasonable, nonchalance with their own feverish excitement.

My friends at Cambridge, and yet more in London, stren-

uously urged me strongly to persevere, as they were convinced that Grant would not go to the poll. But my engagement left me no alternative. As it was, though assured by my friends that I should receive the support of a strong Independent party, the election would have proved unexpectedly heavily expensive, as Bankes introduced the payment of voters' travelling expenses. Spencer Perceval accompanied me to London, having ascertained that there was no loophole through which he could approach the representation. Robert Grant having experienced the great disadvantage of being almost unknown, except by high academical distinction, to the resident members, and injured his cause by blowing hot and cold on the Roman Catholic Emancipation question, eventually withdrew from the contest. And the Whigs were tempted by the disappearance of Independent candidates and the division in the Tory camp to bring forward Sir James Scarlett. Such fast hold had the prestige of former ascendancy retained on the minds of some of the Whig leaders, including Professor Smyth, that at this stage of the election they were confident of success. But they were speedily undeceived, as Bankes was far ahead on the poll, and Hervey was as much above Scarlett.

CHAPTER XIX.

1822.

SCOTLAND IN 1822—THE STUARTS—GEORGE IV.'S VISIT TO
EDINBURGH—WALTER SCOTT—THE "MAN OF FEELING"—
DR. CHALMERS.

My first visit to Scotland was in July 1822, when I accompanied thither my youngest brother, who had returned invalided from India, having exchanged from the 11th Light Dragoons to the 4th Dragoon Guards. On the morning after our arrival at Edinburgh, "we heard the famous Alison preach in St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel. His voice well modulated, his style chaste and eloquent, but his matter superficial."—(*Diary.*)

The New Town of Edinburgh, erected forty years previously, was now fast extending, especially westward. The beautiful estates of Drumsheugh and Dean, whose woods shrouded the high banks of the then clear trout stream of the Water of Leith, were already doomed. Lord Cockburn has eloquently deplored the dismantling of Dean, a large portion of which is now the site of a celebrated cemetery. The demolition of Drumsheugh House and subsequent gradual felling of the timber had already commenced when we breakfasted there with my old school-fellow, John Stuart, afterwards eleventh Earl of Moray, the din of the workmen sounding like the hammering down of the lid of a coffin.

Of the four residences of the Moray family, of which our school-fellows at Chobham were wont to speak with delight, not one retained its prestige unimpaired. All traces of Drumsheugh except the park wall and a few trees have been effaced. Donibristle, on the north side of the Forth, has been burned. Doune Lodge was at this time, and during many years, the retreat of the elder of my two school-fellows (Stuarts), the tenth Earl, a confirmed lunatic. And, in 1827, I found the ancient Castle of Darnaway in Morayshire tottering in the estimate of superstitious neighbours, who prognosticated ill as consequence of the seeming departure of the herons. And although it became subsequently the abode of our host, exiled from Drumsheugh, a sort of fatality apparently dogged his footsteps, for when he sought to relieve the tedium of his solitary hours by collecting the family papers with a view to some more lasting memorial than any which had hitherto appeared, he discovered to his dismay that the correspondence of the Regent, his ancestor, and of Queen Mary, was not forthcoming, and that the completion of his task in the absence of such documents would prove but an instance of the omission of the chief part from the play of Hamlet. And thus the former prosperity of a family might seem to have passed into the sere and yellow leaf, but that growing wealth and an auspicious future may yet obliterate the remembrance of ill-boding calamities—" *Absit omen!*" Singularly enough, should the next heir of the Moray title and estates, elder son of the fourth son of the twin brother of the ninth Earl, succeed to the patrimony, the remains of the beautiful Abbey of Balmerinloch, together with the estate confiscated in 1746, would accrue on such succession to the house of Moray.

But even at the time of which I speak the flickering flame of the ancient splendour of a once almost princely house shot forth a transient lustre. George IV. was now expected

at Edinburgh. To Sir Walter Scott were duly confided the preparations for his Majesty's reception. And, bearer of some insignia, John Stuart, upwards of six feet in stature, stout, dark-complexioned, and handsome, and doing justice, as an officer of the Dragoon Guards, to his military seat, rode mounted on a suitable charger in the royal procession, passing, as it ascended the Canongate, the historical house of his ancestors, and the church within whose vaults repose the remains of the murdered Regent, to whose memory the family have erected an appropriate monument.

My Diary continues, Aug. 5:—"Breakfasted with John Stuart at Drumsheugh. The house is on the point of being pulled down, and the beautiful grounds sold for building on an uniform plan, in continuance of the New Town. I saw it at the architect's. Lord Wemyss is the only Scotch nobleman who retains a residence in Edinburgh. Mr. Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' remembers Lord Galloway inhabiting the Old Town. The Drumsheugh demesne was bought by the Moray family about thirty years ago for £4500, and will now produce £5000 per annum. Called on Sir W. Scott, who was out, but sent us an invitation to dinner. Also on Mr. Mackenzie, who is known as the 'Man of Feeling' by the servants at the doors of houses, even those which he does not visit,—so completely does a man stand on his literary character in this city. Spent an agreeable half hour with Mr. Mackenzie, whose conversation chiefly turned on political economy.

"Dined with Mr. Mackenzie. Sir Robert Liston, on his return from Constantinople, was of the party. The two old friends, Sir Robert being eighty and Mr. Mackenzie seventy-seven, had not met for twenty years."

Work, to his credit be it spoken, is a Scotsman's heirloom, often acquired and transmitted at much physical and intellectual cost, as in the case of Scott, Tytler, Basil Hall,

Mure, Hugh Miller, and many others. The descendants of the "Man of Feeling" contributed their share to the national holocaust of genius and industry. Two of his sons entered the Civil Service of the East India Company, of whom the elder, dying young, forms the subject of some of the most beautiful lines of Charles Grant's prize poem, to which reference has been already made.

"Thou too, had Heav'n but listened to our prayer,
Thou too, Mackenzie, shouldst have brightened there.
Oh hopes dissolved, oh prospects all decayed,
Oh dawn of glory, opening but to fade.
Pleased we beheld thine early laurels bloom,
Nor knew they wove a trophy for the tomb," etc.

Holt, the younger, attained high Indian reputation; failure of health crippled the success of another son, a lawyer, the intimate friend of Erskine of Linlathen. But the home reputation of the family was well sustained by the son who became distinguished, both as a very able judge and a delightful companion. Lord Mackenzie was shy and retiring in his habits, but his conversation was rich in lore, information, and pleasant humour, as his guests, who enjoyed, like myself, during some days his hospitality at the Italian villa which he erected in a delightfully situated domain on the Corstorphine ridge near Edinburgh, and elsewhere, could testify. The fortunes of his family were linked with another of the clan by his marriage with a charming and excellent person, daughter of Lord Seaforth, a noble specimen of an accomplished and energetic Highland chieftain, of whom Fox said that it was out of compassion to mankind that Divine Providence had afflicted him with deafness to compensate for his superiority. Both their sons, of whom Edinburgh and Cambridge had formed high expectations, died youthful victims of their too successful industry; and of their daughters one has lately departed deeply mourned by the sharers of her ample and active benevolence.

Diary, August 7 :—

“Dined with Sir Walter Scott. He wore a Highland dress in compliment to a party of distinguished lairds who dined with him; one of these was Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry. There were six others in the Highland dress. Lady Scott and Miss Scott, and two other ladies; Lord Errol,¹ Lord High Constable of Scotland, Crabbe the poet, two other gentlemen, and ourselves completed the party. Sir Walter Scott and the lairds did justice to their dress, and supported their characters with true Highland spirit. ‘There is a great deal of spunk in Scotland just now,’ observed Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the stir produced by the King’s expected visit. We arrived early, and he apologised for his dress, and informed us of his expected guests. He alluded to the scene produced at the Coronation by Glengarry’s pistol, and said that the lady’s fright was unreasonable: he spoke in the highest terms of Glengarry. At the same time, he admitted the warlike aspect of the Highland garb, and told us of the astonishment produced at the Court of Berlin by the appearance of his son, ‘a perfect armoury,’ at the levee. He spoke of the Highlanders with enthusiasm; had chosen six of the finest to attend the King, and described them as a race naturally martial and capable of acquiring the discipline and mien of a soldier with almost as much facility as they assume the dress. He said the Highlander always lived in the idea that war might in some shape or another form part of his duty. John Bull he described as having too much independence in his character to fall naturally into habits of military obedience. When Lord Errol entered, he presented all his guests to him as friends, and ready at his call to draw their falchions from their scabbards.

“At dinner, the conversation, when general, was in the true

¹ Younger brother of Lord Hay, killed at Quatre Bras.

Highland style. Sir W. Scott related anecdotes and quoted fragments of ballads descriptive of ancient feuds. I sat between Crabbe and a brother-in-law of Glengarry. Crabbe seemed to enjoy the passing scene, but said very little. His eyes were swimming with delight, a sort of poetical intoxication. The Highlander spoke of the sobriety of the people, and of the extent of education among them; he recollected a regiment of militia consisting of 900 men, of whom all but one signed their names at a muster. He had been present at the discovery and exhumation of Robert Bruce's bones in Dunfermline, and described the aperture occasioned by the excision of the heart as perfectly square, and as complete as if it had been operated by a saw. He spoke in the highest terms of his brother-in-law, whom he described as beloved by his clan. After dinner, Glengarry gave the 'Modern Ossian,' which was drunk in a bumper in the Highland style, and Sir W. Scott gave the 'Land of Cakes.'

"In the evening Mrs. Lockhart sang Highland airs to the harp; they chiefly related to the Pretender, and the lairds joined hand in hand repeatedly as their enthusiasm kindled, and spoke of the deeds of their ancestors in the days of rebellion. Sir W. Scott walked from one to another repeating fragments of ballads and anecdotes. He reminded one with whom I was conversing how his ancestor was seen in the grey of the morning at the walls of Carlisle. Lockhart, to whom I was introduced, the reputed author of *Peter's Letters*, was present. The party adjourned to supper, at which whisky forty years of age was produced. After supper the original Scotch song to the air of 'Scots wha hae' was sung by the party crossing hands and forming one continued link round the table—a son of Adam Fergusson led.

"This dinner was altogether the most interesting I ever remember to have borne a part in. It afforded a more complete exhibition of Highland spirit and feelings than a tour

of the country might have presented. Sir Walter Scott was now in the zenith of his reputation, engaged in arranging the ceremonial for the King's reception at the King's express desire. At his side the Lord High Constable of Scotland, whose authority is contemporaneous with the King's stay in the country, and who during that period is second to the King, commands the army when the King is absent from the field, and has the power of adjudicating in the event of feuds among the attending clans without the intervention of any court or legal process, and surrounded by Highland chiefs, and all excited by their meeting in their native garb, and on so singular and exhilarating an occasion. The persons that met and the circumstances in which they met were sufficient to rouse every Highland feeling, and Sir W. Scott perhaps never found an audience more ready to catch the inspiration which his eye and manner and conversation imparted. Interesting and animating as it was, the appearance of men sitting down together in time of peace with dirks and pistols displayed at their sides, and talking of private war as a recreation, the loss of which seemed almost to produce regret, was indicative of society in an early and less civilised state. However, these lairds, with some very rare exceptions, have been softened down into country gentlemen, and merely indulge their fancies with the revival of ancient recollections."

Having, at Dublin, witnessed to satiety the preparations for and ceremonial of a royal reception, I hastened to the Highlands and to Glasgow.

On quitting Loch Lomond I had two pleasant French companions. The elder of them proved, on my renewing my acquaintance with them, and obtaining for them admission to public institutions, to be M. Pichot, who had translated into French several of Scott's earlier poems. My discovery of his name arose from the circumstance of

his replying, to my remark that translation of W. Scott would be very difficult in French, that he thought it might be practicable. He observed that Walter Scott had considerably embellished the "Island of Ellens," having mistaken for it a little islet or rock, since submerged, with a single tree growing upon it. His companion in a whisper mentioned to me his name and literary performances.

Another French tourist whom I had the good fortune to meet repeatedly at Dr. Chalmers's and elsewhere was the young Baron de Staël, son of the celebrated mother: a pious, sensible, and much-inquiring man, but apparently out of spirits.

The King's visit to Edinburgh excited intense interest and no small displeasure at Glasgow. "In Glasgow I found invariably a great jealousy of the Highlands, raised into a flame by the distinguished attention shown to the Highlanders by the King. The Highlands are here described as a small, thinly inhabited, barbarous district of Scotland." * * * "The Glasgow Provost and Corporation had returned from Edinburgh full of spleen and disgust at the treatment they had experienced from the constituted authorities."—(*Diary*, August 29.) Great was the dissatisfaction on account of the King's assumption of the Highland dress. As well, it was observed, might he have appeared in St. James's in an old Welsh dress. And as the King enjoys constitutional irresponsibility, the Master of the Ceremonies, Sir W. Scott, was held answerable for the blunder. George IV., whose taste in matters of dress was proverbial, must have felt misgivings as to the propriety of his attire, when infinitely amused, but scarcely less annoyed, by the strange apparition of his boon companion, the corpulent alderman Sir William Curtis, at his Edinburgh levee, in the garb of the Gael.

It is possible that the disfavour with which Scott was at present regarded at Glasgow may have contributed to the

result of a discussion at this time in a debating society of some repute at Glasgow as to the comparative poetical merits of Burns and Scott, when an overwhelming majority assigned the palm of pre-eminence to the former.

“Mrs. Chalmers said the Scotch had been particularly struck with the common sense shown by the King in his conduct on all occasions, and his strict perception of propriety. The people, although gratified by the procession to the Castle, admitted the justice of the King’s disapprobation of it, which evidently raised him in their estimation. It had no practical object in view. The reflecting habits of the people, though for a moment overruled by the joy which they felt at the opportunity of seeing the King, predominated in the end; and his disapprobation on the occasion has fixed him in the estimation of their sober judgment. Sir W. Scott has the credit of this theatrical exhibition.

“The splendour of equipage and conspicuous illuminations of the Glasgow deputation attracted the notice and increased the jealousy of the Edinburgh people. Ridicule was employed against them; and the deputation became the scapegoat loaded with the various tales of awkwardness and absurdity circulated in Edinburgh during the King’s visit. I heard it several times remarked that the Edinburgh populace did not cheer the King on the Sunday; and as soon as he entered a church the multitude dispersed themselves among other churches. This is another proof of the ascendancy of judgment over enthusiasm so visible in this people. Dr. Chalmers felt that no public body of men were treated with more marked attention than the General Assembly of the Church. He was particularly struck with the King’s mode of reading.”—(*Diary.*)

An introduction to the Dales gave me an opportunity of seeing the establishment in Lanark memorable as the scene of Owen’s fruitless endeavour to found a community on socialistic

irrespective of religious principles. The Dales, however, who were in partnership with him, being religious, carried out their own views. In 1839 I heard Owen vindicate his system at the Social Science meeting held at Glasgow, but ineffectually, as his sophistry met with no sympathy or support.

My chief attraction at Glasgow was Dr. Chalmers, to whom Mr. Wilberforce had introduced me. The piety, enthusiasm, energy, and eloquence of this great man had found ample and congenial employment in the development, in two of the largest parishes of Glasgow, of an organised system of mutual, calculated in his estimation to supersede the necessity of State, relief. Invitations to his breakfast-table, daily crowded with guests, some of whom, including foreigners, were on various accounts distinguished, admitted me to most interesting discussions on the merits of his scheme, and on other measures of practical utility; whilst, as he kindly proposed to me accompanying him in his district rounds, I obtained from his expositions, no less than from his directions and exhortations, an insight into the working of his well-constructed machinery. His chief reliance was placed in the humane feelings of the poor, brought into play under salutary rousing and guidance. State relief or pauperism, as tending to paralyse the mainspring of private charity, was the object of his unrelenting warfare.

“He declared that when he first conceived his plan of localising, he saw that Scotland was rapidly approaching England in the system of pauperism: he perceived that a contemplation of the whole evil, and attempt to meet it by counter action as general as its prevalence, would only produce failure and depression.

“Seeing therefore, as he expressed himself, that ‘lifting up an arm’ was not the method of overthrowing the system, he determined to commence singly in his own parish, and by

‘sheer obstinacy and perverseness’ to carry his measures into effect.

“His design has been to obtain a thorough knowledge of his parishioners; to ingratiate himself in their affections; ‘to come into contact with the delicacies of their nature;’ and by treating them with attention and respect, to raise them in their own esteem, and then upon their self-respect to found a principle of independence, decency, and good conduct. He employs his acquired influence in persuading parents to send their children to school.”—(*Diary.*)

Dr. Chalmers’s singleness of purpose and devotion of his extraordinary mind and intellectual endowments to its accomplishment, combined with his unaffected kindness and urbanity, enabled him at once to devise, organise, and employ the requisite instrumentality. His commanding influence pressed into his service the zeal and talents of coadjutors drawn not only from his own but from other parishes. And doubtless his success was for a while unquestionable. But the precariousness of his system, notwithstanding the vigorous grasp of his agency, and irresistible cogency of the moral influence by which it was welded together, constituted its main defect. For how could he guarantee the perpetuity of an adequate supply of spontaneous unsalaried efforts in his own parish, much less in other parishes devoid of such transcendent qualifications as his own,—more especially those which may have been partly by his own solicitation stripped of their most efficient workmen? And could the calling in of adventitious aid be justified otherwise than as it was necessary to the initiation and prosecution of so important but costly an experiment?

For he regarded parochial as but the nucleus of a national reform, and the vantage-ground he had secured in a single district at Glasgow only as supplying the leverage by which he might accomplish a more extensive social revolution.

Were other proof of Dr. Chalmers's enthusiasm as well as energy wanting, it would be afforded by the fact that he considered the execution of a project which might have appalled the stoutest heart simply in the light of episodic recreation. Six weeks which he could spare from his pastoral duties embraced the whole time he could devote to no less an undertaking than an inquiry into the operation of the English Poor-Law, as constituting in his opinion the main obstacle to the success of his scheme. No general ever planned a campaign with more exact foresight and skilful strategy. Every day and hour of his brief holiday was specially appropriated, both in town and country, to journeys, visits, or appointments. I spent a few days in his society at Lord Calthorpe's, at Ampton in Suffolk. He took out his memorandum-book, when I asked for my interview, and set my name down in a list which comprised those of the chief pioneers and champions of slave-trade abolition, Wilberforce and Clarkson, who were staying in the house. His host had made arrangements for his meeting, at Bury St. Edmunds and elsewhere, local authorities from whom he extracted and noted down a vast amount of valuable information. He was very sanguine as to the result. He observed to me characteristically, as we walked from one board to another, that he fully expected an immediate reduction of our national poor-rate to the amount of ten per cent.; "that under the canopy of that deliverance he would advance to a further equivalent reduction;" that thus by degrees he would get rid of the noxious imposition, and so forthwith diffuse his principles over the whole continent of Europe.

But the touchstone of experience had not sufficiently tested the soundness and efficacy of the proposed experiment. After an interval of twelve years we find its great originator, who had long ceased to reside at Glasgow, once more on his old ground and fairly on his trial. At the meet-

ing of the British Association of Science held there in 1839, his scheme was fully considered by the Statistical Section. The proceedings were ably superintended by Lord Sandon, M.P. for Liverpool, the present Lord Harrowby. To outsiders, not accustomed to the seemingly inappropriate uses to which Presbyterian churches and pulpits are applied, it seemed strange to the chairman's venerable father, as he entered the church lent to the Association, looking through his glass for his son, to discover him in the precentor's desk, having declined, it was said, the pulpit. The audience was very numerous, and singularly competent to adjudicate on the subject-matter proposed.

The discussion was conducted by two able champions, Dr. Alison, son of the eminent Episcopalian preacher and writer, and brother of the historian, a physician in much practice in Edinburgh, and a devoted philanthropist, who appeared as assailant, and Dr. Chalmers defender of his system. Dr. Alison's addresses, laying no claim to eloquence, consisted of a simple and unpretending application of facts, partly published by himself in a then recent pamphlet, to the question at issue, reiterating the graceful expression of the sincere and affectionate veneration with which he regarded his opponent, to whom he looked up as his master in the school in which he had acquired eminent proficiency.

Dr. Chalmers, on the other hand, gave free scope to all the force and power of his glowing and humorous eloquence. And it was amusing enough to observe how innocently, and obviously without the slightest vanity, he could dispose of himself simply as an abstract quantity, as a third person with whom he was no further concerned than as a link in the chain of his reasoning; especially when he combated the never-failing objection that his success was attributable to his own transcendent superiority, by bravely assuming that very superiority as the basis of his own argument:

“And just because as nine tailors make a man, so six ordinary ministers make a Dr. Chalmers!” etc.

A debate occurred, in which Lord Monteagle took a leading part. Had a division been called for, a large majority would have proclaimed distrust in exclusive voluntary action. Meanwhile the English Poor-Law has not only maintained its own ground, but has gradually gained full possession of Scotland.

Although Dr. Chalmers failed in the attainment of his prime object, the substitution of the voluntary mutual aid for the compulsory system of relief, incalculable was the benefit resulting from his efforts in promoting it, whether by the organisation of machinery, or the writings, pulpit addresses, evidence before Parliament, or by the widespread influence of his example. Powerful has been the impulse which he has imparted to the due regulation of charity by his plans of district administration, whilst the attempt made in Glasgow and elsewhere to divest religion of its supreme authority in the exercise of public and private benevolence encountered in Dr. Chalmers an uncompromising antagonist.

It is not surprising that energy so prodigious as that of Dr. Chalmers should occasionally have broken through prescribed or conventional restraints, and indulged in somewhat of privileged lawlessness. After much consideration, it had been deemed advisable, in deference to the infinite variety of opinions professed by members of the Social Science Association, to exclude religious topics from public discussion. Dr. Chalmers was at the breakfast-table of Mr. Colquhoun, M.P., of Killermont, whose guests we both were, surrounded by some of the *élite* of the Association, when the decision was announced. Hitherto silent, as was sometimes his wont, he loudly exclaimed, in language felicitously appropriate to the occasion, “What! am I to advance

on a subject of this kind like a cat among tea-cups?" And, true to the instinct which prompted this apostrophe, he had scarcely entered on the broad field of public controversy when he shook off the shackles, which time-serving prudence would have imposed on him, like "dew-drops from a lion's mane," and "stretching forward free and far," claimed unchallenged the glorious immunity secured to him no less by the moral suasion of his integrity than by the ascendancy of his genius and the fascination of his eloquence.

Of Dr. Chalmers's sermons I heard several at Glasgow and some in London. His preaching reminded me of a series of sallies directed against a breach, the more vigorous as they were repeated. Such redundancy of effort would have been wearisome but for the cumulative force of his arguments and the brilliancy of his illustrations. An orator possessed of less self-command would have been unable to resist the temptation to episodic digression to which the very copiousness of his intellectual resources exposed him. But, to use a nautical phrase, he was never off his object. He clung to it with bulldog pertinacity. Impediments which would have shaken the confidence of any one else neither daunted nor delayed his march. His indomitable energy o'ermastered them, nay, turned them to practical account, so that they became subsidiary to his success. Not that he was unconscious of such drawbacks. At a public Collegiate dinner at Cambridge he apologised for his "barbarous jargon," so designating his Fifeshire provincialism, and yet he probably was unaware that the raciness of his dialect enhanced materially, in the estimation of a critic no less able and practised than Zachary, father of Lord Macaulay, the impressiveness of his delivery. He wielded his mother tongue with a giant's force, and would occasionally make use of weapons to be found in no armoury but his own; or, to speak more plainly, if no vocabulary on either side of the Tweed could

supply the word exactly adapted to convey his meaning, he would unhesitatingly coin one for the purpose. Such expletives as *confounded* would have sounded strangely issuing from the lips of a less privileged preacher. And magnanimously did he share responsibility for false quantities with his own transgressing brethren. His designation of an excellent institution as the Glazgey Lunatic Asylum was quite as startling as the pronunciation of Bethlēm and disciples by a minister whom I heard at Stirling; or Hebrides by a friend at Edinburgh whilst giving me directions for my tour; or by a memorable lapse in the House of Commons, when Joseph Hume, calling Sir Robert Peel's attention to a citation from one of his speeches in a foot-note of a Blue-Book, marked by asterisks, observed that "the Right Hon. Baronet would find himself at the bottom of the page in '*hystērics!*'"

Dr. Chalmers's whole frame as he preached was instinct with energy. The stamping of his feet corresponded with his manual gesticulation, as if he had unconsciously borrowed from the hand-loom weavers their ceaseless play of limb. His extraordinary sway over his hearers was especially visible when he allowed himself a brief breathing-time. He seemed to participate their manifest temporary exhaustion. As he recoiled from the strenuousness, to use a word of his own, of his exertion, "pausing to reinforce the onset," there was something sublime in the aspect of his motionless repose, ominous, like the eagle's, of a yet more aspiring flight. Such efforts taxed his physical strength. He spoke to me of the time he passed in his bath on a Monday morning as the happiest in the week.

In 1827 I was Dr. Chalmers's guest at his residence in what was once St. Leonard's College in St. Andrews, in which University he yet filled the chair of Moral Philosophy, though recently appointed to that of Divinity in the Univer-

sity of Edinburgh. His removal from Glasgow, notwithstanding the enthusiastic affection he entertained for the University and the place in which he had been educated, sorely tried his spirit. It proved no small wrench in his habits and feelings to exchange a noisy urban for the stillness of collegiate retreats: a populous and rapidly increasing for a scant and stationary community: extensive friendly intercourse, whether public or private, for the association of strangers: whilst conscious that should he venture on any scheme of reform, instead of being powerfully assisted, as heretofore, he could expect little sympathy, and might, after the example of his great Master, and many who have followed His steps, be condemned to "tread the winepress alone."

But it was impossible for a mind endowed with such irrepressible power, such comprehension of view, largeness of sympathy, capacity for the forecasting of future and as yet undeveloped requirements, to pause in his course. And, in fact, I found him so far from indulging in that repose to which his recent exhausting labours entitled him, and from adopting the habits of a recluse, entangled in a perfect network of enterprise and effort. His prescribed "curriculum" of Moral Philosophy lectures was supplemented by a gratuitous course on Political Economy, affording him the opportunity of inculcating his own peculiar opinions on Pauperism.

"Dr. Chalmers adopted the Socratic mode of instructing his pupils by questions, as best calculated to produce self-instruction." "He concluded his lectures by dictating heads for future examination on the subject of which he had treated. On a subsequent morning the students read essays on subjects connected with the past lectures. His criticisms were listened to with earnest attention, and served to guide the judgment of the students in awarding the prizes at the

close of the session." "Dr. Chalmers eulogised the almost invariable justness of their decisions. The applause occasionally elicited by his brilliant eloquence was irrepressible." —(*Sketches.*)

Dr. Chalmers had already established a Church Missionary Society at St. Andrews, and a Sunday-school, in which he himself taught. Such local employment did not occupy his whole time. He was engaged on his work on Endowments, the last written of all his performances, and he was also preparing himself by suitable study for the Theological Chair of Edinburgh. To the former he devoted the greater part of his evenings. He was never more sensible of the defects of his classical education, or of the deteriorating influences of his active exertions at Glasgow in regard to his literary qualifications, and he found time for classical study, *i.e.* a single hour in the morning, which he divided between Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. And he would observe, with all the enthusiasm of a youthful student, what progress he had made in the twenty minutes allotted to one or another of these languages. Yet he complained of criticism as calculated to sacrifice force to correctness, and felt very sorely the unsparing pruning of Mr. Cunningham of Harrow, who suggested to him no less than 600 emendations in a pamphlet of forty pages submitted to his revision.

Multifarious were the sources whence Dr. Chalmers derived his wealth of illustration. He daily accompanied me to the University library, where he read the *Sporting Magazine*, not to satisfy any especial predilection for field sports, but simply *en philosophe*, to enrich his stores of information. It appears from the Memoir of his life that he had once seen a fox-chase in Fifeshire, and thus was indebted to his personal observation as well as to reading for his animated allusion to it, which had warmly elicited an involuntary expression of delight from one of his congregation, a Ducal

master of hounds. But it must have been to a secondary source that we trace his magnificent description of a view from an Alpine summit—perhaps the most eloquent passage in his *Astronomical Discourses*,—for he remarked to me at St. Andrews that he had never ascended a mountain; but recollecting at the same time, and reminding Mrs. Chalmers, that he had during the summer climbed the rock of the Bass, and had been very proud of that achievement.

Dr. Chalmers attached great value to Parliamentary literature, which, in his opinion, did not receive the attention it deserved, whilst the contributors to the material stored in the oft-shelved Blue-Books were entitled to grateful acknowledgment.

Of the too eager pursuit of metaphysical study he entertained great apprehension, alluding with much feeling more than once to its effect in disordering the mind of a young man of much promise, whom I ascertained from the *Memoir* of his life to have been James Anderson.

It was not only in the discharge of his Collegiate duties that he manifested his habitual independence of spirit. One Sunday I proposed to him a walk, to which he readily consented, observing nevertheless that he knew not what his stricter friends in Edinburgh would say if they saw him outside his garden on that day. When we read that so enlightened a man as Zachary Macaulay, and another of very inferior calibre, but a representative personage in his way, old Nisbet the Berners Street bookseller, should both, though breathing a freer atmosphere, have been bound by the shackles which Dr. Chalmers had thrown off, and have resolutely protested against such ungodly license, we may conclude how deeply such austere notions at one time had taken possession of the national mind of Scotland.

In our daily walk, sometimes protracted, Dr. Chalmers seemed perfectly rid of the burthen of labour and respon-

sibility, conversing freely on many subjects, but on none more than on his favourite topic, Pauperism. On one occasion we reached a very steep bank, many feet high, and as he paused at the top of it, whilst I had descended to a fosse at the bottom, he continued for some time haranguing as vigorously and with as much gesticulation as if addressing an audience from a platform.

Of politics he said little. His bias was evidently towards Conservative Whiggism. He expressed unreservedly his opinion of statesmen, admiring greatly Fox and Burke, but unable to appreciate Pitt, whom he looked upon as a made-up man. His bracketing the two former together, and the tone of his conversation, showed that his judgment was probably mainly determined rather by regard to personal than to political qualities. The reckless daring of Fox seemed more congenial to his own enterprising spirit than the measured conservatism of Pitt.

Of the simplicity of character and singleness of purpose which characterised Dr. Chalmers, a remarkable proof was given when George IV. was expected at Edinburgh. Invited to preach a sermon on Education—it is amongst those published—he selected for his text the significant passage, “Better is a child that hath understanding, than an old and foolish king who will be no more admonished.” In answer to his friends and elders, who flocked to him on quitting the pulpit, expressing their wonder that under the circumstances, when every thought in Scotland bore some reference to the King, he should have made such a choice, intelligence of which might reach the Court, and give great offence, he simply replied, that any allusion to the King had never crossed his mind.¹

¹ I am reminded of a similar, but perhaps yet more curious occurrence, in Henbury Church, Bristol,—having been present. Great interest was excited by the presence in his accustomed seat of Mr. Daniell, senior

Dr. Chalmers's philosophic candour was remarkable. When "tongues" were in vogue, Campbell of Gareloch and his followers caught the contagion of the superstition. As Dr. Chalmers was about to visit London, they requested him to be the bearer of a piece of paper on which was written a few sentences in characters resembling Chinese, with a view to submitting them to the scrutiny of linguists. He was at no loss for an opportunity of securing this object. Dining with my father, he produced his hieroglyphics, requesting him to submit them to the examination of some of the learned members of the Bible Society. He so acquitted himself of his task that no one at table—and competent critics were present—could conjecture whether the Doctor was or was not a believer in the mysterious jargon, he himself scrupulously avoiding the slightest breach of philosophic impartiality.

But when we speak of hieroglyphics, what else could be predicated of Dr. Chalmers's own handwriting? The motion of his hand, when I have seen him writing, was like that of a retrograding crab, and the writing itself notoriously illegible: a defect not unfrequent in Scotchmen, and some of the most eminent.

It might be supposed that the candour which could not refuse to do ample justice to Scotch sectaries would allow him to appreciate the merits of the Church of England. Many Presbyterians have testified to the simple solemnity

alderman of the city of Bristol, who was to go to London on the following morning to take his trial for his alleged share in the supposed remissness of the Corporation on the occasion of the riots. His son-in-law Gray, an excellent clergyman, addressed a large and sympathising congregation, whilst his deep powerful voice supplied unmistakable emphasis to the following text: "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." And yet he declared that he had not intended the slightest reference to the prophet's namesake, though not an individual who listened to him but was of a contrary impression.

of the ritual of the Church of England, when not imbued, under the guise of sensual and meretricious allurements, with the spirit and practice of Romanism: and none more cordially than Dr. Chalmers. So impressed was he by the vespers of one of our Colleges,—it was, I believe, Magdalen, Oxford,—as he beheld the long rows of surpliced students engaged in the celebration of divine service, that he declared to me that he almost became a member of our communion.

No less lightly did the burthen of hospitality, which Dr. Chalmers exercised liberally at St. Andrews, press upon him than more serious and laborious avocations.

He was an admirable cicerone. Neither advancing years nor engrossing duties had abated his enthusiastic interest in the localities amidst which he had passed his early youth. On my arrival he proposed the Links as the object of our first walk. He prided himself on the golf celebrity of St. Andrews, and introduced me to a caddy. On my expressing a wish to see the ruins by moonlight, he provided me, promising to follow me, with the massive keys of the Cathedral gate. The extensive cemetery to which I was admitted is enclosed, except on the town side, by the wall of the Abbey or those, more elevated, of the Priory. From the midst of this receptacle of the dead of countless generations rises stately and intact, as when fresh from the hands of the Culdees, the tower of St. Regulus or St. Rule, a land and sea mark worthy no less of the masonic skill than of the pious munificence of those early apostles of primitive and comparatively uncorrupted Christianity.

Of the once magnificent Cathedral there remain only the western gate and gable, the eastern gable and fragments of intermediate columns. The restoration and skilled arrangement of what has been spared of the civil and ecclesiastical monuments of archiepiscopal St. Andrews, originally undertaken by the local authorities, and subsequently most laud-

ably completed by Government, had been already commenced, but progress was as yet slow.

And from beneath the Cathedral's eastern gable I looked forth as it were on a vast charnel-house, piled up with the débris of the high altar, violated tombs, and lidless coffins, surrounded by stately relics of glorious architecture, attesting the ravages of bygone fanaticism and recent depredation; whilst methought that nowhere could the solemn teaching of Scotland's former anarchy and misrule be more impressively inculcated than amidst these and other dismantled and desecrated remains of St. Andrews' ancient grandeur, or her annalist find himself in apter mood to

"Sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,"

or of the statesmen, priests, and soldiers, who shared alike their fortunes and their doom.

My historic reveries were dispelled by the emerging of Dr. Chalmers from the western gate, trudging quickly along, pilgrim fashion, staff in hand, over the grass-grown pavement of the central aisle, once trodden by sceptred or crosiered magnates, who might well have envied the moral sway at present exercised by this humble minister of the gospel.

He subsequently conducted me over the cemetery, and as he stood on a grave intimated to me that it contained the remains of the Professor from whom he had learnt his first lessons of theology.

Upwards of ten years after my visit to Dr. Chalmers at St. Andrews I heard him deliver his celebrated lectures on Establishment and Endowment at Willis's Rooms in London. His audience comprised many leading members of both Houses of Parliament and other eminent personages, lay and ecclesiastical. The occasion and the speaker were worthy of each other. The determination of the now nicely-balanced scale of political parties depended much on Educational

and Church questions which agitated the country. Dr. Chalmers's telling sentences met with prompt and loud response, and the applause reached its climax when he wound up one of the sallies of his indignant eloquence by designating the age as "one of little measures and of little men:" the encore of the old Duke of Cambridge, who perhaps forgot that he was not attending an Ancient Concert, being invariably heard amidst the din. Yet the orator, as usual forgetful of self, was perfectly absorbed by his subject; his sentences, long or short, plain or involved, serving simply as the spontaneous vehicle of his thoughts. And whilst his racy and sometimes scarcely intelligible dialect reminded his *English* hearers that the Church of Scotland had furnished at an eventful crisis a foremost champion of Establishment, the people of Scotland, as an integral portion of Christendom, might welcome such testimony as expressive of obligations not only national but cosmopolitan, as due to one who had vindicated the "principle on which all Church Establishments are based; one who, bursting from the trammels of local prejudice, even while encumbered by the weight of aggravated labour and accumulated responsibility, could survey with comprehensive view not only the field assigned to his especial care, but the whole territory of the Church of Christ, wresting from her enemies the principles of physical, moral, and political science, and employing them in her defence; and enlisting, by the commanding wisdom and persuasive eloquence of his exhortations, and of his example, a goodly band of lay auxiliaries in her service."—(*Sketches*, ii. 174.)

Of Dr. Chalmers's unsurpassed influence in fashioning the theological system and religious instinct, and stimulating the zeal, of the large majority of candidates for the ministry who listened to his lectures or studied his writings: of his renewal of his practical application of his philanthropic principles in the West Port, and in another district of Edin-

burgh: of his vast scheme and corresponding efforts in behalf of Church Extension in Scotland, which, notwithstanding the mortifying failure of his endeavours to obtain the aid of Government, he saw partially, though indirectly and quite unexpectedly, realised by the surprising amount of subscriptions raised to sustain the Free Church after the Disruption: of his prominent share of the toil and struggle and sacrifice incurred during the progress and as the result of one of the most memorable of ecclesiastical conflicts: and of his adherence then and to the last to the principle of Church Establishment,—I cannot speak from personal experience. Had he been spared to witness the fulfilment of his hope, nay, of his prophecy, by the adoption of the Patronage Act, which has just received the sanction of Parliament, he might have exclaimed with the aged Simeon, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.” And whether union or disunion may be the eventual consequence of a well-meant endeavour to repair a seemingly lasting breach in the citadel of Scottish Presbyterianism, on its walls, whether erect or prostrate, the name and services of Dr. Chalmers in the cause of vital Christianity will be ever indelibly engraven.

“Were I a Conservative Prime Minister,” said Dr. Chalmers in the Assembly of 1841—“and I use the term not in its party, but in its good and general meaning, as expressive of the policy which were the best conservator of public order and of all our institutions,—I should deem it a master-stroke of sound and able statesmanship to give the people of Scotland the election of their ministers, believing, as I do, that whatever may be the semblance, there is not one common point of practical or substantial analogy between a democracy in the Church and a democracy in the Commonwealth, when guarded, as our Church is, by her orthodox standards, and administered by a soundly-educated clergy.”—*Rev. Dr. Begg on Free Church Principles.*

CHAPTER XX.

1824-6.

FRANCE.

IN 1824, 1825, and 1826 I visited France. On returning from Germany with some members of my family in 1824 we reached Paris at an interesting historical crisis. Old Louis XVIII., whom I had seen holding his levees after his first restoration at the Tuileries in 1814, and on his way to a second at the head of his royalist levies in the train of the British army, had been gathered to his fathers—if such a description were applicable since the violation of their tombs and the scattering of their remains—in the royal mausoleum of St. Denis, in which his own were lying in state. The spectacle was very solemn, and as little theatrical as was compatible with the requisite ceremonial. It was followed immediately by the public but unpretending entry of Charles X. on horseback, preceded by his successor, the Duke of Orléans. The bearing of the two Princes was characteristic,—the one stately and unbending, the other mounted on a curveting horse, bowing, hat in hand, to the populace, to right and left. The reception was perfectly silent.

The pageant which ensued brought to the front another in the line of royal succession. At a grand review, which we witnessed from the Hospital of the Invalids, stood in full

uniform, at the window of a royal carriage, aged four years, the son of the assassinated Duke de Berri, whose progress through France at the head of his emigrant generals I had seen at Cambray. The Duke de Chambord's history has formed no exception to the doom to which the rulers of France, whether royal or imperial, seem destined :—

“ On their way
To ruin, one by one
They turn, and they are gone.”

In the autumn of 1825 I accompanied an invalid, and, as it proved, a dying brother to Nice. The English doctors were at this time little acquainted with the dangers incident to the journey from England previous to railway travelling. The overflowing of the Rhone and other rivers compelled us to deviate from the ordinary route, and thus to expose ourselves to the inconvenience and risk of passing the night at little-frequented and unaired inns. Nor were they better conversant with the conditions of the climate. Formerly they sent their patients to Montpellier, till warned of the consequence of their mistake by fatal experience. On visiting this once celebrated sanatorium I did not find a single fellow-countryman willing to test the coldness of its climate, though the *table-d'hôte* was crowded with German invalids. The severity of the wind is very trying at Nice. An invalid tempted by the warmth of the sun to ride on the westward or Var road, faces, as he turns homeward, probably in a state of perspiration, the chilling blast of the dreaded *bise*. And at this time there was lack of good medical advice. An unfortunate half-starved Scotch doctor, having betrayed his professional incapacity, took his departure. The number of invalids actually moribund at Nice was small, but many of the visitors were in delicate health.

The society at Nice during this winter was very pleasant, comprising Lord Aberdeen, who was watching the declining

state of his daughters, the Eastnors, and other families. Talleyrand was also here with his niece, the Duchess of Canino, living in retirement. His medical attendant, who dined with two or three others at our *pension*, spoke of the regularity of his habits: playing his rubber till midnight, writing his Memoirs till three A.M., and rising after few hours' sleep fresh and ready for the occupation of the day.

The small town looking upon the well-known isles of Hyères, where, when the spring advanced, we took refuge from the comparatively uncongenial temperature of Nice, affords little scope for the exercise or diversion of invalids. The shelter of a low rocky ridge facing the south can alone be depended upon. Beyond its limits the cold winds resume their sway. But as we gazed from our windows on an expanse bounded by the sea, rich with the glittering verdure of orange-trees, gemmed by the gorgeous tints of abounding fruit, we seemed to have reached a region of perpetual spring.

A villa, charmingly situated, a few miles distant, was occupied by a Scotch lady, nursing a grown-up family, consisting of a son and several daughters, in feeble health. Some of the daughters did not long survive. But the son, though never robust, lived to play in his own country, and in the House of Commons, a conspicuous part in the political and religious movements and controversies of his day,—John Campbell Colquhoun. The old lady, widow of the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, was a fair sample of the shrewd and pious Scotch matron, and their society and conversation were most agreeable.

The deficiency of hired vehicles had been supplied during her winter residence at Hyères by the generosity of (the so-called) Baron Stultz, of the well-known London firm, whose stud of carriage-horses he kindly lent to invalids, as his mansion was opened for divine worship when the services of any clergyman were available.

The seeming, but as it proved delusive, improvement of my brother's health enabled me to make a short tour in the South of France. Travelling in diligences and dining at *tables-d'hôte*, I became acquainted with between fifty and sixty *commis voyageurs* (commercial travellers), men of every European, and in some instances of African communities. As their vocation required that they should be linguists, our intercommunication was facilitated. I found them intelligent, friendly, and obliging. And as my inquiries were suggested by their especial callings, inferring that my own corresponded with theirs, they imparted their information readily, even to disclosing the secrets of their respective trades.

The habits of no class in England were more thoroughly affected by the railways than those of the commercial travellers, or bagmen, as they have been called. Previously they performed their journeys in gigs, thus enjoying healthful respite from the toil and anxiety of business. But the rapid transfer of their persons from one busy mart to another, substituted for their previous slow progress, has kept their minds constantly on the stretch, producing, it is said, in many instances, insanity.

One traveller with whom I was acquainted journeyed in his gig thrice yearly to John o' Groat's house, securing only six weeks' holidays with his family. He could repeat off-hand the names of the inns which he frequented, and of the landlords and head-waiters on the entire route.

At Montpellier I became acquainted with the principal wine-merchant, and was surprised by his assuring me that he could undertake to manufacture out of the multifarious vintages of his neighbourhood any sort of wine which I might specify, so as to be undistinguishable from the genuine product. Most of the so-called Madeira wine was sent from the Mediterranean to Madeira to be there

christened for re-exportation. A naval friend informed me that he was prevented boarding a vessel by discovering that it was French, when the captain invited him on board, and showed him his cargo, which consisted of Mediterranean wine despatched on such an errand.

I was introduced to the "chef des travaux anatomiques" of the celebrated school of medicine and surgery, and he offered to give me a short popular course of lectures on anatomy. The opportunity of learning much in a short time was tempting; but being unable to avail myself of it, I reserved myself for similar instruction in my own country at the College of Surgeons, where I had the gratification of listening to Sir Charles Bell. The studio of the Montpellier functionary was adorned by admirably drawn anatomical diagrams. His laboratory, to which he directed me, pointing to a door at the foot of a flight of stairs, while he disposed of a temporary engagement, was an underground chamber, or rather vault, in which lay four bodies awaiting dissection,—no very pleasant object of contemplation in the dusk.

He proposed introducing me to M. Delpéche, the very celebrated surgeon, on the following morning, and thus enabling me to judge of his skill in operating. Attributing to shyness my demurring to such an ordeal, he at once encouraged me by observing that I need only mention that I was a fellow-countryman of Sir Astley Cooper to insure a cordial welcome. On that night I was compelled by my brother's unexpected relapse to quit Montpellier. The eminent man whose acquaintance I should otherwise have formed, was killed four months afterwards, whilst driving through the town in his carriage, by a shot fired from a window by a young man of whose state of health he had professionally reported unfavourably.

I am reminded of another fatal result of supposedly

faithful discharge of professional duty, which took place some years afterwards at Exeter. A Sir John Jefcot, under the impression that a respected medical practitioner, named Hennis, had injured his matrimonial prospects by an unfavourable report respecting his health, challenged and killed him. It was a remarkable coincidence that Sir John, who migrated to Australia, should have been there drowned on the first anniversary of the duel.

At Nismes I had been present during the concluding performances of a Roman Catholic six weeks' mission. It was regarded as an invasion of the headquarters of French Protestantism, professed by 16,000 of the inhabitants, planned and organised by the Jesuits, and, it was said, in direct contravention of the counsel of the Bishop and of the parochial clergy, who were no less apprehensive of disturbance than jealous of the supersession of their own authority and ministry. Assuredly no half-measures prevailed. Every pulpit in the town was occupied from morning till night by a succession of special preachers. Lofty crosses were erected in the highways: one was placed, in defiance of the Bishop's opposition, at the door of his palace. The streets were unceasingly enlivened by processions of both sexes and all ages. The sermons which I heard were impressive, and delivered with unusual energy, and the concluding address devolved on a priest, whose loud, sonorous voice corresponded with his stalwart stature. He preached from a platform placed in an open park, surmounted by a cross. Peace he earnestly inculcated. His appeal to the vast assemblage of his hearers was promptly responded to. And when he asked them, as he reached the climax of his exhortations, whether they forgave those who injured them, their reply as they exclaimed, "*Oui, nous pardonnons,*" was literally "like the sound of many waters." Very few conversions resulted from this costly effort of the Church,

and only one I believe of the upper class, in the person of a local judge. It was satisfactory to hear that no small amount of conscience-money was restored to lawful owners. The Protestants observed rigorously their determination to abstain from interference. Could such forbearance have been exercised in Ireland?

But painful circumstances brought me into closer relation with another branch of the French Protestants. My brother, in the hope that, should he be unable to reach England, he might meet his family in France, proceeded from Hyères through Marseilles by slow journeys northward. But he suffered a relapse, which proved fatal during the night of our arrival at the little inn of Pont-Royal between Aix and Avignon, and departed life peacefully in the faith and hope of a Christian. The sequel shall be told in the account published in my Memoir of my father:—

“The little inn of Pont-Royal, where he died, was kept by a Protestant family. And in its neighbourhood, on the left bank of the river Durance, was a colony of the same faith, descendants of the Albigenses. Application having been made to the pastor of Lourmarin, one of their towns, for permission to inter the remains of the deceased in its cemetery, the municipal authorities, and the members of the Bible Society of the place, expressed their wish to avail themselves of the opportunity of testifying publicly their respect to the memory of one nearly related (as they understood from the pastor, who had resided for some time in England) to the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society; whilst the military, hearing that he had borne a commission in the British service, were anxious to bestow appropriate honours on their brother in arms.

“As the funeral approached Lourmarin, it was met by a considerable body of townsmen, including the mayor, the pastor, and the members of the Bible Society. At

eleven o'clock on the first Wednesday of May, the day allotted to the anniversary meeting of the Society, at the very instant, as it proved, at which Lord Teignmouth appeared in his accustomed place, amidst the acclamations of the members, and the important resolutions, already noticed, were propounded, by a coincidence wholly unforeseen, the coffin containing his son's remains was received by the appointed bearers at the gate of Lourmarin. Military honours, though declined, were not withheld. The pall was borne by officers of the French army; and, as the procession passed through the streets, which were densely crowded—as a holiday had been granted to the people of the neighbourhood, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics,—its progress was indicated by volleys from the carbines of the gendarmerie, and the same martial tribute was bestowed at the grave. The pastor, who had performed the funeral service, preached an impressive sermon, in which he not only dwelt on the mournful event which had assembled the concourse he beheld, but took a rapid survey of the operations of the Society with which the name and family of the deceased were, in the minds of many whom he was addressing, inseparably associated."

One of my fellow-countrymen followed the remains of my brother to their last resting-place, the Rev. Horace Currie (afterwards married to a daughter of Lord Sidmouth), whom I had known from his childhood, and saw much of at Nice, where he wintered for the benefit of his health. Meeting me at Aix, whither I had repaired to make the funeral arrangements, he accompanied me to Pont-Royal. The following letter from the minister, who immediately, on hearing of my loss, visited me, and afterwards proceeded with me to Avignon, is expressive of the Christian sympathy which afforded me, in my solitary condition, much consolation:—

“ LOURMARIN PAR CADENET, VAUCLUSE,
June 3, 1826.

“ MY LORD,—I have the honour of transmitting to your Lordship, enclosed in this packet, in my own name and that of the members of my consistory, an address containing the true feelings of our hearts, preceded by a circumstantial account of the burial of your beloved son, whom God pleased to take to Himself and to crown with everlasting glory—as we may firmly hope, since he died in calling on his God through the merits of his *Saviour*. May these writings contribute, in some degree, to comfort the afflicted heart of your Lordship, in proving, though unknown to you, how much we are concerned in all that can touch you! But in fact, my Lord, how could it be otherwise? We are all members of a small Bible Society. Some of us have read the History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, by the Rev. and good Mr. Owen. Your Lordship is well known to us. We all know what good has been done by your influence to religion in the East Indies, and what generous and truly pious endeavours you have done, and are still doing, for the promotion of the sacred Scriptures through the world. May that merciful and gracious God, who raised you up, my Lord, to be a powerful promoter of His sacred cause among men, grant your Lordship a long life, accompanied with all the earthly and heavenly blessings of His grace!

“ I have received, my Lord, the letter by which it pleased your Lordship to honour me. I am highly gratified by all the obliging things you are so kind as to tell me, and much gratified for the good wishes your Lordship expresses for my earthly and spiritual welfare. I feel myself the continual need for that divine grace, to enable me to be a faithful and useful minister in the Lord’s vineyard.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, with the greatest respect, your Lordship’s most humble and obedient servant,

PORTIER.”

CHAPTER XXI.

1827-9.

SCOTLAND—HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

PART of my summers as well as autumns of 1827, '28, and '29, including the winter of 1827-8, passed at Edinburgh, were devoted to home touring, of which Pennant and others have set the pleasant and profitable example. My scheme was due to an Hebridean storm. Visiting, in company with some friends and relations, the Macleans of Coll, in Mull, I was invited by Coll's brother-in-law, Mr. Alexander Hunter, a W.S. of Edinburgh, to join him in a cruise in his kinsman's yacht to some coasts and islands whither he was bound on legal business. We were detained by stress of weather. My party returned to our headquarters, Mr. Colquhoun's of Killermont, leaving me at liberty to extend my tour so as to gather the materials for my published notes on Scotland and the Isle of Man; the intermediate summer of 1828 being devoted to the Channel Islands, south of England, and Wales. Of my work, long out of print, I may avail myself whilst recalling the social condition of the people whom I visited; the quotations from it being marked.

My diaries were written without view to publication, but after several years were in part contributed anonymously, at the request of its promoters, to the *Saturday Magazine*, just started by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in rivalry of the *Penny*, which, being conducted by

Lord Brougham, was regarded with some suspicion as to the principles which it might possibly inculcate. The sale of these periodicals was enormous, till superseded by others better suited to the prevailing taste. The amount of information thus supplied may be inferred from the fact that the letter-press of the eleven *Supplements* furnished by me was equivalent to 450 octavo pages. J. W. Parker, the publisher, undertook, by his own proposal, the separate issue of the contents, together with the remainder of the manuscripts, at his own cost, dividing with me the profits, and his venture proved successful.

Much had been written about the Scottish Highlands and Islands, but little calculated, with some few notable exceptions, to awaken popular interest.¹

Poetry had only recently supplied the colouring lacking to prosaic delineation. But no sooner had the magical touch of the Wizard of the North bestowed the life and lustre of a new creation on the scenery of the Trossachs, on which the industrious minister of Aberfoyle had lavished his unnoticed topographic skill, and on the serrated ridges of Skye, the

¹ The Dean of Isles has been rescued from oblivion by Walter Scott: Sacheverel in 1688 accorded the observations suggested by a single locality: Martin in 1716 exhausted his own credulity and that of his readers. Between the two rebellions Captain Burt published his volumes, from which Walter Scott and others have derived chiefly their information respecting the condition of the Highlands during that period. But how little acquainted he was with the physical phenomenon of the country may be inferred from the fact that he and his brother officers retreated in consternation from their only attempt to climb a mountain. Pennant's tours in 1769 and 1772 were supplemented by Dr. Clarke. Johnson followed in 1773, the subject of his survey being, according to Hannah More, sterility itself. In the present century, Macculloch embraced a larger field and more various topics, especially geological, than any of his predecessors: General Stewart of Garth professed himself an enthusiastic foster-father of Highland customs, and even superstitions: and the Statistical Survey covered the entire area of Scotland. Districts were explored or described: Staffa was discovered and described by Sir Joseph Banks, and in this century the Scur of Eig by Jamieson.

sombre precipices of Mull, and the ruddy cliffs of Orkney, than the stream of emigration which would otherwise have flowed to the regions of the mountain and the mist was diverted by the pacification of the Continent into a channel which not even the might of Scott's gramarye could close, in quest of sunnier climes and the unrivalled productions of Southern nature and art.

Similar inducements prevailed with our artists, whose numbers, incited by the stimulant supplied by the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Water-Colour Association, had become *legion*, who would else have swarmed northwards in the wake of Daniell, whose costly work on the Coasts and Islands of Great Britain did ample justice to those of Scotland.

Macculloch had made a geological survey of the northern regions, but it was not till now that the rocks echoed the familiar sound of the hammers of Sedgwick and his coadjutors.

Physical impediments as yet obstructed the access to the Highlands of any but pedestrians willing to rough it, whilst insular scenery could be explored by those who could not afford the expense of yachts, or find a berth in a Government cruiser, only in open boats. Steam had reached the outskirts, but only in the single instance of the Caledonian Canal the inner recesses of the Highlands. Roads, whether military or parliamentary, seldom extended beyond the threshold of adventure: inns, except in towns and places of central resort, there were none: handbooks limited their range to beaten tracks: whilst maps, which till the present century had been ludicrously inaccurate, were still in some instances, even in that of Arrowsmith, grievously defective. That since published by the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, the most accurate in its day, omitted the Shiant Isles.

During my tours in 1827 and 1829 I scarcely met a single traveller out of the usual Cockney beat, and, if I heard of one, found that he had preceded me by many months. The prevailing ignorance respecting the Highlands and Islands surprised me during my residence at Edinburgh. An amusing instance of the kind occurred to me in the House of Commons, when my friend Lord James Stuart asked me where Oban was, as, being one of the burghs which he represented, it had forwarded to him a petition. On my expressing the belief that he was joking he assured me to the contrary, and was much surprised by my informing him that the said seaport was the Charing Cross of the Hebrides. And the remark may be adventured, that notwithstanding Walter Scott was so little aware of the Lowlanders' unenlightenment respecting their northern fellow-countrymen, that in the article which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review*—its first number—in 1809, he tells us that it would be somewhat difficult to bring news from Scotland, and warns us that we might as well give to the world a Hampstead Summer, Memoranda of Margate, or the Traveller at Brighton!

The conjuncture for visiting the Highlands and Islands was the crisis of a social revolution. It was estimated by a competent judge that a million and a half of property was now on sale in the west of Scotland. The rapidly progressive transfer of ownership was anticipated by extensive absenteeism. Not a single proprietor of the Long Island, 200 miles in length, was now resident, except Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, a recent purchaser, in Lewis. Economical circumstances induced Macleod of Macleod, who divided Skye with Lord Macdonald, to relinquish the home of his ancestors for a while; and Lord Reay's "country," over which the chieftains of that house had once exercised almost regal sway, was on the point of being absorbed by the extending

estate of the Duke of Sutherland. And other lairds, glorying in a historic name and lineage, contributed their share to the general stampede.

But enough remained of the decaying economy to test its value, and to account for its decrepitude and eventual extinction. Clannish jurisdiction, capricious, imperfect, and vicious, substituted for State law, had been abolished; but the prestige of authority and influence still clung to lineal representatives of families bearing territorial titles, surrounded by hereditary retainers and dependants, bound to them by personal no less than traditional ties, and glorying as sprung from forefathers who had shared with the chiefs of their clans the renown of the '45, and of the national wars of the succeeding century, in the transmission of their time-honoured name to posterity. Of clannish association I met with several instances. The natives of Lewis refused to Mr. Stewart Mackenzie his adopted name, ever speaking of him as a Stewart. On the other hand, the purchase by the rough but hospitable Downie of Appin of the fine estate of a Stewart imperilled his possession of it. In Mull I found a cluster of squatters, whom Coll, a kind and just landlord, younger brother of the amiable companion of Dr. Johnson, drowned off the coast of Mull, had banished for smuggling to a dreary part of his estate which he called his *Siberia*. But what evidence of the deeply-rooted lawlessness of a professedly law-administering system was afforded in an island not far distant from Glasgow:—

“On the occasion of a funeral (in Isla) a fight took place, when a labourer of Mr. W. Campbell's was killed in a brutal manner, and on Mr. Campbell, who acts as magistrate, transporting the offenders, the people exclaimed that he could not be his father's son in thus committing one of his own people; and the witnesses from the island perjured themselves. The operation of the law is still much obstructed

by the old clannish feeling of not betraying a relation or clansman, of protecting him if possible, and of uttering a falsehood, or committing perjury, rather than be the means of convicting him, mixed with much of the old prejudice, interwoven with the illegal habits of the people, of considering the law as an infringement on their rights and legitimate sources of profit: on the other hand, there is no inducement to discover an offender; and a falsehood, in order to save a person of the same name, is regarded as not only justifiable, but obligatory. An old woman once petitioned Mr. W. Campbell to release her from the penalties of violating the excise law, on the ground of her grandmother having been foster-mother to his grandfather."

The old Highland system exemplifies the fact that, if abused, the mutual attachment which subsisted between landlord and tenant, the best cement of a community, may prove its bane and a main cause of its dissolution. Too often, rather than remove their tenants from localities unable to maintain them, require improved cultivation of their land, and abstinence from unlawful practices, the lairds allowed the deficiency of the means of subsistence to keep pace with the increase of the population, and even connived at illicit distillation, smuggling, and poaching, as a supposed equivalent for the produce of honest exertion, but in fact, according to a just retribution, cancelling any profit derivable from such precarious sources by the injurious effect of the bad habits induced by neglect of industry and defiance of law. The landlords were reduced to the alternative of saving their dependants from starvation by largesses of flour and other food, indemnifying them for the precariousness of their potato crops, their staple diet: for oatcake, which Dr. Johnson seems to have regarded as the ordinary diet of the Scotch, was at this time a luxury which

the poor Highlanders seldom tasted save at feasts and funerals. Ill could landlords sustain the intolerable burthen of a system lauded and bewailed by sentimental enthusiasts who were not required to touch it with even the tip of their finger, especially as each succeeding year multiplied the claims on their conventional hospitality, whilst the revival of poetry and romance, a "gilded halo hovering round decay," imparted a charm and sanctity to the fulfilment of presumed hereditary obligations entangling them in inextricable debt.

Whilst a sense of personal honour, family and national pride, generous impulse, sentiment, and poetry thus contributed to the ruin of the landlords, some of the principal sources of their income were materially impaired, timber reduced in value, and that of kelp on the maritime estates almost extinguished, whilst aristocratic prejudices deprived them of the means of replenishing their coffers by commercial enterprise, and easy habits and associations of the profits of the liberal professions, and the military or Indian services became the remaining resource of the younger or impoverished elder sons.

Yet who can withhold his testimony to the social benefits imparted in its day by a system which, despite of the too narrowing influences of character and other drawbacks, fostered within its magic circle the hardy virtues of fidelity, generosity, gratitude, and valour?

One of the many instances of cordial hospitality I experienced at the hands of clergy and laity I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of citing. It occurred during my cruise in Coll's yacht:—

"Rum was our next point; and we had rounded Eig, and already beheld the magnificent precipices of that mountainous island, overhanging us in sombre majesty, when the wind, which had been gathering, burst from all

its peaks and gullies, and damaging our rigging, drove us back on Eig, and restored us, about dusk, to our anchoring-place in the Bay of Arisaig. We soon espied a boat pushing forth gallantly towards us ; and one of the rowers, evidently above the rank of a fisherman, invited us to come ashore, promising us hearty hospitality ; and, on landing, we perceived, indistinctly, the form of a person wrapped in a Highland plaid, who acknowledged our approach by a slight inclination of the head, and led us through a ravine to a house about a mile distant, where we were introduced, dripping with wet, into a room illuminated by a blazing fire, containing a large table covered with tea and divers viands, and surrounded by a family who welcomed us, with genuine hospitality, as expected guests to bed and board. The sudden and unexpected transition from a stormy sea to comfort, good cheer, and cordial welcome, enabled us to realise, in some degree, the truth of Dr. Johnson's observations on the origin of romantic feelings suggested by similar circumstances. The proprietor had notice of our visit to the coast in the morning, and, from the promontory above his house, traced our vessel till the necessity of its return became obvious ; when he immediately made ready for our reception. He and his ancestors had occupied this house during two hundred years. Wind-bound, we enjoyed his kindness during three tempestuous days."

At the request of the amiable family of our host, Macdonald of Rhu, Roman Catholics, as were their fellow-clansmen, I procured 100 Bibles from the Bible Society, which were gratefully acknowledged and duly distributed.

Of the demoralising influence of the old system I could produce many proofs. My guide from Fort-William to Arisaig, whilst pointing out a glen near the roadside, notorious for the illicit distillation of spirits, exclaimed, "We do not reckon men bad in this country who

engage in this trade, as we consider it only forcing the laws."

"We were pressed by our guide to visit the smugglers who inhabit the wild mountainous district between the two lakes, being assured by him that they would receive us with cordial hospitality, and the best fare which they could command; but the night was too far advanced to admit of such an adventure. These people, worthy of the descendants of outlaws, actually marched through Dumbarton six years ago, escorting a cargo of spirits, preceded by a piper, and bidding defiance to the excisemen, whose force was not sufficient to oppose them."

Idleness and aversion to continuous labour were the mutual product of the system. Happily excessive drinking, except on public gatherings, especially funerals, was prevented by the poverty of the people. I was surprised, however, to find the ladies, wives of clergy and factors in the northern regions, habitually indulging in "bitters," as they called a glass of raw whisky before breakfast. The first instance of this practice which I witnessed was in Skye, in the case of a still handsome septuagenarian widow, daughter of Flora Macdonald, who had spent many years in America during her husband's life, and had lived to deplore the death of a son slain in a duel by Glengarry, the mention of whose name made her shudder.

At the funerals, as the mourners often came from far, and public-houses were sometimes many miles distant, refreshment was necessary. It consisted of oatcake and of three glasses of raw whisky for each person. At one of those occasions in a remote burial-ground of Jura, I observed that the men and boys drank off, but that the women only sipped, the allotted quantity. The men adjourned to a distant inn, and passed the night in revelry.

Of the unseemly doings which often in the Highlands

took the place of our solemn and consoling ceremonial at the grave :—

“ During my stay at Stornoway, I received an invitation to attend the funeral of a wealthy old lady, who had made numerous and liberal bequests. She was sister of Colonel Colin Mackenzie, who long held with considerable reputation the office of Surveyor-General in India. Immediately after the decease of this lady a cask of Madeira was opened in her house, a wake had been kept up, and the house nightly illuminated according to the custom of the country. The chief mourner, who arrived in an open boat from the mainland, was a minister, and the funeral was attended by all the principal inhabitants of Stornoway. Our party from the Lodge arrived too late at the house of the deceased to partake of the preliminary refreshments, but we overtook the procession on the road to the ancient cemetery at Stornoway, which is situated on the beach of Broad Bay, about four miles from the town. Another burial-place used by the people of Stornoway, near the town, has been so encroached upon by the ravages of the sea, that the bodies will probably soon be consigned to a watery grave.

“ An old chapel, the larger half of which is unroofed, stands in the cemetery. Beneath a flagstone on the pavement, undistinguished by any inscription, lies the body of the last Earl of Seaforth, who forfeited his title in consequence of his participation in the rebellion of 1715, and lived and died afterwards in a species of exile in Stornoway. The loyalty of succeeding generations has purged the attainder which attached to the rebellious ancestors of many of the noble families of Scotland, and the restoration of the forfeited titles must be regarded with unmingled satisfaction. But great difficulties must embarrass the exertion of the royal prerogative, arising from the separation of the hereditary estates from the line upon which the title would now

devolve, the difficulty of preserving the descent, the existence of collateral heirs alone, and other perplexing circumstances. The estates forfeited after the rebellion of 1745 were vested in the Crown, and afterwards inalienably annexed, and the rents and profits appropriated to the improvement of the Highlands and prevention of disorders. In 1784 they were restored, on condition of the grantees paying back the amount of the debt upon them, discharged by the Government; and the fund thus placed at the disposal of Government was dedicated to economical, moral, and religious purposes in Scotland.¹

“There are other monuments of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, some of which bear the family crest, the stag’s horns, assumed by an ancestor who saved the life of Malcolm, King of Scotland, while hunting, from the attack of a stag,—an achievement which forms the subject of one of West’s finest paintings. The unroofed part of the chapel contains the tombs of nineteen of the Macleods, the ancient proprietors of the island: a warrior in armour is represented upon one of them in basso-relievo. The graves of the principal families are enclosed by four walls forming a sort of mausoleum. That of the lady, whose obsequies we were celebrating, contains a marble monument to the memory of Colonel Colin Mackenzie, bearing a highly panegyric inscription. Stornoway, in which town he filled the office of inspector of the customs, is proud of his fame. The Duke of Wellington is reported, at Stornoway, to have said at Badajoz, when some difficulties obstructed the progress of the siege, ‘Oh that old Mackenzie were here!’

“In Scotland the funeral ceremony is celebrated without any religious rite. The minister of the parish attends only when invited, and not officially. He sometimes embraces the solemn opportunity of offering up a prayer among the

¹ Report of Commissioners on Forfeited Estates.

assembled mourners at the house of the deceased, previous to the departure of the procession, though he may not accompany it. On the present occasion, as soon as we reached the cemetery, the coffin was deposited in the grave with all possible decency, and the whole body of mourners instantly adjourned to a tent pitched in the cemetery, within a few yards of the mausoleum, where we found tables groaning beneath a plentiful repast. As soon as we were all arranged, a hundred and twenty in number, the minister who presided as chief mourner delivered a grace in the form of a prayer, and the minister of the parish offered up another, accompanied by thanksgiving, after dinner. The bottle was then circulated, and many loyal, patriotic, and complimentary toasts, including the *Church of England*, and the *Kirk of Scotland*, followed; nor was the *memory of the deceased* forgotten, while the toasts were as usual accompanied with appropriate speeches. The presence of several ministers, and one acting as chairman, no doubt tended to preserve a certain degree of sobriety in the midst of revelry and merriment, inseparable from such a meeting, as the occasion would be necessarily speedily forgotten by the greater part present. But at length the chord was touched, to which the bosoms of the Islanders responded, amidst the flow of wine and whisky, with resistless accordance. 'The chief of the Macivers' was proposed, amidst loud applause. The guests became now tumultuous, and the reverend chairman immediately rose up and left the tent, accompanied by nearly all the party. The expectation of the gleanings of so plenteous a repast had attracted to the spot a multitude of people of all ages, who thronged around and closed in on the tent, eager for the signal for rushing in upon the remains of the feast. A man was constantly employed in walking round the tent, armed with a long whip, with which he inflicted perpetual, but almost fruitless, chastisement on intruders.

“ A few of the guests, who had not heeded the example of the chairman, continued long carousing, and one of them was brought to Stornoway on the bier which conveyed the body to the grave. A Highland laird, to whom I afterwards mentioned the circumstance, observed that he was ‘ a very lucky fellow to get so good a berth.’ The festivities were, however, attended with much less excess and confusion than occur frequently on such occasions. Such disorderly proceedings are happily grown into disuse, and the beneficial example afforded more recently at the funerals of the celebrated Glengarry and the late Duke of Gordon, has tended to accelerate the reform.”

The Lord Seaforth on whom the barony was conferred was a junior scion of the Earl’s family, and lived like him to witness the failure of his male line. I cannot attach importance to the prophecy predicting this calamity, because its terms, like those of other similar warnings, have changed to meet circumstances ; but at all events it contained a mournful approximation to the truth. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, recovered the property of the ancient earldom in Lewis and elsewhere by inheritance or purchase, and resided at Seaforth Lodge, in Stornoway, or at Brahan Castle, in Ross-shire. It was in Lewis that I visited her. And subsequently the Mackenzies sold their insular property, whilst a cloud hangs over that which they held in the mainland.¹

¹ I little thought when stumbling on the burial-place of the attainted Earl that my children would be his lineal descendants. The family portraits are now in the possession of Mr. Browne of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, my brother-in-law. Of the fourth Earl there is an engraving ; the rest are oil paintings. There is a touch of grim humour in the manner of treating the several subjects. The fifth Earl, who rebelled in 1715, is represented seated on a cloud, looking down on his forfeited property : his son, Lord Fortrose, in an arm-chair, clad in a dressing-gown, indicative, it may be presumed, of inaction. His only son, sixth Earl, a boy to whom the title was restored, appears learning

Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was no ordinary person. If discovered by an artist in search of the picturesque among a troop of gipsies, this lady would have been selected as a conspicuously-characteristic specimen of an Eastern race. Nor did her roving propensities, if we may judge by the vicissitudes of her life, belie the prestige of her seeming parentage. Circumstances afforded full play to her peculiar talents and graces of manner and deportment—whether accompanying her father during his government of Jamaica, or as wife of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood when commanding on the Indian station, or enjoying the personal dignity of chief of a clan, or moving in the higher circles of society—and perhaps to that almost lawless spirit of adventure by which she was once characterised.

Tales are rife of the readiness with which, when Lady Hood, she compromised the official position of her husband, and disregarded the prohibition of the East India Company, by accepting the gifts of native princes.

An amusing anecdote was circulated of her having travelled

lessons, it may be hoped of loyal submission, from his tutor. There is a beautiful portrait of Lady Fortrose, daughter of the Countess of Galloway (Lady Ann Keith), and also of her uncle, the celebrated Marshal Keith. It has always been understood that the painter of the portraits of Lord and Lady Fortrose, of the sixth Earl, and of Lady Catherine Murray, was Allan Ramsay, son of the poet. The title of Seaforth became extinct on the death of Kenneth, sixth Earl, without male issue. The proper representation of the family devolved on his eldest sister, mother of Lord Howard of Effingham, created Earl of Effingham, a distinguished military officer. But the portraits and other relics became the property of Mrs. Stuart, wife of Mr. Stuart of Castle Stuart in Galloway, whose property was sacrificed to electioneering : on her decease, of her younger unmarried sister, who presented them to her eldest sister, Mrs. Browne of Tallantire Hall, and consequently now of her son. There is also a portrait of Captain Stuart, R.N., brother of these ladies, who like his two brothers died unmarried, who accompanied Vancouver in his voyage round the world, and, when in command, captured a Turkish ship after a severe fight ; the first action, I was informed at Plymouth, for which a medal was awarded. The sword of the Turkish commander is preserved.

in India some hundreds of miles for the express purpose of amusing the celibate of the stiff but estimable Colonel Mackenzie, whose sister's obsequies we celebrated at Stornoway, on the precise score of his known disinclination to female society.

Of her prowess the following is an instance mentioned to me by the Captain, afterwards Admiral, in whose ship she returned a widow to England. A strange sail in sight warned him to prepare for the contingency of action. Observing some motion under a sailcloth on deck, he was proceeding to eject the cause of it, supposed to be a skulking sailor, when Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie presented herself, intending to remain on deck during the fight.

But perhaps one of her most amusing freaks was on one especial occasion when she assumed the character of *gipsy*. When Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, on a visit to her relations, Lord Carysfort's family, at Elton in Northamptonshire, by whom she was adored, she conceived the idea of disturbing the solemnity of the incumbent of the parish, Dr. Fisher, brother of the Bishop of Salisbury, an aged worthy gentleman of the old school, whose bow was well known to his friends. Accompanied by the two Ladies Proby, she presented herself at his door disguised in her dress, and, having borrowed a baby to facilitate her pretended scheme of extortion, she so alarmed her victim that he forthwith repaired to Lord Carysfort as a magistrate, *en route* alternately expressing and apologising for misgivings as to the real personage who was leading him such a dance.

But this clever lady could aim at higher game. At Archbishop Tait's she made a bet with Bishop Wilberforce of a certain number of votes for some Charity, that she would get Lord Palmerston to fasten on her overshoe. Placing herself at the side of the statesman, she complimented him on his known politeness, but added that there

was one thing she was assured he would not do for her, and, on her mentioning the particular act of courtesy, he instantly declared that he would, and enabled her to claim the debt due to her by the Bishop. My authority for the performance was a lady who was present, and privy to the plot.

Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie's spirits and conversation were unfailing, as I can testify, as my stay in Lewis, whether at Seaforth Lodge or exploring the island in company with a young relative of hers, was much prolonged by a storm which prevented any vessel from leaving the harbour, and detained Mr. Stewart Mackenzie at a small inn on the opposite mainland. And her talents and influence were devoted, as were those of her excellent sisters, to works of Christian benevolence.

Of the state of morals in the Highlands and Islands I received the following proof, lamentable enough, but cheering:—

“A great moral improvement has already taken place among the people. When Mr. W. Campbell arrived fourteen years ago, they were wild, savage, and averse to reformation; and indeed, in some parts of the island, as we have seen, they still remain in an uncivilised state. Illicit distillation of spirits, smuggling, and shore-hunting, *i.e.* plundering wrecks, were much practised, producing the necessary demoralising effects. It is only lately that the last of these habits has been abandoned, and in no small degree in consequence of the cessation of wrecks, resulting from the erection of the lighthouse. Five years ago Mr. W. Campbell committed some persons, two of them sons of a principal inhabitant of the island, for this offence, and they were transported for seven years. The legal distilleries now absorb all the grain requisite, and have here, as elsewhere, seconded the efforts of the landed proprietors to diminish the baneful practice of smuggling. The removal of these two incentives to vicious conduct has already produced

salutary effects, though the people are still represented as idle and disorderly, and given to drinking, and consequently sometimes to fighting, at markets, and fairs, funerals, weddings, and other occasions of public assemblage.”

But it is remarkable that profligacy should have abounded in the civilised neighbourhood of towns more unequivocally than in the remoter districts. The statistics which I published respecting its astounding extent in the rural precincts of Aberdeen, grounded on unquestionable evidence, elicited a burst of indignation in that city,—speeches at public meetings and leading articles in the local newspapers rashly denying the facts and denouncing the author. The Episcopalian clergyman, whose registers supplied me with infallible corroboration of my accuracy, was good-naturedly warned that if he did not quit the city his house would be pulled down about his ears. But my assailants prudently investigated my data and were silenced. A more striking proof of the prevailing delusion was afforded some forty years afterwards. The eminent philanthropist, Mr. Thomson of Banchory, whom I visited in 1849, kindly presented to me, not long before his decease, an entire set of his voluminous works. In return I begged him to accept a copy of my “Sketches.” His letter of acknowledgment expressed the conviction that I must have been thoroughly misinformed respecting the morals of the neighbourhood, of which in fact his house was the centre. Several months elapsed, when I received a second letter from him, that the result of further inquiries warranted his candid admission, that, so far from exceeding, my statements had fallen short of the actual circumstances.

The publication, by Mr. Bradley, author of *Verdant Green*, of large quotations from my book, involved me in a like controversy respecting Cantyre, ending in a corresponding result.

Superstition was still rife in these old poetic regions. Though I found an evident disposition to conceal the belief, from apprehension of scepticism and ridicule, yet when the listener manifested an honest wish to investigate the facts stated, ready communication. The Beltane fires were still kindled; abstinence from swine's flesh was general in the Northern Highlands and Islands; second sight, notwithstanding Pennant's mention of the last person who believed in it, still obtained ample credence; demons, signs, omens, especially as to sailing, which fostered native indolence, prophecies respecting certain families, successfully taxed the prevailing credulity. But of the existence of fairies I found but one who maintained it, an aged forester, an eye-witness of their gambols. Witchcraft, it must be admitted, or the belief in it, had been burnt out.

Observance of the Sabbath was held sacred generally in Scotland. But many proofs occurred to me of its being actually and illegally enforced by ministers or people, or both; each striving in defect of sufficient secular jurisdiction to become a law unto themselves; parishioners in the north and west exercising tyrannical control over their ministers; ministers and laymen dealing similarly with their congregations; both, as they could, interfering with domestic relations and subjecting them as they could to their control.

Several instances came within my observation and knowledge of the arbitrary exercise of authority in enforcing the observance of the Sabbath, not only as to its public rites, but the private relations of ministers and people.

“The *compulsory* observance of the Sabbath day, enforced not only by ecclesiastical authority, and national or local usage, but by the arbitrary and summary jurisdiction of the people, is a practice more peculiar to Scotland. A well-known Ben Nevis guide had been persuaded by two Englishmen to carry a bag for them to Inverness on Sunday. As

he was passing through Glen Urquhart, while the people were assembling at church, he was seized, and carried also thither, and heard some pointed denunciations against Sabbath-breaking, the minister having been previously apprised of the stranger's presence, and the occasion of it. From church he was conveyed to the residence of a respectable parishioner, who entertained him very hospitably, and at midnight returned him his bag, and suffered him to pursue his journey."

Near Loch Laxford, in the wildest part of Sutherlandshire, my guide broke his silence only to ask whether I made a practice of travelling on Sunday, observing with great energy that a guinea would not induce any man in that country to carry my bag on that day.

"The following conversation, characteristic of the people of this part of the country, passed between me and my guide, a boy, on the walk from Scourie to Loch Badcol. Pausing, he asked me, as the guide of yesterday had done, whether I travelled on Sunday?—and, on being interrogated as to his reason for putting this question, he replied, 'Because no one will carry your bag for you; you must carry it yourself if you travel to-morrow. You might perhaps induce some one to do it by the offer of lucre; but he would not be permitted.' 'Who would interfere?' 'Why, Mr. Gordon, or any other minister, to be sure.' 'How would he enforce his prohibition?' 'Why, by making the man who disobeyed it stand in church (*i.e.* do penance): and he would do quite right.' The tone which the boy assumed at the conclusion of the last sentence implied a resolute submission to the authority of his minister, and surprise at my not anticipating it."

A minister with whom I was acquainted in Lewis filled his church with a loud choir by refusing to marry any person who could not join in that part of the service.

At Campbeltown, in Cantyre, a minister was discharged for presuming to marry the object of his choice in preference to one whom they marked out for him. This was one of the statements the accuracy of which, as published by Mr. Bradley, was questioned, but the evidence of the fact which I communicated to him was conclusive.

One minister was compelled to part with his pianoforte, as a whistling *manse* was considered scarcely less unseemly than a whistling kirk. Another assured me that he shaved late on Saturday evening to avoid giving offence to his congregation by performing the operation on Sunday.

And what was the state of education in these districts? The legally established parochial system, which as far as it could reach had accomplished great good, fell short of the exigencies of extensive rural and thickly-populated urban districts. The Inverness Society, founded in 1818, ascertained that a ratio of 30 to 12 in the 100 were uneducated in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and in those parts of the north of Scotland where English was spoken generally, and was 70 to the 100 in the Western Islands and Highlands. The Gaelic Society has since established numerous schools to meet the deficiency. And in 1827, I witnessed at Stornoway, in Lewis, the landing from a Government yacht of a memorable deputation from the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, consisting of the Principal of the University, Dr. Baird, Dr. Macleod the eminent Gaelic scholar, and the Laird of Staffa, to investigate the educational deficiencies of the Highlands and Islands.

Religious instruction was exclusively imparted by the ministers of the Established Church, except in those districts in which the people, conforming originally to the religion of their chiefs, had remained Roman Catholics. Dissent, through poverty, shrank from the hardships to which its teachers would have been subjected in the dreary

North. In Sutherland and Arran I found the practice of domestic worship general. And unfortunately the predominant Moderate party in the Church, as distinguished from the Evangelical or "Highflying," were now notoriously infected by apathy and negligence, and some of them, to use the language of their enemies, "mad with moderation." My testimony to the zeal, hospitality, and urbanity of many of the clergy is gratefully recorded in my "Sketches."

The Scottish clergy laboured under various disadvantages. The want of endowments deplored by Dr. Chalmers deprived them of the means of study, and yet more of making up the deficiencies of their scanty stores of theological literature. For the few religious books to be found usually on their shelves, as well as on those of the better educated farmers, could not be regarded as constituting a sufficient body of divinity. Ministers who could afford the cost were provided with works of English divines. Of these, as he pointed out to me, the well-stocked library of the minister of Wick consisted almost exclusively. And how much could young ministers avail themselves of books, even when within their reach, oppressed by burthensome parochial duties, seldom able to secure the assistance of curates, and isolated by parochial exigencies and their habits of life! I was told that in Edinburgh the clergy had very few opportunities of meeting, whilst the service of their church required ample preparation, as they were responsible for the extemporisation not only of their sermons, but of their prayers, for which our Liturgy affords provision.

I will not dwell on the vastly beneficial effects of the social revolution which has renovated the Highlands and Islands, unavailingly protested against by the languishing sentimentalism of poetic dreamers.

My reminiscences of the Island of Man, forming part of

my published Sketches, and of the Channel Islands, as recorded in my Diary, must suggest a single utterance expressive of surprise that such integral portions of the United Kingdom, so interesting, and in several respects unique, whether as regards scenery or institutions and manners, should be so seldom or superficially visited.

My residence in Edinburgh during the winter of 1827-8 might furnish materials for a lengthened notice, as they will for some subsequent references.

During a pedestrian tour in the Scottish Lowlands in 1833, a pilgrimage to the tombs of the two rival Scottish poets, Burns and Scott, reminded me of circumstances which have especially impressed those localities on my recollection. Scott's remains had just been consigned to their final resting-place at Dryburgh, and were nightly protected from the invasion of resurrectionists by two watchers, who slept on straw strewed over the grave,—a sufficiently comfortless position, suggestive of thoughts of death which have been, under such circumstances, unfortunately realised. Of the danger of the practice two instances occurred within my recollection : one at Inverness, shortly before my visit to the place, when an Edinburgh medical student was shot dead while digging up a body, and the other of an unfortunate man who, while passing through a churchyard near Edinburgh, met with the like fate from the hands of an intimate friend, who, being one of a party posted under cover, was in his turn going his round, and thus met his victim so suddenly on turning a corner that he incautiously drew his trigger. At his trial, at which I was present, he manifested the most painful distress. The contraband trade in bodies which produced a Burke has happily been put an end to by the cheap price at which they can be procured.

At Dumfries I stopped to visit Burns's Monument. Approaching the town, I ascertained that it was suffering

dreadfully from cholera. At the hotel where I breakfasted, the negative catalogue of provisions included butter, milk, and eggs, for the country folk had placed the infected precincts under strict quarantine. A solitary picture hung from the wall, characteristically enough representing the death-dance of Alloway Church, a scene grimly satirical of the tragedy being enacted without. For the citizens were standing in the streets, many weeping, watching the death-cart as it approached nearer to the houses where the open sash betrayed the presence of death. In the churchyard an interment preceded by several others, even at an early hour, was attended by evidently awe-struck mourners, especially as the gravel walks were being opened up to provide room for the increasing number of victims. Proceeding from Dumfries on foot I was hailed by the peasants from a distance questioning me as to the *trouble*. Jeremy Taylor's appalling description of a plague-stricken city was forcibly recalled to my recollection.

Out of a population of 11,500 in Dumfries and its suburbs, about 1500 fled; of the remainder, 600 died in five weeks, including some medical practitioners, whose thinned ranks were recruited from Edinburgh.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—P. 9.

It is surprising that one witness following in the track of another should have represented my father as having led at this time the life of a recluse. The state of his health—for every spring brought on a renewal of his Indian bilious attack—would have precluded him from unremitting discharge of Parliamentary duties, had he been specially qualified for them; but if a prominent share in the affairs of his county, regular judicial attendance at the cockpit, the laborious duties, for such they became, devolving on him as President of the Bible Society, the defence of that institution, and also of the cause of Christianity in India, at the bar of the House of Commons, and with his controversial pen; the devotion of his remaining leisure, of his hospitality and personal influence, to the prosecution of good works within his neighbourhood, and on the widely opening field of Christian philanthropy, and, notwithstanding Sir James Stephen's slur on his literary labours, his success in prosecuting them;—if these diversified avocations could not supply an unanswerable vindication to the imputation of inglorious ease, very few public men indeed could plead exemption from it. To his Memoir of Sir William Jones, which passed through several large editions, the *Edinburgh Review* had done ample justice long ere the author of "The Clapham Sect" penned his depreciatory remarks.

My father has been prominently identified by Sir James Stephen with the so-designated society. And although my

personal reminiscences of Clapham are those of youth, my subsequent ample opportunities of information on the various subjects, the consideration of which has been long ago elicited and forced into notice by the energetic and influential proceedings of a society which has indubitably left its mark on ecclesiastical history, more especially as it has paid the usual penalty of success and notoriety, the being exposed to a due share of misrepresentation, may supply a reasonable excuse for adverting to a past indelibly impressed on his own recollection.

Alexander Knox, reputed originator of the Tractarian movement, whose learning and experience qualified him, notwithstanding the partial inconsistency and eccentricity of his views, to form an enlightened judgment in the case, uniformly traced the development of vital religion in this country, during the last and commencement of the present century, no less to the coadjutors of Wesley and Whitfield among the clergy of the Church of England than to themselves. And he has only given utterance to the opinion prevalent both amongst Churchmen and dissenters. The scattered pastors of the so-called Evangelical school had lacked concentrated action, when a group of distinguished laymen, professing its tenets, selected Clapham as their residence, under the auspices of John Venn, an able and faithful representative of a long line of clergymen of our Church, unbroken since the Reformation, whose father had borne a prominent share in the revival, and thus secured a rallying-point of counsel and enterprise, a lever by which they verily moved the world.

The locality requisite for the conduct of the vast operations to which their days and nights were dedicated was partly urban and partly suburban. The Metropolis necessarily supplied the headquarters of their movement; but on their breezy common, or on their lawns, or beneath the shade of their spreading trees and the shelter of their shrubberies, as well as in the hallowed precincts of their sanctuaries and council-chambers, they could meditate or confer on State affairs, or the more far-reaching benevolent projects which opened

successively to their view. Their hours of absolute retirement, like the breathing-times of the dwellers of the great deep, were few and far between, as compared with those which they passed amidst the stir and din of public life, at the desk or the bar, in the committee-rooms or on the platform, or amid the harassing conflicts of Parliament. If, as Carlyle has asserted, there is a godlike property inherent in work, surely these men realised it.

They were no dreamers. They contemplated practical results, to the achievement of which every confederate of their closely-serried ranks contributed the full quota of his helpful allegiance. If one of their number entrenched himself in the stronghold of comparative seclusion, his retreat served as a basis of operations to his more stirring brethren, whence they came forth reinvigorated for the conflict; or, if the boundless sympathies of another were apt to be desultory and diffusive, stout hearts and strong arms were ready to check his erratic tendencies, and to stay up his hands in the day of battle.

And so from their laboratory issued a multiplicity of flourishing institutions, whose world-wide operations elicited the fervour of Macaulay's eloquence, Stephen's warm but more qualified panegyric, and the pæans of their respective platforms. It was not till 1809 that a signal deficiency in the philanthropic programme manifested itself. Christendom had made no distinct provision for the exclusive circulation of Holy Scripture without note or comment. The unsuccessful application of a Welsh minister to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for Bibles induced a knot of obscure members of different Christian denominations to institute the British and Foreign Bible Society. When my father accepted the office of President, utterly unforeseeing the magnitude of the work he had undertaken, Clapham became during some years a centre of its operations, not the cradle,—as Cardinal Wiseman supposed when he inaugurated the conventual establishment of which I have spoken. To the humble origin of the Society may partly be ascribed the extraordinary ignorance respecting its parentage exhibited in quarters in which it was little

to be expected. It has been repeatedly asserted that its founders were dissenters, and that many years elapsed ere a single prelate of the Church of England joined it. The mistake having been indorsed by Mr. Gladstone, induced me to address the following refutation of it to the *Times*.¹

My reminiscences of an institution in the rise and progress of which I have taken an hereditary interest, the vastness of whose operations has proved a just measure of its utility, extending now upwards of threescore years and ten, shall be compressed into a few paragraphs.

Soon did the Society's principles and practice give umbrage. The exclusive circulation of the Scriptures was objected to as repugnant to sacerdotalism; the association of Churchmen and dissenters as compromising Church principles; and the instrumentality of public meetings as undignified and liable

¹ *To the Editor of the Times.*

SIR,—As weight attaches deservedly to the authority of a statesman so eminent as Mr. Gladstone, permit me to avail myself of your columns to rectify a misrepresentation which he made, inadvertently I have no doubt, in his speech on Mr. Horsman's motion, as to the estimation in which the British and Foreign Bible Society was held by the Church of England, and especially by its prelates, during the early progress of that institution. The following passage is referred to, as reported in the *Times* of the 9th :—“The hon. gentleman (Mr. Horsman) should know that, for many years after the institution of the Bible Society, that institution was opposed by nearly all the bishops of the Church of England,—he doubted if there was more than one exception,—and by the great mass of the clergy,” etc.

The correctness of this statement may be tested by reference to the first volume of Owen's *History of the Bible Society* :—“The Society was formed in 1804, and before June of that year numbered among its Vice-Presidents, Porteus, Bishop of London; Barrington, of Durham; Burgess, of Salisbury; and Fisher, of Exeter” (p. 70); “and other prelates took a prominent and active part in its proceedings and in its defence” (p. 158, etc.). We find the Society's measures effectually patronised in Wales in its first year by Warren, Bishop of Bangor, and soon after in Ireland by two archbishops and several Bishops of the Church of Ireland—the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishops of Cloyne and Clogher attending its anniversary meetings (p. 369), etc.; “the Bristol Bible Society, formed under the auspices and, to use his own expression, with the hearty approbation of the Bishop (Mansell)” (p. 436), etc.

I should feel obliged to you to give publicity to this simple statement of facts.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN OLD MEMBER OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

June 11, 1872.

to abuse. Lances were broken between Dr. Wordsworth and the President, and Doctors Marsh and Milner, and the result of these conflicts was a prodigious accession of public support to the Society's successfully vindicated cause. But more formidable controversies than any which assailed the Society's stronghold from without shook, and, in one instance, endangered its fabric. A vehement effort to rescind the rule which practically precluded the circulation of the apocryphal books of Scripture, though unsuccessful, so aggrieved the Scottish Societies as to induce their secession. A similar attempt to exclude Socinians from the Society's membership led to the formation of a separate Society professing that object. But from the various ordeals to which the Society was subjected it emerged triumphantly. And who can reasonably grudge the kindly feeling elicited by the fraternisation induced by the Society's comprehensive membership of men of different countries and languages and denominations, enrolled without compromising a tittle of their patriotism, or of their religion, to promulgate the tidings of salvation? When John Clayton, the Independent, whose grave but animated countenance, commanding presence, graceful deportment, and splendid elocution, would have qualified him for adorning any enlightened assembly, thus emphasised his address as he followed Bishop Ryder, "I rise to second the motion of my Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop," etc., would any sceptic have imputed to either of these standard-bearers of their respective communions dereliction from their separate allegiance? Was it supposed that Whitbread, when, on entering the committee-room of the Westminster Bible Society, he shook hands cordially with Lord Londonderry, observing, alas! unconscious of their future common doom, that they had no American Orders of Council to provoke their antagonism on the platform on which they appeared as mover and seconder of the same resolution, that they would wield their weapons less effectually on the floor of the House of Commons?

And when Lord Gambier and Count Verhuell, one of the few French admirals whose name has been honourably men-

tioned in French annals, recognised each other amidst the enthusiastic welcome of one of the Society's anniversaries, as having been opposed to each other during the war in the Channel, the recollection that they had met as brothers on such an occasion would never awaken distrust in their readiness to vindicate, by renewed antagonism, if required, the honour of their respective flags.

The most unanswerable justification of the platform agency of the Bible Society, notwithstanding its possible liability to abuse, is supplied by the fact that every section of our Church and of dissent has assented to it. The venerable Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, distanced by the sister institution the Church Missionary in its quest of public support, and at length the High Church Societies, not excepting the Ritualistic, have, though at first tentatively, unreservedly identified themselves with the aggressive movement. The Church of England, not satisfied with the inadequate representation of its Convocations, has found vent for its irrepressible yearnings in the mushroom confabulatory system of congresses, conferences, conventions, and conversazioni. Science sallied from the privileged precincts of the Royal Society and Royal Institution, and in 1831 raised the standard of the British Association, whilst in 1857 the Social Science Association multiplied its congresses, its councils registering and digesting the results of its provincial proceedings and bringing them to bear on Government, on Parliament, and the country.

For one abuse of the constitutional privileges of which these Societies have availed themselves the Bible Society is not answerable. To the insatiable appetite for publicity, actuated in the main by the laudable motive of propagating truth and opposing error which has latterly distinguished, and in a measure transformed, our Churches, must be attributed the various evil consequences of making provision for that plethora of ecclesiastical oratory which has astonished the age. Take by way of exemplification the proceedings of one of the very best conducted of our, in many respects, most useful gatherings—the Leeds Church

Congress. In Parliament and elsewhere, talent, learning, experience, and position assert their authority; but within the short period from thirty to five minutes, varying according to the length of the meeting, by the rigid rule essential to institutions which afford scope to a multiplicity of speeches, such qualifications are "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within the four corners of a Procrustean bed. Some pungent sentences may be rescued from their doom by rapidity of utterance, the sacrifice of propitiatory exordia and apologetic perorations, of requisite qualifying modifications of the speaker's own statements, or of much-needed reply to those of antagonists. But still, as Lord Salisbury observed, he felt himself in the predicament of a traveller drinking a cup of hot tea at a railway station, or Bishop Wilberforce, on the same occasion, as taking part in a *march past*. And when, as the hour requires a still further limitation as to time, the accelerated advance of the fortunate competitors for a hearing speedily degenerates into a complete helter-skelter, the effect of which is so ludicrous as on one occasion to have terminated the performance by a general burst of laughter. Such was happily not the case at Leeds, and when our excellent chairman and diocesan called on us to close the proceedings of the day by joining in singing that most beautiful and on this occasion singularly appropriate of hymns,

"Brief life is here our portion,"

I could not help, as I cast an eye down our upstanding ranks of speakers, most of whom, including two Cabinet ministers, had been silenced by the inexorable bell, imagining that they must have shared my misgivings as to the practical effect of so much necessarily ineffective struggle with an inflexible time-table.

Nor is the Bible Society, nor indeed is our Church of England, responsible for the recent growing invasion of our platforms by an undue proportion of the female sex. It was at a meeting of the Social Science Association that Miss Carpenter, as the advocate of a novel but excellent cause,

made her first appearance as a speaker, delivering, without compromising in the slightest degree her native delicacy and refinement, an address as edifying as it was instructive, though perhaps, after the fashion of her sex, instinct with maternal exhortation, somewhat too didactic; her tone and demeanour contrasting favourably with those of a lady from beyond the Atlantic attired in full Bloomer costume. Ladies have since followed the successful example of the earliest adventurers in these public displays, so far as, on one occasion during a late Social Congress, to muster more speakers than the other sex. And it affords curious proof of the infectious tendency of the practice, that, notwithstanding misgivings respecting her preaching expressed by Mrs. Fry in her *Life*, it is said on good authority that a similar result has manifested itself at the ordinary Quaker meetings.

The vast and various public engagements which seemed to absorb the attention of the Clapham patriarchs did not in their estimation afford any plea for neglecting adventitious duties. None were more ready to sacrifice time and convenience at their country's call when the French invasion was expected. My father's zeal in undertaking the lieutenancy of Surrey at this critical time was warmly seconded by his neighbours. Henry Thornton relieved him of his charge during a vacation, whilst his brother Robert figured at the head of the East Indian Corps. Zachary Macaulay marched at the head of a company of the Clapham volunteers, his austere features overshadowed by the bearskin cover of his helmet, and his modest deportment betraying little of the heroism which he manifested during the early life-struggles of the Sierra Leone Company; whilst Charles and Robert Grant, as extemporised dragoons, proved true to the Highland blood flowing in their veins.

And may we not infer from the following statement—correct, I believe, both as respects fathers and sons—of the successful careers of the latter, that the fathers had not neglected their more important domestic duties, and that precept and example had contributed materially to results

which perhaps no other corresponding British locality can parallel?

C. ELLIOTT (brother-in-law to Mr. Venn).	REV. H. V. ELLIOTT.* † REV. E. B. ELLIOTT.* †
C. GRANT, M.P.	LORD GLENELG.* † SIR ROBERT GRANT.* †
Z. MACAULAY.	LORD MACAULAY.* †
—— STAINFORTH.	GEORGE STAINFORTH,* died when at College.
JAMES STEPHEN, M.P.	SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B.† MR. SERJEANT STEPHEN.†
LORD TEIGNMOUTH.	HON. F. J. SHORE.* †
H. THORNTON, M.P.	H. S. THORNTON.* † CHARLES THORNTON.*
REV. HENRY VENN.	REV. HENRY VENN.* † REV. JOHN VENN.* †
W. WILBERFORCE, M.P.	ROBERT, Archdeacon.* † SAMUEL, Bishop.* † HENRY.* †

The title of "Clapham Sect," prefixed to Sir James Stephen's Essay, published originally in the *Edinburgh Review*, and subsequently in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, is doubly a misnomer, for the leaders of the religious movement traced by his graphic pen abjured the practice no less than the profession of sectarianism, whilst of the fourteen individuals whom he selects as its representatives, only six were resident, and of these on only two—viz., Mr. Henry Thornton and my father, my Memoir of whose life stands bracketed with that of Milner at the head of his Essay—he bestows elaborate criticism. Wilberforce he reserves for separate notice: motives of filial delicacy induce him to consign to Lord Brougham the panegyric of his father, and to restrict his own commendation of his father-in-law, Mr. Venn, to the complaint that his eminent merits had

* Early distinction at College or otherwise.

† Distinction in after life.

been ill requited. Charles Grant passes in review as the shadowy impersonation of imperial but virtuous sway: whilst the author is precluded from laudation of the elder Macaulay by the prudential suggestions of the younger.

Signally qualified for his task by his rare talents and accomplishments,—in Lord Russell's estimation the ablest man he had ever known,—by integrity, collegiate and professional training, enlarged experience of public life, eminent literary acquirements, and the command of a style of composition rich in varied excellence, no less than by personal familiarity with most of the personages whose character he portrayed, Sir James nevertheless may have been influenced in his judgment by the peculiar circumstances of his official position. That relationship to his clients, for the time being, in the Colonial Department, which deprived him of due credit for measures recommended by himself, and subjected him to censure for others to which he had objected—consequences adverted to by his son and editor in the preface to one edition of the *Ecclesiastical Biography*, and probably suggesting his pathetic allusion to ill-recognised services, which I recollect reading in his *Lectures on French History*,—may have somewhat discoloured the brighter hues of his brilliant handiwork with the jaundiced tints of distempering cynicism, whilst predilection in favour of the Clapham leaders, to others of whom, besides those alluded to, he was bound by ties of consanguinity, may have disposed him to modify even his due appreciation of their deserts by too self-denying acknowledgment of their defects. And, indeed, so apprehensive was he of undue exaltation of his theme as to need the younger Macaulay's enthusiastic and well-merited encouragement. The bias which affected him seems not to have been unobserved by the sagacity of the Prince Consort, who writes thus to Baron Stockmar, July 1849:—"Never was there an Englishman with a mind more open and free from prejudice. I understand why he was so unpopular, for he hit hard the weak points of his countrymen;" or, in plain English, the part he assigned to himself was that of a *candid*

friend. And perhaps, as an Edinburgh reviewer, he may have been infected by the contagious bitterness which at one time supplied poignancy to the criticisms of those dreaded confederates amongst whom he was enrolled. His last utterance, addressed to me in a railway carriage on one of the few occasions on which I had an opportunity of conversing with him, was expressive of the keen enjoyment afforded by the application of the lash of criticism, though not hinting at the drawbacks to such satisfaction, the possibility of retaliation as the result of unguarded censure, or the indulgence of personal antipathy. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen alludes to his father's painful experience of the liability of a public career to virulent animadversion. Sir James was once violently assailed by a leading article in the *Times*, knowing well, as his brother Mr. Serjeant Stephen intimated to me, by whom and why it was written.

The private disclaimer of unfriendly feeling towards the subjects of his biography by the author of "The Clapham Sect" was corroborated by Mr. James Spedding, who informed me that Sir James, whom he was accompanying to his country villa, when engaged in writing his Essay, and full of the subject, spoke with warm affection of the relations and friends of his youth. But nevertheless a contrary impression very generally prevailed.

My first witnesses shall be two eminent statesmen, neither of whom was prejudiced in favour of a religious school with which they had never identified themselves—the late Lord Derby and Sir James Graham, who, devoting a rainy morning at a shooting box on the Netherby estate to the perusal of "The Clapham Sect," agreed that it had been written in an unfriendly spirit. My informant, Major Graham, Sir James's brother, then their sole companion, was unaware at the time of my taking any especial interest in the subject.

No less explicit was the confirmation of this verdict by the late excellent Scottish Judge, Lord Ardmillan, well competent on every account to pronounce it, who assured me that it was in unison with his own and with the general estimate of Edinburgh. Ireland shall furnish its representative in

the person of an able writer, author of one of our best-written biographies, a warm admirer of the ability of the Essay, who observed that the spirit of the writer, though not hostile, was certainly not friendly.

My remarks on Sir James Stephen's critique shall be limited to the Indian period of my father's career. And if in discharging a duty to which I feel myself bound by public no less than by personal obligations—for the reputation of our public men must be regarded as our national property and heirloom—I crave the candid attention of my readers, let me plead by way of precedent Macaulay's pathetic lamentation on the failure of justice in dealing with Indian reputations, and the almost supplicatory tones employed by Kaye whilst propitiating public opinion in behalf of his clients.

Sir James acknowledges that Lord Teignmouth was endowed with especial qualifications for his high post, and that it was assigned to him as the reward of successful services—"that he brought to that commanding station knowledge, industry, courage, and disinterestedness; with a philanthropy as pure as ever warmed the bosom of any of the rulers of mankind;" and again, "that he was the St. Louis of Governors-General."

But what avails the honeyed but valuable phraseology of such a testimonial to character as a set-off against systematic disparagement, unless in a forensic sense, by way of mitigation and not of arrest of judgment?

"The sense of subordination," proceeds the critic, "and the spirit of a subordinate still clung to him. To be useful to the Board of Control, to be useful to the Court of Directors, to be useful to the Civil Service, to be useful to the Indian army, limited his ambition as an administrator; and though the happiness of the natives of India was the object of his highest aspirations, his rule over them was barren, not only

of any splendid enterprise, but even of any memorable plan for their benefit.”

In reference to this statement, I would observe that it would be difficult for Sir James Stephen to select a single individual from among the subjects of his historical researches less obnoxious to the charge of undue deference to his superiors than he to whom he applied it. The main object of Lord Teignmouth's domestic administration of Indian affairs was one which, it might have been thought, would have elicited some expression of sympathy from a Whig and Edinburgh reviewer, prosecuted persistently, as it was, during a quarter of a century, in sickness as in health, through evil as well as good report, irrespectively of party allegiance or the closer affinities of private friendship, at the cost of popularity, and in one instance of place, and, despite of Sir James's insinuation, in a fearless spirit of independence, viz., Reform. To the rectifying the demoralising results of bad system he directed his utmost efforts, whilst as yet in an inferior position, by striking at the root of judicial abuses, for the removal of which the Governor-General, Mr. Hastings, was more especially responsible. To Mr. Francis, similarly employed, he tendered willing support, though deprecating his virulence, and especially so on the *only* occasion on which a philippic of the bitter controversialist was submitted to his inspection.

Mr. Hastings's subsequent nomination of Mr. Shore to a very important post is unjustly attributed by Sir James to policy with which it would seem his own official experience had familiarised him. As the duties of the office demanded eminent qualifications, possessed by Mr. Shore in the estimation of Mr. David Anderson, an intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, that most upright and distinguished civil servant to the East India Company recommended him to Mr. Hastings's selection; overruling the Governor-General's objection, grounded on the supposition of Mr. Shore being one of his bitterest enemies, by reference to his high character and capacity. And so far from being gagged, as Sir James would insinuate, he testified his sense of the confidence

and regard with which Mr. Hastings had uniformly treated him, by representing to him through the proper channels the main defect of his administration; warned him of the defenceless condition in which he would be placed when exposed to the shafts of public censure, whilst no longer protected by the shield of power; pointed out the necessity of reform, and expressed his own readiness to undertake it under the Governor-General's superintendence.—(*Mem.* i. 96.)

The author of this generous remonstrance was the victim of his public spirit. Sir John Macpherson, who succeeded Mr. Hastings in the government, whether from misadventure or other motive, having inserted it in the public minutes, instead of placing it privately in the hands of Mr. Hastings, Mr. Shore, resenting such conduct as equivalent to a breach of faith, resigned his post, and returned to England.

Nominated soon after by the Government at home to a seat in the Indian Supreme Council, he accompanied the newly-appointed Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, to India, only to resume, on a much more extensive scale than heretofore, the object of his ardent aspirations. Strenuously supported by that nobleman's enlightened determination, he contributed materially to the reform of the judicial administration and the settlement of the revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. Sir James, justly assigning to him the latter as his peculiar province, gives the following account of the transaction:—

“The result of his labours was that momentous decision, remaining in force to this day, which has recognised the right of the Zemindars to the land, in the double character of renters and landlords—a measure against which there is such an array of authority and argument as to compel a doubt whether, on this occasion at least, Mr. Shore did not render a service useful rather to the Sovereigns of India than to their subjects.”

No wonder that the reviewer should thus hesitatingly pronounce his censure; for obviously he had not taken the trouble to acquire even superficial information on the subject. If his statement implies that my father was exclusively

answerable for the preference of the Zemindars, or proprietary renters, to the Ryots, the immediate cultivators of the soil, as the parties entitled to especial recognition by the arrangement, he could not be aware that the responsibility was shared by the Governor-General and the entire body of civil servants in India, and a large majority of the ruling members of the service at home, who concurred in his views. But he has ignored the fact that my father opposed Lord Cornwallis's preference of a permanent, recommending the substitution of a decennial, period, in order that the Government's imperfect knowledge of the rights of the Ryots might be matured with a view to a more satisfactory settlement. The controversy, of which the question as to its duration forms the gist, constituted the main topic of those voluminous minutes, the perusal of which induced Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas to nominate Lord Teignmouth as successor to Lord Cornwallis in the supreme government. It concluded in terms worthy of that nobleman's generous and patriotic spirit (see *Mem.* i. 185). Lord Cornwallis's judgment was influenced, not by difference as to the main issues, but by apprehension lest, unless he himself or Lord Teignmouth were personally able to effect the final settlement at the end of ten years, it might miscarry. The result may be recorded in the language of two of the ablest civil servants of the East India Company :—

“No person, whilst admitting that the Regulations of '93 were formed on just and sound principles, will contend that the Permanent Settlement was not concluded with undue haste and upon defective materials, under the apprehension that, if not adopted at the time, it might have miscarried at length, and the people would have remained in a wretched condition under the old settlement.”—(Mr. Henry Tucker, Director, quoted by Mr. Kaye.)

“Lord Teignmouth,” observed Mr. (now Sir George) Campbell, “did what men in this country are constantly forgetting it is their duty to do, and that is, he gave a fair chance to the measure, involved in the Perpetual Settlement, when once irrevocable, although he had been strongly

opposed to that measure,¹ when it was passed. Let all functionaries, high and low, follow the example of this high-minded, honourable, and excellent man."

As Sir George Campbell intimates, my father exerted his utmost efforts during his own government to rectify the errors of the Permanent Settlement, and thus to render it, notwithstanding its defects, an incalculable boon to the native population. Sir James Stephen asserts that the Ryots were incredulous of his benevolence; and no wonder, as they were quite unaware that he had been throughout their staunchest friend and benefactor. Had he been better informed on the subject he would not have sheltered his insinuation behind the groundless prejudice of an ignorant native peasantry.

Reform at his instance pervaded every branch of Lord Teignmouth's supreme government, embracing the subordinate Presidencies of Bombay and Madras, as well as States amenable in any degree to our jurisdiction. The military arrangements deserve special notice on account of their importance, and the alarm at home occasioned by the circumstances which rendered them necessary. The grievance of which the officers of two branches of the service, the infantry and cavalry, justly complained, portended disaffection, whilst reliance could alone be placed on the steadiness of the artillery. The Directors transmitted to India regulations which, in the opinion of the Governor-General, proved to be a mass of confusion. Yet, though designating them as such, he felt himself constrained to enforce them, instructing the Commander-in-Chief to compel, in case of need, the submission of the officers, whilst he assumed the responsibility of moulding the heterogeneous materials into shape. Lord Cornwallis, who shared the public anxiety, appears from his correspondence to have attributed the procedure of the Indian Government to embarrassment. But he was mistaken. Happily no telegraphic communication could then perplex the councils of the Governor-General. The intention of sending a soldier to India in the person of Lord

¹ Its permanence.

Cornwallis himself was abandoned, and perhaps so far fortunately, inasmuch as the transcendent popularity he had achieved in the East did not extend to the army. And thus was undisturbed the progress of a durable arrangement, which entitled the Governor-General to the cordial acknowledgment of both the Directors and the army.

The abuses of the Madras had exceeded, if possible, those of the other Presidencies. To "cleanse the Augean stable," to use his own expression, was the irksome duty assigned by the Governor-General to his honest and excellent friend the Governor Duncan, requiring his own constant exhortation and encouragement, as a spirit far less determined than his own actuated the councils of his subordinates. And warmly did he second Lord Hobart's reformatory measures at Madras.

Nor were Lord Teignmouth's remedial efforts confined to our own territories, but extended to Native States.—(*Mem.* i. p. 402.)

When Sir James unhesitatingly asserted that my father's rule was barren of any splendid enterprise, or even of any remarkable plan for the happiness of the natives of India, although it had been the object of his highest aspiration, he lost sight of the immensely beneficial results of my father's judicial and other reforms, and more especially his settlement of the revenues. Nor did he make the slightest allowance for the impossibility, during the period of my father's administration, of adopting any but preliminary measures for the introduction of Christianity and education among the natives. And to such my father applied his utmost energy. "It appears from a published letter of the Rev. David Brown that Sir J. Shore adopted immediate measures for carrying into effect arrangements for supplying the military stations with churches and chaplains, whilst the opening of divine service in the fort produced, amongst other very beneficial results, the greatly-improved attention of the British to the observance of public worship, and increased regard for the Sacred Day."—(*Mem.* i. p. 294.)

But the Governor-General's correspondence with Mr.

Wilberforce and other influential friends in England disclose ulterior views, the fulfilment of which he was aware must have originated at home, foreshadowing the successful movements in which he was able, many years after his return, to take a prominent part. Sir James must have been thoroughly aware that twenty years elapsed from this time ere Mr. Wilberforce and his coadjutors were enabled, by the provision of adequate organisation, no less than change of public opinion, to which their own efforts had materially contributed, to inaugurate the proceedings in question. Mr. Kaye testifies to the insuperable difficulties which obstructed the pioneers of religious reformation in India, candidly admitting that at a period subsequent to that of my father's government, though in no subject had he taken a deeper interest, and none had more frequently employed his pen, he should have regarded the danger which beset the questions involved in a far different light from that in which he saw them when preparing his History.

Not a hint at any such considerations attempers the severity of Sir James's unqualified animadversions.

Sir James deals thus with Lord Teignmouth's foreign policy:—"The charges advanced against Sir John Shore by the more adventurous spirits who followed him, are all summed up in the one accusation—that his policy was temporising and timid. He acquiesced as an inert spectator in the successful invasion of the dominions of the Nizam by the Mahrattas. He fostered the power and the audacity of that warlike nation. He unresistingly permitted the growth of a French subsidiary force, in the service of three of the most considerable native powers. He thwarted Lord Hobart's efforts for extending the dominion or influence of Great Britain in Ceylon, in the Carnatic, and in Tanjore. He allowed the growth and the aggressions in Northern India, of that power which, under Runjeet Singh, afterwards became so formidable. He looked on passively while Tippoo was preparing for the contest into which he plunged, or was driven, to his own ruin, and to our no light peril. These, and such as these, are the charges. The answer is drawn from the pacific

injunctions of Parliament and the pacific orders of the Company, and from the great truth that ambitious wars are the direst curse, and peace the most invaluable blessing, to mankind."—(Stephen, p. 351.)

Lord Teignmouth's replies to the several counts of the above indictment Sir James ignores, simply referring to the general plea that the Governor-General was precluded from acting otherwise by the restrictions imposed by the authorities at home. No one who derives his information solely from the reviewer could realise the fact that Lord Teignmouth accepted, in every instance, distinct responsibility for the course pursued,—that he recorded his detailed vindication on the public minutes, on which he so wisely relied when his measures were impugned and he was threatened with impeachment by Burke, and also in a letter addressed to Marquis Wellesley, when on the eve of embarkation for England, published partly in that nobleman's despatches and in my Memoir. Omission so palpable from whatever cause proceeding, can be at once proved by brief reference to the prominent topics of the Governor-General's defence. As to the Nizam, who has been compassionated as a victim of his neglect, that vicious potentate caused the war between the Mahrattas and himself by his own foolish and unprovoked attack; and the Governor-General was not bound by any treaty to support him. The results of the war and of our non-interference were precisely those which he had anticipated.

No less accurately did the Governor-General predict that the French subsidiary force in the service of the native princes was a weapon likely to prove more dangerous to those by whom it was employed than to their enemies.

The controversies between the Governor-General and Lord Hobart were referred to the judgment of the Directors, to which the reviewer makes no allusion.

Of all imputations on my father's administration, none is more preposterous and utterly at variance with fact than that he regarded Tippoo's growing power passively and inertly. So far back as 1787, whilst Lord Cornwallis remained in the

Upper Provinces, Lord Teignmouth recorded his opinion.—
(*Mem.* i. p. 146.)

And again in 1796, Tippoo's hostile demonstration, stimulated by the expected arrival of the Dutch and French combined fleets, induced the Governor-General to adopt energetic measures.—(*Mem.* i. 381.)

Did the Governor-General manifest any want of promptitude and vigour elsewhere by land or by sea? “To oppose Zemaun Shah, Sir J. Shore mustered an army of 15,000 men in the Upper Provinces to resist the northern invader, and availed himself of the salutary dread with which Zemaun Shah's measures were regarded by the Vizier of Oude, to repair to that kingdom, to effect the necessary reform in the administration. And the death of the sovereign compelled him to visit Oude a second time, and accomplish a revolution under circumstances of no small embarrassment and danger.”
—(*Mem.* i. 382.)

The only war in which the Governor-General was actually engaged he prosecuted to a successful close. He accomplished the revolution in Oude without bloodshed, and advantageously alike to the East India Company and the natives. Whilst thus meeting the difficulties with which he had to deal at all points, he found the East India trade placed at the mercy of the French by the sudden return of Admiral Cornwallis to England in the only ship in His Majesty's service on the Indian station, on account of its unworthiness. Equal to the emergency, he fitted out an armament consisting of Indiamen, which captured or beat off a large hostile force, rescuing the Dutch possessions and protecting our commerce.

And so far from servile observance of the statutory prohibitions against subsidiary alliances and territorial acquisition, the Governor-General exercised a sound discretion in forming a treaty offensive and defensive against Tippoo with the Rajah of Travancore, and annexed elsewhere valuable territories and important fortresses to our dominions.

Lord Teignmouth bequeathed to his successor a government strong in its resources, its reputation, and the prestige

of uninterrupted success, and affording exemplary proof of the soundness of the honest maxim, which the reviewer has somewhat contemptuously decried, that "Honesty is the best policy."

Unavoidable duty in the compilation of my Memoir fortunately supplied me with unimpeachable proof of the accuracy of this statement.—(*Mem.* i. 468.) To such justification and the documents to which I refer the reviewer makes no allusion. And yet the despatches of Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington, the Memoir of Sir J. Malcolm, and other like records which appeared during the interval in question, fully warrant my conclusion. It is a notable and very significant fact, which seems to have escaped public attention, that some years elapsed before the almost unqualified approval of Lord Teignmouth's measures by the Ministers of the Crown, the Directors of the East India Company, and the British public was controverted. And why? is a question which may be naturally asked. Because every effort was strained and every expedient was put in requisition to sustain the defence, and to avert the impeachment of Lord Wellesley's policy. Hence the unscrupulous exaggerations of the dangerous consequences imputed to his predecessor's system. Meanwhile assailants were unnoticed and vindication was allowed to rest on its own merits till the tide of public opinion took a visible turn, as was evidenced by an able article in the *Calcutta Review* on my Memoir in 1843, since gathering resistless strength. I have no fear of the ultimate result. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

Concluding his review of my father's administration, Sir James suggests the question "how far his severe integrity ought not to have forbidden him to bear the sceptre of the Moguls." Posterity will reply to his challenge. The morality or policy of my father's Indian administration may have suffered temporary disparagement from the exercise of censorship authenticated by high character and transcendent abilities; but history will claim its right to adjudicate impartially on the results with which it has to deal, and the

means by which they have been attained ; and the preceding pages may supply materials not irrelevant to the final and, I feel satisfied, undoubted issue.

India has proved a touchstone of the integrity of Whig principle. The tempting bait of Eastern patronage was as disastrous to Fox's waning political ascendancy as his deep stakes to his decreasing patrimony. Burke's temper was so exasperated by his insight into Indian abuses, whether real or imaginary, as to provoke Lord Thurlow's indignant remark, addressed to my father, that "his impeachment of Hastings was the slaver of a mad dog!"

Sir James's treatment of Indian questions forms no exception to the truth of this remark. Lord Teignmouth was not the only subject of his disparaging criticism. Himself receiving the well-merited remuneration of his distinguished services, he condemns his own apostolic Henry Martyn for his acceptance of a salary from the East India Company, and for a like reason our missionaries in India, whose imputed mercenary spirit he contrasts with the unrequited devotion of Xavier.

But notwithstanding my well-grounded strictures, I cannot take leave of Sir James Stephen without expressing my sincere obligations to him for the rare enjoyment and abundant instruction derived from his *Essays*, no less than from his *Lectures on French History*, which, in the estimate of no less competent a judge than his brother, Mr. Serjeant Stephen, as expressed to myself, would constitute his chief title to his eminent literary reputation.

Mr. J. Campbell Colquhoun, following in Sir James's track, has produced a pleasing and instructive volume, entitled *Wilberforce and his Contemporaries*, written in an excellent spirit, and with no inconsiderable eloquence. But he laboured under a disadvantage which did not affect his predecessor, having had no personal acquaintance with Wilberforce, or any other subject of his sketches, except Lord Teignmouth. And he has not atoned for it by taking pains to procure the necessary information. His original notice of Lord Teignmouth was a mere myth, a tissue of inaccuracies,

nearly all of which he rectified, in compliance with my suggestions, in his second edition. His explanatory note, referring to his Indian statements, informs his readers that he had adopted my corrections in dependence on my careful investigation of the subject, but pleads in extenuation of his mistakes that he had derived his information from Mr. Kaye's History. Lest it might be inferred from this intimation that I was at variance with that able writer on certain points, I am bound to observe that on comparing his narrative with my own as to the passages in question, I can perceive no discrepancy whatever.

Whilst these pages are passing through the press, I observe that the writer of an article in the just published number of the *Edinburgh Review* has ventured on the following unwarrantable statements. He asserts that Lord Teignmouth's want of firmness in settling the military disturbances of his time caused his recall ; and again, that he was "for reasons" superseded. I reply that the conclusive arrangement consequent on the enforcement of the "Regulations," and in that light the reviewer regards it, took place in 1796 ; that Lord Teignmouth retained his post till 1798 ; that his conduct in the critical circumstances received the cordial approval of the home authorities ; that his voluminous correspondence with Mr. Dundas, Lord Cornwallis, and several Directors, though frequently alluding to the subject, does not hint at recall, or even censure ; and that on quitting India he was able to represent the Army as in a perfect state of tranquillity, and scarcely less efficiency. And further, Lord Teignmouth retained his post, though his health was much shaken, chiefly at the earnest instance of his employers, and relinquished it of his own free will. The reviewer may have been misled by the fact that when tidings of the military disturbances reached the Directors it was thought advisable to substitute a military for a civil Governor-General, and the office was proposed and accepted, but soon after declined, by Lord Cornwallis.

No. II.—P. 22.

Wilson's Bible, 3 vols. folio. The title-page bears a two-fold inscription; one addressed by the original donor to Miss More, and on the reverse another by herself to Lord Teignmouth.

TO HIS EXCELLENT FRIEND
 MISS HANNAH MORE,
 THIS BOOK,
 WHICH HE KNOWS TO BE THE DEAREST OBJECT OF HER STUDY,
 AND BY WHICH,
 TO THE GREAT COMFORT AND RELIEF
 OF NUMBERLESS AFFLICTED AND DISTRESSED INDIVIDUALS,
 SHE HAS PROFITED BEYOND ANY PERSON WITH WHOM HE IS ACQUAINTED,
 IS OFFERED
 AS A MARK OF HIS ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,
 BY HER SINCERE
 AND OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,
 HORACE EARL OF ORFORD.
 1795.

TO THE
 RIGHT HON. THE LORD TEIGNMOUTH,
 THE ZEALOUS, JUDICIOUS
 AND PIOUS PRESIDENT OF THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING TO MANKIND,
 THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,
 THESE VOLUMES ARE VERY RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED
 BY HIS LORDSHIP'S FAITHFUL FRIEND AND
 OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,
 HANNAH MORE.

JUNE 16, 1828.

13

