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John Singleton Copley, R.A.
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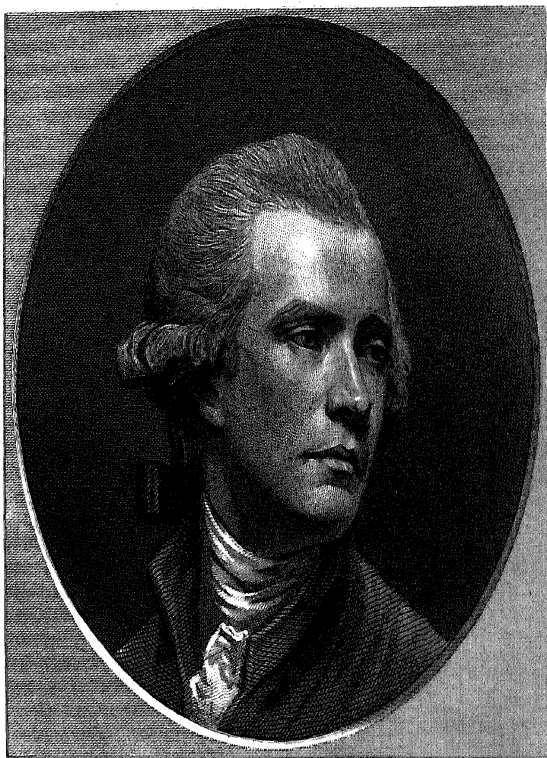
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THE
DOMESTIC AND ARTISTIC LIFE
OF
JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R. A.

With Notices of his Works,

AND

REMINISCENCES OF HIS SON, LORD LYNDHURST,
HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER,

MARTHA BABCOCK AMORY.



BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
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PREFACE.

THE present age may be characterized as one of research rather than of creation. Though of tireless activity its efforts seem largely made to illustrate the past, and by the acumen of many of the most gifted minds to place its discoveries in the clearest light.

In this point of view, apart from any intrinsic value, a family correspondence, commencing in 1774 and continuing to the present day, might well offer some claim to general interest, however simple and unpretending its material. It is hoped, however, that the publication of the letters of the Copley Family, contained in the present work, will effect a higher object than merely to show how quiet gentlefolks, living on different sides of the Atlantic, thought and wrote in the last quarter of the past century and the first half of the present one. If the light it throws on the character of Lord Lyndhurst should silence the calumny that obscured the fame of a great man, and put an end to malignant insinuations that still prejudice his memory, the object of

the author will be fully attained. It is hoped some allowance will be made if the granddaughter and niece has indulged in undue warmth while dwelling on the merits of those whom she was early taught to love and reverence; her only and best excuse must be that she wrote from the heart rather than from the head, and if she has erred on the side of undue partiality, she hopes the fault may be considered a venial one.

The slender background of her own trivial reminiscences blends so naturally with the scenes and persons with whom she was from time to time associated, that she could scarcely give "The Family Picture" without drawing in a few lines of her own life when brought unexpectedly into association with those born and reared in the Old World, under such different social influences from her own.

The above words by the late Mrs. Amory characterize the work which follows, but do not sufficiently indicate the long and affectionate labor which she bestowed, — a labor extending over ten years, and patiently exercised in the hope of bringing together full memorials of her grandfather and her uncle. Mrs. Amory died before the work went to press, but she had completed

her manuscript, which was prepared for the printer by Dr. Charles Kneeland, of Boston. The engraving prefixed to the volume is from the portrait of Copley by himself, now in the possession of the artist's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Caspar C. Crowninshield. It is executed by Frederick T. Stuart.

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JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

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EARLY YEARS AND FIRST SUCCESS.

1735-1769.

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A CENTURY and a half ago an humble boy, of quiet habits and untiring industry, with a rare love of art, was born in the little town of Boston, Mass. Without instruction or master he drew and painted and “saw visions” of beautiful forms and faces, which he transferred to his canvas, till his name and portraits began to be known in the staid Puritan society of the place. Gradually, as it was seen that he succeeded well in likenesses, the most popular form of art, he became very generally employed. Thus it was that John S. Copley, R. A., commenced his artistic career.

A deep and general interest having of late years manifested itself in the life and works of this eminent portrait and historical painter, the American Vandyck, as he is called, we propose to give such a sketch of both as can be drawn from the scanty materials which public and private sources furnish.

A quiet and busy pursuit of art in the retirement of the family circle affords few incidents of interest to the world at large; and on referring for such to a member of the family in England, still alive, the very natural and judicious answer was returned that "Copley's life afforded little or no materials for his biographer, and that whoever desired to know anything of the artist had better visit the National Picture Gallery, and study his works in that institution." Still, the little that can be obtained may have some interest for those who admire his pictures; and the influence of his example — a rare one of industry and perseverance, in the face of great obstacles — may be an incitement and encouragement in the future to many an artist in the beginning of an arduous and engrossing pursuit.

From a letter still in existence written by John Singleton, Esq., of Quinville Abbey, County Clare, Ireland, high sheriff of that county, to Lord Lyndhurst, son of our subject, in 1825, in answer to inquiries concerning the family, we learn that

The father of the artist was Richard Copley, who married Mary Singleton, daughter of that gentleman's great-grandfather. Richard and Mary went to Boston in 1786, and the former died in the West Indies about the time of the birth of the artist, in 1737.

The widow of Richard Copley married Peter Pelham, of Boston, by whom she had one son, Henry, who married Miss Butler, of ———, County Clare, and had twin sons only, Peter and William; they never married, and thus end the Pelhams! I remember both Copley and Henry Pelham, on some of their many visits to my father and mother, at Quinville, when a very young boy, and highly talented, amiable, and handsome young men they were.

Some of Henry Pelham's works, a map of Boston* and of this county (Clare), are still in my possession; also others, by the son by the first marriage with the artist's father, have been handed down, namely, prints given to "the Uncle Singleton," my grandfather; "The Death of Chatham;" "The Nativity;" "The Tribute Money;" "Samuel and Eli;" "A Youth Rescued from a Shark," etc.

Thus I have records of the talents of Mary Singleton's sons by both marriages. So much for the descendants of Lord Lyndhurst's grandmother.

Now for those of John Singleton, her father, by whose marriage with a lady named Jane Bruffe he had three children,— one son, Uncle Singleton, and two daughters, whose portraits, in very good preservation, are now in my possession.

The son, my grandfather, married Marcella Dalton, of Deer Park, County Clare; the daughters, Anne and Mary, married, the former Mr. Cooper, of Cooper Hill, and the latter Mr. R. Copley, both of the County Limerick. The latter was Lord Lyndhurst's grandfather, and of course the father of John S. Copley, R. A., whose father, as stated, died in the West Indies.

Mary Singleton's father was a member of a Lancashire house of that name, who settled in Ireland in 1661.

* An engraving of this map of Boston, published in London in 1777, and dedicated to the Rt. Hon^{ble} Lord George Germain, is in the possession of Edward Bangs, Esq., of Boston.

I trust the above may be in some measure satisfactory; it makes Lord Lyndhurst and my father cousins-german.

JOHN SINGLETON.

QUINVILLE ABBEY,* *September 7, 1859.*

The first mention of the name of Copley in history is in the reign of Charles I., during the session of the "Long Parliament," when Hume speaks of "one Copley" taking part in the stormy discussions of that period; according to another authority, one branch was in possession of a baronetcy, and is believed to be still extant. By the decree of the herald's office the family was entitled to a "cross" † in its coat of arms, which, according to heraldry, proves that some progenitor served in the ranks of the Crusaders. This cross had especial value in their eyes.

We have thus given all the facts that can be collected concerning Copley's ancestors, and we learn that, according to the records of Trinity Church, commenced in 1737, Peter Pelham and Mrs. Mary Copley were married May 22, 1747, when the future artist was about nine years of age.

Though engaged in trade, like almost all the inhabitants of the North American colonies at that

* Quinville Abbey belongs now, 1881, to General Singleton, son of the late John, whose health was completely shattered from his sufferings, in the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny. He has no children; his youngest brother is his heir.

† Presque tous les pèlerins armés qui tentèrent où qui firent la conquête de la Terre Sainte, prirent pour armes des croix, signe de la mission à laquelle ils s'étaient voués, où des oiseaux voyageurs, symbole du long voyage qu'ils allaient entreprendre et qu'ils espéraient accomplir sur les ailes de la foi. — ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

time, his step-father had some knowledge of art, as many drawings and engravings of tolerable execution by his hand still remain. Copley's half-brother, Henry Pelham, had also considerable success with his brush, and was, moreover, an engraver; in proof, a fine miniature and some early sketches, beside the map already alluded to, might be cited; indeed his name frequently appears as a contributor at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, after the family had removed to England, principally in miniature painting and in enamel. In fact, he intended to adopt painting for his career, according to the information we acquire on the subject from Mrs. Pelham's letters as late as 1780, as well as from those written by Copley after he left America. The former says: "I raise a thousand fears concerning your and Harry's close application to your art, lest it should injure your health. . . . Excuse a mother's anxiety, and let me caution you to exercise enough to balance your studies."

Both brothers must have had a strong natural disposition for art, to have manifested it in such an uncongenial atmosphere as that of New England, in those hard Puritan days, and this disposition undoubtedly had its influence on the home life of our artist even at that early age.

Copley's career began under every disadvantage: slowly and anxiously groping his way, without teacher or model, the very colors on his palette and the brush that he handled were his own manufacture.

Nature had gifted him with a rare appreciation

of the beauty and effect of color ; to his latest day the discovery of the " Venetian " ¹ was the fond dream of his life ; chemistry, it must be remembered, had not, as yet, opened its vast resources to aid in the analysis and combination of new tints, whose durability and excellence could be tested with the certainty of scientific experiment. To his eye for color must be added his love of textures of the richest quality, all that was brilliant and dazzling in female attire, everything gay and graceful in the accompanying accessories.

It seemed as if the eye of the master delighted to dwell on the rich draperies and soft laces he so well knew how to bring out on his canvas, and which he thoroughly studied in all their combinations and arrangements. The beautiful costumes which we admire to-day in some of the stately portraits of our grandmothers' times were the result of his combined taste and study.

He had theories and principles about female attire that were carried out with a scrupulous elaboration, whose effect heightened the charm of the picture. The rose, the jewel in the hair, the string of pearls around the throat, were no accidental arrangement, but according to principles of taste which he thoroughly understood. The hair, ornamented in harmony with the full dress of the period ; the fall of lace, shading the roundness and curve of the arm, were perhaps unimportant details in themselves, but conducing by their nice adjustment to the harmonious effect of the composition. Added to these, he delighted to place his

subject among kindred scenes : sometimes we catch a glimpse, in the distance, of garden or mansion ; or at others of the fountain and the grove, the squirrel, that favorite of his brush, the bird, and the spaniel, — all treated with equal grace and felicity.

His male portraits have a severer dignity and gravity, as becomed the sex. Happily for his taste, rich and brilliant velvets, satins, and embroidery, point-lace cuffs and frills, had not in his day been forced to yield to broadcloth and beaver. The art of the coiffeur and the dignity of powder and wig, even *rouge*, it is whispered, left their trace on some of the statelier forms of the colonial court. At that epoch the love of dress was not accounted a weakness, and confined to the female sex ; we have only to consult the pages of the gossiping Boswell to learn, among other instances, the emotions of pride and pleasure with which the heart of the genial Goldsmith swelled beneath the folds of his peach-bloom velvets. Even Copley, as we shall find later, from his own confession, in a letter to his wife from Genoa, was not indifferent to the attractions of velvets and laces. Copley's critics complain, perhaps with justice, that with all his skill and finish there is a certain hardness and coldness especially in the flesh tints of some of his portraits, as well as in the expression ; but, if we allow the fault, we must remember the uncongenial atmosphere in which he worked, and in many cases the Puritan models before him, the primitive habits and the intolerance of social and religious life, so

ill suited to the temperament of the artist, and the uncompromising strictness of the theological discipline which in his day was in full force in New England. These external causes, so at variance with his own impressible nature, had undoubtedly an influence on his pencil.

He delighted, in after-life, in giving his family anecdotes of the early days of Boston. One fine spring morning, having gone into the country on Sunday, he was accosted by one of the "selectmen" of Boston, as they were called, who insisted upon taking him into custody for the violation of the Sabbath; and he was only allowed to return in freedom to his home on the plea that his avocations confined him so closely during the week that, on account of his health, he was obliged to take a greater amount of air and exercise on the seventh day. Lord Lyndhurst in his old age used to inquire jestingly whether "more liberty of conscience than of limb was still permitted in New England."*

According to his own statement of his artistic life, Copley received no instruction, and never saw a good picture till after he left America; he dwelt so often on this subject that his words made a deep impression on the memory of his children. The following extract from a letter from his son, the late Lord Lyndhurst, dated London, 1827, in answer to a gentleman asking for information concerning Copley's career, proves conclusively how

* A gentleman was arrested near Boston a few years ago for trimming vines in his back yard on Sunday morning.

completely his success in his art depended on his own unaided genius and perseverance:—

“Considering that he [Copley] was entirely self-taught, and never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age, the circumstance is, I think, worthy of admiration, and affords a striking instance of what natural genius, aided by determined perseverance, can accomplish.”

Again, in a passage from one of Mrs. Copley's letters, to be introduced presently, she says, in confirmation of this fact: “It was his [her husband's] own inclination and persevering industry that brought him forward in the art of painting, for he had no instructor.” I have cited these passages, deeming them conclusive on the subject, because various artists have been mentioned as his early teachers. Among others Smibert has been named; but as he died in March, 1751, when Copley was only thirteen or fourteen years of age, it appears impossible that the latter could have profited to any extent by the instructions of that eminent portrait painter, who, though in his youth only a house painter in Edinburgh, became so distinguished as to attract the attention of Horace Walpole, by whom he is honorably mentioned. He came to this country in 1728 with Dean Berkeley.

We have, unfortunately, but little record of the youth or early manhood of Copley. The usual story is told of his beginning to draw at a very early age, with the first materials he could lay his

hand upon, when other boys were engaged in sport or in learning to read and write. It appears, however, from family tradition to be literally true that he commenced in the nursery, and that the coarse drawings on its walls and the rough sketches in his school-books, for which he was often reproved, were the dawning of his genius. From the same source it was whispered that he inclined, at this age, to the "*realistic*" school of coloring, and persisted in painting the sea crossed by the Israelites of the deepest and most brilliant shade of red! Quiet and shy by nature, he loved to retire, unheeded, to muse over his own fancies, and to pursue by stealth his favorite employment, during his school-days. Thus his uneventful youth, even his early manhood, slipped noiselessly away, till we find the matured man and artist, ready for the career which he had deliberately chosen at the early age of seventeen.

His step-father, Pelham, died in 1751, leaving his widow in her humble abode in Lindel Row, near the upper end of King Street, as it was then called, under the care of her sons. How tenderly and carefully Copley fulfilled his share of the trust we find from passages in his letters, in which he mentions his unwillingness to leave his aged mother as an objection to crossing the Atlantic; and again, in his provision for her comfort when circumstances finally induced him to do so.

From such sources of information as we possess it is certain that whatever excellence he attained in his art was mainly due to his unremitting in-

dustry, commenced in his early youth, and pursued, with undeviating constancy, to the end of his long life, — for death snatched him away with the brush and the palette still in his grasp. The genius which can hardly be denied to him would have been alone powerless to carry him on.

Careful and separate studies, not only of the principal heads and forms, but of the accessories and minutest details, were diligently studied from nature; of the former innumerable specimens remain. Repetitions of the heads, all portraits, of the members of the House of Lords in "The Death of Chatham," and of the English and Hanoverian officers in "The Siege of Gibraltar," were sold at high prices at the sale of his works, on the death of Lord Lyndhurst, in 1863. Beside these, a large number of designs in various materials, pen and ink, chalk, pencil, or color, with notes and remarks in his own writing on the uniforms, coats of arms, flags, ships, localities, etc., etc., with other points of minor importance, attest the care he bestowed on the most trifling details. It was also his habit to paint and highly finish in oil a small picture of any great work he proposed to undertake; and rarely do we find any divergence from the treatment of the subject in the first instance, so carefully did he consider and elaborate his design at the commencement.

Of "The Death of Major Pierson," justly considered the work upon which his fame as a historical painter must rest, there remains the original sketch, as it was called, but, in fact, a finished

picture of smaller proportions, as well as another of "The Siege of Gibraltar," — both purchased by private gentlemen, in London, at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's effects. Even in portraiture, when carried on to grouping, he followed the same practice with unwearied patience; portions of "The Family Picture," one of his finest works in its own branch of art, are repeatedly reproduced, with slight variations, though there exists no finished picture of the whole, in *color*, as of that of "The Three Princesses," a work of surpassing beauty, at Buckingham Palace, representing the youthful children of George III. in various attitudes.

The scene is a garden, with a vista, through which are seen the towers of Windsor Castle, with the flag of England waving above; fruit-trees and flowers, parrots of brilliant plumage, and pet dogs of singular beauty and grace, give life and spirit to the group; the youngest girl in a garden carriage holding the little Sophia by the hand, while the eldest (Mary) is gracefully bearing aloft a tambourine, to which she is keeping step, for the amusement of the little princess (Amelia), of some two or three summers, who, with her gay trappings and little bare feet, forms the central figure of the group. You can almost feel the warm breath of summer through the garden landscape, and hear the merry voices of the children.

This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785, and called forth much ridicule for the variety of detail and fancy introduced into what is apt to be a prosaic subject, — royal por-

traiture. Posterity has forgotten the strictures, and is content to admire and enjoy one of the gayest and most exquisite works of art, in its way; and what is lovelier than the fair, fresh faces of children at play, whether prince or peasant? It was painted at the request of the queen, and engraved by the accomplished Bartolozzi.² The small original picture was sold, with the rest of Copley's paintings, for about three hundred guineas. He was indebted for the commission to West,³ who, on being consulted by George III. as to a good artist for his children's portraits, warmly recommended Copley. Such untiring pains did he take to do justice to the group and to his own genius that he is said to have so thoroughly worn out the patience of the little princesses that representations were made to the queen, by the attendants, that Mr. Copley should be requested to shorten the time he exacted for his work. She, however, wisely declined to interfere.

In 1858 I attended a court ball at Buckingham Palace, which circumstances made a memorable occasion. I was there with many of Copley's English grandchildren. The pageant was a regal one, and deeply impressed me with the grandeur and splendor of the scene. The elegance of the company, the rich jewels flashing from every form, the delightful music, and the variety of the national dances, English, Scotch, and Irish, performed by the young and noble, with appropriate costumes and music, all powerfully affected my imagination. The dignity and grace with which the queen, at-

tended by the prince consort, the type of knightly bearing, followed by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, swept slowly down the spacious halls to the supper rooms heightened the effect.

By the admirable arrangement by which all confusion is avoided in London on these occasions, we were patiently awaiting, in the cloak-room, our turn for departure, when my eye was accidentally attracted to the large picture of "The Three Princesses." I was entirely ignorant of its position. Though eye and mind were equally fatigued, and drowsiness had usurped the place of pleased attention, fancy awoke in one moment, responsive to the magic touch, with a throng of memories, — slumbering, not forgotten, memories! "Yes," it whispered, "this must indeed be the original of the engraving which hung over the chimney-place of my mother's⁴ chamber in Boston."

How I and my brother and sisters delighted to climb up and sponge the glass which covered the plate, and to gaze on those beautiful forms, at ages not far from our own! The glossy and frolicsome spaniels, which we liked, perhaps, better than the beautiful princesses themselves, were especially our delight. The tambourine, that curious instrument, borne aloft by the eldest of the sisters, had been a mystery unquestioned by our young minds.

Here, in the royal banqueting-room, so grand and distant from the simple home of my childhood, through one link, my grandfather's painting, so familiar, the queen's palace and my mother's cham-

ber were brought in thought together. Marvelously beautiful the picture looked in this great hall, illumined by a thousand lights, the remains of the banquet scattered and broken on the tables beneath, while groups of tired guests, like myself, loitered around, careless alike of all on the walls or of the spectators, only awaiting the announcement of some old historic title. "The Duke of Northumberland," "Earl Percy," "Lord Dudley," "Lord Warwick," "Lady Essex," etc., etc., reached the ear. Was the scene *real*, or only a dream, or, possibly, a page of Hume recited from a distance, of which the half-oblivious ear was catching the far-off sound? Thus has this beautiful picture been stamped on the memory certainly of one spectator, who lovingly attests its beauty and grace.

With the remembrance of that festive scene graver thoughts present themselves, and bring strange contrasts to the mind: Copley, an exile, though a voluntary one, from his native land; the laborious and brilliant career of the artist, ending in disappointment and poverty, to be succeeded by that of the more distinguished son, with a legacy of debt and responsibility nobly redeemed; grand and great-grandchildren whom Copley was never destined to know face to face, — guests in many a princely hall, adorned by the works of his genius, in company with those who had never dreamed of other than an English home and name.

But to return to our subject. That Copley was not only unwearied in perfecting his work, but

that he sadly tried the patience of his sitters by his minute care and thorough fidelity to his subject, endless anecdotes, beside the former, might be adduced in proof. To this care and fidelity, however, we owe much of the value of his portraits, in which we trace an individuality and character, which are the distinctive merit of this branch of art.

He was so entirely absorbed in his canvas that he required a friend to accompany the sitter to keep up a flow of conversation and produce the animation which was to be brought out with his lines and colors. No persuasions, no complaints of fatigue, nor want of time, could induce him to hurry or neglect the most unimportant detail. The particular hue and tint of texture, even, were carefully studied, and compared with the colors on his palette; after hours of patient labor had been given, the unfortunate sitter would often return to the painting-room to find every trace of the preceding work obliterated, and the faithful artist ready to recommence, without a sigh of regret for lost hours.

It was his rule to keep a list of the pictures he painted; this was preserved by his family for a long time, but, unfortunately, is now lost, having, by some inexplicable casualty, fallen into the hands of an old family servant, who, according to his own confession, ignorant of its value, committed it to the flames.

In later years, when speaking of the disappointments and infirmities of his father, Lord Lynd-

hurst said that the moment he took his brush in hand everything was forgotten in the interest of the work before him.

In 1760 Copley sent, without name or address, an exquisite portrait of his half-brother, Henry Pelham, known as "The Boy and the Flying Squirrel," to Benjamin West, a member of the Royal Academy, with the request to have it placed in the Exhibition Rooms. On its reception, unaccompanied by name or letter, the American artist, then high in royal favor, exclaimed, with a warmth and enthusiasm of which those who knew him best could scarcely believe him capable, "What delicious coloring, worthy of Titian himself!" Being puzzled as to the unknown painter, he could only say that the picture must be the production of an American, as the wood on which the canvas was stretched was the pine of the New World, and the squirrel such as is found only in its Western forests. The letter, which did not arrive till some time after the picture, showed that West was right.

For the information of those unacquainted with this beautiful picture, we must describe it in a few words, as its excellence as a work of the highest merit established Copley's European reputation more than a century ago, and confirmed it at the International Exhibition, at Manchester, in 1862. It is a portrait, life-like yet ideal, of young Pelham, half-brother of the painter, to whom Copley was most tenderly attached, and whose health and improvement in the art which he himself so dearly loved he watched over with the tender solicitude

of a parent rather than the affection of an elder brother.

In the picture, the boy holds the squirrel by a chain on the table before him, and has a dreamy, abstracted gaze; the handsome face and graceful form, in the dress of the last century, — so much more picturesque than that of the present day, — and the various accessories are treated with the happy blending of the familiar and the imaginative that belongs to the highest order of portraiture. The richness of the coloring and the beauty of the execution are alike remarkable. Henry Pelham can never be forgotten while the beautiful portrait by Copley is preserved, or indeed his own miniature of his uncle, Mr. Clarke, is in existence.

Many of Copley's letters from Italy, now lost, but referred to in those to his wife, still in existence, were especially intended for the instruction of this young man, — instruction, indeed, that was not in vain, for the name of Henry Pelham appears in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy in 1778 as an exhibitor of the following works: "The Finding of Moses," "A Portrait of a Lady," in miniature, "A Portrait of a Gentleman," also in miniature; again, the next year, of "A Frame with four Miniatures, two in water-color, two in enamel," — all beautifully painted. A particularly interesting character in his youth, handsome and talented to a rare degree, Pelham subsequently went to Ireland, and became agent for Lord Lansdowne's estates in that country; there he married, as we learn by Mr. Singleton's letter, a Miss Butler, by whom he had twin

sons. The family letters give some later information about him: he abandoned painting to his more persevering and gifted brother; of one of his sons we know nothing, but, according to Mrs. Copley, the other received an appointment under the British crown, early in this century, in the West Indies, where he died soon after his arrival.

The picture of "The Boy and the Flying Squirrel" was admitted to the Exhibition through West's influence, as it was contrary to the rules of the Academy to place on its walls any picture by an unknown artist. We know well what West said; we can but faintly imagine what the younger man felt, while awaiting the verdict of public opinion. That opinion of its beauty and excellence as a work of art influenced the course of his future life. The attention and admiration excited by it were such that the friends of the artist wrote most warmly to persuade him to go to England for the pursuit of his vocation, and West extended to him a hospitable invitation to his own house. Long and anxiously he deliberated upon this step, one of infinitely more difficulty and uncertainty than in our day of rapid travel; he was finally decided by the danger of giving up full and lucrative employment for the chance of neglect and want of appreciation, together with and by the necessity of separation from his aged mother, to whom the passage across the Atlantic was too serious an undertaking to be thought of. Accordingly the project was postponed, not abandoned.

This was the zenith of his success in portraiture,

for, according to his own estimate, his best portraits were painted in America, and so highly did he value his early productions in this country that he endeavored to purchase such as could be obtained, after his residence and fame were established in England. The execution of such works, under the circumstances, must ever be considered a wonderful fact in the history of painting.

We have but scanty records of his life until November 16, 1769, when he married Susannah Farnum, daughter of Richard Clarke, a wealthy merchant of Boston, U. S. A., and agent for the East India Company for their trade in that town.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIED LIFE.

1769-1774.

MRS. COPLEY'S ANCESTRY. — "WINSLOW FARM," AFTERWARD OCCUPIED BY DANIEL WEBSTER. — HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER. — BOSTON HOME, AND COPLEY'S WORK THERE. — SYMPATHY WITH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. — DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND IN 1774. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY. — KIND RECEPTION IN LONDON. — DEPARTURE FOR ITALY.

WITH this union Copley's career of prosperity and success in his art was confirmed, and so much influence did this lady exercise, most unconsciously, over the future life of the artist that any record of him without some account of her would be very incomplete. Her mother, the wife of Richard Clarke, was Elizabeth Winslow, who was married May 3, 1732, and died September 3, 1765. She had fourteen children, seven girls and seven boys, of whom Mrs. Copley was the ninth child and fifth daughter.

She inherited from her mother what every native of New England would esteem the fairest birthright, a lineal descent from Mary Chilton, who came from Portsmouth, England, 1620, in the Mayflower, and, according to tradition, was the first woman to set foot on our shores, having

domestic economy, the fulfillment of social duties, and the management of the youthful members of the family. How nobly she executed her trust can be best learned from the testimony of her children; they cherished her in life with singular tenderness, and revered her memory.

From a crayon sketch, by no means one of his best, taken by Copley early in their married life, and more particularly from "The Family Picture," painted at a later date, it is evident that she possessed much personal loveliness, especially the high forehead and finely arched brow so dear to the artist. Her character was in harmony with her person. She appears to have been one of those rare women in whom the moral and mental qualities, joined to deep sensibility, are so nicely balanced that they exert the happiest influence over the home circle; cheering and enlivening without dazzling it.

The tie between the artist and his wife was peculiarly close. We constantly meet her familiar lineaments through the whole course of Copley's works: now Mary by the manger, with the Divine Infant at her breast, in "The Nativity;" again in "The Family Picture," his *chef-d'œuvre* in portraiture; and in the fabled scene of "Venus and Cupid," with the pale golden hair bound with the blue fillet; or in the female group in "The Death of Major Pierson," dissolved in an agony of grief and fear as they escape from the scene of carnage and death. Copley is not alone in catching inspiration from the woman of his choice; but few women can

so fully have contained the power of imparting inspiration as Copley's wife. This estimate of her character is strengthened by the perusal of a long series of family letters, still extant, commencing in 1800, to a dear and absent daughter in America, and continued, in uninterrupted succession, to the death of the writer in 1836, more than twenty years after that of her husband. It is from this source that the subsequent facts of this sketch are principally drawn.

The locality associated with the married life of the artist was a solitary house in Boston, on Beacon Hill, as it was then termed, chosen with his keen perception of picturesque beauty; his prophecy has been fully verified, that the time would come when that situation would be the favorite site for the homes of the wealthy. After the lapse of more than a third of a century, we find him fondly looking back to that early home of his married life; his last days were embittered by the reflection that it had slipped from his grasp, during his absence, through the incompetency of the agent to whom he had intrusted his affairs. Here Copley followed the practice of the art he so dearly loved, and for which nature had so generously endowed him; here his best portraits, scarcely inferior in stately grace and exquisite finish of drapery, and in the introduction of those accessories that make a picture of a portrait, to the masterly productions of Vandyck, were painted before he had scarcely heard the name of the old Flemish master.

Let us linger a few moments over that modest

home of art where we can imagine the artist, during the long summer twilight, gazing upon the unbroken outline of the distant Blue Hills, or on the beautiful water view, unobstructed by modern edifices, and on the low line of the horizon as it faded into obscurity or brightened into the starry light of night. In after-years his thoughts fondly reverted to this early home, — his “farm,” as he called it, — which extended over eleven acres of what is now the most densely populated portion of his native town. Even he, perhaps, could hardly have told what brilliant conceptions rose to his busy fancy on this favorite spot, or what dreams of fame and fortune beyond the seas; all we know is that here he dwelt and worked, with what success we have only to ask the many portraits that hang in New England homes or adorn the luxurious mansions of our crowded cities. Colonial dignitaries of church and state, graceful women and lovely children, have left form and feature on his canvas, which holds now the reality, while the originals are less than shadows. Excepting a visit to New York, in 1771, there are few events to relate of our artist’s early professional career, and of that visit few details remain; miniatures of General, then Colonel, Washington, and of some other persons of distinction of that period, were painted by him in that city, and are still in existence.

At length the time arrived when Copley could no longer resist the desire to visit Europe, and behold the works of the great masters of his art. Leaving his aged mother, his favorite brother, his

wife and children, of whom his son, the future Lord Chancellor, and two daughters survived to a very advanced age, he embarked for England before the conflict with the mother country commenced, not because of his royalist tendencies, as some of his biographers have asserted, but simply to perfect himself in his art; for Copley's sympathies and judgment were enlisted on the side of liberty and independence during his whole life, as passages in his own and in his friends' correspondence conclusively prove.

His father-in-law, Mr. Clarke, a man of eminence in the community, being agent for the East India Company, as already stated, and a man of remarkable integrity and honorable character, was, on the contrary, a royalist in the fullest sense of the term, and in politics the father and son-in-law "agreed to disagree." Even when party discussions ran high, as they did in those troublous times, the harmony of the family circle was never disturbed. How much this was owing to the influence of Mrs. Copley those who knew her can best imagine. Her father, to whom was consigned the tea, the obnoxious tax on which so infuriated the people, was forced to flee, while the tea was thrown into the sea by the mob disguised as Mohawks.⁷ He went to Canada, and thence to England, some of his family remaining in that country to the present day; the rest of his life was passed with his daughter and son-in-law in London. Until his death, at the advanced age of eighty, he received a pension from the British crown, his own property having

been confiscated by the American government on his leaving the country.

Copley embarked for England June, 1774, in the ship —, Captain Robson, and after a short and pleasant voyage of twenty-nine days landed at Dover. The best account of his visit to Italy and of his own feelings is preserved in his letters to his wife: primitive in expression and full of sensibility, they give a deeper insight into the heart of the writer than the most lengthened analysis; from time to time we detect the satisfaction of conscious genius which breaks forth while contemplating the miracles of art which he beheld for the first time.

His letter upon his arrival in England contains a heartfelt expression of gratitude for a safe voyage, and delight at “the grateful sight of land.”

In one of July 11, 1774, the day after he reached London, he writes to his wife, as follows:—

I have scarcely seen anything yet of this superb city, though what I have seen convinces me that I was not mistaken in its grandeur. The country through which I passed yesterday is surpassingly beautiful, and I cannot but infer, from what I saw, that Mr. L—— was greatly mistaken when he said that we in America were saints and angels compared to those who inhabit this country; for it is certain that good fences there will not secure the property of the farmer from being trespassed on in the most shameful way, while in a distance of seventy-two miles of the most public road in England, only wide enough for two carriages to pass, you see a succession of fields of grain, beans, grass, etc., without either fence or hedge to protect them, yet not a spear of

either is trampled upon any more than if the trespass would bring immediate destruction on the offender. Every house, with the ground around it, however small and humble, is as neat as possible ; really, in comparison with the people of this country, in the way of living, we Americans seem not half removed from a state of nature. Nor do I find the traveling dear : the whole expense of coming seventy-two miles only amounted to three guineas, my food being as good and well served as any gentleman could wish, and my carriage as comfortable as any chariot in Boston, the horses equally good and well driven by the postilion ; all are changed every stage.

I visited the Cathedral at Canterbury, built by four Saxon kings ; it is a very curious building, and contains several monuments no less so.

July 21st, he continues : —

I have just returned from Mr. West's house, where I took tea ; he accompanied me to the queen's palace, where I beheld the finest collection of paintings I have seen, and, I believe, the finest in England. I also went to Greenwich Hospital, a magnificent building, and to the Park, which has all the beauty the most lively imagination can conceive of ; the ladies made such a show [this to his wife] that it was almost enough to warm a statue and to endue it with life. I have also been to Vauxhall, and seen the ladies assembled, though not in such numbers as later in the season. I went on board the queen's yacht, and here such a profusion of rich ornament presented itself as cannot be described. This is the ship that brought the queen, wife of George III., from Mecklenburg to England ; the cabin is lined with crimson damask ; bed the same. But it is quite impossible to enter into a description of what I see daily. I have had a visit from Sir Joshua Reynolds,⁸ and from Mr. Strange,⁹ the cele-

brated engraver. Lord Gage¹⁰ is out of town; I have not, therefore, seen him or Lord Dartmouth, but shall be introduced next week to the latter by Governor Hutchinson.¹¹

Sir Joshua was then at the head of the Academy and of his art, and delightful both as friend and companion, and well known in the traditions of the Copley family. He exercised an extended hospitality in London, as well as received it, his house being doubly attractive from the genial influence of his sister, its acknowledged mistress. Copley writes later, "You must not be uneasy at my staying here as late as the 10th of next month, as in consequence I shall have a gentleman to accompany me, agreeable in every respect. Indeed, Mr. West tells me it will be better to remain, and that I shall have enough to do in seeing what will be of advantage. I dine out every day." Thus we find that his reputation preceded his arrival in London.

Again he writes, July 23d, "I have just parted from my brother John; we dined with Mr. Bromfield's cousin, whom you have heard him mention as being connected with Lord North."¹² Copley painted the portraits of both Lord and Lady North. Among the anecdotes of the painting-room, one relating to them excited much merriment, and was handed down for the amusement of a later generation. They enjoyed, if the term may be allowed, the unenviable reputation of being the ugliest couple in England; when it became the lady's turn to sit to our artist, she expostulated

with considerable warmth that "she did not wish to be handed down to posterity as a fright, and that Mr. Copley must do all he could for her." The answer this elicited was never reported. August 17th, he adds: —

My secret is out. I should have mentioned it in my last letter had it not been too uncertain. You remember I wrote you I would not remain to paint any of the king's subjects, but if he should do me the honor to sit to me himself, or the queen, I did not say that I would not paint them. I do not think the delay would lengthen our separation; perhaps it would shorten it. It would give me at once such an introduction to the court as would be of the utmost importance. The gentleman for whom I am to do them (Mr. or Governor Wentworth¹⁸) will allow me to finish them on my return from Italy. I should therefore paint only the heads now, if I am honored with the sitting, which I think uncertain, although Mr. Hutchinson has asked Lord Dartmouth to request it of the king, as a favor by which he should feel much honored and gratified. Lord Dartmouth will make the request, but if it is delayed beyond this week I am determined not to wait in suspense; at the same time I think it would be an honor and introduction that seldom fall to the share of even great artists in so short a time.

No farther mention is made of the project of taking the portraits of the king and queen, though we learn later, by his letters, of his having done so. They are now in the old Wentworth House at Portsmouth.

In the last letter from London, August 25th, he announces his intended departure the next morning for Rome, which was accomplished in company

with Mr. Carter, "a gentleman of forty years of age, who understands the languages and is in the same pursuit that I am. At Rome there are about fifty artists from this city. I shall therefore have associates enough; and this I mention to comfort my friends, as the thought of being alone in a strange country is so disagreeable, but this company renders it ideal."

In the frequent notices of Copley's life, various allusions are made to this gentleman with whom he made his first and only journey to Italy, and much foolish gossip has made its way into print; uncongenial companions they certainly were, and both parties were undoubtedly glad to separate on their arrival at their destination.

From London, Copley proceeded with his new friend to Genoa, passing through Lyons and Marseilles, the route so familiar to his countrymen a century later. He enters into minute details concerning the conveyance, the old French diligence, — *diligence* only in name, — his companions, hotels, and the features of the country, as well as public monuments of interest in France under the old Bourbon rule, before the Revolution and the "Reign of Terror" had leveled to the ground so many of its historical buildings together with its social distinctions. The higher civilization and more cultivated manners of the people made a delightful impression on his mind, and suggested many contrasts with those of his own new country.

His eye was keenly awake to the beauty of the

scenery ; he dwells with enthusiasm on the situation of Lyons : —

Such a prospect [he writes] my eye never before beheld, — such an extended country, so rich and beautiful ! At the farthest reach of sight we could see the Alps very distinctly, rising like clouds above the hills, as well as the mountains of Savoy and Switzerland, and the city under our feet, with the two beautiful rivers, one at the side, the other running through the midst of it.

Very interesting all these descriptions must have been, however prosaic to us, to the quiet family party at home, who absolutely knew as little of Europe as we do at the present day of the interior of the cities of the East ! His impressions on arriving at Genoa are best conveyed in the following letter from that city.

CHAPTER III.

STUDY IN ITALY.

1774—1775.

MARSEILLES TO GENOA. — FINE CLOTHES. — ROME. — THE
“TRANSFIGURATION.” — FEARS FOR HIS FAMILY IN BOSTON.
— NAPLES, AND ITS WORKS OF ART. — POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM. — DESCRIPTION OF THE EXCAVATIONS AND OF
WORKS OF ART.

[To his wife.]

GENOA, *October 8, 1774.*

COULD I address you by any name more dear than that of wife, I should delight in using it when I write; but, how tender soever the name may be, it is insufficient to convey the attachment I have for you.

Although the connection of man and wife as man and wife may have an end, yet that of love, which is pure and heavenly, may be perfected; not that my love is not as perfect as it can be in the present state, but we may be capable of loving more by being more conformed to the infinite Source of love. I am very anxious lest you should suffer by my absence, but I shall make the disagreeable separation as short as possible for my own sake, for, till we are together, I have as little happiness as yourself. As soon as possible you shall know what my prospects are in England, and then you will be able to determine whether it is best for you to go there or for me to return to America. It is unpleasant to leave our dear connections; but if, in three or four years, I can make as much as will render the rest of our life easy, and

leave something to our family if I should be called away, I believe that you would think it best to spend that time there; should this be done, be assured, I am ready to promise you that I will go back and enjoy that domestic happiness which our little "farm" is so capable of affording. I am sure you would like England very much; it is a very paradise; but so I think is Boston Common, if the town is what it once was.

I left Marseilles the 26th of September, and reached Toulon on the 28th; this is a fine seaboard, the best in France. We arrived there about sunset, and meeting four English gentlemen of the navy, with whom we were immediately acquainted, we went with them all over the place, spent a pleasant evening together, and retired to our several apartments, — for we all lodged in the same hotel, — and at five o'clock the next morning continued our journey, and arrived at Antibes on the 30th.

From Marseilles to that place the country is a paradise; olives, figs, pomegranates, grapes, oranges, lemons, almonds, etc., cover the whole face of the country. We saw the Alps, near us, rising far above the clouds, and in many parts covered with eternal snow, although the weather not many miles from them is as warm as it is with you in June. They seem not more than three or four miles from Antibes, which is a very pretty fortified town, with a good harbor.

We sailed from thence in a small boat to Genoa, which we reached in less than three days. We were rowed almost all the way, keeping so close to the shore that we could talk to those who were on it, leaving the boat when we wanted anything. The coast, which Harry will show you on the map, is very delightful, the land rising from the beach very suddenly to an astonishing height. The hills are like a continued garden from the bottom almost to the top, towns and villages being interspersed close to the sea, on the very beach.

The air is very clear, so that when we were at Oneille we could see Genoa very distinctly, even the houses that stand by themselves, though the distance is forty miles and more; but it is very high, on the side of a hill, and the buildings are very white. From the same place we could see Leghorn distinctly, which is across the Gulf of Genoa.

Of all the places I have yet seen, Genoa has the preference. I am happy to be so near the end of my journey; though not fatigued, I am impatient to get to work, and to try if my hand and my head cannot do something like what others have done, by which they have astonished the world and immortalized themselves, and for which they will be admired as long as this earth shall continue. Genoa is a lovely city; the streets are paved with flat stones and very clean; the buildings extremely high, and enriched with sculpture, painting, gilding, etc. If I should be suddenly transported to Boston, I should think it only a collection of wren boxes, it is on so small a scale compared to the cities of Europe, — and much greater remain to be seen. Rome will make Genoa, even, seem small, if I mistake not.

We arrived here yesterday, at noon, took lodgings, and amused ourselves the rest of the day going about some parts of this lovely place, and making some purchases, as it is filled with all kinds of rich merchandise.

I judged it best to take advantage of so good an opportunity, and purchased a suit of clothes for the winter, which I can send to Rome conveniently from here. Perhaps it may amuse you should I inform you what I have bought. I will tell you, then. I have as much black velvet as will make a suit of clothes; for this I gave about five guineas, and about two more for as much crimson satin as will line it. This is the taste throughout Tuscany, and to-day I bought some lace ruffles and silk stockings.

I cannot but wonder how cheap silks are in this city ; the velvet and satin, for which I gave seven guineas, would have cost fourteen in London. . . . You see how I spend my money, but it is necessary to attend to dress, and not displeasing when business does not interfere. I hope ere long to see some returns for the money I now spend.

I believe you will think I have become a "beau," to dress in so rich a suit of clothes, and truly I am a little tintured ; but you must remember that you thought I was too careless about my dress. I wish to reform from all my errors, and particularly from those that are the most painful to you. I have your happiness so much at heart, I would do anything to give you pleasure.

Last evening I went to the play, and this morning to see the paintings in the palace of the Marquis Francesco Maria Balbi, and was much entertained for several hours with the sight of the works of the greatest artists the world has produced ; also to some churches, where there is such a profusion of paintings, sculpture, and rich ornament of various kinds as is not in my power to describe. To-morrow I shall again begin the same business of feasting my eyes.

I visited a church this afternoon which the Turks began ; but the Genoese conquering the city, they finished as a temple to God what the Turks had begun as a mosque to Mahomet. It is very magnificent indeed. I shall not tarry more than three or four days, at farthest, in this place, as I grow more and more impatient to reach Rome. I shall go from this to Leghorn, where I promise myself the happiness of meeting your letters. . . . I am constrained to observe that the people of the places through which I have passed are so obliging, so attentive, so ready to render all kinds of civility, that they set an example to the people of our province worthy of imitation. This civility is pleasing to the receiver, and so

little expense or trouble to the bestower that I think it a pity that mankind should neglect to cultivate such a — what shall I call it? I will style it “fashion.” I think it one of the best the French and Italians have.

[To his wife.]

ROME, *October 26, 1774.*

I am now safe in this city, and the reflection that you will receive pleasure from this intelligence is very agreeable to me. I was very happy to find on my arrival a letter from you, dated as long ago as the 19th of July; it was of great value, though it contained some unpleasant facts. I find you will not regret leaving Boston; I am sorry it has become so disagreeable; I think this will determine me to stay in England, where I have no doubt I shall meet with as much to do as in Boston, and on better terms. I might have begun many pictures in London, if I had pleased, and several persons are awaiting my return to employ me. Mr. Wentworth will keep his commission for the portraits of their majesties for me. But to give you the trouble of crossing the sea with the children makes me very anxious. As for my property in Boston, I cannot count it anything now. I believe I shall sink it all; it is very hard, but it must be submitted to. . . . I fear my estate will be greatly injured by the soldiers having the hill; however, it may be of little consequence. I wish I had sold my whole place; I should then have been worth something; I do not know now that I have a shilling in the world. I arrived in this grand city day before yesterday, and have seen some astonishing works of art, of which, in my next letter, I shall give some account, for Harry's benefit in particular.

I have seen the Vatican, in which palace there is computed to be at least eleven thousand rooms; some make the number still greater; also St. Peter's, the Capitol,

some of the ruins, especially the Coliseum, together with many of the finest works in sculpture, painting, and architecture; they exceed description. I find the Englishmen I meet so delighted they could spend their days in Rome. I am very fortunate in my time of being here, as I shall see the magnificence of the rejoicing on the election of the Pope; it is also the year of jubilee, or Holy Year. I find myself more at home in this city than I have been since I left England, and doubt not that I shall spend my time very happily, at least as much so as the separation from my dear friends will permit.

The journey has been a very agreeable one, and I trust my future life will be rendered happier by it. You will, perhaps, wish to be informed how the last part was performed. I will tell you. From Leghorn we took a post-chaise and proceeded to Pisa, from thence to Florence; at Pisa we were politely treated by Sir John Dick, the English consul. We reached Pisa in the evening, and left it the next morning, and reached Florence in the evening. At the grand duke's gallery there is a wonderful collection of pictures, statues, bas-reliefs, and gems. At the palace there is a great collection of paintings also, of the best the arts have ever produced: in this the sweet picture of the Virgin with Jesus, by Raphael, delighted me very much, — I mean the one that hung over our chimney; but it would be an endless task to be particular in my description.

From Florence we arrived in this city in three days and a half.

[To his wife.]

ROME, *November 5, 1774.*

. . . By your kind letter of September 5th I am relieved from great anxiety, as we were informed by the London papers that the ships had begun to fire on the town of Boston: judge of my feelings at this intelligence! Although the account was contradicted in the same paper,

I could not but feel very uneasy ; your letter, being two days later, gives me no such account, and would make me very happy except I fear you suffer great inconvenience from the difficulty of collecting the money due me. . . .

I am very fearful that Boston will soon become a place of bloodshed and confusion. Let me entreat you to keep up your spirits, and to use every precaution for your own and the dear children's safety, if anything so terrible should take place. . . .

It is truly astonishing to see the works of art in this city, — painting, sculpture, and architecture in such quantity, beauty, and magnificence as exceed all description. A few days ago, I visited the church containing "The Transfiguration," by Raphael. This picture has been painted nearly three hundred years, and is in good preservation ; it is on wood, and has always been allowed to be the greatest picture in the world.* When Raphael died, it was placed at the head of the corpse, and viewed with astonishment as the work of so young a man, perfect in all its parts, — an immortal monument to him who lay dead beneath it, and who was so soon to be mingled with the dust of the earth.

Raphael died at the age of thirty-seven, and this wonderful picture has stood to be admired and studied nearly three hundred years, and if it meets with no extraordinary accident it is probable it will last many ages to come ; it certainly is a wonderful piece of art. At Florence I saw the statue of the "Venus de' Medici,"¹⁴ which was discovered near Rome ; it has been made nearly two thousand years, yet it is as perfect in all its parts, as clean and fair in its color, as if it had been fin-

* Raphael's masterpiece, as is well known, now in the Vatican, originally painted on wood, was most skillfully transferred to canvas, at Paris, when carried to that city by the order of Napoleon I. For an account of the process see Appendix to the English translation of *The Life of Raphael*, by Passavant.

ished but a day, and so beautiful that one stands astonished to see how marble could be endued with so much appearance of life. I shall always enjoy a satisfaction from this tour which I could not have had if I had not made it. I know the extent of the arts, to what length they have been carried, and I feel more confidence in what I do myself than I did before I came. I hope I shall be enabled to make such a use of my tour as will better my fortune.

[To his wife.]

ROME, *December 4, 1774.*

. . . My anxiety is greater than I can express for you, our dear children and friends. When I reflect on the condition Boston may be in, I tremble for you all; in a state of bloodshed and confusion no one is safe, and I greatly fear the dispute will end in the most fatal and dreadful consequences. We have the English papers every post; they come twice a week in the summer, in winter not so regularly; so I know tolerably well what goes on of a public nature, and sincerely wish you were away from the town till it is in a different state. I observe that uncle Winslow has resigned his seat at the Council Board, and many others, rather than be exposed to the rage of the people. I feel happy that our father [Mr. Clarke] was not one of the Council; it was owing to the prudence of Isaac, though this is not to be mentioned. The trouble you must be in will quicken my return to England, for I feel for you more than I can express. I pray to God to keep you from every evil, and, if general confusion is inevitable, I hope it will not take place till you are in England. It is suggested that Lord Chatham¹⁵ is coming into the administration; if so, the dispute will end speedily in favor of the Americans. But I suspect this will not be the case; it does not look likely that the measures carried on with so much vigilance and seemingly

with so determined a resolution to humble the provinces will be relinquished. However, I may be mistaken; the greatest calms and clearest suns succeed the most violent tempests and blackest skies. When I reflect what a happy people the Americans were, and how unhappy they are at this time, I am much grieved; but I have dwelt longer on the subject than I intended, and shall leave it, for I avoid engaging in politics, as I wish to preserve an undisturbed mind and a tranquillity inconsistent with political disputes.

In Rome there is an agreeable association of English, and they are so much at the English Coffee House that I need not be alone except from choice. I am in new lodgings; my first were taken for a month, but I have fixed on others that please me better. Major Smith's brother introduced me to the gentleman who gave me a letter to Mr. Hamilton, from whom I have received many proofs of friendship. He has chosen these rooms for me; they are opposite his own house; and he supplies all my wants in the most friendly manner. . . .

I rise in the morning about eight o'clock, and go either to the French Academy or to the Capitol, where I study the antique works of art, both in basso rilievo and in statuary;* but the weather grows too cold to remain in the upper apartments, so I think of engaging in a work at home that will cost me about three months' time,—the subject "The Ascension of Christ." I have made a drawing, which has the approbation of all who have seen it. I am encouraged to paint it; Mr. Hamilton also assures me it will please, and advises the same. I believe I shall follow his advice, although it was not my intention to do anything of the kind, were the weather not too cold to study without a fire. It would, however, sur-

* From which he made many studies in pencil, chalk, india ink, neutral tint, and color, many of which were destroyed in the great fire in Boston, November, 1872.

prise you to feel what a difference there is between this and our climate ; although the latitude is the same, the weather is mild, seldom any frost, and the country always green.* . . .

But after seeing every variety of climate, and more of the different countries of Europe than falls to the lot of most men, after traveling through France and Italy, the garden of the world, I am constrained to say that America has the preference.

I hope the people will be sensible of the blessings they enjoy, and make every improvement of them. Indeed, it is their own fault if they are not happy ; I have seen no place, as far as nature is concerned, so calculated to make people so, but a great deal depends on men's conduct. I could wish they were more enlarged in their sentiments ; in this respect England has the advantage, as well as in the cultivation of the soil. Next to her America, in the manner of living, is most agreeable to my feelings ; it is true that everything is on a very small scale, and after seeing the stupendous works I have been studying for many months, if I were transported to Boston, I should think the people lived in huts. The magnificence of the public buildings, palaces, churches, etc., exceeds description, adorned with fine pictures and enriched with such variety, — painting, gilding, carved work, and the richest marbles of every kind. You can see nothing more elegant than the floors of most of the largest churches in Rome.

I suppose Harry is expecting my remarks on what I have seen ; I shall endeavor to make them as useful as I can. I doubt not he has a much better idea of Rubens's painting from what I wrote to him from Paris than he had before. I feel hardly qualified yet to write with precision ; for, although I have been here six weeks, I have

* When a very young man Lord Lyndhurst remembered his father painting this picture, so it must have been finished in London.

not yet been able to arrange my ideas on the works I have studied. It was only last week that I saw the Farnese Palace for the first time, which contains the paintings of Annibale Carracci. Those of Michael Angelo I have not yet had access to, as the apartments are occupied by the conclave. I hope they will come to a choice soon (of a Pope), that I may see the fine paintings which have been the admiration of several generations. I believe that Harry will think as I do, that my mind cannot be ripe to make such observations as he would wish to possess ; but all in good time. . . .

Your situation must be very unpleasant ; the daily expectation of bloodshed must render every thoughtful person unhappy. You have answered a question I asked in my last, namely, "whether you wished me to go to Boston, or if you would come to England : " you seem desirous of the latter. This makes me very happy. . . . Should I now return to America, I should have nothing to do, and cannot think of going back to starve with my family.

[To his sister.]

NAPLES, *January 28, 1775.*

You will wonder, perhaps, I did not mention in my last my intention of coming to this city so soon, but I had no thought of doing so when I wrote to you ; it was a sudden resolution, occasioned by meeting three gentlemen who were coming, whom I joined, and I have found it on the whole better than to have delayed till spring. . . .

We left Rome on the 18th of this month, and reached this the next day, at dark. We passed through many pleasant towns, most of which have been rendered famous by some extraordinary incident : our route was from Rome to Marino, thence to Albano, Genzano, Citerna, Casa Nuova, Piperno, Trajetto, Garigliano, Capua, and Naples. The whole way from Rome our sight was bounded

on the left by the Apennines, which appeared very near from their great height ; as we approached this the climate moderated considerably.

Naples may justly be called "the garden of Italy." As we traveled, we were delighted with many fine groves of orange-trees, laden with fruit, so pleasing to the eye that it might tempt a second Eve to sin, at any cost. A vast variety of flowers are in bloom, and all kinds of vegetables in perfection ; green peas are brought to the table, and, though the month of January, the weather is nearly the same that we have in Boston at the beginning of June. This you may suppose by the oranges on the trees ; these are about as large as our apple-trees, and as much laden with fruit as ours are in a fruitful season, and so delicious to the sight and taste that words are wanting to do justice to a luxury which exceeds all I have seen of the kind.

When within about forty miles of Naples, we saw Vesuvius, sending its smoke to heaven, like a furnace ; but more of this by and by. The city is very large and delightfully situated, but you can have no idea of the dirt ; . . . and the people are as dirty as the streets, — indeed, they are offensive to such a degree as to make me ill. . . . The city is very populous, but not as magnificent as Rome, nor does it abound in works of art. There is little to see in art or nature that is curious, but there is abundance in the neighborhood to satisfy curiosity. I have seen a great deal the few days I have been here, among the rest a large collection of paintings belonging to the King of Naples, about thirteen miles from the city, at a palace ; there is a fine "Holy Family" by Raphael, many pictures by Correggio, Da Vinci, and Titian, — particularly the Danaë by the latter ; it is somewhat damaged, but is a *very* fine work. From this I went to the Catacombs, . . . and on the 27th inst. to Pompeii.

Pliny's letters, which you have read, give a most authentic account of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum; I must inform you, therefore, what state these cities are in now. About fourteen miles from Naples, the country, as well as the road, on the right is level, but on the left the ground rises somewhat suddenly, and continues an irregular ascent to Mount Vesuvius, which is about four miles from this city; from the road, the ground is dug away, nearly level, a little way through this declivity, when it meets that on which Pompeii stood, and at once open to the eye streets and houses which have been buried about seventeen hundred years.

The first buildings are supposed to be barracks for soldiers. They form a square of considerable size; one side and part of two others are entirely cleared, and the earth carried away. The rooms are very neat: those for officers, as supposed, somewhat ornamented and larger than the others; all round, on the inside of the square, a piazza of the Tuscan order, or nearly resembling it. You can imagine nothing neater than these buildings, which are all of brick, and plastered. From these we were conducted to a house, and found all the apartments perfect; this consisted of three stories. We went into the kitchen, where the skeleton of a woman was found; she was supposed to have been washing; some of the bones are entire. Then to several other houses, the apartments of which are as neat as possible, particularly one house of a person of some consequence, in which there is a great number of rooms built around a square court, with a piazza within. The rooms are all plastered as smooth as glass, and painted in an ornamental way with such elegance as would surprise you; almost all are arched and lighted by windows opening to the court, but none on the street; this was common to them all, by which they were as retired as they pleased. The variety of the conveniences about the buildings and the neatness of finish

is a proof to me that the inhabitants were people of great luxury ; there are all the appliances for bathing, rooms for linen, and other things for the accommodation of a family. The floors of the houses in general are composed of beautiful mosaics, as perfect as if finished yesterday. The house just mentioned had an elegant garden ; it is cleared and surrounded with a wall, and ornamented with numerous busts. The cellars were very fine, plastered and painted and corniced, and contained many jars for keeping wine. The cellars were divided into walks, not less than two hundred feet in length and about twelve broad, arched, and lighted on the sides ; in one corner, huddled together, lay the bones of eleven persons, who had placed pieces of timber, sloping from the wall, to protect themselves. The master was found at the garden gate ; he is so supposed by a ring on the finger and some money in his pocket ; several of the family were following at different distances, and, as they were endeavoring to escape, were arrested in the most awful manner, as is conjectured, by an astonishing burst of ashes and cinders, and buried not less than twenty or thirty feet deep. The material in some measure resembles sea-coal, — ashes burnt white, with a large mixture of gravel. The bodies found in the cellar are supposed to be those of the servants, who had recourse to that place for safety. From this, I would like to go on to a description of the Temple of Isis, which is, in many parts, very entire, and as fresh as if but just built ; many utensils, some of gold, were found in it, but a large volume would be insufficient for a particular description of all that is discovered, and yet a very small part is excavated. From this I went through a street, paved with large flat stones : the sides are about a foot higher, for the benefit of foot passengers ; it is about two hundred yards in length, very perfect, and led out of the gate of the city, at each side of which there are smaller passages for people on foot. I

observed the marks of the carriages on the pavement; they are deeply worn, and show that it was laid long before the city was destroyed, for the stone is very hard, and it must have required many years for the wheels of the carriages to wear it into the channels. At the gate is a monument; not far from thence another, with an inscription, signifying that it was erected by the public to some person of distinction.

Two schools have been opened; they are in the form of a semicircle, with one bench for the boys to sit upon, connected with the wall; the master's seat somewhat ornamented, and in the middle of the circular bench. Perhaps you will wonder that I say nothing of the furniture found in the city, but it is all in the Museum at Naples. . . .

I am very sorry the king does not prosecute the clearing of the whole city with the activity such a wonderful place deserves; I have no doubt that the most valuable part has not been penetrated yet, for, although many houses have been cleared, they are those that are at the extremity, as is seen by the gate above mentioned, which led into the city. It is really astonishing to find how perfect these works were at the time they were overwhelmed.

I observed that all the stone, except the marble, that was employed in building the city was the lava from Mount Vesuvius; it is the only material that is now used in the country, as it was when Pompeii was built. The ground above the tops of the houses does not seem to be more, in many places, than three or four feet deep, though in others much more.

I shall now leave Pompeii, and carry you to Herculaneum, the other city that was destroyed by the same eruption; my description of this will be very short, for this subterraneous city lies beneath the town of Portici. As soon as the workmen had cleared one house they had

to fill in with the earth from the next, lest they should undermine what was above, so that there is nothing to be seen but a noble amphitheatre, to which I descended by a short and a long flight of steps. It is about sixty or seventy feet below the surface of the ground, and very entire.

I cannot express by words my sensations on seeing these wonderful scenes, so complete, so fresh, and yet built by those that lived in so remote an age. Many fine statues, quite perfect, as if finished but a day, were taken from this theatre.

[To his sister.]

ROME, *February 12, 1775.*

. . . I have now returned to Rome after a most agreeable excursion. . . . My time being precious, I accepted Mr. Izard's invitation to come back with him and his lady. I must ever think of him with great regard, he has shown me so much friendship. I accepted a seat in his coach, and he insisted upon paying my expenses; he also invited me to accompany him to Pæstum, sixty miles beyond Naples, where there are some wonderful ruins, so old that no authentic accounts exist concerning them.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM ITALY TO ENGLAND.

1775.

PARMA. — HIS COPY OF CORREGGIO'S ST. JEROME. — THE LAOCOÖN AND APOLLO OF THE VATICAN. — MICHAEL ANGELO. — BOLOGNA AND GUIDO'S PAINTINGS. — BEGINNING OF THE AMERICAN STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE. — REFLECTIONS AMID THE PALACES AND RUINS OF ROME. — ARRIVAL OF HIS WIFE AND FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

THE following letter, addressed to Mr. John Greenwood, has been introduced into such accounts of Copley's life and works as have found their way into print, but its interest is much enhanced by its connection with those which he wrote to his wife during the same period. While asking for advice and introductions in furtherance of his object, it enters fully into the feelings of the artist during his residence in Rome, and best shows what impression was made on his mind by the wonderful productions of the brush and chisel in that city.

The copy of the St. Jerome, by Correggio, at Parma, to which he alludes, was a commission from Lord Grosvenor, and most exquisitely executed, notwithstanding the harassing conditions under which it was accomplished; eventually it, or possibly a *replica*, was among the ornaments of his

home in George Street, where it remained until the death of Lord Lyndhurst and the sale of the house.

As we subsequently learn from Copley's letters, his hurried visit to Italy and increasing anxiety about his family and the state of his native land forbade his undertaking any other works, and not only prevented his executing the copy of the Madonna at Florence for Mr. Izard, of South Carolina, with whom he had so much enjoyed his excursion to Naples and Pæstum, but also deprived his wife of her promised picture of the same.

At this distance of time it is impossible to decide, among the many, which particular Madonna was the one desired by Mr. Izard, or promised to Mrs. Copley; probably that afterwards known as "La Madonna del Gran Duca," in Raphael's second manner. It received this title from being the favorite picture of the reigning duke, and was hung in his private apartment; it is said that when the prince left the Pitti Palace this treasure always accompanied him, and that when the last duke left Florence forever his hurried flight alone prevented his carrying it away with him. To this fortunate circumstance we are indebted for the pleasure of admiring it among the other immortal works of its author in the Florence gallery. Copley, however, painted in Rome a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Izard "on one canvas," of which we have information in a letter by Mrs. Copley after the death of her husband; it remained for many years in her possession, but was eventually purchased

by a member of the family, and is now the property of Mr. Manigault, of South Carolina, a descendant of the original of the picture. We are told by Copley how much kindness and generosity he received from Mr. and Mrs. Izard, for which he "must ever think of them with great regard."

ROME, *May 7, 1775.*

JOHN GREENWOOD, ESQ. :

Dear Sir, — Having seen the Roman school, and the wonderful efforts of human genius exhibited in the works of the Grecian artists, my wish now is to see the Venetian and Flemish schools, the latter of which countries at the time of leaving London I did not think to visit; but there is a kind of luxury in *seeing*, as in eating and drinking, and the more we indulge our senses in either the less are they to be restrained. Perhaps you may think an indulgence in the former is not only innocent, but laudable. I would at present wish to think so, and find no great difficulty in bringing myself to this opinion, but for this gratification allow me to request your assistance.

I have not one letter to any person within my intended route, and although I shall not stay long in any place, yet I wish not to lose seeing all the art there is to be seen, and unless brought to the acquaintance of some persons I may miss the material things. I shall therefore take it as a favor if you will furnish me with whatever assistance and advice you may think necessary for me in my way through Flanders, etc. I will give you my plan, and wish, if you think it may be altered for the better, you would be so obliging as to correct it, and give me whatever advice you think best. I propose to go from this city (Rome) about the 20th of this month to Florence; from thence to Parma, Mantua, Venice, Trieste, Innspruck, Augsburg, Ulm, Stuttgard, Mann-

heim, Mayence, Coblantz, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Nimeguen, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Lille, Paris, and London.

The only considerable stay I propose to make on this route will be at Parma; there I expect to remain long enough for this letter to reach you and your answer to return previous to getting to Flanders. I know not where to desire you to direct to me after I leave Parma, but if you will be so kind as to write to me on receiving this, and direct your letter to Parma, I shall be there by the time it reaches that place. I should have been very happy to have seen you in this country, where art is in its utmost perfection. A mind susceptible of the fine feelings that it is calculated to give birth to will find abundance of pleasure in this country; the Apollo, Laocöon, etc., leave nothing for the human mind to wish for; *more* cannot be effected by the power of genius than is happily combined in those miracles of the chisel. After all the praise lavished on them by the various writers that have come within my knowledge I had formed a very imperfect idea of their excellence.

When I have the pleasure to see you, I shall be happy to converse with you on the arts as they shine forth in this country; in the mean time, permit me to request you will make my respects acceptable to your lady, and to subscribe myself,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

[To his wife.]

FLORENCE, June 9, 1775.

A few hours ago I arrived in this city, after a very agreeable journey of four days and a half from Rome. . . . I feel great pleasure in the reflection that I am now so much nearer to you; a hundred and fifty miles makes

some difference, and the reflection that every remove I make brings me still nearer will give you, I know, as it does me, the most pleasing sensations. I wrote you just before I left Rome of my intention of doing so. You must be convinced by my keeping so strictly to the time fixed for my several removes that I shall not extend my tour beyond what I first proposed; I am still uncertain how long I shall stay in this city. I promised to copy the Madonna for Mr. Izard, but I fear I shall be late in getting to Parma should I remain here three weeks. Tomorrow I shall deliver a letter to Lord Cowper,* which is to engage his attention for permission to copy it, but when I see him I may decline doing it. I promised, in a former letter, to paint one for you also; I know you will excuse my doing it if it interferes with my work and my speedy return to England. General Gage's opinion that I should not leave Rome till next spring is judicious, but I shall find means to carry with me the most valuable specimens of art, in casts of plaster of Paris, of the finest works in the world. Had I stayed in Rome till next spring, my whole time would have been spent in the study of the statues; but, by having some of the best in my apartment, I shall always have the advantage of drawing from them, which will be much superior to spending one or two years in Rome. I mentioned in my last that I had purchased a cast of the Laocoön: this is not only the best work of art in the world *now*, but it was esteemed by the ancients the first in point of merit that the chisel had ever produced. Although I had seen fine casts and read Pliny's description, when I saw the original I stood astonished; not that the copies are defective in form, for the models have been made on the original, but there is in marble that fine transparence that gives it both the softness and the animation of real life. The Apollo is

* A relation of the poet, the author of the *Task*, of whom the reader hears much in Southey's *Life of Cowper*.

another wonderful production. After selecting a few of the finest, — for even in Rome the number of the very excellent is not great, — I shall possess all I would recommend an artist to study; for it is not the number that he studies, but a thorough understanding of the best and the principles of art, which can alone make him great.

It is said that Michael Angelo obtained the astonishing “gusto” that we see in all his works from the fragment only of the figure, the “torso” of the body; yet we see the great Angelo in delicate as well as in the most robust figures, and the same genius appears in all that he does, as well in the folds of his drapery as in his “Christ Sitting in Judgment.” I am convinced that a man who is incapable of producing a female figure in an excellent style, when he has only seen the Farnese Hercules, must, in his muscular figures of men, be but a copyist of the Hercules, however artfully he may disguise his theft, — the principle that gives beauty to the different characters, whether it is the beauty of a Hercules or of a Venus, being the same. A thorough knowledge of the human body, with a fine taste to give to all characters the particular forms that suit best with each, is absolutely necessary to the character of a great and original artist. All this, however, is best calculated for Harry [Pelham], and I leave you to communicate it to him, if you please.

It may here be mentioned that, when Copley received the case containing the above-named casts, they were found to be broken into a thousand pieces, from want of proper care in packing, — a disappointment which, in the words of his son, “he never ceased to regret during the whole course of his after-life.”

[To his wife.]

PARMA, *June 12, 1775.*

The day after writing the foregoing, I delivered my letter to Lord Cowper, and he told me he should take the first opportunity to speak to the Grand Duke. But as I judged it might interfere with my copying the St. Jerome, by Correggio, for which, as I told you in my last, I have a commission from an English nobleman, I determined to decline, and acquainted Lord Cowper with my resolution of leaving Florence the next day; not knowing what time it would take to copy this fine picture, I thought it best to secure enough to do it in the best manner possible, as I am to be paid for the copy, when done, as I desire.

I therefore set off immediately, and after a very agreeable journey of six days I arrived at this city the night before last. I did not send my letter from Florence, as I thought you would be agreeably surprised to find me so soon in Parma. This is a great advance towards England, as you will see by the map.

I have my health perfectly, and am going immediately to work. I have seen the picture, and it is very fine. I think about two months will finish the copy; after this, about one more will place me in England. Be comforted; by the time this reaches you, if it please God to give me life and health, I shall be very near England; when there, I shall think myself at home. You cannot more ardently wish to meet me than I do for the happy moment that will again bless me with the possession of so endearing a wife and children. Be not too anxious, for the time will soon arrive.

Mr. Parry, an English artist, was here before I arrived, copying this famous picture, but he will not interfere with me. He introduced me to an engraver in this city, an English gentleman, whose name is Raveneat; he is

very eminent in his profession, one of the Academy, and was knighted by the late Pope. He has been very polite in rendering me all the assistance in his power to settle me conveniently for my stay. It is really extraordinary that everywhere I go I find some persons to whom I am known, or am introduced to in some way or another, so that everything goes on more smoothly than I could possibly have expected; at Florence, Marseilles, Naples, and Rome I found myself known.

When I arrived at Naples I waited on Sir William Hamilton,¹⁶ to deliver my letter from Mr. Palmer, of Boston. I was introduced into a room where there was company and a concert. I inquired of the servant which was Sir William, and delivered my letter. Mr. Izard immediately stepped forward and presented me. Sir William read the letter, and politely said, "Mr. Copley needs no introduction; his name is sufficient to introduce him anywhere." I cannot but say I have been surprised to find myself known in places so distant; I am happy, at the same time, in being less a stranger in the world than I thought. I have found, in every place, persons desirous of rendering such kind offices as a stranger stands in need of, so that I have had none of the inconvenience I might have expected. . . .

I left Florence last Monday, and arrived at Bologna on Tuesday afternoon; stayed there till Thursday noon, then set off for this city, and arrived here on Friday evening, June 16th. It is about three hundred miles from Rome. The road from Florence to Bologna was mountainous, barren, and uncultivated; the Apennines extend between these towns. It was very cold crossing them, but it is astonishing to see the change in the face of the country after leaving Bologna; it is like a richly cultivated garden, loaded with grain, fruit, and vegetables of all kinds, and the inhabitants are clean, healthy and active; in short, it seems almost a different nature. Throughout Rome

and its neighborhood you see the country neglected, and the people dirty and shabby in their dress and houses, and at every twenty yards some marks of superstition, but throughout this tract of country there is nothing of all this. Bologna is a very interesting city; it far exceeded my expectations; there are many fine palaces, churches, and pictures by the Carracci, etc.

Guido¹⁷ shines with a lustre equal to any artist; the pictures in Rome by him give no idea of his genius. I saw one that astonished me, it is so fine: the subject, St. Peter, seated, leaning on his hand, and St. Paul standing by him. The famous picture of the martyrdom of St. Agnes, by Domenichino,¹⁸ is also at Bologna, and merits all the praises that have been bestowed upon it.

At Modena, through which I passed on my way to this city, there are also some fine pictures; but here there is nothing to be seen, except two or three churches with some works by Correggio. The city is much inferior to what I expected; it is fast going to decay, and I shall be very willing to leave it when I have finished my copy.

[To his wife.]

PARMA, *July 2, 1775.*

My last advised you of my arrival in this city, of my health, and of having begun my copy of the beautiful Correggio, since which everything remains in the same condition. I have nothing to add, excepting that I am advanced in my work; it is colored, and I flatter myself with the pleasing idea of making a very fine picture.

The accounts from America make me exceedingly anxious. By a letter from London I was informed, since I wrote you, that what I greatly feared has at last taken place. The war has begun, and, if I am not mistaken, the country, which was once the happiest on the globe, will be deluged with blood for many years to come. It seems as if no plan of reconciliation could now be formed;

as the sword is drawn, all must be finally settled by the sword. I cannot think that the power of Great Britain will subdue the country, if the people are united, as they appear to be at present. I know it may seem strange to some men of great understanding that I should hold such an opinion, but it is very evident to me that America will have the power of resistance until grown strong to conquer, and that victory and independence will go hand in hand.

The letter from London says that the Americans have an army of fifteen thousand men encamped within a mile of Boston, and that it was expected that the town would be besieged. I cannot realize this, as the British troops occupy the neck. I therefore conclude it to be a mistake, but fear that an army may close all the roads and attempt to starve the town, which, though I think they cannot succeed in doing, would dreadfully distress me. May God preserve you from such an evil. . . .

It is not possible to know how you may be situated or to what exposed. But in the midst of these distressing accounts I am relieved by the reflection that you have so many friends capable to advise and ready to assist you; were it not for this, I should be too unhappy to attend to necessary business. It would not surprise me to learn that some of our friends, having thought it best to come to England to avoid the calamities of war, had arrived, and that you were with them. . . .

I am five hundred miles nearer to you than at Pæstum, the farthest point of my tour. By the beginning of August I shall be leaving this city, and shall go direct to England the shortest way; when I am there I shall almost think myself at home. In my last I gave you my route through Flanders, which is the most direct way and varies the scene. I often wish the pleasure of my travels was made perfect by having you with me, but I am happy in being so near my return to England, and

am very diligent in finishing my picture, which is well situated for the purpose.

It is a wonderful piece of art. It was formerly in the church of San Antonio l'Abbate, but was taken thence by the prince and placed in the Royal Academy, for the benefit of artists who wish to copy it. It is in a fine light, and there is a man constantly present, lest it should receive any injury; the master of the Academy is also there a great part of his time. They are both very civil and obliging, assisting in every way they can: this is an agreeable circumstance. The door is opened at eight in the morning, and shut at about twelve and a half o'clock, when I dine, and return at three, and remain till sunset. The Academy is in a palace begun about an hundred and fifty years ago, but it is on so large a scale it was never finished; opposite to the Academy is the Library, and between both the remarkable theatre, which it is said will hold eight or nine thousand spectators; but this I question, though it is immense.

Indeed, the grand buildings in this country are so large that when I have visited them I have measured by my eye on the wall the height of our house, and though you will perhaps think I speak too much like a traveler, yet I must tell you if it were really placed inside it would be like a box a foot square in our sitting-room. In St. Peter's, at Rome, there is an altar of bronze, the pillars of which appear of a very moderate size, although upwards of seventy feet in height. I own I was surprised. To the top of the pediment of the altar is ninety or ninety-five feet, and yet all this makes no remarkable appearance, nor does it seem to occupy much space. I have described but little of Rome because the subject is endless. It is truly a wonderful place; wherever a man puts his foot he is entertained by the pleasure of reflecting on some great event having dignified the spot, or the presence of some great man. Often have I been in rooms

and in churches where Raphael, Michael Angelo, Poussin, etc., have spent much time and trod the pavement on which I stood; in ancient palaces, where emperors of immortal fame have resided. I have been entertained with the reflection that within the walls, which in many parts are perfectly fresh with their ornaments in painting and stucco, such men have lived as Titus, Augustus, Caracalla, Adrian, Nero, Diocletian, etc., some famous for their good, some for their infamous, actions. A multitude of these reflections occupy the mind continually in Rome, and indeed not only there, but in all parts of this wonderful country.

I left off my account of Naples, having occasion to fill my letters with other matters, and could add nothing more unless I repeated what so many writers have accurately related.

[To his wife.]

PARMA, *July 15, 1775.*

The advices I have received from Boston by the newspapers fill me with the greatest anxiety; if you are still in the town I know you are exposed to the greatest danger and inevitable distress. By an Italian newspaper—for there are no others in this place—I was made acquainted with what I feared was your situation, that all the avenues to the town were stopped, and an attempt made to dispossess the troops by withholding from them all sustenance. The inhabitants must necessarily share this misery with them.

While I am in ease and quiet you may want the common necessaries of life. The reflection is too much for me to bear with a tolerable degree of fortitude. I cannot but figure to myself the most frightful ideas of what your situation may be. Again, I think you may be supplied by the ships from Nova Scotia with necessaries; or I flatter myself sometimes that, as you have seen the

storm approaching, you may have left the town, but I am perplexed, and know not what to expect. I should fly to you, but the distance is too great. What will become of my dear mother, enfeebled as she is, if she cannot come? My anxiety will refuse me that peace of mind I should wish to enjoy if she can exert herself sufficiently to accompany you. I shall be doubly happy, and trust God will bless the exertions I shall make to provide for such dear friends. Harry will take care of her on the passage, for I mean he shall not stay behind. . . . Perhaps this letter may decide your wavering resolution to come immediately to London, but when I calculate the time that is necessary for it to reach you I fear it will be too late in the season. . . . I am all impatience to finish in this city and to hurry to England. I find there is a great deal of work in the picture I am copying; my anxiety almost renders me incapable of proceeding with it, but it must be done; it is of too much consequence to throw it up, and if I should it would not bring about the happy moment of our meeting one instant sooner. I therefore endeavor to make myself as easy as I can under the circumstances. . . .

[To his wife.]

PARMA, *July 22, 1775.*

Although but a few days since I wrote, I cannot omit this opportunity of acquainting you that I have just received your kind letter of the 15th of April. I assure you I am and have been extremely anxious about you and my dear friends in Boston. You inform me that you are provided with provisions, which is good news indeed, and that judicious people think that Boston cannot be attacked. I own that I was under no apprehension that it could; my great fear was that you might be greatly distressed for want of the necessaries of life.

I am relieved by your account of the provision you

have made against such an emergency, but will it serve a long time? for, believe me, this is but the beginning of war and the misery of it.

Whoever thinks the Americans can be easily subdued is greatly mistaken; they will keep their enthusiasm alive till they are victorious, if I am not extremely mistaken. You know, years ago, I was right in my opinion that this would be the result of the attempt to tax the colony; it is now my settled conviction that all the power of Great Britain will not reduce them to obedience. Unhappy and miserable people, once the happiest, now the most wretched! How warmly I expostulated with some of the violent "Sons of Liberty"¹⁹ against their proceedings they must remember; and with how little judgment, in their opinion, did I then seem to speak! But all this is past; the day of tribulation is come, and years of sorrow will not dry the orphans' tears nor stop the widows' lamentations; the ground will be deluged with the blood of its inhabitants before peace will again assume its dominion in that country.

The only relief I can now expect from the sad reflections that crowd upon my mind is the hope that I shall see my nearest and dearest friends removed from the calamities that have involved that part of the world; happy should I be, were I assured that you and my dear children were on your passage to England. . . . You are alarmed at my engaging in painting at Rome. . . . I wonder Harry should so err in judgment as to suppose what I did was not a part, and a very necessary one, of my study! If doubts arise in your mind, do not let them make you uneasy; be assured it is my intention to be in England before this can reach you, and to remain there if successful. As to my affairs in Boston, I cannot give any directions about them; consult your friends, and I shall be pleased. . . .

When you think it best to embark, do not wait to hear

anything more from me. Consider well, however, what such a voyage would be in winter ; nothing but absolute necessity should induce such an undertaking. My anxiety will be great for you and our dear treasures on your passage ; do not allow them to be exposed on the deck. In my last letter I mentioned my mother ; I wish I knew whether she would exert herself to venture on such a voyage ; I should be doubly happy to have her removed from the dreadful scenes that must shortly take place where she is. . . .

P. S. I would here renew my instructions to Harry not to suffer himself, for any person, or on any account whatever, to take part in the present dispute. I doubt not he will comply with my wishes ; my reasons are very important. . . . Adieu.

[To his wife.]

PARMA, July 28, 1775.

This day I had the happiness of receiving your letter, informing me of your safe arrival in England. I am doubly happy that I was saved the anxiety I should have endured had I known that you and the dear children were on the sea. I thank God for the great blessing of having safely delivered you from the trying affliction to which you must have been exposed had you remained in Boston, and from the danger of the voyage.

My thoughts are constantly on you and on our children. You tell me you brought *three*, but you do not say which you left behind ; I suppose it was the youngest, he being too delicate to bring. My thoughts were full that you would come, but my dear mother ought not surely to have remained ; I wish I had written to her more pressingly, for no time in the year could be more favorable. I so wish I could gather her and Harry from that miserable place (Boston) ; should I now write, it would be too late in the season before the letter could reach her. . . .

[To his wife.]

COLOGNE, *November 23, 1775.*

I promised in my last letter, which was from Venice, to write when I should arrive at Mannheim; but I reached that place two days sooner than I expected, and my impatience to see you and my children would not permit me to remain more than a few hours.

I reached Mannheim on the twelfth day from Venice, and this on the fourth from Mannheim. I shall set out this morning, and hope to be at Dusseldorf for dinner, and shall remain there for the night, and the next morning proceed on my journey.

I have now traveled in sixteen days near eight hundred miles, and I can say without any inconvenience, except that the roads are very heavy and wet; and as I approach home I find them worse, so that I cannot make a proportionate progress. From this time you must allow me eleven or twelve days. . . . I find such a change in the people and their manner of living that it almost seems as if I were at home, though their language is not such as I understand. . . .

Unalloyed pleasure was not Copley's privilege during his only visit to Italy; private letters and public news, often exaggerated, as we find by the accounts he received of open disturbances before they actually occurred, apprised him of the coming storm. To his anxiety concerning the political condition of America were added his increased fears about the state of his family, his aged mother, his pecuniary affairs, and the uncertainty that hung over his own future home and career.

We know from his own pen what his distress and perplexity were. Though scarcely able to use

his brush, with his usual perseverance, he persisted in carrying forward the copy from Correggio that he had begun, according to high authority (Sir Edwin Landseer) the best ever made. Before finishing it he had the inexpressible happiness of learning, by a letter from his wife, of her safe arrival in England, with her children, *one* excepted, whom she left in Boston.

Perfect happiness is rarely granted to us here, and, in the present instance, we find that Copley severely felt the disappointment of having his mother and favorite brother Harry, with *one* child, left behind. About the latter he expresses much anxiety as to which it was, and for what reason it remained in Boston. It was the infant born after his departure, and too young and feeble to bear the rough passage across the Atlantic; it was left to the care of Mrs. Pelham, and soon after died.

We are indebted to his letters for the account of the most eventful year of Copley's life; we read in his own words how deeply he was impressed by the splendor of the great English metropolis and the rich cultivation of the country, as well as by the higher refinement and greater luxury of an older civilization. The modes of travel, and the little incidents that make up a traveler's experience, and the picturesque beauties of the scenery as they delight a mind keenly alive to their charms, are dwelt upon with a certain quaint simplicity peculiar to that age and to the temperament of the man. But when he reaches Italy we find the self-taught artist, matured by silent study and the

assiduous practice of his art, examining the contents of the famous galleries of Europe with all the discrimination and reliance on his own judgment which the most careful training could impart. So far from being disheartened or dazzled by the productions of the great masters, he appears to have gained greater confidence in his own genius, and encouragement in his career. It is, indeed, little short of miraculous that a man whose study of painting had been confined within the narrow precincts of what was but a humble New England village, in those early days of our infant country, should have been capable of appreciating them and himself as justly as we know he did, from the little we possess on the subject by his own pen; and could, in something of the same spirit, exclaim, with his great predecessor, whose magnificent picture he was engaged upon, “*Auch 'io son pittore!*”

CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN LONDON.

1775-1785.

MRS. COPLEY'S VOYAGE. — FAMILY MEETING. — WORK AT ONCE COMMENCED. — "A YOUTH RESCUED FROM A SHARK." — ORIGIN OF THE PICTURE. — AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BROOK WATSON. — ANECDOTE. — PROFESSOR AGASSIZ. — EXCELLENCE OF COPLEY'S PORTRAITS. — THE "IZARD" PORTRAITS, PAINTED IN ROME. — STORY OF ITS GROUP OF STATUARY; A MOTHER'S CURIOSITY AND A SON'S CUNNING. — LETTERS GIVING THE HISTORY OF THE FAMILY. — THE "FAMILY PICTURE;" HOME LIFE OF THE COPLEYS.

UNFORTUNATELY, none of Mrs. Copley's letters, written at this period and under the perplexing circumstances in which she was placed, remain; we can, in a measure, however, conjecture what her feelings must have been in this trying position, with the storm rising around her, and everything pointing to the conflict for which both sides were sternly preparing. She must have dreaded the danger for herself, and far more for her four young children, — one an infant only a few weeks old, — of remaining alone and unprotected; while, on the other hand, the alternative of crossing the Atlantic with her family was not without its difficulties. She undoubtedly felt an unwillingness to leave "the little farm" on Beacon Hill, endeared to both

as the residence of their early married life, as well as on account of other material interests, and still more the beloved mother and the favorite and only brother of her absent husband. We can easily imagine the long and anxious consultations with friend and kinsman; the vain petitions that Mrs. Pelham should accompany her; and, finally, the melancholy leave-taking from many a near friend, and the last lingering glimpse of her helpless infant.

She could scarcely know, in that painful moment, that she was bidding farewell forever to so many beloved ones, to whom she was bound by a thousand ties of affection and kindred, and that she was never to return to the land of her birth. However she may have felt and thought, as the time of open rupture between the two countries approached, Mrs. Copley decided to make the journey to Europe, without awaiting the arrival of her husband in England; dreading the long separation which civil war would occasion, and well knowing that for many years to come there would be no employment for the most gifted artist in a land exposed to its horrors, and where everything portended the storm that was rapidly approaching. Leaving her infant, which she was afraid to expose to the trials of a sea-voyage, under Mrs. Pelham's care, and which, as before stated, soon after died, she embarked at Marblehead, May 27, 1775, under the care of Captain Callahan, with fourteen cabin passengers, thirty-nine in all on board, including servants and six steerage passengers, in the Min-

erva, the last ship which sailed out of Massachusetts Bay under the British flag.

The vessel was crowded, and it was with extreme difficulty that Mrs. Copley could secure accommodations for her young family. Among the passengers were the ancestors of many of the most respectable American families of New England of the present day, anxious to escape from the evil times that were coming upon their native land.

Great regret was expressed, before leaving, at having so many children added to the already overburdened ship ; but Mrs. Copley always delighted to remember that, on their arrival at Dover, England, June 24, after a passage, unusually short for those times, of twenty-eight days, all the passengers united in saying that her young family had shown themselves as good sailors as any on board, and were the delight of the ship's company, who vied with one another in petting and indulging them.

Mrs. Copley was attended by a young girl, Susan by name, good-natured and thoughtless, with the American beauty of feature and complexion which exposed her to much remark and attention in London, as she attended her youthful charge in their morning walks in the parks and gardens of the great capital.

Thus the transfer of the family of our artist was made, and henceforth London became their home. Mrs. Copley arrived several weeks before her husband's return from the Continent, and she and her young children were tenderly cared for and min-

istered to by her brother-in-law, Mr. Bromfield, and his family. Her father, Mr. Clarke, and his sons followed from Canada; and when the beloved husband and father joined them from the Continent, with his own productions and the treasures he had collected during his travels, we can well imagine the emotions of joy and hope that filled his breast as he gathered them under his English roof in Leicester Fields, his first home, and still standing in that greatly improved locality. The first interview, it is true, must have been one of too deep excitement to be perfect happiness. Much as Copley had enjoyed his tour, and however abundant on all sides the flattering testimonials he had received of kindness and appreciation, he had suffered the keenest anxiety; and the more he delighted in reunion with the members of his family the deeper did he, with his keen sensibility, feel the absence of the friends left in America.

Mrs. Copley had her accounts to give of the distracted state of Boston, the aching hearts, and the cloud that hung over the once envied prosperity of the British colonies. But when this was told, there remained the happy future, the quiet, peaceful English home, with full scope for Copley's genius, and a land which offered every advantage for "the fine girls and boys" of whom he wrote so ardently while at work at Parma on the copy of the Correggio.

His easel was immediately mounted and many fine portraits executed; about this time his first historical picture was produced, if it might be so

termed, "A Youth Rescued from a Shark." The term dramatic is more appropriate, as it represents a scene in which the victim was saved from a most dreadful fate only by prompt and efficient aid.

Among Copley's companions on the voyage to England was Brook Watson, a man in the prime of life, whose lost limb was replaced by a wooden leg. Passengers were few in those days and voyages long, and the time was beguiled by many a legend of truth and fiction; few among the latter could possess more thrilling interest than the account this gentleman gave of the loss of his limb by a shark. Again and again the scene was described and the agony of dread depicted with all the vividness of painful experience, — the awful pause, the swift return of the monster, the almost hopeless deliverance at the latest moment, — till every circumstance of the case was stamped on the artist's imagination with all the fidelity of truth, for the sufferings of Brook Watson, mental and bodily, narrated by himself, gave to them a dreadful reality.

Sketches were taken at the time, and a promise made, redeemed at the earliest possible moment, to represent on canvas the remarkable occurrence, of which the following is an exact account: —

Brook Watson was of a very good family in the north of England, but having lost his parents in early life he was brought up by an aunt, and before the age of fourteen manifested a strong predilection for the sea, which led to the misfortune represented in the picture. He served in the commissary department under the immortal Wolfe at Louisburg in 1758; in 1759 he was established

as a merchant in London, and was subsequently called upon to act as commissary-general to the army in America, commanded by Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester.

On his return from that service he was elected an alderman of the city of London, and one of its representatives in Parliament, and continued a member of the House of Commons till he was appointed to the situation of commissary-general to the army under his royal highness the Duke of York, acting on the continent of Europe. In 1796 he was chosen Lord Mayor of London, and in 1803 created a baronet of the United Kingdom.

He died in 1807, an alderman of the city of London, deputy-governor of the Bank of England, etc., etc.

In those days of bitter political strife Watson of course made himself obnoxious to the opposite party, whose enmity was not appeased by his prosperity, the fruit of patient industry united to calculating prudence. The squibs and jeers which were scattered in such profusion by the notorious Wilkes²⁰ and his associates spared our hero no more than game of a loftier flight, and for many years Wilkes's "Lines on Brook Watson and his Wooden Leg" were handed down with other family traditions to more than one generation. Unfortunately for those who delight in the gossip of the last century, only a few lines linger in the memory of those who remember them in connection with the production of this picture. After congratulating "the luckless wight" that the monster spared his head, while taking his limb, it concludes thus :

" The best of workmen and the best of wood
Could scarce have made a head so good ! "

What could add to the fine irony of this exclamation?

The artist represents young Watson, who at the time of the accident was about fourteen years of age, with long flowing hair, in the water, with an expression of mingled pain and horror. The monster, which has taken off *one* leg, from which the blood is flowing freely, is returning for another bite, when the sufferer with great exertion is drawn into a boat which has evidently gone to his rescue with the greatest speed. The coloring of the whole is soft and rich, and the distant Moro Castle and the harbor of Havana, where the accident occurred, the water, and the expression of the horrified boatmen, especially the man in the bows, and the head of the negro, are very fine, full of action and intense excitement, qualities wanting sometimes in Copley's historical compositions.

This picture exercises a powerful fascination, rarely exceeded, over the spectator, partly from the unusual nature of the subject, — so strange, and yet so horrible, — and still more from the manner in which it is treated, the artist concentrating the interest on the sufferer in the most forcible way. A person rarely could enter the room where it hung without being lost in contemplation of the scene. A house-maid, engaged in her employment for the first time in the room where it was, exclaimed, "I cannot take my eyes off that painting!" — a rare compliment and testimony to its influence over the humblest spectator. It was painted in 1778, engraved by Valentine Green,²¹ and published in mezzotints in 1779.

Besides the one painted for Brook Watson, Copley executed a duplicate, with a few unimportant alterations, which remained in his possession, and was given, many years after his death, by Lord Lyndhurst to a near relative Boston. It is now in the possession of the family of the late Charles Appleton, Esq.; the original sketch, or rather small finished picture in oils, is also in Boston, and the property of the artist's descendants.

Mr. Watson liked to give the following anecdote arising from his misfortune, which must have been so grievous to a youth of an ambitious disposition. On one occasion, being at a country inn in a retired part of England, the servant approached to take off his boot. Watson warned him not to pull too hard, lest he should bring the leg with it. To the inexpressible horror of the man, upon giving a jerk he did find *leg* as well as *boot* in his hand. Recovering somewhat from the shock, when he found that the former might be replaced, he begged earnestly to be told how the gentleman had lost it. Watson promised to gratify his curiosity upon one condition, namely, that he should not ask a second question. When told that "it was bit off," poor "Boots," scratching his head, exclaimed in mournful accents, "How I wish I could ask just one more!"

Professor Agassiz, a visitor in the room where a fine engraving from this picture hung on the wall before him as he sat at dinner, expressed great interest in the subject depicted by our artist, not merely on its pictorial side, but as a proof of the

habits of the shark, which it appears have been much disputed by the students of natural history: one party denying that the monster would attack a living man, the other affirming that it would. Mr. Agassiz belonged to the latter class, and had adduced in proof this occurrence, which he had seen represented on canvas, without, however, remembering where, with all the facts of the case fully authenticated. In later times we have had painful proof in our own waters of the truth of his opinion.

Copley's reputation, however, is principally due to his felicitous portraiture, and especially to large groups and domestic scenes, painted at a later period, of which we find details in Mr. Copley's letters, written at the commencement of the present century: "The Knatchbull Family," "The Fitch Picture," "The Red Cross Knight," "The Three Princesses," etc., all of which deserve particular description, from their artistic excellence and beauty. This great advance in the art of composition in portraiture was not made by our artist until his removal to England, when he had acquired more full appreciation of his own powers.

He had indeed executed many inimitable portraits, half, two thirds, three quarters, and full length, in Boston, of great beauty and variety, with various accessories, all treated with the greatest skill and finish, with the introduction in many cases of a bird, a squirrel, a dog, and indeed often of a child at the mother's knee, but no entire "Family Group" is known. Full-length portraits

of Colonel and Mrs. Lee, signed and dated 1769, are among the finest he ever painted, and would well bear comparison with the most famous by Vandyck. Copley often said, after his arrival in England, that he could not surpass some of his early works. The picture of Colonel Lee, in full dress, to which the artist has done ample justice, represents a very handsome man in the prime of life, and seems ready to start from the canvas. The lady is just returning from the garden, of which a glimpse is shown in the background; her brilliant satin petticoat is full of the fruit she has just gathered. These pictures formerly belonged to the Tracy family of Newburyport, where I saw them many years ago; they were so large that, to be accommodated in the quaint old house of their owners, they were placed on the floor, and reached to the ceiling, seeming to fill the whole room with their presence. It was pleasant to find such treasures hid away in a secluded nook of New England, and to know that the ladies fully appreciated them, expressing much pleasure in introducing their ancestors to the granddaughter of the painter. These portraits were bequeathed to General W. R. Lee, of Roxbury, Mass.

One, however, of this class was painted in the winter of 1774, the only winter he passed in Rome, a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Izard, of South Carolina, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom, he was under friendly obligations for their kindness and generosity. The picture was never claimed by the original, and was taken to England

by the artist, and remained, rolled, in Mrs. Copley's possession long after the death of her husband, when it was purchased eventually by the grandson of Mr. Izard, in 1825. The description of the work by the present owner is quite interesting, and may be found in the Appendix, in letters accompanying the gift of the photograph from which the engraving is taken.

Among the multitude of Copley's works nothing can be finer in its way than the so-called "Family Picture," painted about a century ago, representing the artist, his wife, his father-in-law, Richard Clarke, and his four young children, three of whom survived him to a very advanced age. There is a warmth and beauty of sentiment, especially in the mother and children, of which no mere description can give an adequate idea; while there is a reality and life in the whole group which make the spectator feel that he is admitted into the precincts of home, where words alone are wanting to introduce him to the personages on the canvas before him.

The scene is one of every-day life, and undoubtedly a faithful transcript of the family sitting-room, even in the most prosaic details of furniture, carpet, and hangings. The lady, in the high coiffure, so becoming to her fine brow, with the hair turned back over a cushion, and in the long rich stomacher dress of the time, is seated on a crimson couch, caressing her little son, the future chancellor, who returns the mother's look of tenderness with an expression of childish affection; while on the other side his sister, scarce two years younger, is endeav-

oring to attract her share of the mother's attention. A window draped with a rich crimson curtain, opening on a landscape scene, gives a fine relief to the massive head and person of Mr. Clarke, reminding us in outline and costume of General Washington, as preserved to us in Stuart's²² portraits; Mr. Clarke holds on his knee the infant (Jonathan) of some twelve months old, — particularly noted by artists for the admirable drawing, which gives the attitude and suggests the movements of infancy in perfection, while offering, in age, a fine contrast to the grandfather. The artist, somewhat in the background, holding his palette and brushes in his hand, contemplates the scene with a look of satisfaction. In the foreground stands the eldest child, a girl, in the quaint attire of the last century, and having a comic expression of conscious importance as the oldest of the children.

Of the accessories we must admire the dresses and sashes of the children; the rattle in the baby's hand; the stiff doll in the corner on the floor, with its hard wooden form, so like a doll and so unlike its owner; the hat and plumes, on which the artist has bestowed sufficient care and labor, in the scrupulous detail and finish, for a large composition of the present day; the elegant adornments of the lady, — her plumes, jeweled ring, and embroidered slipper; the full dress of the elder man, — his small-clothes, silk stockings, buckles, and high-heeled shoes. There is something deeply touching and forcibly appealing to the imagination in the associ-

ations that cluster around this work ; for it was devised and executed in the zenith of the painter's genius, at the time when he collected his family around him in their newly adopted English home.

It was placed, by his own hand, in the position it retained for nearly a century, over the fire-place in the dining-room in George Street, drawing away the eye from the social party around his hospitable table to the beautiful group over the family hearth. It was sent by Lord Lyndhurst to the International Exhibition at Manchester, by particular request, in 1862, and pronounced by competent judges to be equal to any, in the same style, by Vandyck, whose picture of Charles I., in the cedar drawing-room of Warwick Castle, it recalls ; especially in the prim little figure in the foreground, which is much in the same position and attire as the central one in that celebrated work.

It was engraved by R. Thew, but the plate was never finished, that artist having died before its completion ; a few impressions only were struck off in an imperfect state, the sketch made for the purpose, in sepia, showing, as well as the engraving, some difference from the picture, in which the artist introduced a heavy crimson curtain in place of the column that was in the original composition, by which change the effect of the whole was much heightened.

Copley sent the sepia drawing to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Greene, early in this century. The picture as well as the sketch are now in his native city, and the property of his granddaughter ; the

former narrowly escaping destruction in the great fire of November 9-10, 1872, having been transported by hand with great difficulty, on account of its size, and placed under the care of a gentleman who kindly offered to harbor it during that calamitous night.

In reference to this picture Mrs. Copley writes as follows to her daughter, Mrs. Greene, December, 1802 : —

We have sent the sketch of "The Family Picture." The print remains in the state in which Mr. Thew left it at his death ; it is so far advanced that it is thought by many it should be finished, but as, at present, everything in the arts is in a quiescent state, it remains for future determination. Should it ever be thought worth while to finish the plate, you must let the sketch cross the Atlantic again ; in the mean time, we shall be happy in the pleasure it affords you and the rest of our dear friends in America. It contains the best likeness of my departed and dearly valued father.

CHAPTER VI.

HISTORICAL PAINTINGS.

1785-1789.

CHANGE IN HIS CHOICE OF SUBJECTS. — HISTORICAL PAINTING. — “THE DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM;” ITS UNIVERSAL APPRECIATION. — REFUTATION OF SLANDERS. — LETTER FROM JOHN ADAMS. — PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ADAMS. — LETTERS FROM JOHN QUINCY AND CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. — THE “DEATH OF MAJOR PIERSON;” COMPLIMENT FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. — “THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR;” VISIT TO HANOVER TO OBTAIN THE PORTRAITS OF OFFICERS. — RUBENS’S PICTURES AT GHENT, BRUSSELS, AND MECHLIN. — THE “SURRENDER OF ADMIRAL DE WINDT TO LORD CAMPERDOWN.” — “CHARLES I. DEMANDING THE FIVE IMPEACHED MEMBERS;” HISTORY OF THE EVENT. — CHOSEN AN ACADEMICIAN. — DESCRIPTION OF HIS LONDON HOME. — TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS. — THE “RED CROSS KNIGHT” AND SPENSER’S “FAERIE QUEEN;” A FAMILY GROUP.

AFTER joining the Academy, on his return from the Continent, we find a marked change in Copley’s choice of subjects and his manner of treating them. West, who had become the court painter and favorite, possessed *one*, at least, of the peculiarities of genius, — the most implicit faith in his own powers. Historical and religious subjects on the most stupendous scale of conception, and of dimensions that would have daunted Michael Angelo himself, offered themselves to his pencil in

profusion, from "Christ Healing the Sick," his great work in the hospital of his native city, to the mystical visions of the Apocalypse.

Stimulated by his success and the taste of the day, and also, undoubtedly, by the studies he had made on the Continent, we find Copley, if not abandoning the humbler paths of portraiture, throwing himself with his usual perseverance into the composition of historical subjects. He had especial felicity in seizing upon the incident of the day for the exercise of his pencil; in none was he more fortunate than in the choice of "The Death of Lord Chatham," both as an event of universal interest in England at that time, and also because it addressed itself to his own political sympathies. Moreover, it furnished the opportunity for preserving many valuable portraits of eminent members of the House of Lords, all taken from life, by one capable of doing them full justice, many of which, besides, were of the greatest historical value. Mrs. Jameson cites this valuable work as an example of what may justly be styled "Historical Painting."

The scene is impressive: the fainting statesman, with the agitated group around, and the disturbance and anxiety of the attendant peers, is treated with dignity, and perhaps as much passion as is consistent with the circumstances under which the catastrophe occurred. At the same time, the uniform color and style of the dress,—the peers being attired in their scarlet and ermine robes,—and the want of variety in the attitudes and action

of the characters, detract somewhat from the interest of the picture, viewed alone as a work of art, however valuable it may be as a record of a scene of deep and universal significance at that time on both sides of the Atlantic.

Great fame was awarded to the artist, whose reputation it permanently established, and in an incredibly short period of time 2,500 large impressions from the fine engraving by Bartolozzi were rapidly sold; moreover, the picture was exhibited, and admired by thousands. A second engraving, of still larger proportions, was undertaken, and the large sum for that day of 1,500 guineas offered and refused for the picture.

In America, as well as in England, the news of Copley's success was received with enthusiasm, and by none was it more highly appreciated than by his aged mother, who, though feeble and suffering, enjoyed her son's prosperity to the utmost, as her letters fully attest.

She writes as follows:—

Boston, *February 6, 1788.*

Your fame, my dear son, is sounded by all who are lovers of the art you bid fair to excel in. May God prosper and cause you to succeed in all your undertakings, and enroll your name among the first in your profession.

Through her medium Copley forwarded an engraving from "The Death of Chatham" to Harvard College, to which she alludes in a letter written in Boston, August 8, 1790: "I sent you the

vote of thanks, by Mr. Winthrop, from the corporation (Harvard) for your two prints, which are greatly admired. I send you now a copy of that vote, lest the other miscarry." *

Personal friends on both sides of the Atlantic vied in expressions of interest and pleasure in the artist's success. The venerable Mather Byles,²³ still remembered in his native town, no less as a wit than a divine, writes: "I delight in the fame you have acquired, and in being ranked among your earliest friends." Again, Mr. Scollay, a compatriot, writes to the artist: "I trust amid this blaze of prosperity you do not forget your dear native country, and the cause it is engaged in, which, I know, lay once very near your heart, and I hope does still," — a testimony to the part Copley took in the political questions of the day, as well as to the reputation he had secured in his career.

It is told that when a countryman of the artist,²⁴ Mr. Watson, entered his painting-room and announced the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, Copley, seizing his brush, introduced a ship in the distance of the picture

* The vote is as follows: That the thanks of this board be presented to Mr. John Singleton Copley for his donation of the copies of his performances to this society; prints so expressive of the passions will ever be esteemed a valuable addition to their collection, especially those which reflect so great honor on the country that gave him birth.

Voted, that Mrs. Pelham be requested to communicate the foregoing vote to her son, and at the same time to assure him that this board will ever esteem it an honor done to this University to have its public rooms adorned with the performances of so eminent a master in his art.

that he was engaged upon, and painted the flag with the Stars and Stripes attached to the main-mast.

Success, however, occasioned envy and rivals. An angry correspondence was commenced by Sir William Chambers, then President of the Royal Academy, reminding Copley that the Exhibition was about to open, and insisting that he owed it to that institution to reserve the picture of the "Chatham" for its walls, instead of making arrangements for some other disposition of the work. Moreover, bitter calumnies were industriously circulated to his injury with regard to the early impressions of the engraving, which, it was affirmed, had not been distributed to the subscribers according to the date of their signature.

Edmund Malone,²⁵ his constant friend, and others of high standing both in art and literature, came promptly to his aid, and proved to the entire satisfaction of the public the following facts: first, that Bartolozzi received £2,000 for the plate; secondly, that the number of subscribers from April, 1780, to August, 1782, amounted to 1,750; thirdly, that 2,438 were taken in all; fourthly, that 230 proofs were struck from the plate; and finally, that the impressions were delivered to the subscribers according to the order of their names. Thus ended this vexatious matter, let us hope without leaving a ruffle on the mind of the artist, whose reputation was extended by the interest taken in its defense by men of such acknowledged eminence.

The following letter from John Adams is of a

much later date than the completion of the picture to which it refers, being written in Philadelphia, January 27, 1793:—

DEAR SIR, — I have it at length in my power to inform you that I have received the two prints of your admirable picture of “The Death of the Earl of Chatham.”

The copy designed for the President of the United States I had the honor to deliver to him, in person; he requested me to make you his compliments, and present you his thanks for your obliging attention. Soon afterwards, he desired me to transmit to you the inclosed letter, which, I presume, expresses more fully his sensibility of your politeness.

The print intended for me I shall preserve with great care, both as a token of your friendship and as a finished monument of “The Fine Arts,” from one of the greatest masters, and as an indubitable proof of American genius. Be pleased to accept my sincere friendship, and remember me to your amiable family and all my old friends, and believe me, with great and sincere esteem, your friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, Esq.

The letter from the President of the United States, referred to in the foregoing from Mr. Adams, is as follows:—

PHILADELPHIA, *December 12, 1792.*

DEAR SIR, — Through the hands of the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Adams, I received, a few days ago, your acceptable present of the print representing “The Death of the Earl of Chatham.” The work, highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it. For the honor

you have done me in this mark of your attention I pray you to accept my best thanks and the assurance of my being, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Among the multitude of portraits executed about this time, a minute description of which would be tedious, a short account, by his grandson, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, of a full-length likeness of John Adams, is of interest:—

BOSTON, *March*, 1872.

Mr. Copley painted a full-length picture of John Adams, which is now in the University Hall at Cambridge. It must have been taken in the months of October and December, 1783, as that was the only time he was in England prior to the arrival of his wife in Europe in July, 1784.

She saw it in London on the 25th of that month, and describes it in a letter of that date to her sister, in the collection I made and published many years ago. It ultimately came into Mr. Adams's possession, but being found too large to stand in any of his rooms, in the mansion at Quincy, a relation of his, the late Ward Nicholas Boylston, of Roxbury, begged leave to take it to his house and keep it there till wanted. It was there I first saw it, nearly fifty years ago. It remained there after the decease of John Adams. As he made no disposition of it, Mr. Boylston, on his decease, left it, by will, to the college at Cambridge, with the tacit consent of the family.

An engraving of the head, in portrait size, from this picture was made in England in 1794, and will be found prefixed to the title-page of the edition of his work entitled "Defense of the Constitution," published by Stockdale in that year. But a much better engraving of the

entire picture was made by my direction, which will be found prefixed to the title-page of the fifth volume of my edition of his life and works, published more than twenty years ago. I have in the room in which I am now writing a portrait of John Quincy Adams, painted by Mr. Copley at a period somewhat later.

I cannot fix the date of it very certainly, but it must have been about 1796. It has never been engraved. I propose to have it done for insertion in the work I am about to publish, as soon as I get relieved from public duty.

There *was* one very lovely portrait of Mrs. W. S. Smith, the only daughter of John, and sister of John Quincy Adams, painted for the latter somewhere about the year 1786-8, and he gave it to her daughter, Mrs. J. P. De Wint, of Fishkill, Dutchess County, N. Y. At her house I saw it in 1836, and there it remained safe for many years after Mrs. De Wint's decease.

But, unluckily, the house has since caught fire, and that portion of it in which the portrait was placed was entirely consumed. The only trace I saw of it is in a small miniature copy taken of it many years ago, which just gives the idea what it was, and no more.

Copley's family often spoke of the beauty of John Adams's daughter, who is said to have been singularly handsome.

Besides the portrait of John Adams, Harvard University possesses the following by Copley, most of them, without doubt, genuine: Thomas Hubbard, given by Mrs. Appleton; Madam Boylston and Nicholas W. Boylston, given by N. W. Boylston; President Holyoke and President Hollis, the former the gift of J. and S. W. Turner; also an

engraving from the "Chatham," presented by J. S. Copley, R. A., and a series of eleven prints from the works of that artist, the gift of the late Gardiner Greene, of Boston.

With regard to the first of the portraits referred to in Mr. Adams's letter, — that of John Adams, — Mrs. Adams writes as follows : —

SUNDAY MORNING, *July 25, 1784.*

I went yesterday, accompanied by Mr. Storer and Mr. Smith, to Mr. Copley's to see Mr. Adams's picture. This, I am told, belongs to him. It is a full-length picture, and a very good likeness. Before him stands the globe, in his hand is a map of Europe, at a small distance two figures representing Peace and Innocence. It is a most beautiful picture.

Many years later John Quincy Adams addressed the following letter to Copley, by which it appears that, though the picture belonged to the artist at the time Mrs. Adams wrote, it afterwards passed into the possession of the original : —

ST. PETERSBURG *April 29, 1811.*

JOHN S. COPLEY, ESQ :

Dear Sir, — A short time before I last left the United States, my father authorized me to dispose of the full-length portrait of him painted in the year 1783, and which has ever since remained with you.

I have consented it should be placed in a large hall of a public building lately erected in the town of Boston. Mr. Ward Nicholas Boylston has undertaken to send for it, and to provide for its transportation from your house, and I have, therefore, only to request that you will have the goodness to deliver it to his order.

It is the only full-length picture of my father, as large as life, that has ever been painted, and perhaps the only one that will remain after him.

Mr. Stuart was engaged by the Legislature of Massachusetts to paint one to be placed in the hall of the House of Representatives, and in pursuance of this engagement he actually took a likeness of the face. But Mr. Stuart thinks it the prerogative of genius to disdain the performance of his engagements, and he did disdain the performance of that.

There is in America no other painter capable of executing a work which I should wish to see preserved, and, considering my father's age, it is more than probable that hereafter your portrait of him will be *unique*.

You will easily judge, therefore, how anxious I am for its preservation. I am happy to have this opportunity, after an interval of many years, of recalling myself to your recollection, remembering with much satisfaction the many pleasant hours that I have passed at your house and in your society in London.

During my last residence, from 1801 to 1809, in America, I was at different times occasionally an inhabitant of Boston, and had frequently the pleasure of seeing your daughter, Mrs. Greene, her worthy husband, and the charming family rising round them.

From her I had often the pleasure of hearing of you and your family in England, until the interruption of the usual communication between the two countries; soon after their restoration, I embarked for this country, where I have resided nearly two years.

But the intercourse with England being suspended here too, I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since I left America. I beg to be respectfully remembered to your lady, and remain, with great regard and esteem, dear sir, your very humble and obedient servant,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Thus we have the history of the full-length portrait of John Adams until its final destination within the walls of Harvard College. We also learn the value attached by his son to the preservation of a work equally valuable from its artistic excellence and as a faithful likeness of a distinguished man, who is so closely identified with the history of American independence. A portrait, as we find, was finally completed by Gilbert Stuart, of whom the writer of the preceding letter speaks so bitterly.

The happiest effort, perhaps, of Copley's pencil, painted for Alderman Boydell, and afterwards repurchased by the artist, is now in the National Gallery, for which it was bought by Sir Charles Eastlake in 1864, for the high price of 1,600 guineas, amid the plaudits of the spectators. It represents the following event, as described by various writers.

The French invaded the Isle of Jersey, stormed St. Helier, the principal town, took the commander prisoner, and compelled him to sign the surrender of the island. Major Pierson, a young man of twenty-four, refused to yield, collected troops, charged the invaders with equal courage and skill, and defeated them, with much effusion of blood, but fell himself in the moment of victory, not by a random shot, but by a ball aimed deliberately at him by a French officer, who fell in his turn, shot through the heart by the African servant of the dying soldier. At the right of the picture is an admirable group of women, one with an infant in

her arms and a young boy at her side, escaping with every sign of distress and terror depicted in attitude and countenance.

One of the greatest compliments ever paid to a picture of this class was the estimate expressed by the late Duke of Wellington, who, while highly admiring it, during a visit to Lord Lyndhurst, said it was the only picture of a battle that ever satisfied him or displayed the reality of the scene, inasmuch as the artist had only attempted to represent *one* incident and but a small portion of the field, — the rest being necessarily concealed by smoke and dust. The people of the island retain a vivid remembrance of this spirited deed, and, in commemoration, show with pride a copy of this great picture.

This picture was finely engraved by Heath, and is worthy of the highest praise, as a noble subject, nobly treated. The original for the large picture is finely executed, and was sold at the same time as the large one to a gentleman in London.

A correspondent in Jersey writes in Galignani's Messenger of January 8, 1881 : —

This island is *en fête* to-day (Wednesday), celebrating the centenary of the Battle of Jersey, fought January 6, 1781, on the last attempt by the French to take possession of Jersey. Landing on the previous night on the southeast coast, under Baron de Rullecourt, the French troops, by a night surprise, got into St. Helier, and made prisoner Major Corbet, the lieutenant-governor, who was induced to capitulate and order the commanding officers of the regular troops and militia to lay down their

arms and submit to the invaders. They all refused compliance, and under the command of Major Pierson, of the 95th Regiment, the attack was made, and the French troops completely routed. St. Helier is gay with flags, banners, triumphal arches, and decorations of all kinds, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails. The centre of attraction is the Royal Square, where the battle took place, where Major Pierson fell at the outset of the fighting, and where Baron de Rullecourt also received his mortal wound.

For a large work, "The Siege of Gibraltar," painted about 1789-1790, for the city of London, and placed in the Council Chamber of Guildhall, Copley was sent to Hanover to take the portraits of four of the generals of that country, who, with those of England, had won their laurels on that sea-washed "Rock." A letter from the good-natured king, George III., in his own handwriting, claiming for the artist and his family every aid, gave him perfect facility not only for the execution of his commission, but for pleasure, in a lengthened visit to a land dear to the student of old German art. His wife and eldest daughter accompanied him. Fresh and entertaining were the anecdotes of that golden time; every gallery of art unlocked its treasures, and every mansion offered a generous hospitality to the painter whom "the king delighted to honor." A tour through the old towns that lay on their route was not the hackneyed thing it has since become, and in after years they delighted to dwell upon what they had seen and so highly enjoyed, and to recall the primitive fashions of that quaint German land.

My mother never forgot her meeting Charlotte, the heroine of "The Sorrows of Werther," on some social occasion. She had, however, outlived romance, except in fiction, and in appearance sadly disappointed the English party. On his return to London, on a visit to his neighbor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Copley mentioned the interview in Hanover with Goethe's heroine. When the former said he had never read "The Sorrows of Werther," and Copley declared himself not surprised, the great painter answered gravely that he felt it a misfortune not to be familiar with such a famous work. There are more permanent records of the journey in an old diary in my possession, in which Copley has entered short notices of the fine pictures he studied at the time, thus: "Ghent, September 1, 1789. We arrived here this morning at nine o'clock. I found but two pictures of any consequence in the city. One is a Crucifixion, by Van-dyck, in the Church of Saint Michael; it is very beautiful, but in a sad condition." . . .

A sketch for "The Siege of Gibraltar" was made large enough to fill one of the windows in the Council Chamber, the figures to be half the size of life. After the arrival of Lord Heathfield²⁶ in England, with other officers who had bravely defended Gibraltar, at the suggestion of the former, the plan of the work was greatly enlarged, necessitating far more study and time. It was engraved by Sharp.²⁷ The original sketch, or rather a small but highly finished picture, is in the possession of Mr. Gregory, M. P., a solicitor in London. The portraits of

the Hanoverian generals, painted in Germany by Copley, of Colonels Hugo and Schleppegull on one canvas, of Colonel Dachenhausen and of Major-General de la Motte, are in Boston, as well as that of General Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield, and now belong to the artist's descendants.

“The Surrender of Admiral de Windt to Lord Camperdown”²⁸ was another event of the day which offered a subject for Copley's pencil. Mrs. Copley writes in 1802, “Lord Duncan has purchased the picture of his ‘Victory,’ — we think through the influence of Lady Mary Duncan. The old lady has indeed shown a spirit and interest in the picture that would do honor to one of the first patrons of art. She said it was a very fine picture; that it ought to be in and remain in Lord Duncan's family, and she did not wish to have it placed in any public situation. She wrote to his lordship on the subject, and he desires to have it sent to him. For this her ladyship has paid 1,000 guineas.” It was well engraved by Ward. Copley also painted a large and splendid portrait of Admiral Duncan, afterwards Lord Camperdown, engraved and exhibited at the Academy in 1798. It remained in the family of the artist till the death of Lord Lyndhurst, when it was purchased by the Honorable H. Duncan, for 246 guineas 15 shillings, at the sale of the effects and pictures in George Street. There was another copy sold at the same time, but rolled.

“Charles I. demanding the Five Impeached Members” may be considered as one of Copley's prin-

cial works. It is in the Public Library of Boston, having been purchased by private subscription. It represents the moment when the Speaker of the House of Commons, William Lenthall, — from a portrait after Sir Peter Lely, — falling on his knees, gives this memorable answer to the king's angry demand whether any of the accused persons were present: "I have, sire, neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am, and I humbly ask pardon that I cannot give you any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." From the nature of the subject, this picture was never popular in England. When it was privately exhibited at Somerset House, for the convenience of their majesties, after a long and ominous silence, the queen, turning to the artist, said, "You have chosen, Mr. Copley, a most unfortunate subject for the exercise of your pencil." However, time, the great healer, must have softened the asperity of political feeling, for the following letter from Mrs. Copley, in answer to one from Mrs. Greene, inquiring the price of this picture, shows that it was much admired by George IV. :—

[From Mrs. Copley to her daughter.]

LONDON, *June 23, 1821.*

In your letter of April last you make inquiry concerning the picture of Charles I.

It is still in our house, in George Street, with the others; there has been as yet no inducement to bring it forward, and the pictures all remain as they were left.

That of Charles I. was borrowed by the gentlemen of the British Institution, the past spring twelvemonth, for their Exhibition, and was much talked of. The king expressed his desire to have the picture; it still remains, and no farther intelligence from his majesty has been received with regard to it. There is no objection to its disposal unless previously ordered by the king. The price fixed for the picture is 1,500 guineas.

Edmund Malone, to whom the artist was under such obligations for his historical aid as to call forth a public recognition of his services, furnished materials for the picture, in a long letter on the subject, — which is given in Appendix B.

[Letter from Lord Macdonald.]

Lord Macdonald's compliments to Mr. Copley. He has seen Mr. Boswell this morning, who says that the picture of Sir Isaac Pennington, on wood, very capital, is at his seat at Thorpe, four miles from Burlington, in Yorkshire. He says "the arts must not be impeded on his account; on the contrary, that the picture shall be delivered, viewed by, or sent to Mr. Copley whenever he shall express a wish to that effect." So says the owner, and may everybody who can assist in perpetuating a transaction so interesting and so worthy of the artist do the same.

Other letters on the same topic are at hand, but no farther proof is necessary to show the fidelity and study bestowed by Copley on the composition of his great historical works; and for his scrupulous search after the highest authorities to which he could gain access for the most minute details, we have only to consult such communications as

these from friends whose acknowledged abilities enabled them to afford him the most valuable assistance; while the freedom and cordiality with which precious works of art were placed at his disposal, and the universal interest evinced in the success of his undertaking, are a testimony to the high and honorable position he had attained both in his art and in society. It was one of the most delightful reminiscences of his eldest daughter when past ninety, in telling the story of her youth to her delighted listeners, to dwell upon the pleasures of this particular summer, 1785, when sky and earth were arrayed in their most brilliant tints. She, the chosen companion of her father, accompanied him to the beautiful environs of the metropolis, fast stretching forth into neighboring vales and forests, to visit one luxurious country seat after another, in search of family pictures, either Cavalier or Roundhead, illustrative of the unfortunate reign of the first Charles. How delightful these excursions were, how hospitable the reception they had, and above all how grateful to the enthusiastic artist the last "Trouve," — perhaps some dark-scowling presentment of the gloomy Vane, or the "long-drawn lineaments of the sanctimonious Pym," — no matter; in the crucible of the artist all is gold, without dross or sediment!

Copley had attained the honors of an Academician; he enjoyed the advantage of having his works engraved by the talented Bartolozzi, Sharp, Thew, Heath, Green, and other eminent artists,

and most enviable was the position he had won by his talents and character in a country which he had sought as a stranger, and whose social institutions rendered that attainment then so difficult. After a short residence in Leicester Fields, where his home may still be seen, he purchased the house 25 George Street, Hanover Square, where he established his family, and where his father-in-law, Mr. Clarke, his wife and daughter, and the future Chancellor of Great Britain, lived and died, all at a remarkable old age,—the inheritance, as it would seem, of the race of that generation. The house was bought of a wealthy Italian, who had built it for his own use a short time previous, and was somewhat different in its internal arrangements from most London homes of that period. Probably that very dissimilarity recommended it to the artist, for nothing can be more gloomy than the customary examples of domestic architecture under the depressing influence of the fogs and leaden skies of the London metropolis.

In the centre was a large, lofty room, of fine proportions, lighted from the ceiling, which offered a most favorable light for the artist's pictures, where, after being exhibited publicly, were hung many of the choicest works which adorned its walls. Adjoining this, at the back, was a smaller apartment, his painting-room, as it was then called; in this Copley's real life was passed. Here the long days of that northern summer, when day so unwillingly yields to night, were spent by him at his easel, till the gathering shades of evening

forced him most unwillingly to lay aside his brush ; but while hand and eye were alike engrossed on the speaking canvas before him, he, like a mightier genius, required the services of his daughter to read aloud the choice productions of the English poets, which furnished many subjects for his pencil. To the charms of poetry he was ever keenly alive, like all finely organized artistic natures, alike to the measure as well as the imagery of the poet, — a sentiment transmitted to his children. I must add in this connection, that when his beloved daughter had attained a far greater age than usually falls to human lot, she would solace the long watches of the night with snatches of song drawn “from English undefiled ;” or, as she sat at her window, overlooking the same beautiful scene which had been the delight of her father nearly a century earlier, she would draw from the recesses of a retentive memory many a line of happy coincidence with the event of the hour.

We can scarcely imagine a more congenial sphere for a man of genius than this London home ; every resource for art, study, and society without ; repose without dullness within. It was the favorite resort, during and after the Revolution, of all Americans of any repute who visited England ; of those who leaned to the doctrines of liberty which agitated the public mind in Europe as well as in America, and also of those who, like the venerable patriarch of the family, considered it no less than a holy command to do honor unto Cæsar. Among these were the Olivers and Hutch-

insons, connections of Mrs. Copley through her Winslow ancestry; many who had been distinguished in the aristocratic circles of the colonial court, like the first minister in his diplomatic dignity, scantily paid and coldly received. There came also those distinguished in art, whether of the Academy or not; many a sketch thrown off in the carelessness of social intercourse is still preserved; among them a pen-and-ink drawing of "Master Copley and his Sister," — the daughter above alluded to, — by Benjamin West, hung on the walls of Lord Lyndhurst's bed-room until the last day of his life.

Numberless anecdotes connected with that home, and many a trait of the remarkable men and women of the last century, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Copley were indebted for acts of courtesy, are treasured up in the memory of their descendants. By the kindness of one of Copley's "sitters," high in rank, when tickets had been sued for in vain by friends, both peers and commoners, a loud London knock disturbed the midnight stillness of the George Street house with the welcome intelligence that two were at Mr. Copley's disposal for seats at the trial of Warren Hastings.²⁹

He and his eldest daughter thus had the opportunity of being present at that memorable scene, and we have had the exceptional chance of hearing it described by an eye-witness, the then Miss Copley, who, to a very advanced age, delighted to dwell on the opening of that gorgeous drama. In full dress they sought, and with much difficulty

gained access before daylight to the seats destined for them in William Rufus's grand hall, where they remained for hours before the case commenced, too deeply interested in the scene to feel a moment's weariness. There, in the presence of all that was noble and beautiful in the land, — the peers, in their robes of scarlet and ermine, with all the insignia of their orders, the peeresses, in full dress, blazing with diamonds, — they listened to that masterly burst of eloquence in which Burke³⁰ arraigned the Eastern vicegerent "in the name of human nature for his high crimes and misdemeanors." Hastings sat unmoved, with every eye fixed upon him, amid a storm of invective which excited the indignation of the assembled spectators to the highest pitch. After all, the suit was dragged on, till all interest was lost in the case and in the man, who ended his life in peace, a simple country gentleman, devoted to his flowers and kitchen garden, while Burke thundered on for years to empty seats and deserted galleries.

The family delighted in recalling to mind the genius of Siddons, the magic spell of whose voice and eye had power in a moment to hush the most excited audience to breathless silence, or to draw floods of tears in "Jane Shore," or the "Stranger," and the frightful reality of her impersonation of "Lady Macbeth;" the wit and grace of Sheridan; anecdotes of Fox, Pitt, and Burke, — all the brilliant characters of that busy age. Again and again they would describe the horrors of the Gordon³¹ riots, beheld from their nursery windows,

bringing up the past as it was revealed to their youthful fancy. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eccentric Barry,³² the erudite compiler and student of Shakespeare, Malone, the cold but gentle West, the gifted and self-indulgent Stuart, Burney,³³ Baretti,³⁴ and a long list of distinguished men were often called up from the long past, as living but absent friends.

No less interesting were the anecdotes treasured up of the refugees and the travelers from the new republic, who came to England when peace and independence were established, many with empty purses and disappointed hopes, to whom services and hospitality were dispensed without stint or measure. Moreover, there were commissions without number to be executed, means for which were meagre and labor great. Under the guise of St. Cecilia was portrayed one of the most beautiful women of America; and in truth, as she touched the chords of her golden harp, with uplifted eyes, the face had almost a seraph's celestial beauty, — *had*, for time or some inferior touch has somewhat marred the early excellence of the work. This picture is a likeness of the first Mrs. Richard Derby of Boston, well remembered for her extreme beauty and charming manners. It is now the property of William Appleton, Esq., of this city. Another very lovely woman, also an American, Mrs. Swan, came to London from Paris soon after the Reign of Terror, arrayed in all the elegance of the French capital, and attracting every eye by her grace and fancied resemblance to the ill-fated Marie Antoi-

nette, as she threaded the streets of London, daintily attired, with a self-possession and assurance which her companions vainly endeavored to acquire, as they were forced, with some diffidence, to attend so conspicuous a dame. Mrs. Adams, a friend and frequent visitor in George Street, would pour her complaints into Mrs. Copley's sympathizing ear, as, stitching on her husband's shirts, in the primitive style of her New England home, she told her tale of scant courtesy from the court, and the difficulty of maintaining appearances in the diplomatic circle on the niggardly salary allowed by the infant republic.

In the picture styled "The Red Cross Knight," painted about 1788 or 1790, we have admirable full-length portraits of Mr. Copley's son and two daughters, represented under the semblance of "Holiness, Faith, and Hope," from Spenser's "Faerie Queen." * Engraved by Dunkarton, as it would seem from some remarks in the family letters, at a later date, this picture is now the property of the gentleman, Mr. S. G. Dexter, of Boston, who married a great-granddaughter of the artist. The grace and freedom of attitude, the rich flowing drapery, falling in large masses, are in Copley's happiest style; and, as full-length portraits of these young persons, in their early youth and beauty, this picture cannot fail to claim admiration, though it might, perhaps, be wished that these graceful forms had taken their position on

* See Appendix C.

the artist's canvas as Copley's children rather than as allegorical characters. Allegory, however, was a favorite form of composition both in poetry and painting at that time.*

* See Appendix D.

CHAPTER VII.

BOYHOOD AND COLLEGE LIFE OF YOUNG COPLEY.

1789-1795.

HIS FAMILY. — EARLY BEREAVEMENT. — HIS SISTERS. — HIS ATTACHMENT TO HIS MOTHER. — HIS DEVOTION TO STUDY. — LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. — DETERMINATION TO SUCCEED. — CRITICISM OF HIS FATHER'S BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE. — SECOND WRANGLER. — SMITH PRIZE. — FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE. — SUCCESS.

THE life of the artist is incomplete without that of the man; that of the man without some account of his family. We have already attempted to give a faint idea of the character of his wife, and must now devote a few words to his children, six in number, three surviving both parents to a remarkably advanced age; an infant, left behind, under Mrs. Pelham's care, when Mrs. Copley sailed for England, died, as already stated, shortly after her departure.

In the autumn of 1785 a dark shadow fell upon the artist's home: Jonathan, whose baby portrait we admire so much in "The Family Picture," and a little girl, named for her mother, Susannah, aged nine years, died of scarlet fever, and were buried, the latter October 30th, and the former November 13th, in the north aisle of Croydon Church, where a marble slab, with the name, marks the spot. A

portrait taken by Copley shortly before the death of this little girl, who, for some reason, is not introduced into the large composition, is in the possession of the present Lady Lyndhurst. The child is represented in a hat, which casts a deep shadow over the brow, without, however, concealing the features, which are full of simplicity and sweetness; there is a sketch of this picture, in colored crayons, in Boston.

In reference to this painful loss, many years afterwards, in a letter to her daughter, Mrs. Greene, on the occasion of the birth of a little girl to be named Susannah, from her grandmother, Mrs. Copley writes, "Pray give my dear namesake an affectionate kiss for me; a wish arises in my mind that she may be an emblem of her thus named, whom I once called mine, but for whom better things were provided."

The death of these children and the agony of grief endured by their mother made a powerful impression on the survivors, who remembered the painful scene with the greatest distinctness to the end of their long lives. The others were immediately removed from the influence of the contagion till all fears of infection were dispelled, and tenderly cared for by a relative of Mrs. Copley, Mrs. D. D. Rogers, then in London. A fine portrait of this lady, in a large hat, recalling the beautiful picture of the "Chapeau de Paille," by Rubens, was painted by Copley, and is now in the possession of her son, Henry B. Rogers, of Boston.

To the end of his life, Lord Lyndhurst would

refer to this great affliction, which he said so powerfully affected Mrs. Copley that she never entirely recovered from the blow; reference to it frequently occurs in her letters, years after the bereavement took place.

The eldest child, Elizabeth Clarke, born in Boston, 1770, was educated at a boarding-school at Clapham, England, and in after years delighted to describe to her own children the severity and hardship she experienced. When older, she became her father's reader and companion in the painting-room, and at the age of thirty left her home and England, having married Gardiner Greene, Esq., a man of high social and business position in Boston, Mass., whom she accompanied to her new home in that city in August, 1800. This was a final separation from father and mother, whom she was destined never to meet again on earth, though she returned to the country of her youth and her affections after a lapse of forty years.

The youngest, Mary, attained the age of ninety-five, the greatest longevity among a family exceptionally long-lived. This lady was never married. Of singular disinterestedness and simplicity, of mild and equable temperament, hers was a life of devotion to her mother and brother, both of whom she survived, the former more than thirty, the latter but a few, years.

The second of the three, and the only son who lived to maturity, John Singleton Copley, Junior, afterwards Baron Lyndhurst, and three times Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, greatly distinguished

himself in a very different career from that of his father. The eminence to which he eventually attained and the noble qualities he displayed in his devotion to his family, whose prop and support he became, while surmounting the difficulties of an arduous profession, invest his character with the deepest interest. His fame belongs to America no less than to the mother country. Here he first drew breath, and received from his American parents the first vivid impressions of early childhood. An English subject, — for he went to Great Britain before the struggle for liberty had commenced, — he was yet a Bostonian, not only by the accident of birth, but by parentage and kindred.

It was remarked, and perhaps justly, at the time of his death, by the organ of public opinion in England, "The Times," that "of no one of equal eminence can it be said that so little has been written and so little is known" of his family and youth. This arose from the fact of his being transplanted from his native shores in early infancy. His parents closely adhering to the land and habits of their youth, their children formed fewer ties of intimacy and friendship beyond the family circle than is generally the case in this impressionable season of life; their affections not being divided among numerous and light-hearted companions, the bond of home was the more close and enduring.

Having enjoyed a season of close companionship with him, "whom to know was to love as well as to admire," and having inherited the traditions of his family, I desire to communicate to those who

feel any interest in the life of his father what I can of the traits of character which so endeared the son to his family, knowing how much the majority of readers can sympathize with the qualities of the heart, when perhaps they would hardly appreciate the abilities which placed him among the most prominent men of his age and country.

Few and indistinct are the memories of his childhood, and outside of the family circle little is known of the early years of the boy born on Beacon Hill, May 21, 1772. It is proverbial that almost all great men owe much to the maternal influence, and that in the close communings between mother and child a tie of affection is formed, stronger and more durable than any other. We like to cherish the belief that the anxieties and aspirations known to the former are rewarded by a firmer and holier bond than any other which binds our humanity together. If this were ever the case, it was certainly so in the relation young Copley bore to his mother. We are told that in childhood no inducement could lure him from her side; he would follow her in her round of daily duty with the most tender affection; and when that beloved parent had, within a couple of years, attained to the great age at which he himself died, the sacred bond was still unbroken,—she idolizing him, and esteeming it the peculiar blessing of her favored lot that her pilgrimage on earth had been protracted long enough to witness that success of which his father was privileged to see only the promise.

Did we dare to tax the patience of our readers, endless would be the anecdotes of that young life, whose spirit was not akin to the visionary, contemplative cast of mind in which nature moulds the artist. Unlike his father, whose life appears to have been one long dream of art, and not having the calm temperament of his mother, young Copley was full of activity and the consciousness of his own rare gifts. Friends from this side of the Atlantic have carried back to him the tales they had heard of his boyish pranks, and how his father would reprove him, and exclaim, "You will be a boy, Jack, all your life!" At which the aged statesman would gently smile, as the memories of his youth rushed on his mind, and answer, "Well, I believe my father was right, there."

He was early destined to his father's profession, and accordingly attended the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Barry, at the Royal Academy. He found, however, he had no inclination to follow in his father's track, though early schooled in his art. He threw off his instructors impatiently, declaring he would not be known as the son of "Copley, the painter;" but it should be, "Copley, the father of the lord chancellor." So early did he prognosticate his own future eminence.

His family would gravely reprove his aspiring spirit, but his mother "kept all these sayings in her heart," and would have felt no surprise had he attained a higher eminence, had such been possible. But with all this daring spirit, the future chancellor early accustomed himself to the

severest mental labor, and every lesson was faithfully mastered, and, even when much advanced in study, carefully repeated to his eldest and favorite sister.

A few years older, she remembered to the last the task it was her duty and pleasure to hear, and the oft-repeated injunction, "No matter whether you understand the text or not; be sure I make no mistake in a single word, or even in an accent!" A letter from Dr. Horne,³⁵ his tutor at Chiswick, says, or rather *said* (for it was destroyed with many other valuable family papers, in the great fire in Boston of November 9 and 10, 1872), "Young Copley improves very much; he is a very promising youth." The boy was indeed "father of the man." At the time this letter was written he was about seventeen years of age, and had already shown wonderful aptness for the acquisition of the exact sciences, and that great mechanical genius which was such a remarkable quality of his mind. Moreover, to the end of his life he had a strong inclination for the study of architecture. On one occasion, he performed the part of a villain in some popular drama; and he delighted to relate, in exulting tones, the exclamation of one of the spectators, that he was sure "Copley must be a most dangerous youth, because he played the part of the bold, bad man so true to nature!"

It is noticeable that from boyhood he was marked out by his family, and still more by his own self-knowledge, for a preëminent rank among his contemporaries, showing that rare gift of dis-

crimination which he exercised as justly on himself as later in life he did on others. When his course at Cambridge was nearly at an end, he wrote to his father that he knew and regretted the disappointment he would feel that he was only "second wrangler." When questioned as to the reason for permitting another to outstrip him in the race for "honors," he simply replied that the fault was in his health, which had failed in a measure by too close application to study. This anecdote shows the high expectations his family had entertained of his talents and perseverance.

No words by the pen of another can give as faithful a transcript of the qualities of young Copley's mind at this date — of his vivacity, his application to study, and his affectionate attachment to his family — as his own letters, of which a few remain, written in the buoyancy of early youth. The following, addressed to his mother when he was seventeen years of age, while under the care of Dr. Horne, at Chiswick, is the earliest one which we have: —

[From the son to his mother.]

CHISWICK, *December 4, 1789.*

"The Pylian sage at length the silence broke." POPE.

I do not mean by this line to imply that I am in any respect like the Grecian sage (Nestor) except merely in interrupting a long silence. Perhaps you will be surprised if I say I have expected a letter ever since my last visit; no doubt you have done the same from me; this I can readily conjecture without much stretch of thought. I have accordingly set pen to paper in order to satisfy

you, expecting at the same time shortly to be satisfied myself, if the old adage be true "Set your bait and you 'll catch fish." I shall make no questions concerning my father's cold, which, from your silence, must have vanished long ago. I shall ask nothing concerning the great picture [The Family Picture], as the group is doubtless already finished. I shall ask nothing concerning my sister's *embonpoint*, as it must require — pray excuse the idea — a summer's heat to melt it down. In fine, I shall make no inquiries, but tell my own news in three lines, — news which merit the pen of a Cicero. Thursday next, at twelve o'clock, is our speaking day; and a few days after, . . . if you wish to hear "Alexander's Feast," *come*; if you wish to hear Pope's "Messiah," *come*; if you wish to hear Greek and Latin prose and verse, *come*; if you wish to hear the thundering of Chiswick orators, *come*; but prepare to smile and clap, fatigued or pleased.

Come, and bring with you all who are of that mind, — I mean within the bounds of your own walls; no strangers can possibly be admitted. Reflect upon eighty fathers, mothers, and sisters, reflect upon the size of our room, and you cannot err. Duty to my father and grandfather, love to my sisters. Your dutiful son.

[The son to his mother.]

No date [but one of the earliest].

I received your letter of the 25th instant, together with the book you sent, and am very well pleased with the opportunity of taking upon myself (by Confirmation) those baptismal vows which were entered into in my behalf by my godfather and godmother, to whom I shall always think myself highly obligated. I am very far from thinking the practice of religion can in any degree interrupt any of the enjoyments of this world, and am of opinion that it not only increases every pleasure, but likewise mitigates every grief. If we have any gratitude for a

favor conferred by a mortal, how much more ought we to have towards our Maker, to whom we owe our existence and everything we enjoy ! If we kneel before a monarch, what should we do when we address Him who formed the universe ! I am, with all respect, your dutiful son.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to his sister.]

CAMBRIDGE, *February 3, 1791.*

“His turns too closely on each other press ;
He more had pleased us had he pleased us less.”

These two lines were intended by their author to characterize the works of Cowley ; they proceed, as you very well know, from the polished pen of Addison.

This elegant critic and agreeable moralist seems to agree in the vulgar opinion that there may be too much even of a good thing. Following the steps of so distinguished a guide, I have reflected that whatever might have been the charms of my company, however I might have contributed to enliven the conversation of the tea-table, or to keep in due exercise the argumentative faculties of your papa, still a constant repetition of these sweets — sweets great indeed — must at length have deducted somewhat from their original power, and made absence, at least for a short time, necessary to forming a just estimate of their value. To heighten the effect of this absence, I have kept my pen for two days silent, pleased with painting to myself the delight that the receipt of a letter, after such an interval, must inspire.

I behold you reading over each line ten times, spelling every word, counting the stops, afraid to arrive at the end : your appetite is already flown. Adieu, draughts ! adieu, cards ! Three nights you lie sleepless ! What snatching to look at it ! What silence during the perusal !

But how can I be so light, when I have just heard related the particulars attending the death of poor Monck !

He had been at supper in the hall. He came out in company with several young friends. One of these happened to be a little overheated with wine, and not being in a condition to study wished to go home with Monck; who, on his part, desiring to be alone, and considering how he might best avoid his companion, concluded that no means would be so effectual as flight. The night was dark. He ran, and in endeavoring to escape, heedless of his road, fell violently against the edge of a copper dial. He struck his temple, and sunk to the ground; he presently after rose, and again fell. He was carried to his room. When he got there he said to the friends who were about him that "he was sure he should die," and immediately began to pray; he was soon after taken delirious, and died the next evening. His funeral was attended by several of his young acquaintances. Monck was a quiet, well-disposed youth, universally esteemed. What a lesson does so sudden a fate lay before us! The conclusions are too obvious to require mention. I am too sad to add anything more. My duty and love I beg you to distribute. Your affectionate brother.

[The son to his mother.]

CAMBRIDGE, *February 26, 1791.*

It is from your goodness alone that I can expect pardon for my late silence; apology I can offer none.

I shall merely hint that the progression of time is so rapid that I am often remiss in attention to my friends, without observing my error. If, indeed, I could suppose that my letters afforded you any proportion of that delight which I derived from the perusal of yours yesterday, I should look upon my silence as wholly unpardonable. And yet you tell me that you daily expect the arrival of the postman with impatience. They are then productive of at least some gratification. It must be so. Away then all study; away every other pleasure except that of

contributing to the happiness of a kind and indulgent parent!

First, then, to speak of myself. I have descended from the attic to the middle story. My room contains eight chairs and two tables commodiously. Not so extremely small, you perceive. Here, according as my inclination prompts, I either turn over the pages of science, or wander through the flowery and less rugged paths of poetry and polite literature. Do not imagine, however, that I am so enveloped in these pursuits as to neglect amusements of a lighter nature; they are in their turn, perhaps, equally important. I am naturally a friend to gayety; I love to see what is to be seen. Sometimes I stroll into the coffee-house to sip my tea, and read the papers by the way, or to write more elegantly. *Apropos*, I find Mr. Paine³⁶ has published his answer to Burke.* I expect to see it to-morrow.

Sometimes I visit my friends, converse with them, or perhaps debate. Yet still, though I love these things, I love them in their season; they are more grateful after a morning spent in study. Study, unless prosecuted with considerable industry, benefits little; some say, not at all.

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
 These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.” POPE.

The same poet goes on: —

“ Oft at first sight with what the muse imparts
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
 New, distant scenes of endless science rise.”

Though it be impossible to arrive at the summit of the hill, let us endeavor to approach as near to it as we are

* *The Rights of Man.*

able. Labor and perseverance overcome many great obstacles, and it must be remembered that the honor which attends the attainment of any object is proportional to the difficulties and impediments with which it is intrenched. I proposed to speak first of myself, but I find I have engrossed so much of the paper that there is no room for company. Duty, love, compliments. Your dutiful and affectionate son.

P. S. I left in town a pair of small knee-buckles, Aristotle's poetics, translated by Pye, a small book in marble paper. I wish for my foils. These could be easily transported hither by the coach which sets off from the Queen's Head, Gray's Inn Lane.

[The son to his mother.]

No date.

So Saturday is to be the great day! Well, I shall prepare for the reception of the celebrated artist. But you have given me no idea with respect to the probable duration of the visit. Only four sheets, I assure you!

"Mr. Copley, shall I have the pleasure to take a glass of wine with you? I saw your father the other day. I dined with him at Lord Carlisle's" (says some one). Yesterday being Sunday, I read my Bible. I am very sorry to inform the Knight of the Brush that Gilgal was above forty miles from the nearest town or city that Saul destroyed in his expedition against Agag; and I wonder that a person of my father's profound biblical information should have committed so unpardonable an error as to reduce that distance to five or six hundred paces.

I have a few words to write relative to Ishmael's age at the time when he was expelled from his father's house [referring to the picture Copley was engaged upon at that time, "Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness"].

(1.) The text says expressly that Abraham was

eighty-six years old when Ishmael was born (Gen. xvi. 16).

(2.) When the new covenant was made with Abraham, he had attained his one hundredth year (Gen. xvii. 1), about twelve months after which Sarah was delivered of Isaac (Gen. xvii. 21).

(3.) Ishmael was therefore fourteen years older than Isaac.

(4.) We may collect from Gen. xxi. 9-14 that Ishmael was not driven from under his father's roof till Isaac was weaned, and it is most probable that the expulsion immediately followed that event.

(5.) At what age was it customary to wean children among the Jews? There are two cases mentioned in the Scriptures that may serve to elucidate this point: in one of which the child was suckled for three years (2 Mac. 7, 27), and in the other it is probable he was not weaned at a more tender age (1 Sam. i., ii. 11). At present, I believe, children are usually fed by hand at the expiration of one year, and it could not well be sooner.

(6.) It is therefore clear that when Ishmael was turned from Abraham's door he was at least fifteen years of age; it is *probable* he was seventeen; it is *possible* he was still older.

If I recollect my father's picture, Ishmael is represented as about twelve or thirteen years of age, and certainly too young. A merciless critic! I pull the girls' caps! Adieu. Very affectionately.

[The son to his mother.]

CAMBRIDGE, MONDAY NOON, *November 10, 1791.*

It has cost me some little time to move from my old lodgings, and to get settled in those which I at present occupy. The first leisure moment I consecrate to you, and sit down to inform a kind mother of my welfare, complying thus with her desire, and at the same time most grate-

fully indulging my own inclinations. Nothing particular occurred on the route, nor indeed has anything worth notice presented itself since; if, therefore, I lengthen out my letter it must be with expressions of that affection and filial regard which glow in my heart, and which no distance can ever diminish, no time can ever impair. Let me entreat that you will often write to inform me of your health and happiness, and of the situation of those various and complex concerns which at present engage and agitate the minds and bosoms of our circle in George Street.

My duty and respects attend all who compose that circle, upon the charms of whose society I cannot look back without regret. Your affectionate and dutiful son.

[Rev. T. Jones to J. S. Copley, R. A.]

TRINITY COLLEGE, 214, *January, 1794.*

DEAR SIR, — Be pleased to accept my sincere congratulations on the very great credit which your son has gained in the late examinations.

The moderators and examiners determined in the senate house that he was the second of the year; namely, in the language of the university, he is “second wrangler;” and this day the vice-chancellor and the professors, after a previous examination, have adjudged to him one of the two prizes of £25 each, left by the late Dr. Smith, for the best proficient in mathematics and philosophy. He has, of late, been very studious. You will, I hope, allow me to participate in the satisfaction which you will feel from his success. I am, dear sir, your faithful, humble servant,

T. JONES.⁸⁷

[The son to his father.]

CAMBRIDGE, 1794.

I write to you in haste to let you know that the examination for bachelor's degree is terminated, and the issue

is that I am *second* wrangler, which, for fear you should not understand the term, means *second* man. Perhaps you will be discontented that I am not *first*, but my health was my only enemy. It is now half past eight, and therefore I terminate. Will write more to-morrow. I am the more pleased at my place as this study has been only adopted by me within these nine months, whereas several of my opponents have been laboring for years. As I predicted, I am *first* in my own college. I am very tired and very unwell.

[The son to his father.]

CAMBRIDGE, *May*, 1794.

I again address you, — the subject myself. The whole business is finally settled. You must know that when the celebrated Dr. Smith, formerly master of Trinity, died he left two prizes of £25 each, to be given to those two persons who should approve themselves the best proficient in mathematical and philosophical studies. This was at a time when the degrees in the senate house were conferred merely by favor or interest. He left it, therefore, as some reward to those who should exert themselves in acquiring that species of knowledge which he thought most deserving of encouragement. The judges were to be the Master of Trinity, the Master of Caius College, the Plumian professor, the Lucasian professor, and the Vice-Chancellor.

Now this examination is about four or five days after the degree of bachelor is conferred. It is this which has confined me in Cambridge, and, I have the satisfaction to say, not without compensation, I having been fortunate enough to get one of these prizes. But it unfortunately happens that this money is not payable till Lady Day, the 25th of March (Annunciation Day); otherwise I should have been already in London. I would make over the sum to you if you would suffer me to draw upon you for

the amount, deducting the discount, and would arrive in town the day after. A thousand little *ticks* (bills) that one had no idea of show their heads when they think it may be the last time of meeting. Expecting your answer, I remain your dutiful son.

Pray excuse so shocking a scribble, but I am tired, and my pen and mind are both worn out.

[The son to his mother.]

CAMBRIDGE, *May*, 1794.

I am sorry you should entertain a moment's uneasiness on my account, and hope this letter will remove every particle of that anxiety which was expressed in your letter of yesterday. If anything did by accident slip from my pen that could give color to the least suspicion of my being otherwise than perfectly well, it is with the utmost readiness I recall it. When I wrote, the contest was just concluded, and I was most excessively fatigued; but one night's rest restored everything. With respect to my not writing in reply to my father's letter, how was it possible that you could receive on Saturday an answer to a letter which did not reach me till Saturday? I expect, my dear mother, to be in town in the course of the week, till which time I wish you all imaginable quiet and happiness. In mean time, believe me to be your affectionate and dutiful son.

[The son to his father.]

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 25, 1794.

After having exhausted almost every species of apology that was ever yet used by a negligent son to his indulgent and kind friends, what new reason am I now to allege for my late long and obstinate silence? Any but the true cause would be insufficient, and I fear that will scarcely insure a pardon. For what will you say when I assert that I have been so closely occupied the whole of this

term that I have scarcely had a moment for my own amusement, and for the gratification of my friends? To advance such a position, unless I could prove it by convincing evidence, would endanger my credit and raise suspicions of my veracity. The first part of this term I was busily employed in preparing for examination, which was to qualify me for the dignity of a scholar of the college. The candidates were numerous, and as seniority was generally very much regarded in the election (I being the *last* entered of my year), I was obliged to supply by some degree of superior merit this deficiency. The result was successful. No sooner was this contest concluded than the preparation for a new one succeeded, — the annual examination of our knowledge in mathematics, Locke, and moral philosophy. This terminated yesterday, and I was unwilling to answer Betsy's letter till I could inform you of my gaining a prize. About half an hour since it was determined, and I was adjudged to be in the first class. This, though it will not atone for my negligence, will, at least, go some way towards gaining a pardon. I shall, I hope, in a very short time have the pleasure of meeting my friends in George Street. It is a period to which I look forward with delight. Give me leave, dear sir, just to hint that the *key* is not come for the college; I cannot stir till it comes. May I beg one for Mr. Jones? I am afraid to let you know that, anticipating your permission, I have had the boldness to draw upon you for ten guineas, not wishing to leave college in debt. The post will *really* go in ten minutes; you will, therefore, be kind enough to present my duty and love, etc., etc. Your dutiful son.

[Rev. T. Jones to Mr. Copley, R. A.]

TRINITY COLLEGE, *October 1, 1795.*

DEAR SIR, — Be pleased to accept my most hearty congratulations on your son's being elected a Fellow of Trin-

ity College. His success is the more honorable as it was obtained the first time of his appearing as a candidate.

As he is not to look forward to any further examination in this place, he will be at liberty to devote the whole of his attention to the study of the law, in which profession his well-known talents will unquestionably insure him success. I am, dear sir, your faithful, humble servant,

T. JONES.

[The son to his father.]

CAMBRIDGE, 1795.

I have the pleasure of informing you that I am just elected Fellow of Trinity College, which I hope will give you and my other valued friends in George Street as much satisfaction as I have experienced myself.

But as there are various oaths of allegiance, supremacy, abjuration, and nobody knows what to be taken tomorrow, it will be impossible for me to be in town before dinner time on Saturday.

In the mean while, I wish you all joy, happiness, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

YOUNG COPLEY'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

1795—1796.

HIS VISIT TO AMERICA. — ATTEMPT TO REGAIN HIS FATHER'S ESTATE IN BOSTON. — ITS SITUATION AND EXTENT. — AGREEABLE IMPRESSIONS OF BOSTON AND ITS WINTER CLIMATE. — FEMALE BEAUTY. — HOSPITABLE RECEPTION. — COPLEY'S HOPE TO RETURN TO AMERICA. — THE SON'S ARISTOCRATIC IDEAS CONFIRMED IN REPUBLICAN AMERICA. — EARLY DIVISION BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH ON THE SUBJECT OF THE TREATY WITH ENGLAND IN 1796. — CALUMNIES OF LORD CAMPBELL.

BECOMING "second wrangler" and "Smith's prizeman," he obtained subsequently the "King William prize," and was appointed a traveling bachelor, and elected in due course a Fellow of Trinity. He improved the opportunity to visit America, with the ulterior view of regaining the family estate on Beacon Hill, owned by his father before leaving Boston in 1774, and where he had passed his married life previous to the Italian tour. This estate, without adequate authority from the owner, through the mismanagement of an agent, had been sold. The object of the visit was a failure, as the following letters will show, and that it was so was a source of bitter and constant regret to the whole family. In after years, and indeed to

the end of his life, Lord Lyndhurst delighted to refer to the scenes of his youth and to the persons he met, and to describe this journey in America, then almost a wilderness, — traveling on horseback to Niagara, through primeval forests, trodden only by the Indian in his pursuit of game; and also to his visits to the principal cities of this continent, just commencing their extraordinary career of prosperity. He was a visitor at Mount Vernon, and spent a week there as a guest of the first President of the young Republic; but he lingered for a longer time at Philadelphia, charmed by a fair face and gentle manner, as he himself tells us in a letter from that city.

This was one of the few dreams of his prosperous life that was not realized, fortunately for his own fame; but his future greatness was not yet thought of beyond the precincts of his home. His life would have been very different and comparatively uneventful had he settled on the land which offered "such a delightful retreat, in the neighborhood of New York." These reminiscences of his youth were always accompanied by a heartfelt effusion of gratitude that his lot was cast in England, — in old England; to London he was especially attached, and used to say that every product known to man, every wonder of art and skill which the civilized world produced, could be found there. The lady who attracted his admiration was a daughter of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania. When asked as to his means of supporting a wife, he was obliged to confess that he had nothing to expect

except from his own exertions, and his overtures were accordingly declined.

Notwithstanding Copley's success in his art, as well as the attainment of an honorable social position and his complete satisfaction in his domestic relations, it appears as if he were constantly sending his thoughts across the Atlantic to his early home. Boston was the point to which the first journey of his son was directed, with a view, it is true, to the recovery of the estate on Beacon Hill; but, besides this object, there seems to have been an ulterior one in Copley's mind, of considering all the bearings attendant upon a return to the country of his birth.

At the period of his son's visit, however, Copley must have felt some unwillingness to venture again upon the uncertainty of a new home, at his advancing age; his son, moreover, had reaped "honors" in his academic course which might well justify his expectation of complete success in the profession he had chosen. It was, therefore, probably a theme upon the possibility of which Copley liked rather to muse, without any serious intention of carrying it into execution. To Mrs. Copley, moreover, the idea of leaving the milder climate and the greater convenience of an English home was not agreeable, as we find in her letters, in which, while she refers to her husband's desire to return to America, she constantly adverts to her dread of encountering the extreme heat and cold of the New England climate.

No sooner, however, had Copley established him-

self and his family in his new home in London than he felt desirous of taking all the precautions in his power to secure the possession of his property in Boston, and with this view addressed the following letter to his friend and Mrs. Copley's kinsman, the honorable Isaac Winslow, a member of the Colonial Court Council : —

LONDON, *March 3, 1776.*

HONORABLE SIR, — By Mr. Clarke I was made acquainted with your having consented to be named in a power of attorney from me, but before I was able to send one to Boston, owing to my detention in Italy so far beyond what I expected, I found it was rendered unnecessary, by the confusion that had increased to such a height as to render every such instrument useless; and until the law again operates in your province, unless you should advise me otherwise, I shall suspend sending you a general power of attorney. . . .

Mr. Clarke mentions no agreement made, but has no doubt I shall be as well paid as any one else, and believes the Colonel will do me the strictest justice. I have the honor of being known to him, and am satisfied he will not let me be a sufferer, if there is any person to receive the rent. I know no one that will do this kindness with so much propriety as yourself. The three houses and the whole of the land have been occupied by the army; I think they will rebuild the fences when they leave the place, but I must request you to obtain that, and the making good everything that may have been injured during the residence of the army there.

I shall not mention any sum for the use of the estate, but leave it entirely to you and Colonel Robinson. Happy to be in so good hands, and truly distressed for your sufferings, I am, honored sir, your dutiful and affectionate friend.

The next letter, written twenty years after the previous one by his half-brother, Henry Pelham, was in answer to one Copley addressed to him, on the eve of his son's departure for Boston, containing inquiries concerning the land on Beacon Hill. It gives a clear and explicit account of its extent and position; the map referred to is the one already mentioned among Henry Pelham's works.

LANSDOWNE LODGE, *September 23, 1795.*

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your letter of the 12th came to me a few days since. I now return you an answer to your several inquiries respecting your land on the Common, in Boston, which I have particularly known for upwards of thirty years, having, when a boy at school, almost constantly bathed at the strand upon the western side of it. But from the time of your purchasing the western part from Mr. Chardon I have been intimately acquainted with it, having twice had it under my care. First, in the year 1771, while you were in New York, when I renewed part of the fences, and, with the concurrence of the selectmen, laid out a broad road from George's Street * to the water, and planted a row of trees in continuation of those in front of Governor Hancock's ground; and, next, in the year 1775, when I inclosed the whole with a Portland rail fence, to replace the former fence, which had been demolished for fire-wood by the troops, who, the winter before, were quartered in Boston.

For your further information, I send you, as above, an accurate map of the grounds, in which the bounds marked with a red line, except in the northwest corner, represent the board fence which had been destroyed by the British troops, and which I replaced with the Portland rail fence.

* Now Hancock Street.

At the northwest corner of the field was a very high, steep cliff of loose, rolling gravel, which made it necessary to run the fence upon the upper edge of it, as represented on the map with a yellow line; this was necessary both for the safety of cattle and for the ease of fencing.

The figures placed near but within the boundary line denote the number of feet in such range of fence, and the figures on the outside of the south, west, and northern boundary are the whole number of feet in each range, without regarding the internal division between the lot you purchased from Chardon and the land you bought from Mr. Williams and others.

The . . . line running from the southern to the northern boundary is the bound between the purchase from Mr. Chardon and from the other gentlemen.

You may rely on the accuracy of the measure of this map. With respect to your right to the land within the limits marked on the above map, I can testify that you were for years in quiet and peaceable and unimpeached possession of all the ground from the river to Mr. Erving's western boundary. I can testify that you had such possession till your leaving the country in 1774; that in the year 1775 I inclosed the grounds on your behalf, and held the possession for your use till hostilities commenced between Great Britain and America, when those grounds were occupied by the British troops for encampment and erecting fortifications.

I also inclose you a part of my map of Boston and the neighboring country, on which your ground is marked with yellow, with a sufficient degree of accuracy to show its relative size and situation in the town. This survey was made in 1775, and the map published in 1777.

I hear with much regret of the death of my worthy friend, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Copley's father, whose character, which was most truly excellent, must ever endear his memory to his surviving friends. I sincerely condole

with them upon an event which must give them great concern, but which his great age must have led them to expect for some years past. I long greatly to hear what success my nephew John has had at Cambridge. I flatter myself it is such as he could wish. In his tour to America, I wish him most sincerely a safe and prosperous voyage, and shall hope ere long to hear of his return to George Street.

I beg my most affectionate regards to Mrs. Copley and my nieces, Elizabeth and Mary, and nephew John, in which my boys join me. I am, my dear brother, very truly and affectionately yours,
HENRY PELHAM.

The following letters, written by J. S. Copley, Junior, on board ship and in America, in 1796, touch upon all these subjects in a far more satisfactory way than any comments upon them could do at the present day. In one we see with what a sanguine spirit he treats the question of settling in America, which presented itself to his imagination in alluring colors. It is probably in remembrance of the temptation he then felt to do so that in later years, when anything led to the reflection, he expressed such satisfaction that his life had been passed in England, — a country undoubtedly more in unison with the temperament and genius of the man, and one whose political institutions were more congenial to his own sentiments. Almost all his biographers have dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that he joined and traveled with Volney,³⁸ the French philosopher and author of "Ruins of Empires." The fact of his doing so made so slight an impression on his mind that the surviving members of the family remember his alluding to

his uncongenial fellow-traveler only as a most troublesome and cowardly companion, saying that nothing but the good nature of the other members of the party prevented their leaving him by the roadside, where he would, in view of the difficulties of the way, throw himself upon the ground, and declare he could not proceed another step. Again, it is said that he met and was much with Louis Philippe, King of France, which is quite possible in view of the "strange bed-fellows" traveling brings us in contact with; but though I met him in Paris, January, 1835, and particularly remember his dining at the Tuileries with that monarch, from the circumstance of his coming to my apartment and saying, "My dear, I wish to borrow your footman to attend me to the palace, because mine cannot speak one word of French!" he never alluded to a prior acquaintance with the king.

Lord Lyndhurst's political enemies seized every opportunity to erect about his name a fabric of revolutionary, nay *Jacobin*, principles, based on the circumstance of the accidental meetings which took place during his youthful journey to a republican land. To these insinuations his own letters furnish the most conclusive refutation; *they* speak for him.

The first from Boston is short, barely mentioning more than his safe arrival, and that he immediately turned his attention to the business of so much importance to his father, which was in fact the principal object of his journey, — the recovery of the estate on Beacon Hill. The next letter,

addressed to his sisters, contains an outbreak of exuberant spirits. It was natural that he should wish to improve the opportunity of going to America, and of studying its institutions as far as so brief a period of time would allow, and to visit the cities and persons of prominence, especially when one considers his family associations and interests; but, on the perusal of these familiar effusions, we shall find that, when political questions are discussed, not a trace of radical or Jacobin tendency shows itself.

[The son to his mother.]

1795.

The Downs being not far distant, and the sea somewhat smoother than it has been for some time, I wish to inform you of our welfare. It is from deck that I write, and about three o'clock P. M. We have had what I call "stiffish" weather. I have not yet felt the least symptom of sea-sickness; I hope to escape it entirely.

We all pray for a northerly or easterly wind, and then, adieu, old England! The Jay is just at hand, and I believe many other American vessels remain still in the Downs; so we have lost no time. Once more, God bless you!

[The son to his mother.]

RAMSGATE, *Friday, one o'clock.*

You will be more pleased than surprised at the date of this letter, if the wind in London blew last night with any proportion of the violence to which we were unfortunately witness in the Downs. Downs, did I say? They bear more analogy to the thorny back of a porcupine than to the softness of a down bed of state. When I last had the pleasure of writing I informed you that we had been driven by the violence of the winds from our

moorings. We soon, however, recovered a new situation, where we lay during the whole of yesterday, not, however, a little harassed by the raging of the winds. About midnight we judged it prudent, from the increasing vehemence of the storm, to let go a second anchor. We had not been long in this situation when the *Jay*, which was something ahead, breaking from her moorings, drifted close along-side, but fortunately without brushing us. She, however, secured herself about half a mile astern. Just as we had recovered from our apprehensions, one of our cables snapped short off, and the vessel, left to the other anchor, drifted from her moorings. We were in much alarm, as it wanted several hours of morning. In drifting, our anchor caught the anchor of a large Danish ship, and we stopped. Owing, however, to this circumstance, we came so near along-side this vessel that for an hour we were very anxious lest we should strike each other. We were within five yards for above the space of half an hour, and the sea exceedingly heavy. We, however, providentially kept clear till we hauled ahead, where we lay till morning without sleep. As soon as light, we contrived to get clear of the Danish anchor, and, getting a pilot on board, we reached this harbor.

Write to me at the King's Head, Ramsgate. I am a great sailor already. I have learned to despise the appearance of heavy seas, and only dread shoals and sands; not a moment of sickness, nor the least apprehension of sickness, since I got on board. When we once get clear of this bad coast, we shall go cheerily. I will plague you with letters. We are buying coals and anchors, and do not stir from here till fair wind. Lane, the captain, says the Downs are as bad as the North Sea. Many vessels have lost their anchors in this, I may call it, equinoctial gale.

[The son to his mother.]

RAMSGATE, *October, 1795.*

You will think that we have left this place, not having received any letter from me this morning, which my former promise must otherwise have led you to expect. I do not know how it was, but somehow or other I omitted it till too late, when I began to reflect upon my violation of faith; you must excuse it. Well, we sail to-day at high water, which will take place at about three o'clock, and, if the weather continues as favorable as at present, we shall soon quit the Channel. But after Mr. Pitt's declaration, are you not persuaded that peace cannot be far distant? I would term his whole speech singular, had we not been so long accustomed to extraordinary declarations from him and his associates that nothing that now proceeds from him or them can excite wonder. I cannot deliver it in his own words, but I think I can give the pith and marrow of it. Attend: The new constitution of France may have been accepted with such a general acquiescence on the part of the people as to lead us to hope that every obstacle to negotiation, as a preliminary to peace, may be at length removed. Is not that absolutely giving up the point? Adieu, and remember me very kindly to my father and my dear sisters. I remain your dutiful son and humble servant.

[The son to his father.]

BOSTON, *January 2, 1796.*

I have an opportunity of writing only one half line by a vessel which sails almost immediately, to inform you of my safe arrival in Boston, at four o'clock this morning, after a tempestuous passage of more than eight weeks. I am this instant going to General Hull, whom I saw this morning. He has written to you upon your affairs at length. Scott has made affidavit that no such verbal transaction as you mentioned ever took place.

The business cannot come on till May. If you can make yourself a subject of the United States you are clear. If otherwise, I am not yet sufficiently informed to say what may be the result if you are decreed an alien; but take courage. I cannot say more than wish my most affectionate regards to my dear mother and my two amiable sisters, and add that they would be agreeably disappointed at a view of Boston. Your dutiful son.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to his sisters.]

BOSTON, *January 21, 1796.*

I was under the necessity of suddenly closing my letters, owing to the immediate departure of the vessel for London. I scarcely recollect the subject I was treating, but every subject that I can start relative to this country may afford interesting matter to you. Even were I to talk about myself I trust you would not deem it entirely stupid.

Well, then, I *will* talk about myself. I am now sitting opposite to a looking-glass, and the thought that immediately strikes me is that, if I preserve my present looks, you will find it difficult to recognize me, upon my return to George Street. Instead of a pale, thin, helpless-looking dog, suffer your mind's eye to contemplate a lusty, rosy, stupid-looking fellow, the son of some Yorkshire farmer, who had never stirred out of sight of his village during the whole course of his monotonous life. Such a being am I, and, in respect to good spirits, I am actually crazy; I never enjoyed three *more* pleasant, I never enjoyed three *so* pleasant, weeks since I was born. What, then, would it be, if my dear friends were present to partake it?

I always thought the influence of climate was powerful; my ideas are realized beyond my most sanguine ex-

pectations. The weather is so cold that you would expect your fingers to drop off, but, at the same time, so clear that you are astonished at its being cold. Never, never, my good girls, was there better sleighing than at this moment; never was there contrived a pleasanter mode of conveyance; never was a situation contrived better calculated to promote sociability. My uncle Clarke is expected shortly, I understand, at New York; I have written with the design of learning the truth of the report; if unfounded, I shall instantly set off for Montreal. The communication is the most easy imaginable. The season of the year is the best adapted for a rapid journey, and in six days after my departure from Boston I hope to be welcomed by my uncle in Montreal. There are in Boston market, daily, sleighs loaded with venison, which come from Lake George and the borders of Canada.

I think, in my last, I talked about the ladies; I said much, I hope, in praise of them. You are not to expect among twenty thousand inhabitants the same show of beauty as among fifteen hundred thousand. There certainly is no woman in Boston preëminently beautiful, but there are a great many very pretty, very lively, and in every respect very agreeable. I don't know what falling in love, as it is called, means, but I think one might be easily induced to be so far attached as to be at length *taken in* to marry. One must look sharp and have one's wits about one.

But I've said nothing about our passage. The first few days were rough and tempestuous, after which we had four weeks of summer weather. The rest was beyond measure unpleasant: gales of wind succeeding each other, each more dreadful than the preceding; our dead-lights shut in; the sea continually breaking over the vessel from stem to stern, rendering it perilous to appear upon deck; the water pouring through the skylight by hogsheadsful

at a time. At one period we were obliged to lay the vessel *to*, as it is called, unable to carry sail, and drifting three days and three nights successively. We had got so far to the southward as to have determined to put into Charleston, had not the wind suddenly veered about. On one night, for about six hours, we passed our time very anxiously. It blew an hurricane; it is impossible to give an idea of it by words only. No man could keep the deck; the mainsail under which we were lying was shivered into ten thousand pieces, and we continued under bare poles till the storm abated, the sea, every few moments, breaking over the vessel, sweeping us fore and aft in a most awful manner. However, here we are, and have some reason to be thankful, three vessels having been lost upon the coast since our arrival.

But no more of this subject. I've said nothing about our young friend, Vixen [his dog]. I know you are interested for her: she was half starved, — half starved! three quarters, at least, — on board ship, but, like her master, she is now grown as fat as a porpoise. Shall I call her out of sleep before the fire, and tell her I am writing to you? I will. She has given me a kiss for you; I wish I could pay it to you.

But I trust we are again to meet, and then! Oh, what a happy day the first, the second, the third, will be! I've dined alone; the wine is on the table, and from the bottom of my heart I drink your healths and welfare. I did not forget you on Christmas Day: it was stormy weather; we were in latitude sixty, and so I allowed four hours, drinking your health at half past two o'clock, which would correspond to your half past six. Perhaps I hit the right moment.

But all this is about myself. I have engrossed enough, perhaps too much, of your time already upon such a barren study. If I write at this rate, what a load of postage you will have to pay! I must not be so loquacious.

And yet I must and will, even if I deprive myself of dinner to defray the charge. I have been treated with great politeness at this place; I hope I mentioned it in my last, for I hate ingratitude.

Mr. R—— and his lady now inhabit their new house: a spacious brick dwelling, two rooms only on a floor in the main house; the kitchen forms a wing; on the other side they are building a new State House. The rooms are extremely lofty and spacious, and upon the whole it has a striking effect. You would be pleased with his lady; she is pretty and sensible and tolerably lively, but not remarkably so, though perhaps your grave English people would think her lively enough.

Mrs. C—— is a fine woman, and has a fine family, but the children are, in general, too like their father to be handsome.

Mrs. P—— is agreeable; her health is precarious, but her pretensions to beauty would be treated with ridicule. Her eyes are not in unison; one looks to the right, while the other is turned to the left. Mr. R—— looks older than he did. The lieutenant-governor has entertained me at two handsome, alderman-like dinners; I never saw such a collection of food, except in Leadenhall Market, during my whole life.

Mr. R—— I have been introduced to. His wife is only about thirty years younger than himself, and has the honor of being my second cousin; her name was Watson. Mr. R—— is an excellent man, and she a fine woman. Send my compliments to Lady Taylor and family, and inquire concerning their health, and write me word of the result: that, by the way!

The A——'s have all been polite; they are as infinite in number as the sands in Boston Bay, and as homely as old Spence.

The S——'s, that is, the two youngest, are pretty, very pretty; but what do you think? Though her house

is splendidly furnished, and her table handsomely set out, she has the character of starving her servants! It cannot be, I think, from parsimony; it must be from an aristocratic contempt for a lower race of beings.

Samuel Adams is superannuated, unpopular, and fast decaying in every respect; in addition to this, and perhaps on this account, he has taken no notice of me.

Shall I whisper a word in your ear? The *better* people are all aristocrats. My father is too rank a Jacobin to live among them. Well, what a deal of scandal I have been writing! I did not dare to begin till I had drunk six glasses of wine, and that inspired me with courage to proclaim the truth. Truth and wine go together, according to the old proverb.* No more at present; two sheets are enough at once.

Remember me most affectionately to my mother, whom I sigh to embrace.

There is a significance in the declaration he here makes: "The better people are all aristocrats. My father is too rank a Jacobin to live among them." As yet we find nothing to make us conclude, contrary to his own statement, that in his early life he was a "*rank Jacobin*."

From this gay and rollicking but affectionate effusion to his sisters we turn to the next, to his father, in which he gives an account of the termination of the vexatious business which had given him so much uneasiness.

The arguments in favor of a return to America are recapitulated, among which one is adduced, namely, that the state of society and of government are more congenial to his father's inclina-

* "In vino veritas."

tions, proving conclusively what has been already stated, that Copley's sentiments were all on the side of liberty and independence. There is a freshness and joyousness breathing through those addressed to his sisters that make them delightful, while they throw additional light upon the state of society in Boston at that time.

[The son to his father.]

BOSTON, *February 27, 1796.*

I have been reading a short sketch of your violent debates upon the new bills now pending, or rather which have lately been carried through the houses of parliament. I do not know whether the alarming situation in which you appear to be placed is not heightened by distance, but, I assure you, I cannot help having anxious moments on your account. I sincerely wish you were all safely landed in America. I have, my dear sir, concluded my negotiations with Messrs. Mason, Otis, etc., etc.; how you will be affected by the result, whether it will give you dissatisfaction or pleasure, I cannot determine. I have acted for the best, as I thought at the time, and still continue to think. I was very strongly of opinion that the event of the contest would be in favor of the plaintiffs. Your counsel agreed with me in their sentiments upon that head.

But had your ground been firmer, still there was no hope that the business would be settled within the space of two years and a half. Hull, in the mean time, would have sued for the fulfillment of his contract, and there would have been no end to the difficulties and embarrassments into which you would have been thrown.

A compromise became, therefore, necessary; but, as their situation was also embarrassing, it became equally necessary to them. Accordingly, the first advances were

made by them; the extent of their offers I made known to you in my last letter. The affair was suspended for a time, but as we were continually meeting upon different occasions it was at length revived. After much negotiation, and after various consultations with your counsel and with Mr. Rogers, I acceded, in pursuance of their advice, to the following terms: that you should retain the £1,000 received from Hull, and that I should receive on your account an addition of 3,000 guineas, deducting the amount of Phillips's mortgage. †

They also indemnify you against Hull, which will cost them, I understand, or rather I know, £2,200 more. I do not believe that any person could have obtained from them one shilling more. I shall endeavor to transmit you by a vessel, which sails to-morrow, as great a part of what I have received as possible. It is difficult to purchase the bills one would wish on a sudden, and I am not inclined to run any hazard. Bills now sell four or five per cent. below par, a thing fortunate for your interest. I mean to retain about £500 in this country, till I hear from you in reply to my letters. It shall not lie idle, but as I am going to travel over the country, and something very profitable may turn up, I think it will not be amiss to have it in my power to command a small sum of money. Indeed, you do not know how very valuable ready money is in this country.

In the mean time, however, it shall produce you at least six per cent. I have thought ever since I set foot in this country that it was possible you might think of returning hither. That you would find your profession more profitable than in England I have no doubt; the state of society and of government would be more congenial to your inclinations, and nothing but the difficulty of moving seems to stand in the opposite scale. If I had a tract of good land, perhaps 5,000 acres, which may be purchased for no very considerable sum, I would in four

or five years, if it should please God to bless me with health and strength, not only render it a very valuable and productive estate, but also a delightful retreat to you and my dear mother whenever you should choose to enjoy it. Land of this kind is to be had in a good climate, and within two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles from Boston and New York, a distance which will continually diminish as the facility of communication, owing to the rapid improvement of the country, increases.

March 1st.

I cannot transmit your money at present. I have bought a small bill at three per cent. below par. My friends advise me to wait, as they will certainly fall two, or perhaps more, per cent. after the vessel sails: their reasons are good.

Rogers has entered into a bond that my mother shall sign the deed; you recollect the power was not signed by her, and I, as security, have agreed with him to remit the money to Mr. Bromfield, to be retained by him till the deed is signed. I shall send you a deed, which you and my mother will sign and transmit to me. The bill I have bought is only for two hundred pounds sterling, sixty days after sight.

I cannot write more at present; the vessel sails this afternoon. Bromfield will let you know that he has received money on your account. I will endeavor to get the deed ready to transmit to you this afternoon; if not, it shall be sent very early. I am now considering Mr. Joy's business; I am in doubt how successful you will be in that affair. But adieu.

The deed is now writing: it will be inclosed to Mr. B——; the bill for two hundred pounds will be inclosed under the same cover. That you may run no risk, let Mr. B——, immediately upon the signature of the deed, *indorse the bill and give it to you. Be attentive to this*

point in all the future notes ; one's money is safest in one's own hands.

Thus the dream of Copley's life since he left America vanished ; the "farm" on Boston Common, to which he was so warmly attached, had slipped from his grasp, and his last aspiration of returning to end his life in his native land, among congenial scenes, melted away.

That his son acted wisely his letters prove, but the transaction was one of bitter regret to the whole family, and, together with other disappointments, embittered, if it did not shorten, the remainder of the artist's life, — extended to the verge of fourscore years, we can hardly call it shortened ; but the loss of a long-cherished hope caused him deep pain and mortification. The subject constantly presents itself in the family correspondence that opens in 1800.

In a letter addressed to him a few years later by Mr. Greene, there is a memorandum, in the writing of the latter, stating that long after the land had passed out of Copley's possession, it, or a part, was offered at no higher price than was paid to his son. The vexation arose, however, as much from the manner in which advantage was taken of his absence and of the incompetency of his agent as from the loss of money.

The following statement of his political convictions is made when J. S. Copley, Junior, was twenty-four years of age, before he had commenced the study of his profession, and in the very country where Lord Campbell represents him as "being from infancy imbued with republican principles."

[The son to his mother.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1796.

I have been four days in this city, and cannot yet give you a very good account of it, but, as I promised to write by every opportunity, I take pen to say that, with respect to me, "All's well." *I have become a fierce Aristocrat!* This is the country to cure your Jacobins. Send them over and they will return quite converted. The opposition here are a set of villains. Their object is to upset the government, and all good men are apprehensive lest they should on the present occasion be successful. They are now debating upon the treaty. The President and Senate, in whom is vested, by the Constitution, the power of making treaties, have ratified the treaty with Great Britain. But the Lower House seem inclined to refuse the appropriation necessary for carrying it into effect. They are now debating the question, and I fear a great majority will be against the execution. The Middle and New England States are strongly in favor of the treaty; the Southern States, in particular Virginia, who will be called upon for the payment of her debts in case the treaty takes effect, are in violent opposition to the treaty. A great schism seems to be forming, and they already begin to talk of a separation of the States north of the Potomac from those on the southern side of the river. The underwriters refuse to insure; produce has already fallen, and every person is alarmed. A war with England, perhaps a civil war, will be the consequence of success in the present opposition. These are the sentiments of the people here. They are not, however, my sentiments. Depend upon it all will end well. I even entertain some doubt whether the executive will not have a majority in the House of Representatives. But if not, I do not apprehend such serious consequences as people in general look for. Your son.

Though this is the first time that young Copley declares his political views so strongly,—in his own words, “I have become a fierce aristocrat!”—yet the whole spirit of the earlier correspondence, in which he alludes to his father’s republican tendencies, shows that he never shared them. He had great respect for his father’s mental ability, and often declared in later life that he had seldom found so close a reasoner; and he delighted to choose subjects for discussion, particularly political ones, which would bring out Copley’s powers of logic.

Through the whole course of his life, when taunted with having given up his early convictions, and of having been “a Whig and something more than Whig,” his indignant answer uniformly was a denial, and he challenged any man to prove the allegation.

Since he was so persistent a Tory, his political enemies gladly seized upon the circumstance of his early connection with America, though that ended at two years of age, while America was still under the British crown, to identify him with the political institutions of that country. A man of singular reticence with regard to himself, he seldom cared, excepting when attacked in the House of Lords, to refute the charge. Incidentally it may here be mentioned that his grandfather, Mr. Clarke, and most of his mother’s American connections, were refugees,—so called in those times, and that, as before stated, the former received a pension from the British government until his death. But we must

look deeper into the motives of Lord Campbell's³⁹ persistent calumnies on Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, and of his vulgar attacks and running commentary of petty malice upon the character of one to whom, it is said, he was himself greatly indebted for his advancement in his profession.

Lord Lyndhurst, a man of superior refinement of mind and manners, though obliged to associate with Lord Campbell on public and professional occasions, steadily and constantly resisted all social advances beyond what strict etiquette demanded; and thus the meaner man became the sly and covert enemy, taking advantage of his power to wound when the grave had closed over the object of his rancor. Many noble and generous spirits, however, saw the meanness of the whole work, and the feelings of his family and friends were soothed by a generous sympathy. He is known to have often said, that if anything could embitter the prospect of death, it would be the thought that Campbell would write his life.

CHAPTER IX.

YOUNG COPLEY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

1796-1797.

THOUGHTS OF SETTLING IN AMERICA. — IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON. — THE POTOMAC RIVER. — GEORGETOWN AND ALEXANDRIA. — FOURTH OF JULY. — PRESIDENT WASHINGTON. — MOUNT VERNON. — CATAWBA INDIANS. — POTOMAC CANAL. — MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

[J. S. Copley to his sisters.]

PHILADELPHIA, *June 1, 1796.*

To say that I am impatient to revisit George Street, and to enjoy a society which I prize beyond all earthly things, is but feebly to express what at this moment I feel. My desire of again conversing with my friends, of beholding their smiles, of doing whatever is within my power to add to their happiness and to assist them in softening the ruggedness of this vexatious life, is much, very much increased by the long silence they have preserved at this very interesting period. It is, I believe, nearly three months since I have received any advices from England, and to what to attribute this chasm in our correspondence I am in entire uncertainty.

My dear girls, tell my mother, my dear mother, to reflect upon the pleasure which at this distance a single line affords, and then consider how trifling a trouble the penning this one single line would be, and I am sure I never afterwards should have the same reason to complain. But to another point: Mr. Henry, by profession

a physician, a particular friend of mine, a gentleman of information, possessing a good understanding, and, what is better, a good heart, takes England in his way to the East Indies.

You must entertain him for my sake and for his own; I expect this from you; now pray be civil to him, and you, Polly, don't be silent, but ask about *me*; in short, you must keep up the reputation you have acquired in this country: who does not know the Misses Copley!

The next week I see the federal city and Virginia; it is too late to go very far to the southward. I am impatient to be at home, and will not delay farther than necessary.

I inclose the duplicate of the bill which I before sent, lest the former should have miscarried. Pray remember me to every inquiring friend, and believe me your very affectionate brother.

I write by the Asia, which will leave this the next week; in the mean time I expect to learn that my father and mother are well, and that you all are well. . . .

June 7.

Been confined for a week by rain: in love with a daughter of Bishop White! etc.; you know my kind of love! Well, adieu.*

[J. S. Copley to his sisters.]

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA, NEAR THE POTOMAC, *July 3, 1796.*

I have written several letters to you since I quitted Philadelphia; my intention was to give you some account of the country. All the letters, however, are in my portfolio; I shall take an opportunity to send them. In the mean time, I send you a letter which you will forward to Mr. Jones; it begins where the letters to you terminated. I mean to continue my correspondence with him, but as I shall send them first to you, my letters will answer a double purpose.

* See Appendix E.

I had rather, my dear girls, write to you, and from time to time I will, but I cannot avoid complying with Mr. Jones's request. It is a long, long time since I have heard from you. I am viewing the country to see whether it will be agreeable for a European to settle in. I choose the best part, which will be conclusive upon the subject.

You will be able yourself, I hope, to form some judgment from what I write to Mr. Jones.

I forget I am addressing more than one. I should have said *yourselves*; but I write in a most terrible hurry, my horse is waiting, and I have resolved to finish this little scrawl before I mount. It is a bad country to travel in a carriage; good enough for a horse. You have rode, yourself, I believe, from Newport to Dunkirk, but still you can form no idea of some of the American roads. Well, Betsy and Mary, I cannot leave off when I once begin to write to you. I have whole volumes in my brain, but my pen would wear out before I could write you all the circumstances which crowd themselves into one little day.

Expect me in Europe very soon. This, I believe, must be my last excursion. I want to embrace my friends, my dear father and mother, concerning whom I know but little at present. I would turn upon the Copley estate, only it would carry me to too great length; the thing is done; my father, I fear, is disappointed. All I can say now is, that if it had been my own, my conduct would have been precisely the same; and that, after three or four months' reflection, I am convinced that I acted with propriety. If my father thinks otherwise, I shall regret it, and all the amends I can make is to offer my whole life and exertion to his service. I cross the Potomac to-night for Fredericktown, Maryland. I understand it is a charming country. Adieu.

MY DEAR MOTHER,— I need not tell you that the mo-

ment of my meeting you will be the happiest of my life ; may it come soon, and, in the mean time, may every happiness, every comfort, be yours !

[The son to his mother.]

FORT CUMBERLAND, *July 20, 1796.*

Will you do me the favor to consider the inclosed as addressed to you ; it will give you the same information with respect to myself as if it began with “ My kind mother ! ”

To have come to America and returned to Europe without full information respecting the country would have been a disgrace to any man who affected the least degree of philosophy ; besides, I wish to compare the two countries in regard to several points which nothing but actual observation will enable me to do with any tolerable accuracy. I am observing the farmers' life in the most fruitful parts of the country, and considering what inducements it holds out to a European. I write to you from Fort Cumberland, at the head of the Potomac ; the letter to Mr. Jones is part of a series I mean to write from my notes ; but I find my letters to him will by no means keep pace with my traveling. My dear mother ! no distance can diminish my duty and my affection for the best of parents, and for each member, my kind father and sweet sisters, of our small family !

I write now between the mountains, having passed the Blue Ridge and the North Ridge, and being in full view of the Alleghany, which towers to the heavens. I have a world of information to communicate, but all in due time. How little I thought a year ago of visiting the backwoods of Maryland and Virginia !

My dear mother, good-by, and don't criticise too severely this little scrawl ; believe me, it comes from the heart, when I say I pant to revisit you !

[The son to his mother.]

ALBANY, NEW YORK STATE, *November 22, 1796.*

I have just arrived at Albany, and a sloop is about to hoist sail for New York. The post may arrive first. I dispatch, therefore, this letter to inform you that I am still in the land of the living. I fear I shall hardly have time to add more.

It is five months since I have been blessed with a perusal of letters from my friends in England, — friends whom absence has rendered dearer to me than ever. It is four since I have been able to apprise them of my welfare. If you will procure a map of the United States, you may trace my route by the following concise description. The motives of it you will read in my next: —

Mount Vernon to the upper falls of the Potomac; thence to Fredericktown, in Maryland; thence to the mouth of the Shenandoah; thence to Winchester, in the vale of the Shenandoah; thence to Bath, upon the Potomac; thence to the mouth of the South Branch of the Potomac; thence along the South Branch, fifty miles, to Fort Cumberland; thence across the Alleghany Mountains to Morgantown, in Virginia; thence along the Monongahela to Pittsburg; down the Ohio to the Falls; through the whole of Kentucky; across the Ohio to Cincinnati; up the Miami, down the Auglaize and Tawa rivers, through Indian settlements, to Detroit; across Lake Erie to Niagara (saw the Falls and spent four days with Judge Powell); thence through a wilderness to the Genesee River; afterwards, partly among Indians and partly among whites, to the Mohawk River, and thence to this city.

I have abundance of information to communicate, — information interesting both to Americans and Europeans for this country is but little known yet to the bulk of the Americans. My notes, though concise, fill several quires.

I have time to add that the public mind is much agitated here from an apprehension of a war with France. My judgment, such as it is, would persuade me to believe that such an event is not probable. I cannot add particulars.

The elections for President interest very strongly both parties. They are nearly equal, the *Aristocrats* and the *Democrats*, in number. The result is, therefore, uncertain. The returns that are made persuade me that the republican, Jefferson, will succeed. The bets are in his favor. Otis is elected member to Congress. Your affectionate son.

[The son to his mother.]

PHILADELPHIA, *December 2, 1796.*

A few days ago I wrote you news concerning your son from Albany. Whether that letter or this will come first to hand is entirely uncertain; but to avoid repetition, I must consider you as receiving them according to the order in which they are written. In a letter from Leesburg, I intimated an intention of returning immediately to England. I was afterwards persuaded to alter my plan. The motives shall be unfolded if you have patience to listen to them.

You will recollect the different conversations we had in George Street in regard to the expediency of returning to America. As far as it regarded the interests of my parents and sisters, it did not appear very necessary to extend my inquiries or observations to any considerable distance from the principal cities of the United States; but when I was desirous of ascertaining the advantages which America might hold out to myself, a more enlarged view became expedient. Neither in the pursuits of commerce, nor in those of a professional nature, did the cities of New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, appear to offer sufficient inducements to persuade me, considered independ-

ently of my friends, to a change of situation. I was told that a settlement in the western parts of the United States could not fail of leading a young man of prudence and of education to wealth and honor. As the result of affairs in Europe was uncertain, I thought that to omit investigating the material points relative to such an establishment, when so near the country, would be highly indiscreet; and that the sacrifice of time would be more than compensated by an accession of very interesting information. Curiosity also to become acquainted with a country which is, at present, so much a subject of conversation, and which is extolled as the garden of the world, were additional and powerful inducements. Why I did not inform you of the alteration in my plan you are now to learn. I thought that you would form wrong ideas of the fatigues and the dangers attending the tour I was about to undertake, and when I afterwards wrote from Fort Cumberland, I was persuaded that you would see the impossibility of my complying very literally with the intentions which I had manifested in my letter from Leesburg. You will excuse me when I say that I supposed Europeans in general had such inadequate notions in respect to the facility of communication between the different parts of the United States, that I expected to have completed our intended tour almost as soon as you could suppose me returned from Fort Cumberland to Philadelphia. Our desire of obtaining very precise information detained us much beyond our original calculation, and we were out of the line of posts before I thought it necessary to write to Mrs. Startin.

Do not regard what I have been writing as an apology invented at the fireside for the purpose of making my peace with you. It is, believe me, a simple detail of facts, and I wish you could witness my feelings and my distress when I learnt that Mrs. Startin had written you word that she supposed me embarked for England.

Heaven grant that this letter may anticipate hers, and may neither you nor the rest of my friends suffer uneasiness on my account! I will write a line by another vessel which sails with this, informing you of my welfare, and hope that one or the other may reach London as soon as that from New York. When at Albany, I expected to have met letters from you or my father at New York. You will conceive the disappointment I experienced, upon my arrival in that city, at finding not a single line from any of my friends. I immediately pushed forward in the mail to Philadelphia, expecting that Mr. Rogers might have sent some advices to my address in this city. I was a second time disappointed. I have now written to Mr. Rogers to request that he will favor me with every information he possesses in regard to you, and to forward any letters he may. . . .

The three letters which follow were written by J. S. Copley, Junior, to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in the year 1796, while traveling in America. They were written in Latin, and translated by William Heath Bennet, and published by him in his "Select Biographical Sketches," London, 1867.

TO THE REV. RICHARD BELLWARD, D. D.,

Most Worthy Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Whilst traveling in this country, it has often occurred to me how much the journey would tend to my benefit if I were to write you anything which should be worthy of your perusal. To the best of my ability I will endeavor to communicate in my letters a few matters which appear to me worthy of notice, so that you may have some idea of the position of affairs in this Republic; and from what place can I more appropriately commence

than from that city which is destined to be the chief seat of the American government? The federal city, Washington, is situated on an angle formed by the branches of the river Potomac, one on the eastern side, the other on the western, which here form a junction. On the eastern side the course of the river is short; the western branch (having its source in the Alleghany Mountains, and stretching about 360 miles) empties itself into the Chesapeake. On the side where the federal city rises the river takes a sudden bend to the southward, so that you can almost fancy that the river flows out of the city in a direct course: at this place the river is about a mile in breadth, from which the town of Alexandria may be seen in the distance. Under the walls of Washington is situated Georgetown. On the banks of the Potomac, on either side, are open fields, the soil of which is everywhere fertile. It however happens that there are considerable obstructions in most of the rivers of America, and the Potomac is by no means free from these hindrances, which, however, a company constituted for the purpose is striving to remove. At about three miles from the federal city occurs the first fall of the river, with a descent of about thirty-six feet in the three miles. Here a canal with three branches, which was completed about a year ago, assists the navigation. A few miles higher up the stream shallows are interposed and other rapids, by which, within the space of one mile, the river has a fall of seventy-six feet; but, "Labor omnia vincit," and in the course of one year the whole of the river has been rendered navigable for the transit of flat-bottomed boats, which carry from one to two hundred measures (modios) each, being equivalent to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Starting from about fifty miles beyond Fort Cumberland, they are drifted down to Washington by the descending current, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles. The charge for the carriage of a measure is a little over one dollar.

The place chosen for the site of Washington is a rising ground advantageously situated; almost in the centre stands the Capitol, from whence you have an extensive view over the river, and the far-off plains of Virginia in the distance. This building will be about three hundred feet in length, with columns of the Corinthian order. As yet the foundations only are laid, the building only partly showing itself. At about a mile distant is the residence reserved for the use of the President; this building is composed of square blocks of stone (dug out of the quarries of Aquia, as are the stones of the Capitol) so placed as to produce an appearance of considerable magnificence. Adjacent to this are very pleasant gardens of about one hundred acres in extent, which are intended for the enjoyment of the citizens; whatever is useful as well as ornamental is everywhere observable throughout the whole city. The streets are ninety feet wide, and often one hundred feet. There is also a regulation that the houses of the citizens should be from thirty to forty-five feet high.

“Hi sunt certi denique fines,
Quos alia citraque nequit consistere lectum.”

Rows of trees are planted along the streets, which will some day protect the inhabitants from the heat of the sun.

“Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.”

The recent character of American institutions warns the people to be frugal. Enough money was obtained from the sale of land upon which Washington is to be built for the erection of the Capitol and other public buildings; but that detestable pest “speculation” crept in amongst those who had the control of this sum, and the fund is now so much diminished, that the completion of the public works is impeded for want of money. It

may not be immaterial here to mention that some building land, containing about 550,000 square feet, produced only a little over \$1,000. Having obtained a Fahrenheit thermometer, and placed it in the shade for several days, observing it daily, I found that the average greatest heat for three days at Georgetown was 82°. I intend to test the fruitfulness of the soil from the species and size of the trees; and if by any other means I shall be able to arrive at a result upon this subject, I shall adopt them.

Georgetown has grown with the growth of the Republic; the greater part of the houses appear to have been built within these few years; they are almost all built of bricks, and are scattered about the hill-sides.

The Republic has taken into its grave consideration the education of its youth, — a college having been instituted with that object for several years at Georgetown, and now it has been found necessary to erect additional buildings, the dormitory in which is one hundred and fifty-five feet long by forty feet in breadth. You may judge from this the number of pupils expected. Alexandria extends along the level plain on the banks of the Potomac. There is a wonderful scarcity of trees about the city on all sides, and far and wide the plain is covered with short grass. The streets, which are of a very convenient width, intersect each other at right angles. The houses are for the most part built of bricks; the city itself is clean and replete with every convenience; it numbers from four to five thousand inhabitants. I was most courteously entertained by them. The Alexandrians export tobacco and flour (brought into the town on wagons) in return for manufactured goods. They send many articles to Baltimore and Philadelphia, and some even to the Gulf of Mexico. The Americans celebrate their "Declaration of Independence" on the 4th of July, which is everywhere celebrated by sports and rejoicings.

The civic soldiery are continued from year to year. On this occasion the Alexandrians invited Washington himself, who resides ten miles off, to dinner. I was present at the banquet, and saw the President of the Republic; he participated in the happiness of the citizens, and added to it by his genial and benevolent good-humor. And now, reverend sir, I conclude, awaiting the time when I shall have something more to communicate. I could wish this letter were better worth your consideration, and more worthy of the University. I doubt not but that your indulgence and pardon will be extended to its defects. I am, with all respect, yours.

The author of "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" says, "He," Lyndhurst, "remitted to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge an ample account of transatlantic cities and manners,—this I have in vain attempted to see, and I am afraid it is lost forever!" Had Lord Campbell consulted William Heath Bennet's "Select Biographical Sketches," he would have found an accurate translation from the original Latin version, which is here introduced from that work:—

[The second letter has been thus freely translated.]

TO THE REV. RICHARD BELLWARD, D. D.,

Most Worthy Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Although I can scarcely do otherwise than relinquish the hope that my observations may be approved of by you and the University, yet the shame of appearing idle prompts me to offer to your notice whatever information I may possess in the shape of notes. If nothing else, I may still be able to communicate to you some facts with which you may like to be made acquainted; and since truth is at all times useful, my letters may possibly, on

this account, afford you some satisfaction. I have already written concerning Alexandria, which, however, has nothing in particular to distinguish it from other American maritime towns. Trade and political subjects (which latter, however, have all a mercantile aspect) are before all others attended to. It is seldom that literature or philosophical inquiries are made subjects of discussion, and it would be difficult to find here a literary person, such as would be so considered in Europe. Those who apply themselves to mercantile pursuits are generally the richest and most esteemed throughout the whole of America.

The luxury of these persons, however, and their houses and domestic conveniences,—in short (if you except slavery), whatever is adapted to make life enjoyable, approach very nearly the English mode of life.

We went to Mount Vernon for the purpose of paying our respects to the President of the Republic. Between that place and Alexandria are open fields, not remarkable for any particular beauty, the soil is barren, the roads rough and hilly; the gardens even of the presidential residence display neither culture nor beauty.

The house, however, built of stone, much worn by time, situated on high ground, is large, and commands a view of the mighty Potomac, stretched out at no great distance, and of the ships sailing to and fro between Alexandria and the ocean.

We found the President courteous, hospitable, and facetious. He freely discoursed upon many subjects, such as the house, the gardens, and the circumjacent country. The house presents no appearance of luxury—the simple, honest character of Washington is alone conspicuous. In the President's house were some chiefs of the native tribe of the Catawbas. These men were short of stature, their limbs small, and they displayed in their looks marks of fear; indeed, where there is a feeling of danger, fear

will show itself. It has been observed that the Catawba tribe is diminishing in number. Turning their attention to agriculture, they have lost their courage and other qualifications peculiar to barbarians, whilst they have not acquired the arts of civilized life. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that filth and laziness prevail amongst them, though, in former times, the Catawbas were noted for their ferocity.

Between the Catawbas and the natives of Delaware there was an ancient feud. They often went immense distances to attack each other, considering it an honorable and praiseworthy act if they could kill a few of their enemies. The speeches of these barbarians have something in them approaching the sublime. Some one inquiring of a Catawba why they undertook so many and such long journeys, "The circuit of the earth is less than we might make with ease," replied the barbarian, rising on his feet, and wildly stretching out his arms. Journeys which the civilized man would consider endless the native, who is accustomed to travel, and who steadily makes his way by stony and rocky paths, looks upon as trifling.

In my former letter, I have referred to the Lesser Falls of the Potomac, which are distant about three miles from Georgetown. The lofty banks, fringed with woods and rocks, effectually restrain the current of the often raging waters. Where the falls are the river is about one hundred and thirty feet broad, and the overhanging rocks will easily sustain the arching of a bridge of a single span, which is about to be carried over the canal by the Potomac Company. This canal, which commences in Maryland, will be about two miles long, four feet high, and twelve feet wide. The boats employed in navigating the Potomac are about fifty feet long and six broad. These boats glide quickly down the stream, but against it they move only with the assistance of poles, at the rate of two miles per hour. Each boat requires seven men to manage

it. They run from Fort Cumberland to the Greater Fall, which is about twenty miles above Georgetown, in three days. The return voyage is scarcely accomplished in twelve days. Each boat carries one hundred, and sometimes two hundred, casks. To Washington is to be attributed the improved navigation of the Potomac. Having secured peace, he betook himself to Mount Vernon, and there planned and superintended the establishment of the Potomac Canal Company. Their works (like those of all new companies) have proceeded slowly, but so beneficial has the project turned out that, as years pass on, the Americans will be easily stimulated to undertake similar works.

I must now conclude. If I have sometimes taken account of minor things, my reason for so doing has been that the character of a place may frequently be better understood from the relation of apparent trifles. As I before expressed a hope, so do I now, that your indulgence will be a protection to and excuse for my deficiencies. In this hope I find a solace which inspired me on leaving England, where formerly I delighted

“Inter sylvas academi quærere verum.”

I am yours, with all respect.

[Third letter from America, 1796.]

TO THE REVEREND AND VERY LEARNED RICHARD
BELLWARD, D. D.,

Most Worthy Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Reverend Sir, — To those particulars which I have formerly written concerning America I now add a few others. This is prescribed to me as much from the benefit which I have received as from the office which I hold; not presuming, however, ambitiously to hope that I can add anything with which you may not be already acquainted, or that I shall be able, with all the care I may

bestow upon it (however much I may wish it), to offer anything worthy your leisure or perusal; nevertheless, what I have seen and participated in I now hasten to communicate, however simple the narration.

Having quitted Virginia, already sufficiently explored by travelers, and having crossed the Ohio, we came amongst the native tribes of this part of the country. By the peace which has lately been made with these Indians (for so these people are called), all danger is removed, and we wandered leisurely through the scattered villages between Kentucky and Upper Canada. All this region, both in its climate and country, is delightful. It possesses no high mountains, but is ornamented with immense trees, of different species. It is, however, damp, and in some parts, where the land is still uncultivated, stagnant marshes exist. The rivers flow gently along, taking their course at times through woodland, at others through extensive plains. Formerly, it appears, wild animals abounded, the woods were filled with birds, and great herds of oxen and deer wandered through these immense pastures. This is not so at present. The wild animals have disappeared before the husbandman, who is already advancing upon this region on three sides. Serious evils to the natives have been introduced by this proximity. Drunkenness, hunger, and various kinds of diseases are rife amongst them. Their means of sustenance are daily decreasing, and unless they migrate across the Mississippi they cannot escape. But what sensible man can regret this? Where now a very few and squalid savages wander innumerable colonists will shortly live and flourish, and in the next generation cities, letters, and the useful arts will be introduced. I incline to the opinion of those who think that the native Americans came originally from Asia. Towards the north the two continents approximate, and either join or are only separated by a short space, and the restless dis-

position of man is easily impelled to seek new abodes. The natives are also of the same color as those of Sarmatia, dark eyes and dark hair being peculiar to each. These Indians also have many and totally different dialects. Hence, many infer that this is not the result of accident, nor that the tribes arrived by one and the same immigration, but that they entered America by a way well known and very frequently used. The villages are generally situated on the banks of the rivers, or even upon the islands formed by them, on account of the fishing or the fruitfulness of the soil, and boats furnish a convenient means of travel to those who go to a distance upon hunting excursions in the autumn. The inhabitants use rough logs of wood or bark as materials for building their huts, covering them on the outside with skins. They have their fire-places in the centre of the building, the smoke passing out through a hole in the roof. They sleep upon the skins of oxen or bears, and, except when threatened by enemies, suspend their fruits from the beams, or hide them near the roof. Should they anticipate an irruption of their foes, they open subterraneous passages, lined with bark, and covered with dung, as a receptacle for their fruits. Formerly they clothed themselves with skins; now they are habited in woolen garments, which they purchase from our people in exchange for various commodities. They all wear a tunic and a kind of boot; they have also a cloak, which they bind about the loins with a thong; this covers the shoulders, and, when requisite on account of the cold, the head. The dress of the women is similar to that of the men, except that they have under-garments, reaching down to the middle of the leg. Both sexes wear bracelets on their arms, and ornaments in their ears and nose. They fit collars to their necks, and paint their faces. Moreover, the men having cut the hair from each side of the head, draw back that which is left in the middle, and tie it in

a knot on the top. They extract the hairs one by one from the body and chin. They delight greatly in small mirrors, which they carry with them even while hunting. They always pass the winter in the chase; the rest of the year, when not engaged in war, they wile away in sleeping and eating. The men do nothing, but leave the care of domestic and agricultural affairs to the women. Those who border upon our people purchase horses and cows; they rear poultry, and, imitating our example, set out orchards. In other respects, they do not differ from the other tribes. They smoke their meat. The earth, broken by the women with hoes, produces for them corn and pulse. They weave mats, and make and ornament their shoes and vestments with wonderful art. They take their food greedily, sitting in the porch of their dwelling, and freely give to their neighbors and the passers-by. So long as they have anything to drink, like all barbarians, they exercise no moderation. Hence, frequent quarrels and wounds ensue at their drinking parties. But at these feasts there is always some one, either a male or female, who sedulously refrains from drinking, in order to take care of the others and prevent evil. They consider it discreditable to avenge on a sober man an injury committed by him when in liquor. The youth play with lances, and with such earnestness that wounds are sometimes inflicted, which are, however, received without anger or hatred. They gamble eagerly and rashly. It is wonderful with what howlings and gestures of the body the by-standers invoke their gods, as they favor one side or the other. The players, however, accept good or ill fortune with the same equanimity. Every nation (tribe) is divided into villages and districts, the sovereign power remaining in one family by succession. The authority, however, which depends rather upon persuasion than command, has regard mainly to external matters.

Their chiefs are chosen on account of their valor, and it frequently happens, and indeed it is most probable, that the king is elected as chief. A council also of old men and warriors is held whenever public matters are discussed. The greatest order prevails at these assemblies, and profound silence. There is much good reason and shrewdness in their speeches; their eloquence is sometimes of an ordinary character, at others sublime. If the opinion expressed be approved of, they applaud it as good and just, and as indicating their assent, they utter a sound something like bah. They preserve the decrees of the council and other public matters by inscribing them on split shells fastened together with flax. These are called "wampum," and are delivered into the custody of the women, who carefully keep them as public records. The men are not coerced by force of law. If war be decreed, each man is at liberty to arm or refuse. Murders, unless compensated for by a given sum, are avenged by the nearest relative of the deceased. Sorcery is held in the greatest abhorrence, and those suspected of this crime are immediately hurried away, and put to a most cruel death. The relatives of a thief banish him, as having brought a disgrace upon the family. But these crimes are rare, and, as Tacitus says of the Germans, good principles have greater force here than good laws elsewhere. The matrimonial institutions of these tribes are various, and differ among themselves. A man may take to himself one or more wives, according to the custom of his tribe. Presents are made both to the parents and the bride; amongst these a kettle, an axe, and a belt fit for carrying weights, to remind her of her future labors. Although divorce is allowable by mutual consent, yet it is very rare amongst them.

They believe there is one God, of infinite power and goodness; but they also believe in another being, the cause of all evil. To him they offer up prayers, to avert

his anger ; of the former they have no fear, for they believe it to be his nature, of his own free will, to bestow good upon mortals. Moreover, each has his own particular deity. To these they give various forms, and make rude and ridiculous images of them, which they call manitous. These they always carry about with them as a protection from evil. They sometimes abstain from food and drink for many days, as a religious observance, and in the mean time they notice their dreams with the greatest solicitude. They believe that after death there is another existence, similar to the present. They fancy a new and secret region, genial and fertile, replete with every kind of wild animal. They therefore bury with the dead man his weapons, and other things which he used when living (for they think that all things have both life and spirit), that he may use them in his new country. There they believe (and this is no slight inducement to valor) that honors and other rewards are bestowed, according to the skill in war and hunting which the deceased has shown in this life. They also believe, that there the same desires and joys are felt as here. The same individual, amongst these Indians, is both priest and physician ; for, though they treat wounds and diseases with much success, they think that there is no power in medicine without the aid of incantations and other rites. They also predict future events, indifferent to occasional failure. There is no moderation in their quarrels ; no length of time or distance lessens their hatred and thirst for revenge.

The five most famous tribes, which are located near the Lake Ontario, were wont to make war beyond the Mississippi, and to travel annually this immense distance. Often a solitary individual, leaving his companions, would traverse extensive forests in order to take his enemy unawares ; he would climb mountains, swim across rivers, and undergo every fatigue, so long as there was a chance

of slaking his thirst for blood. Before the coming of our people they fought at a distance with bows and arrows, and hand to hand with hatchets made of stone, and these they never threw in vain after a retreating enemy ; now, however, by means of barter, they buy fire-arms, and, like us, make use of them both in war and the chase. Their custom is never to fight in the open country, or against a disciplined army. They think there is no glory in receiving a wound ; they consider it more an act of madness than of courage to run the risk of being wounded. The greatest glory, they consider, is due to the chief who craftily plans an ambush, strikes his enemy when sleeping, devastates fields and villages by fire, brings away a great number of captives, and leads home his men safe and sound. Their custom is to scalp the slain, and when the victors return to their country they raise as many shouts as there are scalps, and utter other indications of barbarous joy.

If they perceive no chance of victory, they think it prudent to retreat and flee. In their retreat they display the greatest art and cunning, — for Indians, whether taught by nature or experience, are wonderfully acute in tracking fugitives. If a son has lost a parent, or a parent a son, or a wife her husband, each chooses from amongst the captives an individual to replace the deceased. The person so chosen forthwith changes his country and household gods, as if partaking of a new nature, and, forgetting his recent hatred, embraces his new friends with the greatest affection. The rest of the captives perish by a cruel death. These wretches are tortured in every way which the ingenuity of barbarians can contrive : they are flayed alive, their eyes gouged out, their limbs and their extremities consumed by a slow fire. The captive himself bears these things with the greatest fortitude. Showing no sign of pain, he chants his own brave deeds, and bitterly reproaches the by-standers

as cowards and unwarlike ; until, at length, he dies by a wound inflicted by one whom he has angered by his reproaches.

These notes, reverend sir, concerning the manners and customs of the Indians, I have selected from many facts as being most worthy of remark, and I now transmit them to you. I am, with all respect, yours.

One more letter, written from London to his aunt, Mrs. Startin, in New York, one year later, is introduced here as having some interest in connection with his visit to America.

Having taken his A. B. degree in 1794, and his A. M. degree in 1797, he was subsequently chosen a "Fellow" of his college, and thus maintained the friendships and tastes of which the foundations had been laid on his entrance at the university. After his return to England he devoted himself with all the ardor of his nature to the study of his profession, in which he ultimately became so distinguished. It would be needless, and indeed impossible, to give any account of his professional or political career ; that is the property of his adopted country, and has but a slight connection with the history of his father's, or his own domestic life ; but the position in which he stands as the support of his family in later years, when poverty, — comparative poverty, — the legacy of both father and son, was added to professional disappointments to the former, renders further reference to his character in his filial relations both a duty and a pleasure. It is due also to a right understanding of his nature, as well as a complete refutation of

the slanderous imputations cast upon him by one entirely incapable of appreciating him ; and, later, some personal recollections of him, at two very different periods of life, will, it is hoped, prove of some interest on his own account.

[To Mrs. Startin, New York.]

LONDON, *July 20, 1797.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—In the character of a correspondent, deficient as I am, I yet think I may triumph over my aunt, for not one line have I received from her since I quitted New York. Perhaps she has not yet forgiven the many strange pranks which I played during my residence in America. And yet she promised to forget and forgive.

Well, then, I have devised a method of revenge. Mr. Holland, the bearer of this letter, is the partner of one of my most intimate college friends. He visits America for commercial purposes, and I take the liberty of recommending him to the acquaintance and advice of Mr. Startin and yourself, as he is a *young* man, and *may* perhaps, *like other young men* in a strange land, require advice.

The moderate but spirited and energetic conduct of the American government has exalted the character of the nation in the opinion of the haughty inhabitants of Europe, who were accustomed to regard with too supercilious an eye a people just risen from the subordinate rank of colonies.

The situation of Europe has, since the opening of the campaign, undergone a great change. The regicide, attacked in every quarter by the beagles of royalty, seems to have lost all its former spirit and fury, and the zealots think that the ravaging monster will be torn to pieces without even the desperate glory of dying hard.

I was sorry to receive from Mr. Prime accounts not

very favorable relative to Mr. Startin's state of health, though, as he had undertaken his annual journey to Philadelphia before Prime left the States, he must have recovered from the severity of his indisposition. I hope you will have the goodness to remember me very kindly to him, and place me in the most favorable light by stating, what is really the case, that I am already grown as grave as a judge.

There is nothing very new in our domestic circle; the even, noiseless tenor of our way is marked by few striking incidents. We are as happy as health, spirits, and philosophy — three important ingredients in the composition of human happiness — can make us. You will, I am sure, between this and Christmas, write me half a page, if it is only to show that you have not forgotten me. I remain, my dear madam, very affectionately yours,

J. S. COPLEY, JR.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARTIST'S DECLINING YEARS.

1797—1800.

THE ARTIST'S DECLINING YEARS. — COPLEY'S SCRIPTURAL PAINTINGS. — COPY OF "SAMUEL AND ELI" IN MILAN CATHEDRAL. — VEXATIONS AND DISCOURAGEMENTS OF THE ARTIST'S CAREER. — THE SON'S DEVOTION TO HIS FATHER AND FAMILY. — PICTURE OF SIR EDWARD KNATCHBULL'S FAMILY. — A HOP FROLIC. — POLITICAL DARKNESS, AND GLOOMY PROSPECTS IN ENGLAND.

COPLEY, meanwhile, had pursued his art as vigorously as ever, though in another branch. "Abraham's Sacrifice," exhibited in 1796, "Hagar and Ishmael," a companion picture, in 1798, and "Saul reproved by Samuel," 1798, besides "The Nativity," "The Tribute Money,"* and "Samuel and Eli," — all engraved, — show that Scripture subjects were as familiar to his pencil as any others. We have not the means of determining the time of the exhibition of the last three.

The picture of "Saul reproved by Samuel," in the words of a competent critic, "is one of the most vigorous and interesting painted by Copley. Samuel, raising his hand, is in the act of pronouncing the sentence, — 'The Lord hath rent thy king-

* Painted for the Royal Academy, every member of which was obliged by the rules to contribute a picture on his admission.

dom from thee,' — while Saul, behind whom stands David bearing his armor, is falling back in dismay ; there is the confusion of the battle-field, dust, and disorder around. Saul's horse is held by his side. This painting is in good condition, rich in color, and the figures full of expression."

"Samuel and Eli," or "Speak, for thy servant heareth," one of the finest of Copley's works, painted for the Macklin Bible, and engraved by Valentine Green, is equally remarkable for the composition and the beauty of color.* Besides the original, painted for that purpose, there was a replica of the same in George Street, which was destroyed by fire while placed in a shop in London for reparation by the purchaser, who bought it at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's effects.

The model for the Eli, a remarkably handsome old man, with a fine, silvery beard, and a complexion as pure, in its red and white tints, as a baby's, was a poor, maimed beggar, in the streets of London, who had lost both legs in battle, and used to hobble into the painting-room on his wooden crutches for the portrait of the Jewish high-priest, while young Copley, with his long, flowing locks, at about seven years of age, was the original of the Samuel.

A delightful tribute was paid to the excellence of this picture, as follows : —

"Every traveler who visits Milan pays his first visit to the grand cathedral, which is the pride of the city, and among the various ornaments which

* This belongs to Mr. Ashton, of Mold, near Liverpool.

adorn that noble pile none attract the eye sooner than the beautiful painted windows, which modern skill has tried (and not in vain) to rival. There it would almost seem that 'the lost art' had been found again, so dazzling are the hues, so elaborate the composition. In one of the most conspicuous compartments of the large oriel window, in the principal nave, is a copy, in increased proportions, of this fine picture.

"In expressing some surprise at meeting this subject by an American artist, so far away from his adopted country, to the clever photographer in Venice, who was offering the photograph, with others, for sale, he answered somewhat testily that he did not consider it any cause for surprise that such a composition should have been chosen for the window, for the original work was '*una bellissima quadra!*'"

One fine portrait constantly succeeds another through Copley's whole career, and in the same year (1797) we find a splendid one, already mentioned, of Lord Duncan, also exhibited. Perhaps of all the pictures of public men, however, preserved to posterity by his art, Lord Mansfield's,⁴⁰ both by his own great eminence and the excellency of the production, so well known by the engraving, is the most admirable. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

With the commencement of the present century, the materials for something like a chronological account of the latter years of Copley's life and works are abundant. His daughter Elizabeth, or

Betsy, as she was called in the familiarity of her home circle, left England with her husband, Mr. Greene, in August, 1800, as before stated; and a very full and complete correspondence between the two branches of the family was carried on from the time of her departure, through the surviving members, to the present day, though it only concerns the artist to 1815, the time of his death.

There are some letters of great interest, both from Copley and his son, the future chancellor; the former relate for the most part to business affairs in Boston, for which Copley appointed Mr. Greene his agent. How faithfully and generously the latter acquitted himself of this trust will be seen in the sequel.

As the arduous duties of his profession and political career increased, the correspondence of the brother gradually ceased, to be renewed again a quarter of a century later, after the grave had closed over both father and mother, and much of the journey of life had been accomplished both by him and his sister. As far as possible, we shall give the history of the coming years in these letters, both because they are full of interest, and because they exemplify the characters of the writers, and will, it is hoped, justify the high estimate formed of them. From the number of these letters and the repetition of family details, it is almost impossible not to err in introducing too many, on the one hand, or, on the other, of omitting some which throw light upon the artist's career, or upon the private life of the son. If, as the history of

the former comes to a close, many letters of a strictly confidential and delicate nature are introduced, the reader may be assured that it has been done with some reluctance and much consideration. But the writers of that generation, and those who might have been pained by the disclosure of pecuniary and domestic affairs, have long since passed away, and their characters can only appear in a brighter light from the course they severally pursued under difficult and trying circumstances; and it is due to Lord Lyndhurst's memory that the public should be made as intimately acquainted with the qualities of heart which this correspondence reveals as they already are with the talents and acquirements that shed such lustre over his public career.

The remark, chapter i., page x., in Lord Campbell's "Life of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst," that "his father, having lived rather expensively, had accumulated little for him," is true as to fact, but not as to cause. Copley's whole life and mind were concentrated upon his art from earliest youth to extreme old age, and his admirable wife managed the affairs of the household with great judgment and skill. Unfortunately, the times became very unpropitious, pecuniarily, for the successful pursuit of the arts, owing partly to the depressed condition of public affairs in England during the closing years of the last century, and the commencing ones of the present, when the resources of Great Britain were so severely crippled by the great struggle she maintained, single-handed,

against the first Napoleon. All branches of industry and commerce suffered from the stagnation of business, and of course the arts were the first to languish from want of encouragement. The great work of the "Equestrian Portrait of the Prince Regent," for which the original sat frequently, and with which he expressed himself highly delighted, was left on the hands of the artist, whose house was filled with pictures which had been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and extremely admired and extolled, *but not sold*. The sensitive nature of the painter was deeply pained by the neglect of the public, and his means of support, depending entirely upon his vocation, were very much diminished. Moreover, the delay in many cases in finishing and publishing the engravings from his pictures seriously interfered with the sale, from which he expected large returns, which would enable him not only to keep his engagements with his engraver, but also to reap a considerable profit for himself. In one of Mrs. Copley's letters we find that the print from "The Siege of Gibraltar," by Sharp, was hopelessly delayed from season to season, much to the dissatisfaction of the original subscribers, and until the Continent was closed, in 1807, to British trade. Few persons are aware of the great cost of a fine engraving, or of the long and patient labor necessary for its successful completion: the contract between Copley and Bartolozzi for the print from "The Death of Chatham" amounted to £2,000; that for the engraving of "The Siege of Gibraltar," with Sharp, to £1,200.

Besides these causes, however, of pecuniary embarrassments, arising from the condition of the political world, we must not forget another: Copley was growing old; new artists and new rules of art were coming to the foreground, and the public, according to the inexorable law of nature, was ready to forget its old favorites, and to welcome the new school.

Notwithstanding all these depressing circumstances, however, Copley was as persevering as ever during the later years of his life; the brush continued to be the companion and solace of his old age, as it was the delight of his youth, and so deeply was he absorbed in its exercise that, according to the testimony of his son, every care and anxiety was forgotten the moment he began his work in the painting-room.

But the changed condition of his father's affairs rendered the early years of the son's professional life more than usually laborious. Long and arduously did he pursue his legal career through all difficulties, till he at last attained the highest eminence, the woolsack. If this great office were ever deserved by patient, self-denying industry it was by him, — who not only underwent all the labor necessary for its attainment, step by step, unaided by wealth or family influence, but, as time went on, assisted his father in the support of the family; Copley's increasing years and the greater expense of living rendered this task more difficult, and at the father's death the obligations he had incurred were assumed by the son, who ministered to the

needs of his mother and sister to the end of their long lives. This he did not merely as a duty, but from the pleasure and enjoyment which he took in their society and domestic circle. This is shown by a remark of Mrs. Copley, in a letter to her daughter, Mrs. Greene: "When possible, your brother always dines with us, however engaged."* Every mother must feel the charm of such companionship, and still more, it may be added, the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of deserving it.

This might appear a trivial anecdote, were it not in itself a refutation of mean aspersions. Entering political life before he had gained the usual large profits from the practice of the law, as successful practitioners in England commonly do, the younger Copley had but little opportunity to provide for his own ease in the future, when added rank and a conspicuous position rendered larger expenditure necessary. Both father and son were eminently above the sordid pursuit of wealth for its own sake, delighting in the exercise of their different vocations, yet at the same time suffering at every turn from the want of that freedom of action which even moderate affluence affords. Thus, until middle age the latter toiled on with unflinching industry and courage, amidst difficulties that would have discouraged a man of a less resolute and buoyant nature; contenting himself, in the words of Mrs.

* In the Life of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell states that he (Lord Lyndhurst) at this period always dined at a coffee-house.

Copley, with "his immediate subsistence," and cheerfully coming forward in every emergency to the relief of his family. The fruit of his toil and the recognition of his talents were acquired at an age when most men, in our country, are contemplating retirement, in a measure, from active business, for his position could hardly be assumed to have been gained much before he had reached his fiftieth year.

It would be a rash task indeed to undertake to present Lord Lyndhurst's character in so different a light from that held up to view by a man of high rank in the same profession, who rose to equal eminence in the law, had not a happy chance seen fit to preserve a continued family correspondence, partly by his own pen, but principally by that of his mother, through a long range of years, — from 1774 to her own death in 1836, — during which time it singularly escaped the risks of the sea and of fire, and the various casualties that prevail so frequently in a new country, and which have been fatal to some of the finest works of the father. Those letters of Mrs. Copley, which show the character of the son, have been especially selected. The following, however, written a few days after the departure of Copley's eldest daughter for America, with her husband, Gardiner Greene, Esq., relates simply to the former in the new relations she had assumed of wife and mother.

"The adopted dear ones" were Mr. Greene's children by a former marriage, a girl and two boys, between ten and fourteen years of age. How well

Mrs. Greene fulfilled her duty to them is best proved by the testimony of the eldest, B. D. Greene, Esq., who expressed himself as follows, fifty years later: "She," Mrs. Greene, "did her full duty to us."

[From the mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *August 12, 1800.*

While I was parting from you, my heart was too full for utterance, and my feelings were too keen for expression; and at this time, my whole mind being absorbed in reflections upon you, I take up my pen to indulge a farther converse. . . .

The experience which I have of your goodness of heart and conduct gives me everything to hope from you in that station in which you are now placed, the duties of which will, I am sure, be better suggested by your own sensible mind and good observation than from anything I might add. I firmly trust that the comforts which you will derive from your new connection will counterbalance the unpleasant sensations which must arise from a separation from this scene, which has been blessed with so great a share of domestic happiness. S. COPLEY.

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to his sister, Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *August 23, 1800.*

Here we are, sitting at our ease in the drawing-room, while you are tossing about, sad and sick, upon the watery element! All our fine weather has deserted us, and it appears as if some powerful spirit had suddenly transplanted us from the torrid to the frigid zone. Oh, the delights of a clear sky and a burning sun! — such are our feelings and such our language amid the fogs and storms of November; for November we appear already to have attained. Strange that the weather should engross so great a proportion of the conversation of English-

men ; still more strange that so dull a subject should be suffered to occupy almost an entire page of a letter written to a dear and distant friend. Will it mend the matter to write a word or two about myself ?

The pilot and your humble servant, who, very soon after quitting the ship, became close friends, were set on shore upon Deal Beach, from whence we walked about four miles to Sandwich. After drinking a mug of ale in the most sociable manner, we set out for Margate, in hopes, as wind and tide favored, we might meet with a packet—I had nearly written a hoy—bound for London. Upon our arrival, after a sultry walk of three hours, we found, to our great mortification, that the boats had all sailed, and we were fain, therefore, to take the coach to Canterbury, from whence we proceeded in the mail, the same night, for London. As I expected, when I reached George Street, ten thousand questions were put to me in a breath ; and you know how mortally I hate being teased with questions ! However, I made a desperate effort, and summoned all my patience. Where did you leave them ? Were they in good spirits ? Was Betsy sick ? How were they accommodated ? What kind of a party ? Oh, as to the party, I am afraid, from what the pilot informed me, that there is too great an intimacy between Mrs., or rather Miss., S—— and the captain. Do you know, I began to suspect it ? Well, I commend the taste of both parties. “ Young Cladon and his Amelia were a matchless pair,” etc.

Not a word of news, — no certain information relative to the state of the negotiation. Political information has, since you left us, been perfectly at a stand. I have cut out of the Post of to-day some lines, in the manner of Cowper, descriptive of a London summer morning. They will remind you of scenes which you have so frequently witnessed in your walks to the cold bath. I think they are not amiss. Pray remember me very kindly to Mr.

Greene, to whom I shall endeavor to give early information of any affair of moment that may occur on this side of the water.

Tell Miss Geyer that I faithfully delivered her letter, and that it was a very welcome present to her friends. I am sure she must sigh for old England.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *August 23, 1800.*

Hearing that the *Galen* is to sail immediately, and determined not to let an opportunity pass without giving you a line, I embrace the present with pleasure, but must waive everything upon the unpleasant subject of separation. . . .

Your father has taken a drive with Sir Edward Knatchbull. He came the day before yesterday, and had made up his mind to take him to his seat, so that he could not refuse to see the size of the scene for the picture, the light for painting it, etc. They had as fine a rainy day as any that could have offered in the month of November, but, as they were snug in their post-chaise, I cannot pity them, when it was so refreshing to the earth. I expect Mr. Copley will return on Monday. The baronet is much pleased with the design for the picture as far as it is gone, but you will find that he has but little idea of the artist's application when I tell you that he expected the picture would be painted in the course of a month. A year quite alarms him.

Your brother gives us his pleasing company at dinner, when we unite in best wishes to absent friends; he takes his walk to Hampstead, which he finds pleasant.

This year (1800) the great picture alluded to in the preceding letter, of "Sir Edward Knatchbull's Family," was begun, and we find constant reference to the work till it was finished, many years after.

“The canvas,” as we learn, “covered one end of the great room in the baronet’s house,” and contained at the beginning a group of *ten*, to which the owner subsequently insisted upon having another wife added, as well as a little stranger, on its arrival.” This beautiful picture, unfortunately for the artist, was very little known, in consequence of the unwillingness of the owner to permit it to be exhibited or engraved ; it is still in the possession of the family for which it was painted.

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

HAMPSTEAD, *September 3, 1800.*

We have all written by the Galen except my father, who, you know, never writes. The captain of the Galen has made a bet that he will arrive before you, as your vessel is reported to sail very badly. Indeed, I saw sufficient before I left you to confirm the general opinion ; but, as the winds have continued favorable here ever since your departure, we are not without hopes that you may make a short passage.

The Diana is upon the point of sailing ; I must therefore write much in a short time, and, if possible, in a short compass. Where to begin ? My father hopes to leave town in two or three days. He has already taken a view of his quarters. Sir Edward carried him to a *hop* frolic at Mr. Hilton’s, a gentleman of large property in the county. Two hundred persons of the first fashion, a splendid supper, a brilliant dance (a *hop* frolic, you see, in every sense), flowers and foliage and lamps, five o’clock in the morning, bed and breakfast at Lord Sondes’, dinner at Sir Edward’s, a spacious and splendid mansion, built by Adams, rain and thunder, eating and drinking, talking and laughing, — such is a rapid sketch of my father’s first visit.

Mary still retains her good looks ; my mother is well, and as cheerful as we could expect, after the loss of such a *jewel* as yourself. A long letter from Miss Tomlins, and poems. She is quite angry with Mr. Greene. To come from so far, traversing I know not how many degrees of latitude and longitude, to carry away her friend! She talks of coming to administer and receive consolation! Captain Yonge has met with another mischance. His horses, a few days ago, ran away with him and Miss Poignon, in a curricie, near Piccadilly. He was thrown out, his better leg broken, and the curricie shivered to a wreck. Miss Poignon, as being of the race of Falstaff, was less unfortunate ; a few bruises, a show of legs, constituted the sum of her sufferings. As to politics, I have but little information to give you. All that has passed and all that is meditated upon the subject of peace is covered by . . . an almost impenetrable veil. The opinion, however, that the preliminaries are already signed between Austria and France is strengthened by every arrival, though upon the return of Duroc the French funds gradually declined from thirty-eight to thirty-one.

It is said that some communications of a pacific tendency have lately passed between the republic and our own government, and the stocks have felt the influence of the report, omnium having risen within a few days from three and a half to six. Kleber has been assassinated ; an Arab, in the act of presenting a petition, plunged a dagger in his bosom. Menon, who has succeeded to the command, refuses to retire from Egypt. He has married a woman of the country, adopted, with the turban, a Turkish name and title, and declared himself a convert to the religion of Mahomet. Our regards to Mr. Greene. I salute you.

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *September 26, 1800.*

We have been taken by surprise. My mother has been informed, I know not from what quarter, that the *Minerva* was not likely to sail for some time. I therefore went yesterday evening into the city, to request of Mr. Bromfield that he would undertake the shipment of a small case for you, containing an opera tippet, a muff, and some little et ceteras, but was much mortified at finding that we had missed our opportunity, as the vessel had already cleared out. Another ship, however, the *Merchant*, will sail in about a week or ten days; so that I hope this unlucky mistake will not put you to any inconvenience.

These winter habiliments have recalled to my recollection a subject upon which I must say a few words. Let me, my dear sister, entreat you, in our joint names, by the affection you bear us, to be particularly attentive to your clothing during the severe weather which you are likely to experience in the approaching winter; and to be more especially careful on the return of spring, during which season the violent transitions from heat to cold are said to be very trying to the female constitution. You should cautiously watch the changes of the weather, and adapt your dress rather to the *day* than the *season*. Excuse me, my dear sister, for presuming to give advice, and ascribe the liberty I have taken solely to the deep interest I feel in everything that relates to your welfare. I have made a packet of about a dozen of the last newspapers; I hope both Mr. Greene and yourself will receive pleasure from the perusal of them; I did not put a greater number into the bag, but you may depend upon receiving, by the next opportunity, the entire series from the day when you left London. It appears, I think, from the general complexion of affairs, highly probable that a

peace will be concluded between this country and France before the return of spring. It is a blessing ardently looked for, and will be welcomed by the great mass of the community with joy and enthusiasm.

More secret expeditions, and in the event as disgraceful, though not quite so disastrous, as some of the former. Sir James Pulteney landed fifteen thousand men in the neighborhood of Ferrol, and reëmbarked without venturing to attack the place. It is said to have been weakly garrisoned, and, if taken, would have proved a very valuable conquest. Disturbances have prevailed throughout every part of the kingdom on account of the high price of provisions. They have been generally quelled without bloodshed. The volunteer corps have proved of great service. You will read of dreadful riots in London. Be not alarmed. They may appear formidable at a distance, but, I assure you, they did not excite a moment's apprehension in the minds even of the most timid. . . . Pitt has returned with his Russian bride. As to her person, she is very *well*; but, after all I had heard, I confess I was disappointed. My father is still at Sir Edward Knatchbull's, and is highly pleased with the hospitable and polite reception he has met with. He will not return to town for some time. My mother is very well. Mary looks charmingly. As to myself, I have still some flesh upon my bones. The two solitary ladies paid me a visit yesterday in the Temple, and were regaled with oysters, etc. I have entered into winter quarters, and shall remain stationary till the swallows return from their annual excursion. The weather, however, still continues fine. I have written in great haste, but if my letter is legible the object will be answered.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *October 10, 1800.*

By the Merchant, which I hope will sail immediately, is shipped a box containing some warm garments for your use.

I am very solicitous that they may get to you before the severe weather sets in, and I hope they will help to guard you against being too much exposed to the severity of climate that you have not been used to; and I cannot omit requesting that you will take care of your health. . . .

Since you left us we have been blessed with the continuance of fine weather and good health, but I am sorry to say that our fond hopes of the restoration of peace between this country and France are now at an end, and that the old, sad scenes of war present themselves to view with increased difficulties to the looker-on.

When you see the papers you will be assailed with sad accounts of the distress of the poor, from the high price of provisions, and will, no doubt, wonder at it when you left us with so good a prospect from the promising, plentiful harvest. There are two opinions here upon the subject: one, that it is occasioned by *forestallers* (or "middlemen"); and the other, that the country was so drained that even the present plentiful season has not been sufficient to replenish it. You must not allow the accounts you hear to make you too anxious for us; they always appear worse at a distance, and, as you know how things have been, you will be able to make proper allowances for such accounts as may reach you. We are called upon by the several parish resolutions to be as saving as possible; indeed, if we adopt all their plans of self-denial, our bill of fare must be very limited. . . .

Your father is still at Sir Edward's. I have the pleasure of hearing that he is well and in good spirits; he is

much pleased with Sir Edward and his family, and is going on with his picture to his mind; I hope to see him by the last of this month. London presents nothing new yet; it is not quite so deserted as it has been, but none of the fashionables are yet to be seen. . . . Yours ever truly.

[The mother to the daughter.]

LONDON, *October 22, 1800.*

. . . As to domestic occurrences, I do not find anything new to say. Your father is still absent, but very well. I tell him I suppose that he will return to us with the great men of the House, who are convened to examine into the cause of the present distresses of the country from the high price of provisions. It will be happy if, in their wisdom, they can mitigate the evil; but as you will hear from the politician of the family, I shall refer you to him for information upon this subject. I will caution you not to be over-anxious at accounts which may reach you, for you will reflect that they are so changeable that even upon the spot it is not easy to make up an opinion upon them. . . . Yours, truly and affectionately.

[From Miss Copley to her sister, Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *October 22, 1800.*

. . . My father has been absent six weeks, and does not expect to return in less than a fortnight. Sir Edward has left Mersham for about ten days, and my father is sole lord and master; the little children call him "papa" and "Sir Edward." My mother and I are as solitary as two *old maids*. I think the town never was so empty as it has been this season, but it is now beginning to get a little better. . . . We have had a most delightful autumn as well as summer, but still I am afraid the prospect before us is rather gloomy; all hopes of peace between England and France seem to be over, and some people think there will be war with Russia, as Paul

was very angry with us, even before the capture of Malta.

You will think, from reading the English newspapers, that we shall certainly be starved this winter. I believe there is great danger of it, but you must not be alarmed, as those things always appear more dreadful at a distance. The different parishes have entered into an agreement not to use butter, milk, or cheese, till the price is reduced, but it has not had any effect at present. Parliament will meet the 11th of next month, when we hope something will be done. John is going with us this morning to see St. Stephen's chapel and the painted chamber, which they are preparing for the Commons to meet in till the other is finished. . . .

We took a walk the other day to see Mrs. Heaviside,* at the Gore, and, though she lives there all by herself, she told us a piece of scandal which I am very much surprised we have not heard before, for she says all the world is talking of it. It is that Princess Sophia has been privately married to Colonel Manners, and that she lay in at Weymouth. If it is true, I think it likely that our neighbor, Lady Charlotte, has been in the plot, which would bring her into disgrace. She has been in town a few days. I suppose you are in the midst of bustle, preparing your house; I wish I was with you to help. . . .

John is making some alterations and improvements in his chambers, which may possibly prevent his writing to you by this opportunity. He is very well, and has promised us another breakfast on Lord Mayor's day. I must leave off, as I expect him every minute to go out. Adieu, my dear sister. Yours sincerely, MARY COPLEY.

* Wife of the famous surgeon.

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *October 22, 1800.*

It is now above two months since you quitted our shores, and we are therefore beginning to look out for the much-wished-for intelligence of your happy arrival in America. Like impatient school-boys, we began our computation by months, and now reckon the weeks which will probably elapse before we are informed of your safety. We have already scribbled a ream of paper, and are still adding to the quantity.

Mr. Winslow goes to Boston, *via* New York, and I must not let slip so favorable an opportunity of sending the latest intelligence from Europe. He will deliver you newspapers up to the 22d instant, from the conclusion of the last set which were forwarded by the Merchant.

I have also troubled him with a set of papers of an earlier date, which, with the others which have been already sent, form a complete series from the day you quitted London to the present time. Of these early papers, however, there are a few missing; my laundress used them as waste paper, but I fortunately discovered the loss before it proceeded to any extent.

When I began my letter, I intended to have attempted to give you some idea of the state of politics, both foreign and domestic. But the papers which I have sent being the principal source from whence I derive my intelligence, I could do little more than repeat and abridge the information they contain. The high price of provisions appears to excite very general uneasiness; but whether the scarcity is real or artificial is a point upon which opinions are very much divided. I think it is very doubtful whether Parliament, which meets on the 11th of next month, will be able to remedy, or even to mitigate, the evil.

All commotions, however, have subsided, and, notwith-

standing the sufferings of the poorer orders of society, the most perfect tranquillity at present prevails. Cobbett, who was an instrument of so much mischief, is an American; he has issued a prospectus of a new daily paper, which he intends to publish here under the title of the "Porcupine." It is filled with the most virulent and intemperate invectives against the United States. I send you a copy.

I think there is much reason to apprehend that there will not be a long continuance of harmony between this country and America, and I am afraid this fellow will fan the sparks of disunion, which appear already to be quickened, till they burst into a flame.

Circumstanced as we are, we must deprecate a rupture with America as the greatest of calamities; since, by increasing the difficulties of communication, it will in fact separate us still more widely from each other, and consequently render us still more sensible of our loss. Among the news you will find a *thread paper*. Polly sends it to Mrs. Greene. I remonstrated with her on the subject. "What, send a thread paper across the Atlantic!" "And why not," she says, "as well as a newspaper?" I must not forget to mention that my mother some time since shipped on board the *Merchant*, of Boston, for Mrs. Greene, a box containing several articles of dress, which she is anxious should arrive before the winter.

The vessel has been delayed much beyond what was expected, but I am happy to learn that it has at length sailed. Accept my regards, and believe me very sincerely yours.

My mother is uncommonly well; Mary quite fat. My father is still in Kent. Adieu. Mrs. Greene, I salute you.

CHAPTER XI.

REMINISCENCES.

1800-1801.

THE KNATCHBULL GROUP. — THE FITCH PORTRAITS. — A MARRIAGE THAT DID NOT OCCUR. — NAPOLEON'S VICTORIES IN AUSTRIA AND ITALY. — UNSETTLED STATE OF EUROPE. — PROSPECTS OF PEACE. — FAMILY MATTERS.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *December 20, 1800.*

. . . YOUR father returned about a month since, in very good health and spirits, which, I am happy to add, London has not yet effaced. He has been very successful, as far as he had advanced the baronet's group; when I tell you that the canvas covers one end of the great room, you will suppose that it will take some considerable time to finish it. Since his return, he has been combating the unfavorable season for finishing the Misses Fitch's heads, which he accomplished two days since, to their and his own satisfaction; they have stayed in town till now for that purpose. They have taken a house thirty miles from London for one year, to which they set out this day. They are very agreeable; the more I know them, the more I esteem them.

We have sadly wanted you in the painting-room; we have had recourse to the likeness of you, which every one that knows the original is struck with, and which it gives me much pleasure to contemplate.

The papers which Mr. Greene sent have not yet come

to hand. We thank him for his attention to the print, and hope his exertions may be successful. Mr. Copley wishes for the one that is published from a picture by Stuart, if it can be procured, not knowing where it is to be found here. Now that I am upon the arts I have to say that I hope you will not adorn your new house with the sad portraits you mention; pray hang them in a closet.

The print which Copley desired was from Gilbert Stuart's picture of John Adams; he wanted its aid in some change which he wished to make in the arrangement of the hair in the portrait he had painted of that gentleman some years previous, when minister to the Court of St. James. In answer to this request Mr. Greene writes to his wife as follows: —

October 20, 1801.

I hope I shall not be considered a busybody by my endeavor to procure the sketch your father wants. I called on Mr. Berry yesterday and to-day, to consult with him how it is to be procured: he is to give me a letter to Mr. Stuart, and I shall ask Mr. Smith, if the drawing of the President [John Adams] is to be found, to procure some artist to draw the head. I am ambitious it should be perfect.

Copley did ample justice to the genius of his gifted countryman, but while doing so he could not but regret that Stuart did not devote more persevering study to his art. The rapidity with which he would dash off a head, often admirably executed, under the stimulus of necessity, was little short of marvelous. A curious anecdote is

constantly quoted in illustration of his rapid execution. He had promised to paint a head within a stipulated time, and his employer took the precaution to lock the door of the studio till the work should be finished. At the hour agreed upon he appeared, found the door open, and the artist flown long before the promised time had elapsed, and to his great amazement the head was entirely finished.

There is a fine portrait of Copley by Stuart in the possession of Lady Lyndhurst, — according to the testimony of Lord Lyndhurst, the best and most agreeable likeness of his father ever painted, — erroneously engraved with the name of Gainsborough.

The portraits of which Mrs. Copley writes so disparagingly are crayons of herself and husband by Copley before he left America. “The picture of the Misses Fitch” represents the two ladies and their brother, Colonel Fitch, the size of life, — the latter in full uniform, leaning on his horse, — in a landscape scene; the sisters, fine, handsome women in their prime. Soon after the picture was finished Colonel Fitch was killed in the West Indies, and it was sent to Boston, to their uncle, for whom it was painted. In reference to it Mrs. Copley writes, without date, as follows to Mrs. Greene: “Miss Fitch has sent her picture to Mr. Lloyd. It went from this in very good order; should it, by being shut up, or by the dampness of the sea, contract a fog, it will only be necessary to have it well rubbed with a warm, soft handkerchief, which will restore

the varnish. I mention this, as perhaps they may be at a loss, and apply to you for information."

These ladies belonged to the class known as refugees, — persons who had seen more prosperous times under the colonial government; handsome, showy women, fond of company and gayety, but with scanty means of gratifying their taste. They delighted in going to London when their brother, at the head of his regiment, was stationed there. As they walked through the brilliant streets of the metropolis, attended by his servant, they attracted all eyes by their style and beauty. To Mrs. Copley's hospitable invitations they would gayly answer, "We should indeed be delighted to accept, but, alas! our scanty wardrobe hardly allows us to join your company." They were sure, however, to appear fresh and elegant. Miss Sally Fitch afterwards became Mrs. Vassal, and as wife and mother disappears from the correspondence. The picture remains in the possession of the descendants of the family for whom it was painted, and is as brilliant and fresh as when it left the artist's hands.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *January 14, 1801.*

. . . John complains that your letters are not half long enough; indeed, at such a distance, it seems if we never could be satisfied. We are now in daily expectation of the arrival of the *Minerva*. I think it extremely unfortunate that your pelisse, etc., did not go by that ship, as the *Merchant* was detained here so long by contrary winds that I fear she will not arrive till very late in the season. . . . If you had such a winter as we have, you

might very well have done without it. Christmas Day was delightful, more like April than December: a clear sky, bright sun, warm air, and dry streets.

My father threatens to write you a very long letter; he says he is "quite affronted that you have written so many, and that you have not condescended to write once to him!" I assure you he has grown ten years younger, at least, by his visit to the baronet, and he is such a beau that he quite outdoes John.

You have not given your opinion of America in any of your letters. I heard through Mr. Hubbard that you were to make your *début* at the Assembly. What do you think of the American belles? It is not paying them a great compliment for the gentlemen to come to England for wives; we have none to spare, so you must not give them any encouragement.

You say you "expect to receive a long letter from me full of anecdotes." You forget what vegetating animals we are. Everything goes on in the old style. Old Erving comes to us on Sundays. Heavside has his Friday evenings, and the factious Academicians have their club. Lord *Evergreen* comes very often, and the two knights are grown more important and conceited than ever. In short, if you had Fortunatus's wishing-cap, and were to transport yourself to George Street, you would find everything so exactly the same as you left it that you would think you had only been absent a week. . . .

As you like *anecdotes*, I will relate one about Miss C——, whom you must certainly remember. A young Scotch baronet, of no fortune, but good expectations, paid his addresses to her, and they were to have been married very soon. In the mean time a new-made knight, very old but very rich, wanted a wife to support the dignity of his new title, and, having heard of the dashing spirit of Miss C——, was determined to confer that honor upon her. The wedding was agreed upon, and the cere-

mony was to have taken place after an acquaintance of two days. Everything was in great style. They had two coaches and four, and, for what reason I know not, the bridegroom went to church first. The disappointed lover stopped the carriage that the bride was in in Portland Place, with two pistols in his hand. Presenting one to her, he declared if she did not promise not to marry his rival, he would first shoot her, and then himself. Poor Miss C—— was so terrified she was obliged to comply and return home. Thus ended the gay wedding. I have not heard since whether either of the gentlemen are likely to obtain the fair prize. The papers at the time were filled with squibs and paragraphs upon the lady and her two admirers. . . .

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *January 22, 1801.*

I have too long delayed to thank you for your kind letter. The arrival of the *Minerva* has increased the debt, and the acceptable present which it contains is rendered doubly valuable by the accounts we have received of your welfare. Betsy is very good to us, and, I am persuaded, will continue so. It is unnecessary, and I am sure it would be difficult, to describe the pleasure we receive from her letters. Placed in a similar situation with ourselves, and blessed with the tenderest affection, she is fully able to appreciate it. To say that they are necessary to our comfort is almost too cold a language; they are essential to our existence; we cannot live without them.

Indeed, unless we exert ourselves with vigilance to counteract the Lethæan effects of time and absence, we shall become in a degree strangers to each other. The very idea is dreadful: away with it!

We were surprised that a letter of the 14th of December should contain no account of the event of your impor-

tant election. It is understood here that the votes were to be published on the 3d, and eight or nine days would, I should think, be amply sufficient, even at this season of the year, to convey the intelligence from the federal city to Boston. We anxiously hope, and indeed the probability seems to favor our wishes, that Mr. Adams may be confirmed in his station ; as we think that the happy harmony which has subsisted between the two countries is more likely to continue, and even to gain strength, under his auspices than under the administration of either Jefferson or Pinckney. I wish it were in my power to communicate any favorable intelligence from Europe.

Mr. Pitt, about two months since, ventured to declare in the House of Commons "that even as a common spectator he should advise the emperor to continue the war!" He *has* continued it, and the French, after a series of the most unexampled successes both in Bavaria and Italy, have established their headquarters within sixty miles of the capital of the Austrian dominions, without a fortification, or scarcely the semblance of an army, to oppose their farther progress. The consequence has been that an armistice of thirty days has been concluded, and the emperor, before the expiration of that period, will be compelled to accept such terms as the victor may think it prudent to impose. It is generally supposed that by the preliminary treaty Belgium and Savoy will be finally ceded to the republic, that Holland and Helvetia will be established as independent governments, and that the emperor will renounce all his claims in Italy to the west of the Adige. Whether a separate peace with the emperor will lead to a peace with this country, it is impossible to foresee. The treaty of armed neutrality which is actually signed between the courts of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark will encourage a perseverance in hostility on the part of the French ; and as we cannot give way to

the unsanctioned pretensions of the Northern powers, no prudent person can venture to fix a term to the contest.

Sir R. Abercrombie has sailed for Egypt with about twenty thousand men ; but the public are prepared for the intelligence of disaster in that quarter, as there seems to be good reason to suppose that Menon is well provided for defense.

I have only left room to sign my name at the end of my letter, and have still two or three things to add. Bread has fallen to twenty pence the quartern loaf, which weighs about four pounds five ounces ; but it is expected shortly to rise again, as wheat and flour have advanced considerably in the course of the week. In a few days, however, the law for the prohibition of white bread will begin to take effect. The people murmur, but remain quiet. Everybody looks anxiously forward to peace as the only event that can put an end to the public distress.

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *March 2*, 1801.

We write by the *Minerva*, which sails in a few days ; but, as you will be disappointed in not receiving a letter by the *Galen*, if it should happen to arrive first, I am therefore commissioned to transmit a line for the purpose of informing you that we are all well, and that your commission has been in every respect punctually executed. Upon Captain Barber's return you will receive a case containing the cotton furniture and fringe, the carpeting, a proof print of *Chatham*, the lamps, and a barometer, which Mr. Webb has restored to its former splendor.

What shall I say in the remainder of this page ? The king has had a return of his old complaint, but is now in a state of convalescence. A treaty of peace has been concluded between the emperor and the French republic. Pitt, Grenville, Dundas, etc., have resigned upon the Catholic Emancipation. Addington is the new prime

minister; Hawksbury succeeds Grenville. The appointments are not yet made out; these are suspended in consequence of the king's illness.

We have a "sandwich" in George Street, on Tuesday next, — Mrs. Lamb, etc.

Regards to Mr. Greene. Adieu, adieu, a thousand times adieu. You shall have a long letter by the Merchant to make amends for this scrawl.

[The mother to the daughter.]

LONDON, *March 3, 1801.*

. . . I know that you are interested in the events of this country, the very important public concerns of which fill the mind at this time with anxious solicitude. By all that may reach you you will find that the prospect has not brightened upon Old England; indeed, the cloud has appeared very heavy for the last week, by the very severe illness of the king, which has been of the most alarming kind; but we are relieved this day by the intelligence that it has passed the crisis, and that there is every hope of his speedy recovery.

God grant that his life may be continued for a blessing to his people! The present seems an eventful period, but things are in so unsettled a state that no opinion can be formed; we much hope that some brighter scene will open to view.

We have been greatly favored by the mildness of the past winter, which has greatly lessened the distress occasioned by the high price of provisions; such a winter I do not remember since I have been in the country, — not a *winter*, but a continued *autumn*. Your father has greatly enjoyed it; he was so set up by his country excursion that he has been remarkably well in health and spirits; indeed, we have all been blessed with good health. . . .

As to the arts, which I know you likewise retain an interest in, I have the pleasure to say that your father

has got his picture of the "Knatchbull Family" much advanced. He is fortunate in having so lovely a group of ten; they are fine subjects for the pencil. In the course of the summer, if he has his health, I think he will get through with it with ease.

What do you think of the courage of a young lady of five and twenty, whom the baronet is soon to introduce as mother to his half a score of children?

The Fitch picture is now in hand, finishing for the Exhibition. The paragraph in your letter occasioned me a little fun with these ladies; they are in the long list of those friends who are very frequently inquiring after you, and who desire kind remembrances to yourself and Mr. Greene; should I enumerate them I should soon fill much paper; you are only to recollect that you are not forgotten by any of your friends. . . .

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *March 4*, 1801.

. . . You will, no doubt, have heard of the king's illness. I have the pleasure to inform you that he is very much better; indeed, we did hear that he was out of danger; his disorder could not have happened at a more unfortunate time for this country. Our prospects at present are as gloomy as they can well be. The only consolation we have is that Mr. Pitt is *out*, so we hope things will mend, and that we may at last have peace. I have been busily employed the last week in writing cards of invitation for a tea and sandwich party for the 10th instant. John has made my mother promise to give a dance; he says he is determined to get a wife in the course of the summer; you must not therefore be surprised if you should hear by the next opportunity that it is all settled. I cannot at present give you any idea who the lady will be.

Sir Edward's picture goes on very well; the whole

family are uncommonly handsome. He is going to be married again to a young lady who lives in our street. He is certainly a very pleasant, good-looking man, but still he has ten children, the eldest about nineteen, and the lady is only twenty; we think Sir Edward is about five and forty. The lady must have a good share of courage. Report says she is a very fine woman. Speaking of weddings puts me in mind of one that I had almost forgotten. I am sure you will smile when you hear who it is. It is no other than Mrs. Whittingham. I do not know what has got into people; they all seem wedding-mad. You will expect I should give you some account of the fashions, but I do not find any material alteration since last season, except that short pelisses, within about half a foot of the bottom of the petticoat, trimmed all round with a very broad lace, are now quite "the go;" little caps are likewise very much worn. Tell Mr. Greene that the beaux in London universally wear *powder and no wigs!*

[The mother to her daughter.]

April 6, 1801.

. . . I do not now recollect anything new in the chain of events since our last letters, except that there is a ray of light let in upon us from a hope that peace may take place; but everything with regard to public affairs is at present in a very uncertain state. Should you, at your leisure, take a look at George Street, and reflect upon the busy scene of preparing for the Exhibition, the same view as formerly would present itself, — breakfast between eight and nine o'clock, dinner between six and seven, etc. The Fitch picture is the one that at present engages attention; if I dare to give an opinion before the connoisseurs, I should say that it was very fine. . . .

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *April* 20, 1801.

We are anxiously expecting news from Boston, as some weeks have now elapsed since we have received any intelligence from our friends in that place. You must not, however, suppose that we are unmindful of former favors, or that the impression made by your letters is fugitive and transitory; you will, I am persuaded, be ready to assign a more just and much better reason for our impatience. Feeling as we daily do the loss we have sustained, every alleviation is welcomed with eagerness; but while we are devouring the contents of a letter we cannot forbear reflecting upon the days which have elapsed since it was written, and, throwing our view across the Atlantic, we indulge in thoughts upon the present, and sigh for more recent and therefore more satisfactory intelligence.

That our feelings and sentiments are reciprocal it is a comfort and happiness to consider; and you will therefore, I am persuaded, sincerely rejoice with us at the favorable change which, within a few days, has taken place in the aspect of our public affairs. By the enterprise and courage of our seamen, who have achieved a brilliant victory over the Danes, even in their own harbor and in view of their capital, and by the sudden death of the great autocrat, Paul, the vital spring and soul of the Northern Confederacy, we have a fair prospect of extricating ourselves with reputation and honor from the perplexed situation in which this formidable league had involved us.

We have commenced a negotiation with the French, which it is not improbable may terminate in a peace; our sovereign, for whom we have experienced so much anxiety, is rapidly recovering from the effects of his late indisposition.

The new ministers have constantly manifested a spirit of mildness and conciliation, and there is every prospect that an ample harvest will rescue the poor from the privations and sufferings to which the scarcity of the two last seasons had condemned them. With respect to Egypt, indeed, it is uncertain at present what may be the result of our exertions in that quarter.

Paris papers were yesterday received which state that General Abercrombie had landed with twelve thousand British troops in the vicinity of Alexandria; that he had been immediately attacked by four thousand of the enemy, who, after a vigorous conflict, fell back towards the city; that a second engagement had taken place, which had been followed by no farther advantages; and that Menon had arrived from Cairo, and was assembling his army from all quarters to oppose the invaders. We shall therefore look with anxiety for farther intelligence; particularly as the operations upon this theatre must necessarily have so important an influence upon the negotiations for peace. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *June 1, 1801.*

. . . Your father desires me to thank you for your letter; he says that your account has, more than anything he has before received, revived the pleasing sensations which he formerly enjoyed in that delightful spot. I tell him I don't know what might be the effect if our comfort, as well as our delight, was not so interwoven with the arts, which it is mortifying to know do not find a place among the other refinements of our native country; so we are compelled to make the best of the mixture of good and its reverse which this country affords. We have reason, at present, for thankfulness that brighter prospects present themselves than could have been expected some time since. The king being perfectly restored; the

Northern contest, if not entirely adjusted, yet every prospect that it soon will be ; a fine growing season before us, with the promise of "sweet plenty;" and a revived hope that Mr. Addington and Buonaparte will come to some terms of a pacific nature, — thus we have a more pleasing view. Heaven grant that we may realize this, and thankfully enjoy what fond hope so eagerly anticipates. We are still anxiously looking for accounts from Egypt, as much will depend upon the result of the contest there. . . .

What do you say when I tell you that Lady Charlotte has very condescendingly accepted the addresses of a young untitled beau? A Mr. Wynne is soon to be the happy man. Miss Pepperell and Mrs. Stewart are likewise upon the list for matrimony: the former to the eldest son of a baronet, and the latter to a Scotch gentleman, both with good prospects. . . .Yours ever,

S. COPLEY.

I think you will find this an incoherent jumble.

Copley painted a picture of the Pepperell family, consisting of the baronet, his wife, son, and three daughters. The son died young, and the baronetcy became extinct. One of the daughters married Mr. Congreve, of Aldermaston, near Newbury. The youngest, Harriet, married a Mr. Hudson, who afterwards took the name of Palmer, and was created a baronet, and the oil painting is now in the possession of Sir A. B. Palmer, at Wanlip Hall, Leicester.

Much of this information was collected from Miss Copley and Miss Mariot and a friend of the Hudsons. The Pepperell family was well known in New England before the Revolution.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, June 27, 1801.

We were very much mortified in learning the disaster which occurred to the glasses, both of the Chatham print and of the barometer. With respect to the latter, Webb assured me that he would take care so to secure it that it would arrive without accident; finding fault at the same time with the manner in which it had been packed upon the first voyage. I have many thanks to return for the newspapers with which you have so repeatedly furnished us, and very much regret that it has not been hitherto in my power to transmit a regular series from hence. I have several times endeavored to arrange a plan with my friends by which I might secure to myself a reversion of the papers, but have not yet been able to succeed.

Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to be able to contribute to your gratification in this particular, as I am persuaded that, notwithstanding your *transatlantic exile*, you must still feel an interest in the intrigues, the contests, and the revolutions of Europe.

In consequence of the timely death of Paul and the splendid victory of Copenhagen, our contest with the Northern powers, which appeared to threaten such alarming events, will in all probability be speedily adjusted in an amicable and favorable manner.

Lord St. Helens has arrived at St. Petersburg, and the embargo has been removed from the British vessels in the several ports of Russia.

We have manifested a similar spirit of conciliation, and have relieved all the Russian, Swedish, and Danish vessels which have been detained in England. Mr. Addington and his associates in administration hold a very moderate and pacific language; the same temper is also possessed by the chief consul, and the negotiations between the two countries have for some time been carried

on with great activity. It is impossible, with any safety, to speculate upon the result; but there are those who assert that the affairs will terminate in a peace, at once honorable and advantageous to Great Britain. It is said that the French are to evacuate Egypt, and that we are to be allowed to retain the port of Alexandria, as a check upon any future enterprise directed against that country; and that we are to be suffered also to keep the Cape of Good Hope and all our conquests in the East Indies,—but then, in the West we are to make large sacrifices; and, lastly, that the King of Sardinia is to be reinstated in the possession of Piedmont. It is asserted that the chief consul is sincerely desirous of concluding a peace with this country, as well on account of the general eagerness manifested in the republic for this event, as because of the difficulties and embarrassments in the way of the indemnities agreed upon at the settlement of the treaty of Luneville.

As to Egypt, we have no authentic accounts from that country of a later date than the 22d of April; but there are various reports in circulation, chiefly founded upon the paragraphs and letters contained in the French papers, that the issue of the contest in that part of the world has not been so favorable as, from previous circumstances, we were naturally led to hope.

These reports, however, rest upon very slight foundation, and do not appear to be entitled to any credit.

[From J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, June 29, 1801.

As you are so partial to my *notes*, I am determined not to suffer this opportunity to pass without endeavoring to contribute by so easy a method to your gratification.

But, in the first place, I must request you will have the goodness to assist Mr. Greene in deciphering the letter which incloses this, as I have written it in so great a

hurry, notwithstanding Lord Chesterfield's rule, that I very much doubt whether one tenth of it will be legible to a person unaccustomed to my scrawl.

I hope the caps, gowns, etc., etc., will be perfectly to your mind, for we had a consultation upon the subject, particularly as to the pink dress, which was seen and considered a dozen different times before the important point was decided. It was at length determined in favor of the pink, as well because it was recollected that your other dresses are chiefly white as from an observation that pink was a color that harmonized admirably with your complexion.

Mr. and Mrs. Heaviside, though not formally separated, never visit each other; and yet the lady complains, notwithstanding she rises every morning at seven, that the days are too short for the important affairs to which they are severally appropriated. The little widow Bancroft has at length fixed upon a successor to her late husband; the wedding, however, is not to take place till next February, as she thinks two years of mourning but a proper tribute of love and respect for the memory of her deceased friend. The lady is at present in town. I dined with her yesterday, and we afterwards went to the little theatre. She is in excellent spirits, and desires to be kindly remembered to you. What can I say more?

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 28, 1801.*

. . . By the way, we are going to lose our neighbor, Lady Charlotte; she is soon to be married to Mr. Thomas Wynne, nephew to Mrs. Soame, whom Mrs. Lambe is so much acquainted with. Miss Pepperell is likewise to be married to Sir Thomas Hudson's eldest son, and Miss Sophia Stewart, Erving's niece, to a Scotch gentleman. I hope you will approve of our taste in the choice of the dress, caps, etc. We have had many consultations upon

the subject, and Miss Catlin has exerted all her skill in endeavoring to make it as fashionable and elegant as possible. As to *sarsenet*, she would not hear of it; she says no young ladies will wear them except for undress. We were undecided between the pink and a white, but John chose the pink; and as all your other dresses are white we determined upon that, as it would make a greater variety. It is intended to be worn without anything upon the neck; but there is a small handkerchief, in case you should think it not high enough. I persuaded my mother to send you an obi hat and a Spanish cloak; they are very much worn by the dashing belles, and I think the cloak is the prettiest I have seen. Silk gloves, except the opera mittens, are very much upon the decline with the most fashionable ladies, so I have sent you a pair of white kids, in addition to what you ordered.

[The mother to her daughter.]

July 8, 1801.

. . . We have the satisfaction of thinking that, though the gentlemen of the graver are going on rather slowly, they will produce works that will gratify Mr. Greene and yourself, as well as other lovers of the arts. Your father feels at last satisfied in his prospect with Sharp, but he cannot calculate with certainty as to time. Mr. Heath⁴¹ is going on with the engraving of Mr. Adams's portrait [the large, full-length portrait of John Adams in Memorial Hall, Harvard College], but he is much in want of some painting or sketch that will give some idea of his present character; we understand that he is much altered from the likeness your father took of him. He hears that there are several pictures of him in Boston, and will be obliged if Mr. Greene will get some person to make a copy of one of them, and, if it could be obtained, a sketch from Mr. Adams's head; in short, anything that would give an idea of his present character,

hair, etc. He thinks an inferior artist can do either, and the sooner they can be procured the more will be the advantage derived in the finishing the print. As to poor Dunkarton, he has exceeded slowness itself in his Lord Spencer.* It is a disappointment, as usual, when anything depends upon him ; but it is to be *very fine*, to console us. I hope it will not be much longer before we can send you a specimen.

Your father is very well, and busy in getting the baronet's picture forward ; it excites much attention.

* Referring to an engraving, and a very fine one, taken by Dunkarton from a superb full-length portrait painted by Copley, representing Lord Spencer in Highland costume, in full dress.

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICS AND ART.

1801-1802.

THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND BY THE FRENCH. — NAVAL DISASTERS AND SUCCESSES. — LORD NELSON'S EXPLOIT AT BOULOGNE. — FALL OF CAIRO. — PEACE, AND ITS TERMS. — TROUBLE WITH ENGRAVERS. — POLITICAL EXCITEMENT. — COPLEY'S SUCCESS IN DOMESTIC PORTRAITURE. — SEARCH FOR THE "VENETIAN." — DREARINESS OF LONDON AND GAYETY OF PARIS IN SUMMER.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *July 25, 1801.*

DEAR SIR, — Your excursion to New York and Montreal has, I hope, in every particular, been attended with all the pleasure and gratification which you expected to receive from it.

To my sister, who had before seen but little of America, the tour must have been interesting in the extreme; I expect her letters will be filled with captivating descriptions, as well of the sublime scenery of the Hudson as of the romantic and picturesque beauties of Montreal. I assure you, I have a thousand times longed to be of the party, which, according to Mr. Atkinson's account, was to be strengthened by a considerable accession of friends at New York, and was to be all life and gayety and cheerfulness.

While you, on your side of the water, are enjoying these agreeable and peaceful scenes, which tend to humanize the heart and improve the social affections, our atten-

tion is engrossed by objects of a far different character, — by the immense preparations which the French are making along the whole extent of their coast for the invasion of this country. These formidable appearances, however, have not yet created the slightest symptom of uneasiness, although ministers are exerting themselves with laudable activity and vigor for the purpose of preventing or defeating the enterprise. Indeed, I think that *here* we are invulnerable, and that it is only Ireland that can afford any just ground for apprehension. For it is there alone that the enemy, if by any accident he should succeed in eluding the vigilance of our squadrons, can reasonably hope to meet with countenance and coöperation.

The actual state of affairs in Egypt is involved in considerable doubt and uncertainty. For although the last advices from that country were of the most favorable nature, yet there is reason to believe that Admiral Gauthaume has contrived to land a powerful reinforcement, to the extent of four or five thousand men, in the vicinity of Alexandria. The squadron under his command has also fallen in with and captured the "Swiftsure," a seventy-four-gun ship, commanded by Captain Hallowell, which was returning to England on account of her leaky condition. She attempted to fight her way through the middle of the French fleet, but was, at length, brought to close action, and compelled, after a gallant defense, to surrender to the superior force of the enemy. Captain Hallowell is, I believe, a native of Boston. He has distinguished himself very honorably on several occasions, in the course of the present war.

We have also met with another naval misfortune. Sir James Saumarez chased into Algeciras Bay a French squadron, consisting of three line of battle ships and a frigate, commanded by Admiral Linois. The enemy anchored close under the Spanish batteries, and, having a considerable number of troops on board, sent them

ashore to man the works. The British commander, nevertheless, ventured upon the attack, but, after a most obstinate and bloody engagement, was compelled to retire, leaving the Hannibal, of eighty guns, in the hands of the enemy. The only account, however, which we have yet received of this affair is through the medium of the French papers, which are not, certainly, upon all occasions, to be implicitly relied upon.

A convention has been signed at Petersburg by Lord St. Helens and the Russian minister, to which the courts of Sweden and Denmark have since acceded. The terms of this treaty have not been officially announced to the public, but it is generally understood that the right of search, even in the case of vessels under convoy, is expressly recognized, but that certain regulations are prescribed relative to the mode of exercising the right, which, it is hoped, will prevent future occasions of differences and misunderstanding. It is also stipulated that neutral vessels, under convoy, shall not be visited, or in any respect molested, by the privateer of the belligerent powers.

August 5th.

At length we have received advices from Sir James Saumarez, which confirm the statement that I have already given you, relative to the disaster sustained in Algeiras Bay. It appears that the Hannibal, in moving to her station, unfortunately took the ground. In this situation she was exposed to heavy fire from the Spanish batteries, and, there being no possibility of extricating her, she was reluctantly compelled to strike her colors. But the sequel of the affair must forever put to silence the vain and ridiculous boasts of the enemy on account of this accidental advantage. For it has been followed by a victory as glorious to the British arms as anything that has been achieved during the course of the present war, in which the enterprising and heroic spirit of our navy

has shone with such distinguished lustre. For shortly after the engagement six sail of the line, confiding, no doubt, for security in the crippled state of our vessels, ventured to put to sea from the harbor of Cadiz. This squadron consisted, among others, of two Spanish first-rates of one hundred and twelve guns each, a French eighty-gun ship, and the *San Antonio*, a Spanish seventy-four, but under French colors, commanded by a French officer, and with a crew composed of an equal proportion of each nation. The enemy proceeded to Algeciras Bay, and, being there joined by the three French ships and the *Hannibal*, under the command of Linois, immediately steered its course back again towards the Straits. Sir J. Saumarez had exerted himself with indefatigable diligence in refitting his vessels ; and, with only five sail of the line, proceeded in pursuit of this fleet, which was of considerably more than double his own force. He came up, towards the close of the day, with the sternmost of the enemy's ships, and immediately brought them to action.

This bold and daring enterprise was crowned with signal and deserved success. For, in the course of the engagement, the two Spanish first-rates took fire and blew up, and the *San Antonio*, after a short resistance, was captured. The rest of the fleet, favored by the darkness, made its escape, and took refuge in the harbor of Cadiz.

August 15th.

I have left my letter open for the purpose of communicating the latest information, as well political as domestic. With respect to the latter, I have the pleasure to acquaint you that we are all well, an intelligence that to distant friends can never be uninteresting or superfluous. We were yesterday made supremely happy by the receipt of a letter from Betsy, dated New York, 20th. I am afraid that the commissions which it contains cannot

be executed in time for the sailing of the *Minerva*, but as there is another vessel to follow in about a fortnight, the delay will not, perhaps, be of much importance. My mother has omitted in her letter to send you our thanks for the meal. I am therefore commissioned by the whole circle to tender our acknowledgments in due form for your kind and acceptable present. You will, I am persuaded, be happy to hear that our harvest is likely to prove most abundant. The season has been extremely propitious, and throughout the southern part of the island the wheat is in general cut, and in many districts already secured.

Lord Nelson has visited Boulogne, but, as it appears, rather for the purpose of experiment than with the intention or the hope of performing any great and splendid exploit. About twenty-five of the enemy's gun-boats were outside the harbor; he destroyed ten of these, but very properly and humanely abstained from doing any injury to the town, which, as it is said, lay completely exposed to bombardment. He has since returned to the Downs, and is preparing for a second expedition, but the object of attack is prudently concealed.

By letters received from Lord Minto, English minister at Vienna, and Mr. Tooke, the East India Company's agent at Constantinople, we are informed that the castle and city of Cairo have surrendered to the combined British and Ottoman army. The terms of the capitulation are reported to be honorable. The troops of the enemy, to the number of five thousand, are to be embarked at Rosetta, and to proceed to France under the protection of a British force. It is still, however, uncertain whether Gauthaume has landed any force upon the coast of Africa; but even if he succeeded in the enterprise, I think the fall of Cairo may be regarded as decisive of the fate of Egypt. There is therefore every reason to hope that long before this the conquest has been completed, and

that we have at length happily succeeded in removing the great obstacle to the termination of the war. For it has always appeared to me impossible that the two governments should, according to the usual maxims of policy, agree upon the terms of peace before our operations in Egypt were brought to a close.

August 17th.

Lord Nelson ⁴² has made a second attack upon Boulogne, but it has not proved successful. He got possession of several of the gun-boats, but could not bring them off, as they were all connected together and moored with heavy chains. Only one lugger-rigged vessel was secured. Her complement of men was seventy, of which all were killed but fourteen, and most of these were dreadfully wounded. This circumstance will enable you to form some idea of the desperate fury of the engagement. Our loss is estimated at about two hundred, killed and wounded.

Pray present my regards to Betsy, and believe me very truly yours.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *October 14, 1801.*

You have, no doubt, before this returned to Boston, and absence, as usual, has served to render *home* still more agreeable. Montreal, independently of the beauty of its situation, is greatly recommended to strangers by the cheerful and hospitable character of its inhabitants. I am persuaded that Mr. Clarke spared no exertions that might contribute to the entertainment of his visitors. I am convinced that you have been pleased with the place.

Traveling in America does not afford such a variety of amusement and instruction as in Europe. Without manufactures and without the arts, you have little to engage your attention except the picturesque and sublime scenery of the country. In passing, however, from the States to Canada, there is a new source of observation opened to

the mind. It affords an opportunity of observing the effect of different institutions and different forms of government upon the improvement of a country, and upon the character and manners of its inhabitants. Among the people of the States, it is said, there is more activity and enterprise; among those of Canada, a greater share of courteousness and civility, — arising, perhaps, from the mixture of French, — and a greater appearance of neatness and comfort. Compared, too, with the States, the latter country advances but slowly in the settlement of its lands and the increase of its population. I have thought that it is the policy of our government to retard the growth of a colony which, it is probable, will shake off the jurisdiction of the parent state when it begins to feel its own strength and resources. With respect to Canada, however, I speak only from report; it is for you to correct and instruct me.

The sudden restoration of peace between this country and France will, no doubt, very much surprise you. To us, I assure you, it was no less unexpected than welcome. Some objections are made to the terms; but when we recollect that, with a very trifling difference, they are the same which were proposed through the medium of Lord Malmesbury in the year 1797, I think we have no great reason to complain. I perfectly agree in opinion with Mr. Fox, that, independently of considerations arising from humanity, even the Island of Martinique, valuable, as it undoubtedly is, would be dearly purchased at the price which it would cost to continue the war for a single month. We are to restore all our conquests, with the exception of Trinidad and Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope is to be a free port. Tobago, it is said, though I will not vouch for the truth of the report, is to be ceded to this country by the definitive treaty as an equivalent for the million which is due on account of the French prisoners, and which Buonaparte does not find it alto-

gether convenient to pay. I very much wish that we could have retained our conquests in South America, as you, no doubt, would have preferred the protection of the British government to that of the Dutch. But though we have not obtained all that we might have desired, we ought heartily to rejoice that a period is, at length, put to the slaughter of the human species, and to those multiplied miseries which this dreadful war has occasioned.

Alexandria has capitulated to General Hutchinson. Bread has fallen to twopence per pound. The three per cents. have risen to sixty-seven. General Laureston, who brought over the ratification, was drawn in triumph by the populace. The illuminations have been splendid, and the rejoicings general and almost unbounded. All the world is moving to Paris. What a pity you are so far off! Give my love to Betsy, and believe me to be truly yours.

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *October 15, 1801.*

At length we are blessed with the return of peace and plenty. You will participate in the happiness we feel at this joyful event. The pleasure we experienced upon this occasion was very much heightened from the circumstance of its being entirely unexpected; everybody, even old Erving, who always flattered us with the hopes of peace, at last gave it up, and thought there was not the least probability of its taking place. Birdon brought us first the welcome news: he was almost mad with joy; I never saw him so animated before. He has some hopes of recovering his estate in St. Domingo. I wish he might, with all my heart; he will then have reason indeed to rejoice. There have been two very splendid illuminations; we had in our drawing-room forty-five lights.

All the world is talking of going to Paris. I have such a desire to be one of the number that I don't know how I shall make up my mind to stay contentedly at home.

The fashionable world are entertained this winter with Mrs. Billington, who is lately arrived from Italy; she performs alternately at the two theatres, She has the reputation of being the finest singer, not even excepting the Italians, in the world. By her engagement, she is to make, in the course of the year, ten thousand pounds.

Lady Charlotte gave her fair hand yesterday to Mr. Wynne. It was very snug. They went to church before eight o'clock, so we lost the pleasure of looking on. After breakfast she spent the morning in writing, looking just in her old style. They had a very gay party to dine, and this morning they all set out for his lordship's seat. . . . Yours sincerely. . . .

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *October 31, 1801.*

A letter from England is sure of a welcome reception. Though destitute of any intrinsic value, it may derive importance from accident and circumstance, as we treasure up a leaf taken from the laurel that flourishes upon the tomb of Virgil, or a fragment of stucco collected from the remains of Herculaneum or Pompeii.

I am persuaded you have rejoiced with us at the happy tidings of peace. Everything already begins to assume a different aspect. Our manufactures, which, for some months past, had been nearly suspended, are again in motion, and employment is afforded to those hands who have suffered under the utmost extremity of wretchedness and want. The treaty is, however, very far from meeting with universal approbation.

The warm Anti-Jacobins, with Windham ⁴⁸ at their head, are of opinion that no peace should have been made with France, while she retained her republican form of government. They do not scruple to say that the ministers have signed the death warrant of the country. Another party, at the head of whom are the Mar-

quis of Buckingham and Lord Grenville, censure the peace on the ground of terms, and think that ministers have made concessions not authorized by a comparison of the relative situation and resources of the two countries. On the other hand, the treaty is supported by Mr. Pitt, and the leaders of the opposition: by the former, on I know not what grounds; by the latter as the best conclusion that could at this time have been expected to a disastrous and ruinous war. The debate upon this important subject is to take place on Tuesday next, and cannot fail to be highly animating and interesting. It is whispered that Mr. Pitt, having disengaged himself from his colleagues, who controlled and thwarted his views, is soon to resume his former situation. It is, however, mere rumor, and I cannot venture to give an opinion upon the subject. But what have you to do with our parties and factions? You have, no doubt, by this time, lost all interest in our political squabbles, and whether Pitt or Fox, Whig or Tory, prevails, must to you be a matter of perfect indifference. Had I thought of this sooner, I might have spared you the trouble of perusing so many lines upon so dull a topic, and substituted something more *important* in its place. But better late than never!

Mrs. Lamb called yesterday. She looks charmingly. She has become quite gay and sprightly, and plump and sleek; in short, from a poor, pining, languishing maid, she is transformed into a contented, domestic matron. Her husband returns next month. In the interim, little Johnny does the honors of the house. Poor Mr. Brande! He has completely lost his sight. An operation has been performed upon one of his eyes, without success, and I am afraid there are no hopes that he will ever see again. It is a sad affliction to his family, and they appear to feel their misfortune very sensibly. Miss Callender is married to the young baronet who rescued her from the hands of the discourteous knight, as he was hurrying her away, in spite of her opposition, to the hymeneal altar.

Pray forgive such a wretched scrawl ; but I have written as fast as my fingers could move, that I might not lose my dinner. Pray present our regards to Mr. Greene, and accept the kind love of the whole circle. In haste, as you will easily perceive,

J. COPLEY.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *January 8, 1802.*

. . . We did not wish to plague you with the sorry business with Delorie [an engraver], it being without remedy. At the same time that your father made every proposal in his power to avoid a contest in law, neither he, nor any one he consulted, had any idea that he could lose the cause ; indeed, as Mr. West said, there could be but one opinion upon the subject, — that the plate was in that state that Mr. Copley could not publish it.

It is generally thought a very extraordinary decision. Your father's good opinion of the law is not strengthened, for as yet it has not been our protector ; but we must hope that some of the family may be benefited by it. Our Advocate will not allow the censure to rest upon his profession, though we think the gentlemen employed did not do all that they might have done in the cause.

But I wish to put an end to this unpleasant subject. All that is now to be done is to get the heads in the plate engraved by some artist of eminence. If effected, the loss may be eventually recovered ; at present, however, it is uncertain whether it will be successful. I am happy to add that, though the affair has produced much vexation, your father retains his good spirits, and I can add I never knew him in better health. . . .

I find that our good news of peace have not reached you, but I know you will rejoice with us. The proud islanders are quite in favor with the republicans. What a delightful change when peace succeeds to war and its terrible consequences, and our information consists of

French fashions instead of the sad details of battles! — is quite at a loss to fill up his columns, what with peace at home and abroad; for you will find that Mr. Addington has no opposition to contend with. By the way, your father is going to take off his wig from the plate, and put him in in his present character, as chancellor.

The large picture of the Knatchbull Family is not yet finished, but considerably advanced. The baronet must now have his present lady one of the group, and a little stranger that is expected is to be added. . . .

My paper will not allow me to say more. Yours ever.

[The mother to the daughter.]

LONDON, *February 23, 1802.*

. . . I hope that you will receive the articles sent by the *Minerva* in good order. How happy I shall be to know that they are appropriate to all our hopes and wishes. But my mind is so much with you that I may tire you without giving an account of the scene here of which you wish to know, and therefore I will begin with telling you that we have been blessed with health through the winter, and that your father has dismissed the disagreeables which you will suppose must have unavoidably been attended with vexation and trouble, loss of time, etc. He is in very good health and spirits, and is painting away at portraits, on which he is so employed that they will put a stop to other works for the present. . . .

[The mother to the daughter.]

LONDON, *March 18, 1802.*

Hearing that a vessel is to sail immediately, I take the pleasure of scribbling a few lines, the morning after the assembly of a small party in George Street, collected in the usual way from many disappointments. But in order that I may bring you as much to us as I

can, I will tell you that it was in the "red room;" your old circle of friends, with the pleasing addition of two American beauties, Lady Temple and Mrs. Derby; cards, sandwiches, a Wedgewood tray, with as much chat as these meetings will afford; and as we are deprived of your assistance in this important matter, we must chat of you. . . .

Your father is going on with the Knatchbull picture, but will not have it ready for the Exhibition, at which we are rather disappointed; but the additions he has made to it (I believe I told you that the present lady and her little baby were to be introduced into the picture), and the interruptions which the late unfortunate business occasioned, have much retarded the finishing; but he is now pursuing it with great spirit. It excites great interest. I am happy to add that your father is remarkably well. . . .

[The mother to the daughter.]

LONDON, *June 23, 1802.*

. . . We have lost our old neighbor, Lord Fauconberg.⁴⁴ His death was awfully sudden: he went out to walk, and was brought back in a hearse. The scene there, as you will suppose, is much changed and very gloomy; it presents but a dull prospect to us. As I have brought you into the street, I must convey you a little farther on. We have a dashing neighbor in the house which was Sir Edward Hulse's; it is fitted up in great style, with a balcony. An Irish viscount is the owner. Our street is frequently stopped up with her ladyship's large parties. Staniforth is gone to Hull to scatter some of his coin for a seat in Parliament. The struggles for preëminence at this time engross much attention.

Metinks you may say that my mother has gossiped so much abroad that she has not much to engage her atten-

tion at home. Though I have nothing novel to communicate, I shall not fail to tell you that your friends here are all in good health, as I am certain that this will be the most pleasing intelligence that this letter can convey. . . .

[Mrs. Copley to G. Greene, Esq.]

LONDON, *June 29, 1802.*

I am happy to find the vessel has not sailed which gives me this opportunity of thanking you for your kind letter of the 21st April. . . .

Mr. Copley begs me to express every sentiment of attachment and friendship, with his affectionate participation in the comfort and happiness which the recent accounts of the birth of our grandchild affords. I know that you and my daughter will make a proper excuse for his not writing; he is much engaged with the baronet's "Family Picture," which he wishes to finish. My son means to write by this opportunity; he is as busy as his father, and is qualifying himself for a more conspicuous scene of action. He is very persevering in his studies, and I hope that he will reap the reward by and by.

The bustle of the public and private parties have subsided, and Parliament being dissolved the scene of action is entirely removed from London, and we are left in a calm, which is not an unpleasant change.

I have the pleasure to add that all our friends are well, and I am, dear sir, with every sentiment of esteem and friendship, yours very sincerely.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to his sister, Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 29, 1802.*

The inclosed is the joint production of Mrs. Copley and her son. My congratulations to you, my dear sister, upon the happy event of which we have so lately received the joyful intelligence. Mary looks as black as Novem-

ber at being saluted by the title of *aunt*; but, as to my mother, she has with great readiness ordered her grand-mamma's cap, and looks as dignified and stately as you please. Pray present my regards and congratulations to Mr. Greene, and believe me ever yours.

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 30, 1802.*

. . . There have been balls, masquerades, and fêtes without end, in honor of the peace, but I have had nothing more to do with them than reading the accounts in the papers.

London has been very gay this season, but now, what with electioneering, warm weather, etc., it is almost deserted, and we remain fixtures, as usual. Give my love to Mary Anne, and ask her if she does not think it would be a much better plan for Mr. Greene and you to bring her to England than for us to go to America; at any rate, tell her that John and I must have an exact account of the husband and wife she intends for us before we can venture upon such an expedition. . . .

I have a cap for your little baby, but am extremely sorry that I have not had an opportunity of sending it; and even now it must wait for the *Minerva*, as it is so small that I am afraid of its being lost if it should go by itself. . . .

[From the mother to the daughter.]

LONDON, *July 26, 1802.*

. . . We have just been called to pay our compliments to Miss Pepperell that *was*, now Mrs. Hudson. Tell Mr. Greene the 3d of July does not pass unnoticed by us; can you think it possible that we should not have recollected that a rather important event is attached to this day,—no less than that of the birth of your father? We had the pleasure to unite the two happy events in the

celebration, upon the last return of the day. As to London, it is, as usual at this season, very still and not enlivened by fine weather; it has been cold and wet, and very few days that we could have the windows open, and not many that your father would not have liked a fire. We are looking forward with anxiety for a change before the harvest.

There have been some very warm contests for the new Parliament; the only one in which we have been particularly interested has been, I am sorry to say, unsuccessful, — Sir Edward Knatchbull's, the member for Kent. A party has been raised against him in consequence of his late marriage; his lady is a Catholic. Staniforth was successful.

I fear I have been inattentive in not mentioning Mrs. Heaviside particularly; she always expresses very great interest in you. She lives entirely at the Gore and amuses herself in making improvements. Mr. Heaviside spends his time in George Street.

Thus I have scribbled as usual, but, remembering your talent at deciphering, I shall send this with all its imperfections, with my love and most ardent wishes that all happiness may abide with you.

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *July 30, 1802.*

Nothing has been thought of in this place, for the last month, but electioneering. Yesterday terminated the grand contest between Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Mainwaring for Middlesex.

It was a day of great triumph to the Jacobins. Sir Francis carried it by a majority of 271. Every artifice and exertion have been made use of on both sides to obtain votes; even my father was prevailed upon to give his. He and John went yesterday, in a chaise, to Brentford, and were very much entertained. You can form no idea of the bustle it has made. The road from

London to Brentford was one continued mob. The throng was so great that they were four hours, yesterday, in drawing the successful candidates to town.

Poor Mainwaring was obliged to come away before it was finished. Sir Francis acted with a great deal of management: till the two last days he was about four hundred behind Mainwaring, so that everybody thought he had no chance of succeeding; but he reserved his strength till the last, by which means the other party were put more off their guard.

They say the contest has not cost Sir Francis less than fifteen hundred pounds a day. Many people were fearful it would occasion some disturbance; however, it terminated very peaceably.

The interest that has been excited is amazingly great. I am very happy it is over, though I wish Sir Francis had not succeeded, for he appears to be of such a turbulent, factious disposition that he is no favorite of mine. . . .

I am informed by some gentlemen who have visited France that all the women here look like dowdies; they dress so much more elegantly in Paris. At the same time they have almost all ugly faces, though fine figures. Bolland* is just returned from there; he says if you were to go to the play-house, and see them sitting, you would think them the ugliest race of beings upon the face of the earth, both men and women; but the women, when they walk, look smart and dashing. . . .

At this period, 1802, we may assume that Copley was in the full maturity of his powers, as yet unimpaired by approaching infirmity; designing

* Afterwards Baron Bolland, an early and very intimate friend of John S. Copley, Junior, spoken of in one of Mrs. Copley's letters to Mrs. Greene "as the same worthy character you always knew him to be." The friendship continued till the death of the former. He left Lord Lyndhurst some very fine pictures by Canaletto as a mark of his attachment to his early friend.

and executing with ease large pictures, which required the greatest skill in the grouping and combination of the whole. "The Family Picture," "The Three Princesses," "The Knatchbull Family," "The Fitch Picture," and "The Western Family," etc., may be taken as fine specimens of what he accomplished in domestic portraiture.

The study of color was the great effort of that day, to which artists were stimulated by Sir Joshua Reynolds's experiments and apparent success. The inexperienced, even, were dazzled by the brilliancy and beauty of his tints. Unwilling to reveal the vehicle, "the Venetian," which he believed he had discovered, he was punished for the selfishness which would confine the benefit of his knowledge to his own breast; the secret of their evanescence, in many cases, being disclosed to his eyes before his death. We can easily imagine the sorrow with which he must have watched many of the works, which he flattered himself would be a monument to his lasting fame, vanishing slowly but steadily from before his eyes.

We have the confirmation in the following letter of the fact that Copley, like Sir Joshua, was in pursuit of the same object, and fortunately with a more successful result; it is as follows, a portion referring to this subject: —

[John S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *August 9, 1802.*

And so, my dear sister, you are apprehensive that Mary and myself may forget you!

It is surely not kind to entertain such an opinion of us; it is cruel to express it. After having passed so many years together in the most perfect love and harmony; after having shared in the plays of childhood and the amusements and conversation of maturer years; after so many reciprocations of friendship, is it possible that your image should ever be effaced from our recollection? No; whatever may be my situation or fortune in life, in whatever part of the world my lot may be cast, you will ever be present to my thoughts; your virtues, the loveliness of your disposition, and the repeated instances I have, upon all occasions, received of your kindness and attachment will ever inspire me with the tenderest recollections. Dismiss, then, my dear sister, these apprehensions from your mind, and entertain juster sentiments of those whose regard, far from being impaired by distance and the lapse of time, will every day acquire new strength and vigor.

And now, Betsy, I have a great secret to communicate to you, of which, however, you must not suffer even a hint to escape from your lips. If I were here to pause, what a field should I leave open for the activity of your imagination! What is this important secret which he is preparing to unfold? Is Mary upon the point of being led to the hymeneal altar? Or are you, yourself, fond as you have always professed to be of freedom, — are you become so far degenerate as to submit, without a struggle, to the slavish and galling yoke of matrimony? No, my dear sister: the secret, the wonderful secret, to which I allude is of infinitely more interest than any little private arrangement of this nature. It is of interest not to our little group alone, but to the whole circle of the Arts; not only to the present time, but to all future generations. But what is it? Well, then, attend: my father has discovered the Venetian — “the true Venetian,” — more precious than the philosopher’s stone! Is that all?

And are you already so barbarized by your transatlantic residence as to put such a question? Is that all? To have made a discovery which the artists of three generations have in vain been endeavoring to explore! What is it that has raised the Venetian artists to so high a pitch of celebrity? It is not their drawing; it is not their superior skill in composition, in the distribution of drapery, or in the management of light and shade: it is principally to be ascribed to the medium, or vehicle, of which they made use, which was peculiar to themselves, which they carefully concealed from others, and which was lost with the decline of their school. Henceforth, then, you may fairly expect that my father's pictures will transcend the productions even of Titian himself. After such a communication what can I say more?

Give a kiss to the baby, and my regards to Mr. Greene. I have written to Mr. Greene this morning, but as there are two ships upon the point of sailing, the *Galen* and the *Minerva*, I intend sending one by each vessel.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *August 9, 1802.*

Accept our sincere congratulations upon the birth of the little cherub, of whom Betsy writes in terms of such rapture and fondness! I assure you there is not one among us but would give the world to see and dandle the pretty creature, though it were only for a few minutes. But his mother, if I conjecture rightly, could not be prevailed upon to spare him even for that short space. I am sure Betsy makes an excellent nurse and an excellent mother, and there is only one danger to apprehend, lest the little man in embryo should be spoiled by too much caressing. The most effectual means of preventing this is by providing a succession of similar playthings, that the attractions of one may be set off against those of another.

With respect to domestic intelligence, I have little to communicate. I am sure it will afford you and my sister great pleasure to learn that we all enjoy good health ; and though my mother occasionally sighs when she reflects upon the immense distance at which her daughter is removed from her, yet when she, at the same time, calls to mind the happiness of her lot, it alleviates her anxiety, and whispers consolation and peace.

In the field of politics, as far as this country appears to be concerned, everything is calm. The calamities of war begin to be forgotten. The burdens which it has occasioned we bear without repining. Opposition and faction have nearly died away, for the measures of the new administration are almost universally approved by the nation. If any dissatisfaction exists it is chiefly among the most violent advocates of the war.

Perhaps great talents and an ambitious spirit are not to be wished for in a prime minister of this country. The restlessness of spirit with which they are accompanied is fatal to national repose and national prosperity ; for repose and prosperity, in a commercial kingdom, are intimately connected with each other. Mr. Pitt is almost forgotten, and though a subscription has been entered into for raising a statue to his honor, and five thousand pounds have been collected for this purpose, yet it would be strange, indeed, if, after being twenty years in power, and after having filled the pockets of so many, such a scheme should have failed of success. A similar project has been set on foot in favor of Mr. Dundas, at Glasgow.

Betty will regret to hear that Sir Edward Knatchbull has been thrown out for the county of Middlesex upon the late election. The contest for Middlesex has been carried on with much warmth between the partisans of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Mainwaring. The former has been returned, but it is doubtful whether he will hold his seat, as many of his votes are of a doubtful nature.

He owes his election to his opposition to the House of Correction, in Cold Bath Fields, commonly styled the Bastile by the populace, and in which, I believe, some abuses of power have been committed. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the multitude in favor of their champion. The people were, to a man, on his side, and the numbers which accompanied him from Brentford to London, on the day of his election, surpassed anything that the imagination can conceive. I send two numbers of "Bell's Weekly Messenger," and will supply you with a regular series of them by every opportunity that presents itself. It is a well conducted paper, and will furnish you with all the material intelligence, as well with respect to this country as to Europe at large. Present my kindest regards to Betsy and all your friends, and believe me to be very truly yours.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *August 31, 1802.*

. . . I must caution you against too great solicitude at not always hearing from George Street upon an arrival. I must bring your recollection to this scene, where your father is almost always in his painting-room, and Mr. J. S. C., Junior, in Essex Court, if not engrossed with briefs or disturbed with love, it may be with filling his head with law, which may enable him to combat the former, and which may give him a hope of success in the latter. As to your mother and sister, to be sure they are not so much confined, but equally out of the way of intercourse with those mariners that go down to the seas in ships and occupy the great waters; so you should not wonder they sometimes fail to bring you intelligence. . . .

Your father has this moment returned from a visit to Sharp [the engraver], who tells him that he expects to finish the "Gibraltar" the next winter. We have the satisfaction to think his whole time is engaged upon this

work; but as to *time*, you know the uncertainty of these gentlemen. I have the happiness to say that we have all enjoyed good health through the summer, even in London air. Your father is very well; he desires to unite in the most affectionate manner and with the sincerest sentiments of friendship to Mr. Greene and yourself.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *September 9, 1802.*

DEAR SIR, — The Sampson still lingers in port. This delay has enabled me to send another weekly paper, and to repeat to you and my sister the assurance of our love and kind regard. It has not, however, furnished me with any considerable supply either of domestic or political information; for we who are constant residents in London may be truly said, at this season of the year, to be in the stationary point of our orbit. The city, indeed, is always alive, always in a state of fermentation and tumult; but the western extremity of the metropolis is completely deserted, and almost every house shut up. A stranger might suppose that we had been visited by some dreadful epidemic, such is the solitude that reigns in the streets, such the silence that everywhere prevails. Instead of the rapid succession of brilliant equipages which dazzle our sight in the lively month of May, we see nothing but here and there the crazy chariot of some medical practitioner, which, by the sad association which it produces, only adds to the gloom and horror of the scene. Even the Temple, that theatre of noise, contention, petulance, and wit, the loved abode of the demon of strife, — even the Temple itself is forsaken and deserted. All is still and silent. This stillness and silence, however, is most congenial to study; and if we cannot communicate with the living, at least we have the consolation it undoubtedly is, that we are permitted, without interruption or disturbance, “to hold high converse with the mighty

dead." Mr. and Mrs. Parker and a Miss Cruikshanks, from Montreal, deigned, on Saturday, to enliven the scene in George Street. You may imagine the number of questions with which we teased them, and the pleasure we experienced from their answers. Nothing was too minute for our inquiries, because every circumstance, however trifling in appearance, is interesting and dear to absent friends.

All the British world is in Paris ; the rage for visiting that metropolis was never, at any former period, so general and violent. There is, indeed, much to see, much to observe, in that extraordinary place ; it offers a wide field to the speculations of the moralist, the philosopher, and the politician. Those who have returned do not, in general, appear very well pleased with their visit. They tell us that in the intercourse of society the most perfect equality prevails, but that the government is vigilant, arbitrary, and despotic ; that the prisons are filled with state criminals, and that it is dangerous to converse upon political affairs ; that the men are dirty and slovenly in their dress and appearance, but that the women in these respects are extremely gay and elegant ; that the most unbridled licentiousness of manners prevails, particularly in the intercourse of the sexes ; that gaming is the employment both of day and night, and that it is professedly sanctioned by the laws ; that religion is ridiculed and despised, and every serious subject banished from the mind ; that the First Consul is not popular, but that the people are wholly careless and indifferent upon the subject of politics, and appear not to feel any interest in the transactions of the government. Such is *said* to be a faithful sketch of the inhabitants of *New Rome*.

CHAPTER XIII.

STRUGGLES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

1802-1806.

COPLEY'S LATER PORTRAITS. — GARDINER GREENE ESTATE IN BOSTON. — PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND TO MEET THE THREATENED FRENCH INVASION. — WORK UPON THE CIRCUIT. — EXPENSE ATTENDANT ON BEING CALLED TO THE BAR. — VEXATIOUS DELAY OF SHARP, THE ENGRAVER. — BRILLIANT PROSPECTS, BUT SLOW PROGRESS IN THE LAW. — ADMITTED TO THE BAR. — DISTURBED CONDITION OF EUROPE. — BONA-PARTE, THE BUGBEAR. — EQUESTRIAN PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. — YOUNG COPLEY'S DEVOTION TO HIS FAMILY. — ATTEMPT TO REGAIN THE BOSTON ESTATE. — UNFINISHED PROOF OF THE "GIBRALTAR" AT LAST.

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *September 30, 1802.*

. . . THE beginning of the summer was very cold and wet, but the last nine or ten weeks the season has been uncommonly fine. My brother has been in the habit of going to Kensington Gardens, as a substitute for country air, every day for two or three hours, with a book, and my mother and I have accompanied him very frequently. Sir Edward Knatchbull's picture has confined us to London. My father has been very hard at work all the summer; it is not yet completed, but he hopes to get it finished in the course of a few weeks. . . . Your affectionate sister.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *December 10, 1802.*

. . . I must tell you that your father is exceedingly well, and has been able to be unremitting in his application to business, and has finished the "Family Picture" with great success, except the toning. *To you*, I may say that it is a wonderfully fine work; he has been unremitting in his assiduity to make it such, and I need not say that it makes us all happy that it is spoken of in the highest terms. Could you see it you would be delighted.

[From Miss Copley to her sister.]

LONDON, *January 5, 1803.*

. . . Your friends here are all well. My father has been remarkably so; he has scarcely had a day's indisposition since you left us. My mother's health is much improved; for the last two years she has been better than I have known her for a long time. We walked a great deal in the summer; for some weeks past it has been so wet that we have been able to get out very little, though we have had a very mild and delightful winter. I am very much surprised to learn that you have entirely given up walking since you have been in America. . . .

I have been amusing myself with making balloons. The 11th of November we had a most lovely day, a bright sun, a clear sky, and not a breath of wind, when we launched two, with a parachute attached to each, which, at a certain height, separated from the balloon and descended. The diameter of one of the balloons was eight feet, and it was nine and a half high; it was painted, and looked very handsome, and ascended most beautifully. I intend making one next year. I wish you would come and see it go up; if you will, I will wait your time. . . .

We have this moment received a letter from my

brother ; he expects to be in town on Monday, and he says he has no doubt we shall find him much improved in “*beauty*,” — a circumstance of trifling consequence to a female, but of great and real moment to a young man.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *February 1, 1803.*

. . . Tell Mr. Greene I should like to show your *dear self* to him, now you are dressed and look so well. Methinks he may say it has been a long time. I could not say a word upon the subject till the late work was finished ; the portrait was the first thing that was taken in hand by your father.

The trio assembled in the painting-room, — Mary, as the substitute, with the robe, and your mother to be pleased with every stroke of the pencil which increased the likeness to the original. It is so like it delights me greatly, and I am very happy that Mr. Greene and yourself have left so much of yourselves with us.

We shall attend to your memorandum, and exert all our taste. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *March 1, 1803.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, — . . . I do not recollect that your father has been confined one day by illness since your absence, which is indeed much to say. I often feel it is wonderful that he is able to apply himself so constantly and with so much success to his art.

I have told you again and again of “*The Family Picture*.” We hope it will go to the Exhibition ; Sir Edward has not determined yet. It is a picture which, from justice to the painter, should be seen by the public. Your father is now very busy in finishing another work for that purpose, the portrait of Lord Northampton and his son, Lord Compton, a lad of thirteen years of age, on one

canvas. As usual, at this season, dinner at six o'clock. Have you forgotten London hours ?

The Templar has left us to accompany Judge Graham * as marshal on the circuit ; he will be absent five weeks. We feel rather solitary without his company at dinner, but it is a pleasant excursion, and not without some profit ; the two circuits are worth something more than a hundred a year. I do not know whether he will continue it or not. He intended to have left a letter for you, but found he had not time previous to leaving town, but he said he would endeavor to send one by the present opportunity.

I need not say anything for your sister ; she will speak for herself. I know you will be glad to hear my health has been much better of late than it was at the time you left this country. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Higginson a few days since : they are indeed very pleasing acquaintances ; we are to lose them for a few months. A trip to the Continent is now " the thing ; " but I am happy to find that Old England is not lowered in the general estimation of those who make the fashionable excursion. . . .

We have not yet been to many of the winter parties. The weather has been rather cold for this country, though a good winter upon the whole, which makes me rather lazy about going abroad ; indeed, I do not feel as if I should ever relish your keen northwesterners, but it makes me happy to read your description of the winter, as I feel it agrees with your health. We hear that you had a trial of extreme cold, even for America, a few days after the 15th. This will perhaps enable you to talk to your children of " the cold Tuesday," or whatever day it may be. . . .

* Copley painted a large and superb picture of Judge, afterwards Lord, Graham, in his judge's wig and scarlet and ermine robes ; it is now in Boston, in the possession of the artist's granddaughter.

I shall endeavor to get the copy of the picture of the Copley family, to make good my promise; the widow of Mr. Thew has retained it, hoping to have some advantage from the print, which you will recollect was left unfinished. . . .

The drawing of Mr. Startin is so very imperfect that your father has determined to copy it, as a portrait; and he thinks that he shall make it a good likeness. I have written to my sister to this effect. We have not yet been able to get the print from Dunkarton. I am indeed out of humor with him; I think he will not have another work from George Street very soon.

Methinks you say, "I hear nothing of Sharp!" All that I can tell you is that he declares that he does no work except the "Gibraltar," and that he satisfies some of the many inquiries by saying that he expects to get through in the course of the year; and he promises your father he shall see a proof this month, which will enable him to form some judgment upon the subject.

Thus far for the arts. I shall refer you to the papers for accounts from this busy scene of action; but I am very sorry they will relate some atrocity which will shock you; and did we not know that in every society there are some very bad characters it might justly fix a stigma on this country. The late sad business of Despard* and his associates has not excited that alarm which it would have done at a former period, but the whole scene fills the mind with horror. . . .

* An Irish soldier, at one time superintendent of the English colony in Honduras. Arrested for sedition, he formed a plan to seize the Tower and the Bank, and to assassinate the king. He and nine of his associates suffered death.

[From Mrs. Copley to her daughter.]

LONDON, *June 29, 1803.*

. . . Mr. Higginson informed us, a few days ago of Mr. Greene's purchase; * it gives us great pleasure to reflect upon this addition to your enjoyments. All the Americans that know the place, your father being one, speak of it as the finest situation, not only in Boston, but in America; not having been in the house or grounds myself, I am less acquainted with the habitation than I wish I were. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Derby are among the late arrivals from the Continent; much delighted, but not allured from their native country by the charms of any other they have seen. Mrs. Derby is a very beautiful as well as a very pleasant and agreeable woman. They wish very much they could have purchased the house you have left.

I must warn you not to be too anxious with regard to the events which may take place in this country; the change of scene is dark upon us, having formed other hopes and expectations; the renewal of the war must necessarily be the renewal of calamities. You would be surprised to know with how much coolness an invasion is talked of and expected. I trust we shall not be delivered over to the conquest or power of the disturber of the repose of the world. . . .

Your brother, in a short time, will repeat his jaunt with Judge Graham upon the circuit. I feel happy that

* The Vassal House, purchased by Mr. Greene [my father] in 1803, occupied the site, with other estates, of the present Pemberton Square in Boston.

It was a fine, old-fashioned house, with extensive grounds and gardens, and was occupied by a great variety of owners: among others, Mrs. Hawley, a sister of the notorious Wilkes, who, by some inexplicable fate, drifted to America; and in the Revolutionary War by Lord Percy, who, with his regiment, was stationed in Boston in 1775.

he will have so good an opportunity of leaving London in the warm season. He will write to you previous to that excursion. . . .

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

DORCHESTER, July 28, 1803.

MY DEAR SISTER, — We have long been anxiously hoping to hear from you, and have therefore been rendered very happy by the receipt of your letter of the 9th of June, which contains the agreeable intelligence of your welfare. The change of your residence has again put you in a bustle, again afforded an opportunity for the display of your taste and judgment, unless, indeed, these powers, for which you were formerly so eminent, have lost their activity from a long residence in a *barbarous* clime. I have no doubt that you must be highly pleased with the charming situation of your house, which is not excelled, and perhaps hardly equaled, by any other spot upon the extensive continent of America.

You are no doubt anxious for our fate, menaced as we are with subjugation by our restless and powerful enemy. For ourselves, however, we have no fears and apprehensions whatever. We are nearly prepared for the reception of these ferocious Gauls; and in the course of three or four weeks our means of defense will be so complete that, even if they should succeed in evading the vigilance of our fleets, they must be overwhelmed by the number of our military, before they can penetrate far from the shore. We are in fact all soldiers; even your brother carries his musket, and as he rides through the country the sight of every laurel bush inspires him with a generous and noble emulation.

But, numerous as this body is, perhaps you will not be disposed to place much confidence in the steadiness of new levies, and will inquire the amount of our regular force. We have, at present, in this island, about forty

thousand cavalry, and about the same number of infantry, equal in all respects to the best troops of France. The old militia consists of ninety thousand men, which were trained during almost the whole of the last war, and are scarcely inferior to the troops of the line. The army of reserve, which, for England and Scotland, amounts to forty thousand men, will be embodied and trained in about three weeks from this time. The volunteer and yeomanry corps, infantry and cavalry, may be taken at about one hundred and fifty thousand, the greater part of which are in a good state of discipline, having been trained upwards of five years. Last of all comes the levy *en masse*, the bill for which has just passed into a law. By this bill, the whole population of the country is to be immediately trained, which, it is said, may be effected in about a month. Four hundred thousand men of the first class, that is, of unmarried men, between the ages, I think, of seventeen and thirty, will be obtained by this seasonable, energetic, and constitutional measure.

With such a force, and with the complete command of the seas, which the enemy has no means of disputing with us, I think we may venture to speak with confidence of our security. You will perhaps wish to know something with respect to the disposition of the people. The information on this point will be very satisfactory. Never, upon any occasion, was there a greater display of loyalty, zeal, and unanimity, and before the lapse of a twelve-month you may expect to hear of events highly honorable to the British character. If we become a military nation, everything is to be expected from that energy, firmness, and constancy of temper which have ever distinguished the people of this country.

My dear sister, I send to you and Mr. Greene a large bundle of newspapers, which will, I hope, afford you much entertainment and much information with respect to the present state of this country and of Europe. How happy

you are, to be enjoying all the blessings of peace and tranquillity, while Europe is in a state of fever and agitation, the result of which it is impossible to predict! I am, at present, upon the circuit with Judge Graham, and shall return to town after completing a tour through Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somerset, in about three weeks. We have hitherto had a delightful excursion. The weather has been extremely favorable, and the country is delightful.

You will rejoice to hear that there is every prospect of a most abundant harvest. Upon our tour we are of course received and entertained with the utmost attention and hospitality. Yesterday we passed at Milton Abbey, the seat of Lord Dorchester, where I had the pleasure of meeting two of your acquaintances, whom you will recollect by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Damer. He is brother to Lord Dorchester. Mrs. Damer is a very agreeable, good-natured little woman.

From Salisbury we went to Wilton, the seat of Lord Pembroke, where I had an opportunity of seeing the celebrated picture of "The Pembroke Family" [by Vanduyck]. I was extremely delighted with the production, which is certainly one of the finest works of art, in that style, which the world contains. My father, who has never seen it, will almost be disposed to envy me the opportunity which the circuit has afforded. His "Knatchbull Family" is a picture of the same character, and, I think, yields in no respect, except in the taste of the dresses, to the work which I have mentioned.

I must now take my leave, having scribbled an immoderately long letter, which, on account of the love and affection you bear the writer, will, I am sure, not be considered as tedious.

Pray remember me most kindly to Mr. Greene, and present my love and regards to my little nephews and nieces.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *July 30, 1803.*

I embrace the present opportunity of sending you a few lines, as I know you will wish to hear particularly from us at this time, which is a season of great solicitude. The present crisis is of great importance to the country: whether we are to be involved in a long and distressing war, or whether the present unpleasant prospects may be changed by some events out of the view of mortals. . . .

We sometimes ask whether it will not be best to go and see how our dear friends are in America; we have now many strong allurements, but many difficulties at our time of life present themselves, and prudence must dictate such important concerns. In the prospect of another long and distressing war, perhaps your father may think it the best measure, as those who are engaged in the arts first feel the distresses that war occasions; but you must receive these as the floating ideas of the present uncertain state of things.

I have the happiness of telling you that we are all in good health. Your brother is absent upon the circuit; when he returns he must be a soldier. This is now the pursuit of most importance. . . .

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]¹

LONDON, *July 31, 1803.*

. . . My father is quite delighted that Mr. Greene has purchased Mr. Vassal's house; he is always talking of its charming situation, and how much you will enjoy it. The only reason I have for regretting it is because I fear there will be less hopes of seeing you in England; and indeed everything is in such a state here that I don't know whether I can wish you to come. Perhaps we may find it necessary to follow you to America. You will be a little anxious at reading the accounts in the newspapers.

Bonaparte seems determined to visit us ; every one has made up his mind to expect it, and is preparing to receive him ; for my own part, I do not feel any great uneasiness about the event of the invasion, though I fear the country will suffer a great deal of distress. The accounts from Ireland are extremely alarming. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Derby have been traveling upon the Continent for eighteen months ; they are much gratified with their excursion, and are now going to settle down quietly at home. The gentlemen laugh at Mr. Derby, but I tell them it is because they are jealous that he has such a beautiful wife. My father is painting a portrait of her in the character of Saint Cecilia, and she makes a most beautiful picture. If they had stayed in England till the spring, I do not know whether my father and mother would not have packed me off with them. Sir Frances Bourgeois and Mr. Birdon were here last evening, and when I mentioned that I should see Mrs. Derby to-day they desired that I would ask her to give their compliments to you, but I think it is better to execute the commission myself. . . .

We are at present very lonely, for my brother is on the circuit ; he has been absent a fortnight. You will receive letters from him and my mother by Mrs. Derby, with a package of newspapers. Adieu, my dear sister.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 24, 1803.*

. . . Sir Francis Bourgeois is almost become one of our family, from the disturbances which have taken place in the Academy, some part of which you will see in the papers. There has been a terrible bustle the last six months. The old faction has carried things with such a high hand that the other party has been obliged to appeal to his majesty. They have even presumed to suspend five members of the council ; but things are now in such

a train that we hope peace will soon be restored, though not without the adoption of some very strong measures by the king.

Give my love to Mr. Greene, and tell him I am afraid he has almost forgotten his friends in George Street.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *October 12, 1803.*

. . . We have not received any intelligence from you since June. I feel that you are not less solicitous to hear from this part of the world; this disquiet is the lot of separated friends. As to the situation of things here, all that can be said is that we are in quiet at present, excepting the disturbance which arises from the talk of invasion. The reports of this vary daily: at one time we are told that the enemy are at the door, and at another that they cannot possibly be ready for many weeks. You will easily suppose that the general attention must be fixed on so very important a subject: some are still so stout as not to allow that so bold an attempt can be made, but these are few in number; the greater part are looking for this event. If we can judge from appearances, there is no disposition to indulge apprehensions for the safety of the country, though we are told that such exertions are making by our enemy as were unknown in any former period of the world. I trust we are not doomed to be added to the number that is to fall under the yoke of the present disturber of the repose of the world. Should you think that I have become a politician, you must impute it to the times; there is one happy circumstance connected with them, that there is no diversity of opinion. As you will receive more particular accounts by the newspapers, as well as by other ways, than my letters can convey, I will leave the subject, and tell you that your friends are well; your father is in his quiet retreat, as usual, painting portraits he is now engaged upon, and not wishing to be disturbed by the din of war.

Your brother returned to his apartments in the Temple some time since ; he was fortunately absent at the time the volunteers came forward, and when he returned there was a check to the enrollment, so that he has not yet found it necessary to offer himself to the service as a soldier. . . .

I shall now endeavor to bring you to the little parlor, where we have just commenced our winter scene, and where your sister and myself have been very busy in beautifying the prints : this, as well as many other occurrences, carries me to the time when you so busily employed yourself with us. . . .

I must beg you will not allow yourself to be over-anxious with regard to the state of things here ; I trust we shall not be exposed to permanent injury, and I am certain that we can find an asylum in America, if it should prove difficult to remain, which we hope will not be the case.

I must give some account of your commissions, but I fear that I shall not be able to do it in so concise a manner as I should wish, as it must be upon paper ; under other circumstances I should not be so frugal of words. To begin with the pelisse : to vary them, the fashionables adopted velvet the last season ; I am only surprised that it should have prevailed so generally, when I consider the expense. The pelisse is found to be such a useful garment that it will not easily be relinquished ; I thought that London alone wearied the eye with a repetition of this dress, but the taste shown in them makes a variety. I hope you will approve of what we have fixed upon ; the expense is considerable, but the lace, which is more than half, will be useful when the rest is finished. The Spencer is added for your cold weather, and when you choose may be dismissed ; it will be right without it. A shirt handkerchief, when the neck is to be covered, is the thing. . . .

I have the happiness to add that we are all well and in quiet possession of our own homes at present; indeed, the exertions are such and the public mind is so made up that it appears to be the fear lest there should be no opportunity to settle the important conflict upon our own ground. The evil of suspense is not a small one in this country, when the general attention is fixed upon one point, neither can we reflect upon the contest without anxiety. The news of this day is favorable to England; we hope it will be confirmed, that the Northern powers are disposed to unite with this country; but even in this case another distressing war may be the result. But I must leave this subject, and refer you to better information. . . .

In one corner of the box is a *fan*, which is made to conform in size to the English ladies' pockets, which have regulated the fashion. I wish that it could waft to my dear daughter *not* the cool breezes of England, but the warm and affectionate feelings of my heart. Yours most tenderly.

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *November 26, 1803.*

DEAR SIR, — I sit down to address a few lines to my friend, and hope they will not be tinged with the gloom of the surrounding atmosphere and the political state of the country, or convey an idea that despondency is the feeling of the nation at this time. I assure you it is not, nor is it mine; so far from it, we wait with impatience for the threatened invasion to be attempted, which we flatter ourselves will remove the impediments to the freedom of our commerce; most certainly, the country is, at the present moment, much embarrassed, chiefly owing to the scarcity of money.

But I must now turn from public to domestic concerns. My son has pursued the study of the law with the utmost

industry, and has been prepared to be called to the bar more than a year ; but this will be attended with considerable expense in the first instance, and, as he must attend the circuit, it is necessary that some provision should be made for that also. I thought I had provided for these, but I have been unexpectedly and unjustly deprived of that provision, and shall not recover the loss until I have expended more money on an imperfect engraving, to make it fit to be published ; but this cannot be done till peace is restored, and then I may recover the loss, or the greater part of it.

The renewal of the war has given so unexpected a check to the progress of the arts that I have not the power, at this time, to devote a sufficient sum to secure my son from embarrassment until he can reasonably expect to get into business. His Fellowship will expire in six months, unless he takes orders and goes into the church ; and should he give up the law he will lose all the time he has spent on that study, and his future prospects arising from that pursuit. On a fair estimate, it will require three or four years for him to get established in business, during which time he will be under the necessity to spend not less than three hundred pounds per year, and this sum must be managed with the utmost economy.

That he may be under no uncertainty, after his Fellowship is given up, as to the means of providing for his necessary expenses, I have been induced to make this statement, and, as it is a matter of so much importance to the happiness of us all, and of such high concern to my son's future condition in life, to ask for your friendly assistance, and whether you will find it convenient to supply one thousand pounds sterling, to be secured by my bond.

This sum will not be wanted all at once, but in the course of three years ; that is, four hundred pounds in the

month of April next, and three hundred pounds in each of the two following years. Perhaps, however, the whole of the last three hundred pounds may not be wanted.

After what I have said, I need not repeat how highly I shall esteem the obligation. I shall thank you for as early an answer to this letter as possible, as my son is under the necessity of determining his course before his Fellowship expires. I certainly should not have troubled you on this subject, but it is not possible at this time to raise money on my property without a *very great sacrifice*. . . .

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *December 10, 1803.*

. . . The contrast between America and this country is very great ; I do not feel much alarmed for the result, though I fear there will be a great deal of distress. We have been favored with a remarkably fine summer and autumn, but the knowing ones threaten us with a severe winter ; I hope they may be mistaken, as it would tend to increase every other difficulty.

It seems to be the general opinion that Bonaparte's boasted attempt to invade our little island will not be put into execution, for the present at least. If we may believe the foreign papers, there appears to be a great probability of his being involved in a Continental war ; they speak likewise of the very great distress of the people of Paris and of their wish for peace.

When Bonaparte returned, the clamor for peace was so violent at the theatre that he went away in a rage before the play was half finished. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *December 31, 1803.*

. . . We are still in a state of suspense with regard to the invasion, and as much at a loss to make up our mind

about the result as our friends at a distance ; but we think something decisive must be fixed upon before much more time elapses. We scarce know what to wish, but the present state of things, if continued, must produce much difficulty. . . .

We have had an uncommonly mild winter, with much wet, such as you did not like, but it prevents that increase of distress which severe weather would occasion. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *January 29, 1804.*

If the late transactions of the Royal Academy have reached you, I am certain that Mr. Greene and yourself will wish to know the result, as your father is one of the five members of the council at which the affront has been directed ; the accompanying vindication, given to the world by your brother, will be interesting to you, and will render any comments of mine unnecessary upon the very extraordinary proceedings. We should have been glad to have sent more, but could not enlarge the packet, as we trouble a gentleman unknown to us with the conveyance. . . .

A few of the late papers will accompany this, which will give you an account of public affairs. You will find that this said alarmist has not yet arrived ; we are so much habituated to hear of his formidable preparations and threats that they lose their impression ; if he has waited for winter, it has not yet arrived. The change of season has showed itself only by the shortness of the days ; we have had much wet but no cold weather, and should vegetation not receive a check we may soon expect the verdure of spring. . . .

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *February 27, 1804.*

It will give you the greatest pleasure to know that

your friends in George Street are well, and relieve you from some anxiety to hear that England has not yet fallen a victim to the ambition of the despotic and invincible First Consul.

From what I can learn, our friends on the other side of the Atlantic entertain very serious apprehensions for the fate of this country, in consequence of the menacing and irreconcilable hatred of our haughty foe. You will see by the newspapers that we are confident what the event will be should he make any attempt to invade our shores. There are many people who think it impossible he can be so mad; for my own part, I have not the slightest fear upon the subject. The preparations, to be sure, are of the most formidable nature in all the French ports. We have been told for three months that they were quite ready, and that we might expect them in the course of a few days; indeed, it has been reported sometimes that they had actually embarked, but still the period of their arrival appears as remote as ever. You will read the proclamation intended to be distributed among the troops on landing with indignation. There are various opinions with regard to its authenticity; it certainly came from France, and, if genuine, is one of the most infamous things that was ever published.

The public has been much disturbed the last week at the very alarming illness of the king, but hopes are now entertained of his recovery. We cannot learn what is the nature of his disorder; many persons are of opinion that it is his old complaint; I hope it will be found otherwise. It might be a very serious calamity to this country, if anything should happen to him at this important crisis. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *May* 11, 1804.

. . . Your father desires his tender and affectionate congratulations and love. It would give you pleasure to

witness how well he enjoys his health. He has been much engaged for the Exhibition, and has sent several portraits, one of Mrs. Derby, and another of Mrs. Montague with her brother, Mr. Robert Copley, on one canvas. From the *name*, we have been introduced to the acquaintance of this family; they are very sociable and pleasant. . . .

Perhaps you may sometimes say, "Why do we not hear of Sharp?" The matter is thus: he has for the last twelvemonth been talking that, in the course of two or three years, he should take an impression from the plate of the "Gibraltar," but still the time has not arrived. In this work he has pursued a new method; for he has not, to your father's knowledge, taken any proof, but is perfectly satisfied, and has the fullest confidence in Mr. Sharp, and that he will execute the work in his best style of engraving. He tells your father that he shall certainly finish it in the course of the present year, and sometimes talks of the summer; but you as we all too well know the uncertainty of these works; but we have the security now that his own interest is at stake in the result. He says that it will be the finest work he has done.

Thus far for domestic: as for public affairs, they are in that unsettled state which excite much solicitude and curious speculation. It must be time only which can satisfy our inquiries with regard to the result; but perhaps before this leaves London the Lord may have distributed his loaves and fishes to the satisfaction of the multitude. . . . Yours most affectionately and faithfully.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *May 30*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,—I am to thank you for a very serious obligation, and I *do* thank you with my whole heart. It is now considerably more than a year that I have been

waiting for an opportunity to be called to the bar ; but my father, from various unforeseen circumstances, has not been able to afford me the pecuniary assistance which was absolutely necessary for this purpose. Your friendship has supplied the deficiency, and I cannot sufficiently express the sense which I entertain of your kindness. It will not be improper, and it may be a duty, under these circumstances, to state to you the nature of my prospects. After five years of regular application and study, I hope I may venture to say, at least to so near a friend, that I am moderately conversant with the system of our laws ; and by continual and repeated practice at the societies of mock debate, I think I have also acquired, what is not less essential than a knowledge of the laws, some degree of ease and fluency of expression. I have also, during my practice as a special pleader under the bar, formed some professional connections which, I hope, may materially tend to facilitate my progress and to promote my future interests. Under these auspices, and assisted by your friendship, I am now to launch my bark into a wider sea ; I am not insensible of the dangers with which it abounds. But, while to some it proves disastrous and fatal, to others it affords a passage to wealth, or, what is of more value than wealth, to reputation and honors.

We have been rendered extremely happy by the letters which we have lately received from America. The information which they communicate relative to the increase in your family and the favorable state of my sister's health has afforded to all of us the sincerest pleasure.

With respect to our political prospects, they are sufficiently gloomy. It appears impossible to foresee any termination to the severe and arduous contest in which we are engaged. For my own part, I have never been in the least apprehensive of the result of a direct attack from the enemy ; but what may be the consequences arising from a continuation of our present exertions—

and I fear they must long be continued — it is impossible to predict.

According to the news of the day, the ceremony of the imperial coronation has already been performed.

You will, I am sure, with pleasure, present to Betsy my tenderest regards and congratulations. Believe me to be, dear sir, your faithful friend and brother.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, June 4, 1804.

MY DEAR SIR, — When I wrote to you, a few days since, I forgot a commission with which it was my intention to trouble you.

During the time of my residence in Philadelphia I lent four hundred dollars to a gentleman with whom I was at that time upon the most intimate and friendly footing. I did not take any security for the money, nor can I rely upon anything but his honor for repayment. I have, however, drawn a bill upon him for the amount, and together with the bill have inclosed a letter of advice. If you will have the goodness to forward the latter, and procure any friend of yours to tender the bill for acceptance, you will greatly oblige me.

As the *Montezuma* does not leave London this evening I have an opportunity of forwarding yesterday's, June 3d, paper containing the news of the last week.

It was reported that the imperial coronation had already taken place; but the report was premature, for the ceremony will not be performed till the next month. In the mean time, however, the *ci-devant* consul has prevailed upon himself to accede to the wishes and the prayers of the senate, and corresponding addresses have been presented by the armies and the principal cities and divisions of the republic. . . .

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 9, 1804.*

DEAR SIR,— I have to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letters, with the pleasing intelligence of my daughter's recovery, and that the little stranger is in good health. I beg you will remember me most affectionately to her.

I feel much obliged by your kind compliance with my request. I have received the first two hundred pounds from Mr. Pulsford, and give you many thanks for the accommodation. The state of Europe is strangely altered, and of this country in particular, even since you left us. The threatened invasion has made us all soldiers, and if Mr. Pitt continues to govern the country, which I think very doubtful, the administration will call for large supplies, and so great a proportion of the inhabitants are taken from their labor that it is sufficient to ruin any manufacturing country. Whether the emperor really intends to invade us or not, the evil to the country is very great. . . . I am, dear sir, your most faithful friend.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 12, 1804.*

. . . On Friday my brother had the honor of being called to the bar, and his friends are all very sanguine in the expectations they have formed of his success. We shall lose his company in three weeks, as he is going the circuit. We shall see very little of him from this time, as he will be absent nearly six months in the year, attending the sessions and the circuits. . . .

Mrs. Western begs I would inform you, as a general outline with regard to the fashions, that it is impossible to be wrong if you will only take care not to put on too much: for instance, you must never think of wearing more than *one* petticoat; in short, the fewer clothes you

have on the more fashionable you will be. In every other respect you may dress as you please.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *July 28, 1804.*

. . . Soon after your last letter you must have received several from us. I have not had an opportunity of telling you that your brother was called to the bar about a month since. I feel much satisfaction and comfort that he has been enabled to take this very important step in his pursuit of the law. I trust that he will meet with that success which will produce happiness for himself and friends. We are encouraged to hope so from all who speak upon the subject; but in this, as in all other worldly concerns, we must not allow ourselves to be too sanguine, and, while we wish to adopt the sentiments, we must make allowance for the good wishes of friendship which may influence opinion in some degree. The law, as well as other pursuits, requires time and much application to secure success. I am happy to say that your brother has been and is very persevering; he is now upon the circuit. I had a letter from him yesterday from Derby. When he left us he intended to send a letter by the Galen. . . .

Tell Mrs. G—— that she has but just escaped Bonaparte; the idea is now very general that he will, and very speedily, make the attempt at invasion. I cannot allow myself to fear that we shall be conquered by the mighty warrior, but I cannot but apprehend that the conflict will occasion much distress. I am happy that as yet your brother has not found it necessary to engage in military duty, but how long he may be exempt we cannot tell. . . . Since my last your father has had an ill turn, but has now very nearly recovered his usual health. He was seized with a numbness in his hand, which likewise affected his legs and feet; it lasted but a short time, and

was thought to proceed from some nervous relaxation. He has taken bark, which has strengthened him. . . .

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *July 30, 1804.*

. . . My brother has not yet returned ; we expect him in the course of a few days. He promised to write to you upon the circuit. I am sorry he should appear so negligent in that particular, but there are many apologies to be made for him. He is obliged to be in Westminster Hall from nine in the morning till four o'clock ; after that is the only time he has for business and study. My mother and I went to Westminster Hall before he left town, for the purpose of seeing him in his wig and gown ; I assure you he makes a very respectable appearance. Our old friend, Nelson, gave him a brief. It was but a trifling cause, and he, being junior counsel, had not much to do, but he acquitted himself very well, and his client gained a verdict. It was an action brought by a black against a gentleman for an assault. My brother was one of blackey's counsel.

We were afterwards much entertained with a long and interesting trial, in which Mr. Congreve, a friend of my brother, was defendant for a libel in the "Royal Standard" against Admiral Berkeley. Erskine and Dallas were the leading counsel. I never heard any public speaking before, and I was very much pleased, indeed. How I should admire to hear my brother make a speech ! I think he would make as good a one as Erskine. Poor Congreve had a verdict against him of a thousand pounds.

We were much amused with your anecdote of the old lady ; but on this side the water we cannot but wonder at her blindness or want of taste, or both ; for, as she is so old, I cannot suppose her capable of being envious of the beauty of another, though perhaps, like many, she may think that everything has degenerated since her day,

and that nothing can be either good or handsome in this age of vanity and folly. My mother desires me to say "it is fortunate that the Atlantic separates them, or the two old ladies would pull caps." . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 17, 1804.*

. . . Mr. Sharp is the most unaccountable man that ever was; he took a proof of the "Gibraltar" four months since, and then said he should have another in a fortnight, and that in three months he should finish it, and he has not even taken a second proof. My father is daily harassed by the impatience of some of the subscribers and the rudeness of others. He has had a great deal to mortify him, and I am afraid he will experience a new disappointment in the land which he sold to Hudson; every person who comes from Boston tells him of the immense value of the estate, which is a matter of great regret to him. . . .

In a letter of November 8, 1804, Miss Copley continues: —

. . . My father is much engaged, as usual, in painting the portrait of the Prince of Wales, and my brother in attending Westminster Hall. If application and industry will make a great lawyer, I am sure he will be one.

We have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Perkins. They have not visited England; they are at present in Paris, where, I suppose, they will stay to see the grand coronation. What do the Americans think of this great emperor? You have been honored with a visit from Prince Jerome and his princess. I am sorry you made so much parade with them. Mr. and Mrs. B—— have returned to England; they give a most terrible account of Bonaparte's despotism. . . .

Mr. Sharp promises my father a proof week after next,

but he has promised so long I shall not believe him till I see it.

We are to be entertained this winter with the wonderful young actor, of whom you must have heard; we are extremely impatient to see him in London. . . .

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *August 17, 1804.*

DEAR SIR,—I have this instant received your favor of the 22d of June, upon my return from the circuit. Our friend Mr. Payne leaves London to-morrow to embark in the *Galen* for America, and I must not omit this opportunity to write a few lines in answer to your obliging communication. It is, I am persuaded, unnecessary for me to say that I feel extremely sorry that you should have experienced any disappointment relative to your affairs . . .

Sheba's* return to England has proved to us a source of the highest gratification. Her pictures are drawn with so much minuteness and particularity that, without any great effort of imagination, we can almost fancy ourselves present at the scenes she describes; and what can afford us greater pleasure than to be spectators of the happiness of our dearest friends?

My father feels extremely mortified at the new loss which he is apprehensive he may sustain from the want of accuracy in his agent. He has been informed that the piece of land in question is worth upwards of one hundred pounds the acre; and he, of course, must lament if he is to be deprived of it from an accidental omission in the form of taking possession. . . . I am sorry that I have not time to write more in detail upon the subject; but you have much better means of forming a correct judgment than myself. It must therefore be left to you to act for my father, as you may think, under all the circumstances, most conducive to his interest.

* A cook whom Mrs. Greene took with her from England.

Upon politics I have nothing consoling to offer. By the two papers which accompany this you will find that the last month has been productive of great and interesting events. The escape of the combined squadron, the disasters in India and the defeat of Lord Castlereagh, and a somerset in Gloucester and the County of Down, are circumstances not very favorable to the continuation of the Pitt administration.

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to his sister.]

LONDON, *August 29, 1804.*

It was my intention to have written a very long letter, but before I had taken the pen in my hand I received an unexpected message from Judge Graham, requesting me to accompany him in a short excursion from town. I am under the necessity, therefore, of postponing the thousand things which I have to say until to-morrow, but as it is *possible* that I may, by this delay, lose the opportunity of sending my letter by the Polly, I have thought it better to transmit this apology than to omit writing altogether. I must not, however, forget to mention what my mother has desired me to communicate with respect to the commissions with which you intrusted her. It was her intention to have sent the case by the present opportunity, but she has been obliged, by accidental circumstances, to defer it till the next vessel, which sails in a few days.

Presenting my regards to Mr. Greene, believe me to be, my dear sister, with great sincerity of affection, yours,
J. S. COPLEY, JR.

[From Mrs. Copley to her daughter.]

LONDON, *August 31, 1804.*

. . . We have sent the sketch of our family picture in the bottom of the case; the print remains in the state in which Mr. Thew left it: it is so far advanced that it is

thought by many that it should be finished, but, as everything in the arts at present is in a quiescent state, that remains for future determination. Should it ever be thought worth while to finish the plate, you must let the sketch again cross the Atlantic; in the mean time we shall be happy in the pleasure it affords you and the rest of our dear friends; it contains the best likeness of my departed and dearly valued father.

I mentioned to you an acquaintance which we had formed with a family of our own name, and who have likewise taken an interest in you, and, seeing us engaged in selecting some things to send, Mrs. Copley sent her compliments and good wishes. She has a daughter married to Admiral Montague: * we sometimes conceit that we see a little of yourself in her. She has a sweet group of fine children, and is a most amiable woman. The family reside in the country. . . .

I do not recollect anything new since my last. As to the invasion, the alarm is kept up, and, if we are to give credit to the newspaper accounts, that of this day is in a more threatening style than before; but this has been so long continued that it loses its effect upon the most timid, to which class you may think your mother belongs. . . .

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *September 3, 1804.*

MY DEAR SISTER, — I am persuaded that you still take an interest in the occurrences, the lesser as well as the more important occurrences, of this part of the globe; and that occasionally to revive the recollections of past events, and to pursue in imagination the fortunes of your former friends and associates, must, to a mind constituted like yours, prove a source of pure and rational pleasure. Thus impressed, then, it is my intention to transmit across

* Admiral Montague served in America under Lord Howe during the Revolution.

the bosom of the Atlantic a sheet filled with intelligence, a collection of little facts, which, though trifling in themselves, may, in the union and composition of the whole, form a picture amusing to your taste and fancy.

In considering what particular figure shall occupy the foreground, I have, after some deliberation, selected myself, both on account of the gravity and stateliness of my character,—for I am now a counselor learned in the law,—and as being, in other respects, an object of no inconsiderable importance, at least in my own estimation. In appearance, then, I hope I am unchanged since we parted in the Downs. For, after some investigation at the glass, which with me, you recollect, was always a favorite article of furniture, I cannot discover either a single gray hair or a single additional wrinkle. But, although the appearance of the person is the same, you will not from thence conclude that in other respects I have been stationary. You will, in common courtesy, suppose me to be as much wiser and as much better as the interval may justly seem to require. Run back in your imagination through the last four years, and observe me writing at the drawing-room table, Mary upon the one side and my mother upon the other, and you will have a perfect picture of the present moment. So much for myself.

The next figure in the sketch is my mother. She is as kind and as good and loves all of us as much as ever. We cannot sufficiently thank Providence for having blessed us with so dear a friend and instructress, to whom we owe so much,—more, indeed, than all our attention can ever repay. It cannot, my dear sister, but afford you the sincerest pleasure to learn that her health is still good; and I am almost led to flatter myself that if you were suddenly to return you would perceive no sensible change in her general air and appearance. She sometimes drops a tear at the mention of your name, expressive of a mingled emotion of regret at your absence and

of joy and happiness at the recollection of the blessings of your situation.

Our father, too, although he was a few weeks since slightly indisposed, is again well and cheerful, and as industrious and indefatigable as ever. He is at present employed in painting an equestrian picture of the Prince of Wales, which is to rival the Charles of Vandyck and the Ferdinand of Rubens.

Mary, in despite of all I can say and all I can do, will still be silent, and I assure you, in the conversation of the table we have lost much in losing you. She has already written to you, but she desires me to reiterate her expressions of affection and regard.

Thus have I formed the principal group of my picture, far outstripping my father in ease and rapidity of execution. I shall now take a wider range, and introduce other persons and other scenes to your notice.

Mrs. Heaviside has finally separated from her husband, to the mutual satisfaction of both.

The Gore is sold, and she is situated in a small house near Sloane Street, where she lives almost alone. What a change from her former residence in George Street, and from the bustle and life and gayety of her brilliant and crowded assemblies! Perhaps you never heard that poor Heaviside was confined for some time in Newgate, in consequence of having attended at a duel in which Colonel Montgomery was killed.

Mrs. L—— lives in retirement, at Turnham Green, and employs herself in the education of her two infant children. Mr. B——'s sight is irrecoverably lost. He lives at Chiswick with his family, and the business is conducted by his son and Mr. T——. Mrs. A—— died a few days since of a disorder which has long rendered her life a burden. Miss S——, after so many courtships and so many disappointments, is shortly to be married to a solicitor in chancery. He is in religion a Catholic, but not quite a bigot.

My paper is full, and, to conclude in the Oriental style, "What can I say more?" You will not forget to present my best and kindest regards to Mr. Greene.

[From Mrs. Copley to her daughter.]

LONDON, *October 29, 1804.*

. . . As to George Street, your father is engaged with the arts. He has lately made a sketch of the Prince on horseback, with which his royal highness has expressed himself very highly pleased, and shows himself much interested in the picture; he is to sit for the likeness when he returns to town. It promises to be a work that will draw attention. Your brother is engaged attending the courts, which have commenced their sittings in London. We have the comfort of his company at dinner, and that is as much time as he can afford us. . . .

As to public concerns, I can now tell you that, after twelve months' alarm and bustle, which the apprehension of invasion occasioned, there is now scarcely a word said upon the subject; but, while the present state of things remain in Europe, we must expect disquiet in some way or other. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *December 28, 1804.*

. . . When you read our papers you may imagine that attention to the young Roscius is the most important pursuit of the present time. It is the general impression that "Master Betty" ⁴⁵ is a prodigy in his theatrical art, but that too much fuss is made about him; but neither the motives or powers for puffing have ceased. Your brother is the only one in this family who has yet had the privilege of seeing him play; he thinks him very extraordinary. Your father is getting on with the portrait of the Prince with much success. Your brother is thinking of a jaunt into the country to attend the sessions in Lincoln. . . .

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *January 31, 1805.*

. . . As the time draws near when my son will stand in need of your assistance, you will permit me to mention that the second advance of the three hundred pounds, which I requested in my former letter, will be necessary in April next. I hope you will have no cause to regret that you have been instrumental in enabling him to pursue what is so important to his future prospects. I have the satisfaction to say that his advance in his profession is more than I had reason to expect for the short time he has been at the bar. . . .

[J. S. Copley, Junior, to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *February 17, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR, — A considerable time has elapsed since the last arrival from America, and we are impatient and anxious, therefore, to receive intelligence of your welfare. It has been reported here that you had some intention of visiting Demerara; but, upon inquiry, we were happy to find that this rumor rested upon no certain foundation.

We hear much of the important objects which engage your attention, — the Dorchester Bridge, the Mill Pond, and similar designs, which in the execution are likely to be as conducive to your own advantage as they certainly must prove beneficial to the public.

You have requested my opinion upon the subject of my father's title to the land which he held in mortgage from Hudson. I am of course totally uninformed with respect to the law in America upon this subject; but if you will suppose the land to be in England, and the question to have arisen here, the solution will be extremely plain and simple. A mortgagor is tenant at will to the mortgagee in the strictest sense; and therefore it is not necessary to

give him notice to quit. *Keech v. Hall*, 1 Doug. R. 22 *et passim*. My father (there being no person on the premises) entered, by his agent, and took possession, and inclosed the land with a fence, etc. He has now, therefore, the *possession*, and, by the mortgage deed, the *legal title*. But the equity of redemption still continues in the mortgagor (I speak according to our practice here), and within twenty years from the time when the mortgagee entered, he, the mortgagor, may file a *bill in chancery* for liberty to redeem. 2 Vent. 340; 2 Atk. 140. But to prevent this the mortgagee may, at any time after the forfeiture, file a *bill of foreclosure*; upon which a certain time, generally *three years*, is allowed to the mortgagor to redeem, in default of which he is forever foreclosed. If the land, therefore, were in England, it is extremely clear that any person who could establish his title as heir of Hudson would be entitled to redeem, as no bill of foreclosure has been filed, and only eight, or nine years have elapsed since the entry of the mortgagee.

But my father says that in America, according to his recollection, there was no such process as a bill of foreclosure; but that if the mortgagor did not redeem within three years from the time when possession was taken by the mortgagee, he was forever barred. Upon this point, on which the whole case appears to turn, I certainly cannot attempt to express any opinion.

In politics there is, at present, little either new or important to communicate. When or how the war in which we are engaged is to terminate, it is impossible to conjecture. Mr. Pitt requires a loan of twenty-three millions for the services of the year,—a sum surpassing, I believe, the whole American debt. The *Moniteur* contains a letter from the new emperor to the king of England, proposing a negotiation for peace, together with the concise and vague reply of this government.

But how *can* we make peace in the present situation of

the Continent? How can we, consistently with our safety, permit Holland to continue under the absolute control of France? And yet, on the other hand, what are we to hope from a continuance of the contest? Such is our situation that peace and war present prospects alike unfavorable to the interest and security of Great Britain.

I thank my sister for her kind letter. It appears an age since we parted. I am sure she thinks of me with kindness, for I know the warmth and tenderness of her heart. When and where we are again to meet is hid in the impenetrable abyss of futurity.

[The mother to her daughter.]

March 15, 1805.

. . . As to domestic affairs in George Street, I have the happiness to say that we are all well. Your brother is now absent upon the circuit, which comes round very often. He is making all possible exertion to get forward in his profession, and we do not doubt his success; but we find the law, as well as many other pursuits, requires much perseverance and patience to obtain the object; it is well for us that we do not always foresee the degree that is necessary. . . .

War and its distress continues to occupy the attention in this part of the world. I wish we could look forward to some more satisfactory state of things, when the human powers could be better employed, — as indeed is now the case in America. The new bridge must have added much to the comfort and pleasure of Boston. I think, when we make our visit there, I shall not be able to retrace my native place. It gives me pleasure to reflect that its improvements contribute to the gratification of my dear friends. . . .

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *May 2, 1805.*

MY DEAR SISTER, — . . . From your account of Boston gayety, you appear to be as dissipated as we are in London. You did not formerly make a good rake; I hope you have improved in that respect, though I fancy you do not keep such late hours as the London *beau monde*. I am very happy to hear that Mrs. Derby still retains her good looks: she is a very charming woman; my father has indeed made a most beautiful picture of her.

The Exhibition is just opened; we have not seen it, but I understand it does not shine very much this season. My father has only a head in it; he has not been able to get his picture of the Prince finished. It will make a most magnificent appearance; I wish you could take a peep into his painting-room! . . .

Mr. Sharp's proof has not yet made its appearance. He is a most unaccountable man; he has been putting it off from one week to another, though he still promises it shall be finished in a few months, and assures my father it will be the finest thing he ever did. . . .

The newspapers contain an account of the splendid installation that has taken place at Windsor, which will afford you some entertainment and some interesting matter relative to Lord Melville, which is, at present, the only subject of conversation. Perhaps you may not recollect who Lord Melville is, as that title has been conferred upon him since you left England: he is *ci-devant* Dundas. He and his paymaster, Mr. Trotter, have got themselves into a pretty scrape. . . . Adieu, my dear sister.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *June 4, 1805.*

. . . Your father was not able to finish his picture of the Prince for the Exhibition. It is a more extensive

work than he first intended ; several officers are introduced, accompanying his royal highness, with a view of an encampment in the background. It promises to be a very successful picture, and excites much interest. I can tell you, at length, that we have a proof of the " Gibraltar." It is in every respect such as your father could wish, except that it does not appear so near finished as we expected ; but Sharp says, " Do not be uneasy ; you will soon see a great alteration. I shall finish it in the course of this summer." So we have only still to hope and rely upon him. . . .

I must leave it for others to give you the political state of the country, of which, though it excites much solicitude in individuals, the public account will be the most satisfactory ; but could you take a peep at this time, you would suppose that all cares were banished, from the splendor that is displayed in compliment to his majesty on this, his birthday. Lady Charlotte and Mr. Wynne Bellasyse keep up the state of the old mansion. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 17, 1805.*

. . . All the accounts from America speak of its prosperity. As for this country, it appears in a more critical state than ever. It is vain to make conjectures ; you will hear the particulars of the present unfavorable account, which you will easily suppose must cast a damp upon us.

. . . To know that all are well with you will revive our spirits, which are upon the ebb at this time, from the very extraordinary successes of the mighty conqueror, who appears to be carrying all before him ; but we must hope that there will be limits set to his proud career, and that we are not all to be subjected to his empire. We that know only the past and present must be very anxious for what may be the result of the formidable contest. But I will leave this unpleasant public scene, and

tell you that I am very earnest to know that my dear sister made her intended visit to Boston, and the more so when we found that the city of New York had again been distressed by the dreadful fever. This is a sad calamity. . . .

[J. S. Copley to his agent.]

LONDON, *September 12, 1805.*

SIR, — I should not have troubled you with this letter, but, as I am exposed to a new loss, at least to the risk of a lawsuit, on account of some supposed insufficiency in the manner of your taking possession of the land at West Boston, I am persuaded that you will feel it incumbent on you to make every exertion to assist Mr. Greene in rescuing this small remainder of my property from the unjust attempts made to deprive me of it.

It must of course be in your power to prove that you took possession of the land in my name, and for me, and by my express direction. . . .

Many persons whose land joins the land in question must have been made acquainted with the circumstance in order to have ascertained my boundaries, as well as to have secured their own; and they must have consulted the plan and deed as well as my letter: among those may perhaps be the person who lived in the adjoining house. When I was in Boston it was owned and occupied by Captain Phillips, and it may be easily ascertained who lived there when you took possession of the land.

Having acted in this affair as my agent, you must of course feel anxious that I should not be a sufferer on the ground of any real or supposed irregularity in the manner of taking possession.

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

DEAR SIR, — I have received a long letter from a person signing himself "Bill Vose" relative to the land

which was mortgaged by Hudson. I inclose it for your perusal. . . .

With respect to the legal right, that, I conceive it, is evidently with me. I have made some inquiries upon the subject, particularly from Mr. Paine and Mr. Erving, and they both concur in opinion that, upon the statement of facts which I have submitted to them, I have a clear legal title to the land [his Boston farm]. About eleven years ago, I wrote to my agent to take possession of the land on account of the default of the mortgagor; this he did, accordingly, and inclosed it with a fence, by my desire, in the year 1793, as appears by his letter of that date; which fence my son saw when he was in Boston, two or three years after my agent had taken possession of the land by my desire.

The possession since that time has of course been with me, and the equity of redemption, I conceive, long since foreclosed. He will inform you what steps he took in order to obtain possession. I presume there was nobody upon the land, and that possession was peaceably taken, which with three years' possession, I am informed and always understood, bars the claim of the mortgagor. . . .

Vose's letter is framed with some art, and appears to be the production of a lawyer. I inclose a power of attorney and the necessary papers. After the statement I have made, and which the papers that will be delivered to you by Mr. Parker will prove to be correct, I think there can be but one opinion, and that is, that neither Mr. Vose, nor any other person but myself, either in law or equity, can pretend to the smallest claim upon the land, and I shall defend it against all attempts to dispossess me of it.

I shall wish to hear your sentiments on the subject as soon as convenient, and your opinion of the value of the land. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *September 12, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I have inclosed a letter to my agent, which I request you to have the goodness to seal and send to him, after you have perused it. I think he must see and feel the obligation he is under to make good the evidence, if it is possible, of his having taken possession of the land now claimed by Vose. I had the pleasure of your letter of July 23d, and am obliged to you for the additional two hundred pounds which you have had the goodness to advance to me for my son. The situation of this country and the effects it has upon the arts made it necessary for me to request your assistance.

My son's prospects in his profession are good, but it is a work of time, and at present the expenses must of course greatly exceed the profits. I have the comfort to see him very assiduous, and making as much progress as could be expected in the time; but I am fearful, and it is a subject of great anxiety to me, whether I shall be able so far to assist him as to enable him to reap the fruit of his industry. . . .

[Mrs. Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *November 5, 1805.*

. . . I have lately met Mrs. B——, a pleasing little woman, who tells us that you look better than your picture, and, as the Royal Academician is somewhat jealous of his reputation he solicits another sitting, but says, “you must keep your appointment.” I like to hear you have grown fat; were I a French woman, I should alter the word, as it does not look well on paper, but when I transfer my ideas to the life, I am well satisfied, for I am sure, to speak in the language of the arts, that it must have a good effect. . . .

Your brother is pressing on with all his might; we

have much reason to expect that he will be successful. In his first year he has gone before some of his contemporaries in advancement, but the young counselors have not a small trial of patience; but the reward, which I trust your brother will obtain in due time, is a stimulus. He is now upon the circuit, and will be absent for a month. I have not yet heard from him and cannot tell how many briefs he has received. I know you, as well as myself, feel the importance of his success. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *January 31, 1806.*

. . . A few months have brought about great events in Europe. You will hear of the dreadful contest in Germany, of the extraordinary successes of Bonaparte, of the territory he is distributing, and of the triumphs which he has achieved. Heaven alone knows where his proud sway will be stayed. From England you will hear of the important and splendid victory of Trafalgar, of the lamented fall of the hero, of the unexampled honors that are paid to his memory; and likewise of the death of Mr. Pitt, who has been called from this stage of action at a period fraught with important events, and of the new arrangements for the government of the country. Our anxious solicitude must resort to never-failing hope that the present cloud may be succeeded by a brighter prospect.

I have the comfort of telling you that we are all well, but have been made very dull by the loss of our friend, Mr. Erving. His death was sudden, for, though his health has been breaking up for some time, we were not apprehensive that his life would terminate so soon: he was confined to his house for only a few days. We feel his loss deeply, having had so much intercourse with him for so long a time. I will not detain you longer here, but will transfer my mind to the pleasing scene around you, and desire to be remembered to Mr. Greene. . . .

Your father, who, I am happy to tell you, looks as well as when you last saw him, — though not so the old lady, — and your brother and sister, beg that their most affectionate love and best wishes may be conveyed to you and yours, as well as those of yours ever truly.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *March* 11, 1806.

I have been hoping that we should hear of your welfare before the return of the *Galen*; our last letters from you were by this ship. . . .

We have come to the period when we must view this country as under a cloud, which darkens the scene more or less according to the situation and circumstances of its inhabitants, calling for sacrifices and care from many. Unfortunately, those engaged in the arts are the first to feel the pressure. Their decline is so generally seen that it has excited the attention of a number of the first characters and fortunes in the kingdom to come forward to prevent their loss in this country, but the plan is so recent that it cannot be known what is to be hoped for. The *Shakespeare Gallery* is converted into an “*Institution for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists.*” It is fitted up in an elegant style, very different from its former appearance; it has been open only a few weeks.

Your brother is upon the circuit; if I recollect right he has generally been absent when we have written to you. His country excursions are necessarily six times in the year. We are anxiously solicitous that, as he has gone so far, he may be able to persevere till he is established in his profession. He has been quite as successful as he could have expected for the time he has been at the bar, but the law is indeed a pursuit that takes much time, and of course excites much solicitude.

I have the comfort to add that he is very well and *very*

persevering, and I trust that he will succeed. I tell him that when the law enables him to live, I shall be easy. His profession has one great advantage over the arts, that we cannot do without it.

I cannot tell you yet that Sharp has finished the "Gibraltar," but we think it will not be much longer in progress; he has promised another proof, and till that is seen the state of the plate cannot be known. A trial of patience! How little did I expect, when the signing of the contract took place, that I should be a grandmamma three times over before this important work was brought to a close! But so it is with Mr. Sharp; nothing but patience will be of any avail, but we have the comfort of knowing that his earnestness is as great as ours that the work should be finished, and that it promises to be very interesting. . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST YEARS AND DEATH OF THE ARTIST.

1806—1816.

FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON. — LEGAL SUCCESSES. — “OFFER OF THE CROWN TO LADY JANE GREY.” — PERSISTENT DELAY OF THE ENGRAVER. — UNREMITTING WORK BY COPLEY, AND CONTINUED DISAPPOINTMENTS. — THE “GIBRALTAR” FINISHED. — MR. SERGEANT COPLEY. — ILLNESS AND DEATH OF THE ARTIST. — THE SON ASSUMES THE RESPONSIBILITY AND THE CARE OF THE FAMILY.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *April 5, 1806.*

It is nearly four months since we have had the pleasure of receiving a single line from you or Mr. Greene. We have heard of the arrival of several ships at Liverpool, but have had the misfortune not to receive any letters. We think you write less frequently than formerly. I am sensible that your time must be fully occupied with domestic and other engagements, but you must not forget how anxious your friends are, and what a mortification it is to hear of an arrival without receiving letters. . . .

We have had great changes in the political world. Poor Pitt is almost forgotten ; it was an unfortunate circumstance, his death happening so soon after that of Lord Nelson. The public curiosity was so completely gratified with the funeral of Lord Nelson that nobody cared about seeing the same sight so immediately after. My brother and I were so fortunate as to have tickets for the interior of St. Paul's ; we were there about twelve hours, but were

amply compensated for the fatigue, for it was a most splendid and affecting spectacle. We were obliged to be so early that I went to my brother's chambers the night before, and slept as well as I could, for a few hours, on a mattress on the floor. My father and mother saw the procession from Somerset House. The internal and external views were very different, and we have not been able to determine which had the advantage, though I am inclined to give it to the internal. Though one would have expected, from the vast concourse of spectators as well as persons in the procession, some degree of bustle, yet there was not the least; everything was conducted with the greatest propriety; the chanting and whole appearance was solemn and impressive beyond anything you can imagine. I feel great satisfaction at having been present.

Our friend, Beckett, has been so extremely lucky as to have obtained the place, under the new administration, of under secretary of state: the salary is two thousand a year. It is a great thing for so young a man, and I cannot help thinking John would fill the place just as well as Beckett. I wish my brother could meet with some good friend to give him something. His is a terrible uphill profession; he has certainly every reason to be satisfied with the progress he has made, but it requires an amazing deal of time and patience. He returned from the circuit a week since, and in a few days he is going again as far as Lincoln, to attend the sessions. . . .

May 1, 1806.

. . . My brother has just returned from the sessions, where, you will rejoice to hear, he has been very successful, not only in obtaining briefs, but, what is of still greater importance, in gaining a high reputation. His friends are confident of his success in his profession, but it must necessarily be slow, from the nature of the thing.

The public attention is deeply engaged with the trial of Lord Melville; it is expected to last about three weeks. I hope to be able to obtain admission some day during the trial.

On Saturday the Academicians are to have their grand annual dinner. Report speaks highly of the Exhibition. Neither my father nor Mr. West have any pictures this year. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *May 13, 1806.*

. . . It is indeed a busy scene at present, for, in addition to the usual amusements and avocations, there is the trial at Westminster Hall. Your sister, after rising at six o'clock this morning, and having a search of an hour and a half for a coach, got as far as Parliament Street, but found the crowd there so great she was obliged to return, and be content to sit down in George Street, in quiet. . . .

I have the pleasure of telling you that your brother's last attendance at the sessions was so successful as to give us great comfort; we flatter ourselves that he has now surmounted the difficult part, and that he has every prospect of getting forward in his profession. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 23, 1806.*

. . . As to George Street, I have the comfort to say that we are all well. As proposed by your father and myself, we passed a week at Dr. Gratens, who is blessed with a fine family. I tell him that it is a little commonwealth, very well regulated. His number is eleven, from the age of twenty down to about two, all amiable and interesting; the younger part reminded me of your scene. Though the doctor has dismissed the most of his pupils, we were about twenty at table. We spent a very pleasant week,

and the change was useful to us both. Your father has quite recovered from the effects of a sprain in his arm, from a fall which I did not mention, from the daily expectation that the inconvenience would be removed. It worried his mind, from the length of time it prevented him from using his brush, and interfered with his finishing the picture of Lord Nelson. He is now quite well.

Your brother has returned to us for a few days; we are all pleased with his success upon the circuit. In short, I have the happiness to tell you that we are in better spirits than of late; our distance makes it difficult to enter into particulars. Your sister's visit in the country is longer than she intended at first, but she finds it pleasant and beneficial to her health, and I am happy that she has the opportunity to make it. Your brother left her in Derbyshire, where she has several invitations, one of which is at Mrs. Fox's. I received a letter from her to-day; she means to write to you by the Galen. I hope it will not be too late. . . .

Your brother leaves us in a day or two; he is going into Scotland with Baron Graham for a month, and after the next session, which will be in six weeks, we hope to see him in London, and I expect that Mary will return with him.

Mrs. Copley continues September 1st, as follows:

. . . A voyage to England seems not to be thought a greater undertaking than a journey formerly was; I hope the fashion may continue, and that we may be more and more benefited by it. My brother tells me that he may visit Boston by a turnpike road, and that such a work is talked of. I wish that all the important changes which the present wonder-working age presents to us were of the like utility; but alas! as to those that are political we can only await the event: human calculation is inadequate to conjecture what may take place. . . .

Your father is now well ; he has had a slight attack of illness between my last letter and this. We remain by ourselves at present, but hope we shall meet the rest of our family in health before long ; but it may be five or six weeks before your brother and sister return.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *November* 10, 1806.

After an absence of fourteen weeks, I have at length returned to George Street, and have had the happiness of meeting my father and mother in good health. . . .

I think Derby a very pleasant town. I passed three days there very agreeably, at the house of Mr. Edwards, a friend of my brother. One day I went to a ball ; another I dined with Mr. Fox, and with Mr. Strutt. The hurry and bustle of an assize town are inconceivable. I don't wonder the lawyers are completely tired out. I had the satisfaction of hearing a great deal of my brother's renown both at Derby and Chesterfield ; his name stands very high. Chesterfield itself is a miserable, dirty place ; there are a great number of iron foundries and coal pits, which make it extremely disagreeable, but the country around is delightful. The county of Derby, as far as I have seen, is exceedingly beautiful. Matlock is only twelve miles from Chesterfield ; we rode over three times ; the scenery is romantic and picturesque in the highest degree. I should like to pass a fortnight there very much.

I suppose you have heard that my brother has been making a tour into Scotland, in company with Lord and Lady Graham ; one of our visits to Matlock was to meet them. My brother is a very great favorite of the baron and his lady. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *January 28, 1807.*

. . . My brother has just returned from the sessions. He certainly rises in his profession, but the profits increase very, *very* slowly. There can be no doubt, however, that if he is blessed with health and can persevere he will ultimately be successful. He is indefatigable in his attention to business; his tour in Scotland has been of infinite service to him.

Your account of the cold is enough to freeze one. We have been blessed with not only a mild, but a very fine winter. I do not think I should like the American climate.

My father is engaged in painting a picture for Mr. Davison, "The Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey," containing eight figures half the size of life, the whole about four feet long and four and a half high; it is nearly completed.* What a beautiful picture your little group would make! I wish you would bring them over. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *February 2, 1807.*

. . . The varied accounts which have come from the Continent of the late events of the war have occasioned much anxious solicitude. We are still hoping that the mighty conqueror has had his turn of defeat. How sad the scenes of misery which numbers have to deplore! At present, we view them only at a distance; Heaven avert them. It affords much comfort that peace and good-will are to remain between this country and America. . . .

You mention the picture of "The Death of Chatham." † I do not recollect whether I told you that Mr. Alexander

* The size of the picture was afterwards doubled.

† Now in the South Kensington Museum.

Davison owned it. Your father is now painting for him the scene in the life of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey in which she is solicited to accept the crown.

Your brother is very well, and is pushing on in his profession with all attention. Mary returned from her country visit much benefited in health and spirits, which she still retains. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *February 20, 1807.*

. . . I hope that your cold season is by this time giving way to the delights of spring; in your situation, this change must be very pleasant, — these, with the still greater delights which attend the springtide of the charming group around you. . . .

Your father is very well. Shall I shock you if I say that we old folks have enjoyed the winter? It has been so mild that we can scarcely realize that we have had one. Should we again be brought to seek a change, — which Heaven forbid, at our season of life! — the cold of America would much alarm me. Your father often regrets that he did not take that step many years since, but these retrospects are vain.

After much hope that has been excited for better prospects to Europe, we have returned to the anxious situation of fearing the events of another campaign, and the papers talk of great exertions making for the next contest. It is terrible to hear of the sacrifices that are made of the human species, and terrible indeed must it be to those that are at the seat of war.

I have not seen your brother for some days; his whole time is so occupied, pursuing what, I hope, he will ere-long obtain, — establishment in his profession. I have the pleasure of saying he is very well and very assiduous. I fear you do not now hear often by his pen; you must impute it to his time being entirely taken up by his busi-

ness. We only see him just at dinner, — very often not then, — and directly after he is off. . . .

The last accounts that came before the public leave us in suspense as to what is likely to be the result of the contest; we still indulge fond hopes. As to old England, she is now, in truth, left to contend single-handed, and will want all the courage, wisdom, and resolution that her statesmen and warriors can command, as well as the self-denial and fortitude of her inhabitants. . . . As the great Nelson said that England expected every man to do his duty, we must know that this is expected now of every individual; and as I believe it to be mine to practice more than to preach, I shall conclude the latter, and endeavor to pursue the former. . . .

I received a very pleasant letter from your brother yesterday. He says his circuit has been very successful, and I am happy to repeat that his prospects are satisfactory, and remove our anxious concern upon that score. I hope that thankfulness will take the place that solicitude has so long occupied; it has been an arduous struggle, the last year. He has made a great advance, and says he must style himself as others do, “a lucky dog.”

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *April 29, 1807.*

. . . My father is hard at work finishing his picture of Lady Jane Grey; he expects to complete it in a few days; it will be extremely beautiful. He will not have anything in the Exhibition this year. My brother is now in town. The last circuit and sessions were very good; he is rising fast in reputation. It will make us extremely happy when he gets well established in business; but the law is a terrible up-hill profession; nobody knows the difficulty till he tries.

We are in a bustle, with the change of ministers and the dissolution of Parliament; all the world are flying out

of town. London will be quite deserted at the gay season. I am very sorry for the change. I suppose you have lost all interest in English politics. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *June 22, 1807.*

. . . My brother leaves us again in about ten days for the circuit. He had the good fortune to be employed in two of the late elections, which, upon every account, is a very desirable circumstance : in one his client gained his election, in the other there was a tie. It is most likely there will be a petition for one, in which case my brother will act as counsel. You will be rejoiced to hear that he has now every prospect of advancement in his profession. I fear I must be contented to remain quietly in George Street this summer. If the undertaking were not so great, I should be tempted to pay you a visit, but, alas ! there are many impediments in the way. I dreamt last night that you came to see us ; I wish you would realize this. We hear, in a roundabout way, that you *talk* of such an event : I cannot help thinking you might accomplish it without any great inconvenience. . . .

We have been this morning to Mr. Davison's, in St. James's Square, to view his collection of pictures, painted by modern artists. He has a large dining-room, splendidly furnished, with nine pictures, among them "The Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey," by my father ; the whole appearance is very superb, and the pictures very well executed, and we were exceedingly entertained.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *July 8, 1807.*

. . . I have the comfort to say your friends are all well, and much additional satisfaction in telling you that your brother has now that prospect of business which relieves your father and the rest of us from much solicitude

upon his account. You must be sensible that it has been an anxious scene ; but from this time we feel certain, if anything can be called so in this world, that he will be so established in his profession as to get on with comfort. He has been engaged as counsel for two candidates in the late election, and it is likely this will lead to other business ; he is now setting off for the circuit. He did intend to write to Mr. Greene and yourself ; you must excuse him ; he has been so occupied ever since he has been in town that we have seen very little of him, and I expect that this *little* will be still less, but I hope I shall not repine at this, as the cause is so important. I am happy to say that he is in good health. You know that his spirits are naturally excellent ; they have had a trial ; the late change in his prospects is visible in their improvement. I am sure you will feel what a comfort this is to us. As to your inquiries of his residence, I can say that he has the pleasantest situation in the Temple. Within the last few months he has removed to the chambers over those he occupied when you left London, open to the gardens and to the river ; they are most delightful, pleasant, and airy. As to the other points, they are in a state of reversion ; as yet it has not been marrying time with him ; I certainly should be glad to see him happy in that way.

From what is now passing in the world no one can say where he is to abide. Another dreadful blank is cast over us, after many hopes and fears. It is confirmed this day that the mighty conqueror is still allowed to go on victorious. . . .

[The same to the same.]

August 15, 1807.

. . . Things are in so unpleasant a state with regard to the two countries that there is no conjecturing what may take place. The sad affair upon the coast of America

gives us great concern; it is a distressing consideration that it should be in the power of hasty individuals to bring such calamities upon communities; we hope that the more temperate in each country will avert so great an evil as war between the two; *we* particularly feel it big with much distress, not only to the public, but in every domestic view. A dark cloud already overpowers poor old England. What events have taken place! What may be still before us, Heaven only knows. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 20, 1807.*

Since I wrote to you, we have had a very delightful drive through a pleasant part of this country; your father's errand was to see the picture which he painted of Sir Edward Knatchbull and his family properly hung. Perhaps you think it has been a long time getting to its destination; divers occurrences have made it so, which, were you here, I could relate, but it must suffice to say that it is a very fine picture, with which Sir Edward is greatly pleased. He has a fine seat and house, and still an increasing family, four since the picture was begun. I was delighted to see the attachment between the present lady and his family. They have lost two from the group in the picture, — his second son and his second daughter, a sweet girl of seventeen; their number is now twelve, and two grandchildren. But you may think it time, as well as myself, to leave this subject.

London certainly is not so delightful and regaling at this time, but it had its comforts upon our return, — that of meeting your brother in good health, from whom we had been separated for some considerable time. I have the pleasure to tell you that his circuit and sessions business is growing, and that we have much reason to be thankful and to be gratified with his prospects. He gave us, yesterday, a bachelor's dinner at his very pleasant

rooms; it was *particularly* gratifying to me: could you and yours have been of the party, it would have been complete. Our old friends, Bizoton, Gray, and Musgrove, made up the set. . . .

I hope by the time this reaches you that the inquietude which we all suffer may be removed, and that peace and comfort may long remain with you, and that we shall not have to encounter so great an addition of evils as a war with America will bring upon us; the last accounts have in a great measure quieted our alarm. . . .

[From Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *March* 12, 1808.

. . . We have not received any news from America for a considerable time. Opinions upon the subject of war differ: some think it inevitable; others, that it will be prevented. I am inclined to adopt the latter, and hope my wishes may not prove vain.

The latter part of the winter has been extremely unpleasant and very sickly, but we have been so highly favored as not to suffer in our own family; with the exception of occasional colds, we have all been tolerably well, for which I desire to be thankful, for health is certainly one of the first of blessings. We are again deprived of my dear brother's society; he is upon the circuit. He is at last so far established in his profession as to relieve us from any farther anxiety upon his account; he has had many difficulties to struggle with, and indeed more than once thought he should be under the necessity of giving it up, but, thank God, he has now a fair prospect of success.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *July* 2, 1808.

. . . I must hint that we who reside in George Street have reason to lament the sad effects of the embargo,

when it deprives us of that intercourse which alone can lessen the evils of our separation from you and yours. . . .

The dark cloud that has of late encompassed us appears now to admit a gleam of light, from the news which we hear from Spain ; may it produce that general good which may restore those blessings of which this part of the world has been so long deprived : you will not wonder that all is eager expectation here and ardent hope. . . . We are much relieved by the hope that war will not take place with America. . . .

Your father enjoys his health, and is still able to pursue his art. He says sometimes that he is too old to paint, but this his works do not show ; but at his period of life, indulgence, or at least a degree of rest from labor, is indeed desirable. He is now finishing the picture of the Prince of Wales.

Sharp has not yet put the last stroke to the plate of the "Gibraltar," but keeps up our wearied hopes from week to week.

We drank tea yesterday with your brother at his pleasant chambers ; the gardens are in full bloom, the view of which, with the scene upon the water, is very desirable. We visit the counselor, as he cannot come to us in term time ; he is to leave us again in a few days for the sessions and circuit. . . .

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *August 9, 1808.*

. . . We received a letter from my brother yesterday : he writes in great spirits ; he says the circuit has been productive beyond his most sanguine expectations. His reputation as a lawyer and speaker is very high. . . .

Our spirits are much raised by the accounts which have just arrived of the surrender of Dupont's army to the Spanish patriots ; we are highly interested in the result of the Spanish contest. How I shall rejoice if Bonaparte is defeated !

Sharp is still going on, promising from week to week another proof, when, he says, it will be finished, except a few *last* touches. I know him too well to expect it till I see it; I hope it will be completed in the course of the summer, or rather the autumn; he has given my father a wondrous deal of plague. My father is employed in finishing the portrait of the Prince; his royal highness has been as troublesome as Sharp. He promises to sit when he comes to town, which will be in about ten days. I shall rejoice when his head is finished: it will be a very fine picture.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *March 2, 1809.*

. . . Many aching hearts are deploring the sad events that the past winter has brought to view, — poor Mrs. Moore and many, *many* others: the war in Spain, the distress by tempests, both by sea and land, and uncommon devastation in this city by fires. The conflagration of the theatre, a few nights since, exhibited a scene that was truly terrific; the whole town was illuminated as though it were day, and we were in great anxiety till we knew that the house had not been opened that evening; happily, no lives were lost. The calamity that attended the fire at Covent Garden was very shocking. The destruction of a part of St. James's Palace, and another severe fire, not far from us, in Conduit Street, have all happened in the space of a short time. . . .

Your father is now endeavoring to finish the picture of the Prince for the Exhibition, and I am very anxious he should succeed. One of the proofs taken from the "Gibraltar" is now before me; it is very beautiful; we now think that in a week or two it will be in the hands of the printer. Sharp is giving a few last touches. I am happy to say that all who see it think it a very fine work. I am likewise happy to repeat, what I know you will not be

weary of hearing, that your brother is very busy, and that we are happy at his prospects of success. . . .

[Mrs. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *May 3*, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR, — We have just heard of this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your letter inclosing one from Messrs. Mason and Otis. The land in question originally belonged to Mr. Bannister, of Rhode Island; it was an entailed estate, but he sold it absolutely to Cunningham. Upon Cunningham's death, his administrator; Chardon, under the authority of the court, as mentioned in the letter of Messrs. Mason and Otis, sold it to Mr. Copley; the money was paid, and a deed executed by Chardon under the power.

Mr. Copley was put in possession. Shortly afterwards an action was brought against him for the recovery of the land by a son of Bannister, claiming under the entail; but the plaintiff not being able to establish his legitimacy, the cause was decided in favor of the defendant, who, from that period continued in possession. Mr. Copley always supposed that the deed from Chardon, which he thinks was delivered to Colonel Putnam, Mr. Paine, or Quincy, who were his counsel in the above cause, was made a record of in the court; he has never to his knowledge had possession of it since.

He thinks it was regularly registered shortly after the execution; by referring to a copy of another deed, which was executed about the same time by Mr. Chardon, conveying to Mr. Copley another part of Cunningham's land, he finds subscribed: "Boston, January 20, 1769. Received and entered with the records of deeds for the County of Suffolk. Lib^o 114, folio 52.

P EZEK GOLDTHWAIT, REG.^r

I am, dear sir, very sincerely yours,

S. COPLEY.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *May 29, 1809.*

. . . Your father is still called to conquer disappointment with regard to the "Gibraltar;" it is easier for you to imagine than for me to describe the perplexity it has occasioned; he has been led on for so long a time, from month to month, and even from week to week, by Mr. Sharp's assurance that it would soon be finished, and though we may now receive it in a few days, it will be too late to publish it this season. Much advantage must result from the work to recompense him for the anxious solicitude that it has excited; but I am happy to say that it is held in high estimation. . . .

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 19, 1809.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I must beg you to excuse me for drawing your attention to some concerns of my own.

I am now about commencing the publication of the print of "Gibraltar." The length of time that work has required has much exceeded what was expected, being more than double, and the state of the arts in this country of late have occasioned me some embarrassment, and have obliged me to enter into some engagements that must be complied with, or the consequences will be distressing to me, and may defeat my future prospects. If I could get through the publication of "Gibraltar" in the course of three months, this would be prevented; but, as I cannot expect that it will be done in that time, I am induced to write to you upon the subject, and to request your assistance with the loan of five hundred pounds. I am really hurt at finding myself compelled to trouble you, but when I consider how much importance it is, and how much I may suffer without this assistance, I feel that I shall be excused, and that I ought not to be silent upon

this subject to a friend so much interested in the circumstances of my family. I think in one year, if not sooner, I shall be able to replace this money.

I have great satisfaction in the prospect of the success of the publication; the general opinion, as well as my own, is, that it will be very productive. I think I may reckon at least from £8,000 to £10,000.

Mr. Sharp has executed the finest engraving that has been done in this country. The printing will commence immediately, but it will require six or seven months before the prints can be published. I shall have the pleasure to forward one to you before that time.

From what I have written, you will see the urgency of the occasion which has led me to make this request. In addition to the delay of the print, I have been prevented finishing the portrait of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, which is a work of consequence, but it is now nearly brought to a close. It is a large equestrian picture, with several officers attending his royal highness at a review, and from it there is also to be an engraving.

I have the pleasure to say that my son is making great advance in his profession, and we are told that he will be much distinguished. . . . I am, dear sir, with sincere affection, yours,
J. S. COPLEY.

[The mother to her daughter.]

August 23.

. . . I wish we could look forward with some confidence to the time when the sad distress of war and desolation may cease, but at present solicitude continues to attend all the scenes of contest around us; it is our most earnest hope that America may not partake of them.

I have the comfort to say that we are still blessed with health in our dwelling. Almost every one else seems to have deserted London in pursuit of that or some other gratification; it never before appeared so empty. Your

sister and myself walked in the park yesterday ; the streets reminded me of Ghent, when we were together there, so long since. Your brother has embraced the few weeks of leisure to take a few dips in the sea ; he has been at Brighton for a week. Some of us would have liked to join him, but we remain constant to George Street. If we did not recollect that we were in the month of August, we should scarcely know that we had had summer, for we have had no warm weather.

I have the great satisfaction of telling you that your father has finished the picture of the Prince, with great success. His royal highness has given every attention in sitting for the likeness, and shows much interest in the painting ; if I could repeat all the handsome things he has said upon the subject they would please you. It is universally thought a very just and fine likeness, and allowed to be a very distinguished picture. It gives us great comfort that your father has had health and perseverance to go through with this work, for it has been long begun, as you know. The Prince put off sitting from time to time ; for a year or two he was out of health, but is now recovered and looks well. A mezzotinto is to be made from it first, and then an engraving. I flatter myself that it will prove a valuable work. It is impossible for me to describe in words the perseverance of your father ; I think it is wonderful at his time of life, amidst all the vexations he has had to contend with.

The print of the "Gibraltar" will not be ready to send by this conveyance, but I hope it will follow before long. . . .

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, August 27, 1809. ¶

My mother having given you an account of domestic occurrences, it is my province to detail the chit-chat of the day.

Notwithstanding the gloom and darkness of the political hemisphere, and in spite of the forebodings of the croakers, the gayety and dissipation of the fashionable world are unabated. If you read some of our newspapers and pamphlets you will suppose we are going fast to utter ruin; but they vary in opinion, according to party, as much as yours do. For my part, I continue to feel secure as far as regards our own country, but it is impossible not to be interested and distressed for the fate of the rest of Europe. The price of every article is increased to an enormous extent, while extravagance and splendor in dress, equipages, etc., increase every day. I have had great hopes that the Spaniards would be successful in throwing off the French yoke, but I now give up the idea; by all accounts they are incapable of any great exertion.

I flatter myself the friendly intercourse between England and America will not be interrupted, if we may judge by the papers. Parties in that country run very high, but I hope peace and amity between the two countries will, ere long, be restored. . . . You may think that I have not given an inviting description of England; you are mistaken; I am persuaded there is no country in the world where a person can live more happily than in old England.

Yesterday we met with an odd incident. A gentleman and lady were introduced to our pew at church; we recognized the former to be Cipriani,⁴⁶ the elder. After the service he introduced the lady to my mother, in rather a timid and bashful way, as Mrs. Cipriani, and in looking over the paper in the evening I found his name among the list of "married," to a Mrs. Waller. The lady is neither young nor handsome, but appears perfectly good-tempered. Henry continues a bachelor. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *February 23, 1810.*

. . . I have the privilege to add to your happiness by the account of the health of your friends, though the past has been a trying season for colds, in which your father and others of us have been partakers.

Some vexations have not a little disturbed our peace. Sharp and his graver, you know, have long been a source of solicitude to us all. He, not content with troubling your father in the outset of the work, and in the progress by the delay, as well as by his deception with regard to the time when he expected to bring it to a close, has, since it has been finished, made embarrassments about the publishing and printing of the plate. Indeed, it is impossible to say how uncomfortable he has made us, but we hope the business is now in a fair way of being adjusted, and that as soon as the weather will admit, it being now frosty, the printing will commence. But amidst all the disquiet this very strange man has occasioned, we have a very great gratification that he has produced a fine print; all who see it speak of it in the highest terms. Could we have foreseen what delay would have attended it, I think it would not have been produced. . . .

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *March 2, 1810.*

MY DEAR SIR,— The state of this country and that of America is such that the conveyance of letters is very uncertain. This is among the evils we have to lament, since we are deprived of the comfort of hearing from our friends in Boston as frequently as we used to do. The threatened hostilities between the two countries make us sometimes very unhappy; but at others we indulge the hope that the differences will ultimately terminate in

peace and cordial friendship. Most certain it is that, however the contest may end, one thing is plain : that it is the interest of both countries that friendship should subsist between England and America. I acknowledge and am very much obliged by the receipt of your kind letter of August, and your loan of £500 sterling, which I have duly received from Messrs. Pulsford, and for which I gave them my bond, as desired by them, and which I should have sooner acknowledged but for various accidents. . . . I am, dear sir, your most sincere and affectionate friend,

J. S. COPLEY.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *April* 10, 1810.

. . . Your father is very sorry to be so entirely occupied that it is not in his power to write to Mr. Greene. He is one of the Council of the Academy, and is obliged to be there continually, as they are arranging the pictures for the Exhibition ; that of the Prince will occupy a considerable space in the room. I hope that you will have a good account of it, as we partial ones think that it cannot be otherwise ; but, from experience, we must be prepared for criticism. The progress of the print is suspended till the close of the Exhibition, but I hope it will not be long before you will view the work in that way.

The "Gibraltar" is now printing ; after the other delays, the setting in of the winter prevented that part of the business from going on. The proofs are nearly taken off, and give satisfaction both to your father and to Mr. Sharp, and there is reason to think that it will soon receive from "the liberal and discerning public" that approbation which will stamp its success.

Among other vicissitudes, I have to mention the deaths of four of the old Academicians : Messrs. Sansby, Hoppner, Humphry, and Bartolozzi ; all have gone off in the course of a few months. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 10, 1810.*

. . . By the packet, which has arrived in twenty-three days from New York, we have rumors with regard to the political scene, — we hope favorable, on the whole, to a friendly intercourse between this country and America. This we feel to be of great importance, and we rejoice in the hope that the sad calamities of war will not interrupt the comforts of life in your part of the world. I fear that in this we cannot indulge the hope of the return of peaceful days to those of us that are so far advanced in the journey of life. . . .

I am much disappointed that the print of the “Gibraltar” does not go by this ship; the frame-maker has disappointed me, and the difficulty of getting glass is great. In this respect, it is an unfortunate time for the publication, as there is none but plate, and that not always of a good color. Mr. Copley had a specimen some time since which our late friend, Mr. Erving, said was manufactured in America, but he understood it was not of a large size. Another vessel will sail in about a fortnight; by that the print will be forwarded. I am impatient that you should have it, knowing that it will be a gratification. It is circulating, but as the printing is not finished this can be but partial. The business has been so delayed, it was thought best to deliver the prints to the subscribers as they are printed, or they must have been kept back another season. Indeed, this has been a mortifying business. We have had quite enough of Mr. Sharp.

I am not sure whether, before you left us, you heard of Bolland’s* courtship of a lady of the same name, at Clapham, for it has been of this long standing. At least the union took place the last week. I know that you will be glad to hear that he is well established in his

* Afterwards Lord Bolland.

profession, as well as happily connected, and the same worthy character you formerly knew him to be. I cannot add that his friend, and your brother, is in the road to domestic happiness, but can say that he is pursuing his business with every success that he can expect ; and I hope and trust that in future he will enjoy the returns of his exertions in the way that will produce happiness and satisfaction to himself. He is now upon the circuit, and when in town we are obliged to make ourselves as content as we can without his society, for he is very little with us. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *December* 11, 1810.

. . . I must caution you against forming the opinion that years do not show their strides in George Street. At the same time and amid all the changes, we have much to be thankful for. We have been blessed with a great share of health, and your father escaped any bad consequences from a fall which he met with some time since. He was confined for a month, but, by Mr. Heavyside's attention, he has entirely recovered, and is now as well as the rest of us.

Your father has been much mortified by the revival of the business from which he has suffered so great a loss, and that he should be exposed now to such unjust and unwarrantable reproaches is very vexatious. All these events call for the exercise of patience. We have wished him to give his affidavit, and he has determined to do so, but at the same time he is certain that these gentlemen have no right to ask anything of him. In short, he feels as he ever has felt, and I think ever will, that the property is possessed by them very unjustly. I mention this, as the very uncomfortable and distressing business has given us much disquiet, and even sometimes, from its perplexity, prevented my writing. Your

father has been led to feel this affair more sensibly from the present state of things in this country, where every difficulty of living is increasing, and the advantages arising from his profession are decreasing. But no more on this subject, except to say that the papers are preparing for your father's affidavit, but I think it uncertain whether they will be ready to go by this opportunity.

We are much disquieted that the Galen does not bring us more comfortable tidings from America. Heaven forbid that war should take place between the two countries. The scene is but gloomy here, and is much darkened by the present distressing situation of the royal family. . . .

You must not think that your brother is inattentive. I must say he has become very sad with regard to writing; but he is so entirely and so necessarily occupied that I do not say much to him upon the subject. When we can get an hour with him, we wish to enjoy it. I am sure you will join your thanks with mine to Heaven for the blessing we receive from his good character, conduct, and success in his profession. A dark day this!

Mrs. Copley writes April 9, 1811:—

. . . Your brother returned to us yesterday from the circuit, having been very busy for a month; his excursion is always useful to him in point of health, as well as in business, as he is much confined in London. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *September 23, 1811.*

. . . As to George Street, the trio that are here are well. We are enjoying a very fine season. Mary and myself, your father not enjoying walking as much as formerly, make Kensington Gardens, which are delightful, our summer excursion; the parks, etc., are much improved since you were in them. I can only say that if you will come and see I think you will find as great a

change in London and its environs as you describe has taken place in America ; could it be tempting and expedient, I need not add what it would be to all here. We cannot know which country will be the most comfortable abode in these times of distressing warfare. Heaven grant the calamity may not be increased by Americans engaging in the contest.

Your father is in health, and wonderfully kept up amidst the disappointments which we have to contend with. The immediate returns from the print, falling so short of what he expected, has created much perplexity, though the subscription is very extensive. We find that the subscribers are so dispersed that it will take time for them to receive their prints, and every avenue to the circulation abroad is closed, so that the affair has wound up with the publication taking place at the most unfortunate period, as the arts in every branch feel the present times in their full force.

Your father has struggled hard to overcome the many difficulties, and he is still painting works which ought to procure him more ease, but these are times in which there is no money for their purchase. We must hope that this will not always be the case.

The picture of the Prince is still in his possession ; we think it cannot remain so. When your father asked leave to paint it, he expected to remunerate himself in the first instance by the print, but he has been so situated that he has not been able to get it through, at which we have been much disappointed.

Your father has now almost finished a picture of the "Resurrection," which is much liked. Indeed, it makes me melancholy when I see his rooms so full of pictures that are highly spoken of, and I think with how much perplexity they were produced. We are, indeed, revolving what change we can make, and whether to quit George Street. The difficulty of leaving our present sit-

uation is that it would in a great measure oblige your father to give up the pursuit of the arts ; and I fear that if he should retire from them in the latter part of his life, he would feel the want of the gratification which the pursuit has afforded him.

As I mentioned, the situation we have been in made him feel very sensibly the recurrence of the unfortunate business respecting the land in Boston. We have gone on hoping to stem the difficulties, but the present times are opposed to every effort.

You will hear of Mr. West's success ; it has been great. The picture which he has painted, " Christ Healing the Sick," interests the feelings of all classes, and the institution which has purchased it, at a great price, has availed itself of this work, which is generally much applauded, to give an *éclat* to their establishment, and perhaps to prevent the censure which would have followed if they had let the picture go to America unnoticed.

I have not expressed my feelings to you before, hoping they might alter to such as would be more pleasing to convey.

Amidst all these events the prospects we have of your brother's situation in life is a greater solace than I can convey by my pen. In this very important subject, we have not to feel a disappointment ; his character and his success in his profession are such as to afford great support and comfort, and, if his health continues, will, I trust, open a brighter scene to those that are near him. . . . I expect him in London to-morrow ; he has taken a week or two at the seaside, but he must now return to business : he is very well. . . .

[J. S. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *October 2, 1811.*

DEAR SIR, — I am extremely concerned to be obliged to write to apologize to you, and to say that it has not

been in my power to pay the money that I borrowed from you, and particularly when I am so circumstanced at this time as to be obliged again to trespass on your goodness, and to ask if you will advance me an additional sum. My only apology is that the present distressing times render my situation very difficult, and unless I can obtain some assistance to retain my property till a time more favorable for the disposal of it I feel that the evil will be very great to my family. I anxiously wish to avoid this; the property which I have in the arts I esteem much more than sufficient to pay all that I owe, if it can be retained to a favorable time for the disposal of it. If you will have the goodness to advance me the sum of six hundred pounds, I think it will enable me to keep on and avoid the difficulties that press upon me. I shall be much obliged if you will let me have an answer to this letter as soon as possible, as it is very important to me. We have been made very happy by hearing of the health and welfare of yourself and family. I beg to be affectionately remembered to my dear daughter and the whole group, and am, dear sir, your sincere friend,

J. S. COPLEY.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *March 4*, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favor of January 15th I duly received, wherein you mentioned you were willing to comply with my request of a farther loan of six hundred pounds. It is very important to me to obtain that sum. I should not have troubled you with the request, had it not been from the urgency of the case, at this time. . . .

My son will be bound for the six hundred pounds, but, circumstanced as he now is, I find that I cannot perplex him farther with my concerns at present. He has been very successful in his profession, and has that prospect

before him which is highly gratifying to us; but with the most diligent application and attention his returns are at present but sufficient for his wants, and for what I am obliged to draw upon him; and should I harass his mind with anxious solicitude about these concerns, I fear it might so interrupt his necessary attention to his business that it might be very prejudicial to him. I wish his mind to be as much at ease as possible, and would rather suffer much difficulty myself than it should be otherwise. I shall make every exertion in my power to pay back the money which you have been so good as to lend me. If I should sell some of my pictures, I should have it in my power; but to offer them for sale at the present time is but to sacrifice them for a very inadequate return, which I wish to avoid. If the Continent were open I might expect it from the sale of my prints.

I am still pursuing my profession in the hope that, at a future time, a proper amount will be realized for my works, either to myself or family, but at this moment all pursuits which are not among those which are the essentials of life are at a stand. It gives us concern to know that the times have affected your interest and occasioned you so much disappointment. I am sorry to find that the appearance is uncertain of an amicable arrangement between the two countries. We cannot but be anxious for the event. . . . And ever remain, dear sir, with affection and true esteem, yours,
J. S. COPLEY.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *June 27, 1812.*

. . . I have not been able before this to thank you for the interesting manner in which you have introduced your dear children, in your letter of the 26th of March. It gives me comfort to know every particular of them. Pray kiss dear little Copley for me, as well as the rest. Is he to be the great painter in some future day? Thus

the mind wanders into futurity for those that are coming on to the stage of life. . . .

If I could introduce you into our George Street house, it would be into our newly painted apartments, where is the first bustle of the kind that we have gone through since you left us. You will, I am persuaded, think with us, that it was not too soon, but we have put off the work from time to time, thinking we could not go through with it without leaving the house for a season; but we have not suffered any inconvenience except moving from one apartment into another, and being in a bustle for many weeks.

At first we intended to paint the dining-room and little parlor only, but we could not stop there, and have gone on with the drawing-room and staircase.

The house is much improved in comfort, but I suppose *you* would now feel a London house a place of confinement. It makes us happy to hear of the pleasure your abode confers.

As to the important concerns of the state, you must make up your mind from the public accounts; they are too complex for female discussion. I will only say that we greatly rejoice that amidst all the bustle, the important question between this country and America has been determined in a manner that gives general satisfaction here, and we all hope that it will be received in like manner in America. For one, I can say I do not know when I have felt so much comfort, for we hope that the distress of a new war will be avoided. . . .

[Mr. Copley to Mr. Greene.]¹

LONDON, *August 20, 1812.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg you will accept my thanks for your favor of the 5th of May last, conveying your kind compliance with my request. I feel very sensibly your goodness in the assistance you have afforded me. . . .

We are, at this time, exceedingly solicitous to hear from America, and to know the important result with regard to peace or war between the two countries. Heaven grant that the calamities which war must produce to both may be averted; and in addition to the national evils we must expect great domestic disquietude.

The important victories which have recently taken place in Spain may make, we hope, a favorable change in the contest upon the Continent. . . . And ever remain,
 dear sir, very truly yours,
 J. S. COPLEY.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *September 14, 1812.*

I have but time to write a few lines, and as the state of the two countries at this time fill my mind with the most anxious concern, I am unavoidably led to express it. The late accounts from America overcome me with horror at the prospect of war, and dreadfully renew the recollection of what happened there at the earlier period of my life. I pray that these shocking evils may be averted from us all! We are hourly looking for accounts, in consequence of the Repeal of the Orders in Council. If these are not pacific it will be sad indeed, — distress to both countries and nothing to be gained in either. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 16, 1813.*

. . . When I reflect that thirteen years have passed since our separation, and that in that time no prospect has opened that I might be blessed by the interview with your family, I feel that at my period of life it must be very uncertain whether we ever meet again. . . .

You are very snug and say not a word of the wedding, but the secret has crossed the Atlantic. I need not say we are tenderly interested in all the events of your scene, and our best wishes and affectionate love accompany Miss

G—— at all times and in all changes. I may have some selfish views in these: as American gentlemen think nothing of a visit to England, perhaps we may be introduced to your daughter before she is settled in her domestic scene.*

I have now to tell you that your brother is "Mr. Sergeant Copley." This advance in his profession took place a few weeks since. We have continued comfort in his good prospects, and, if we are not egregiously flattered, his character is high in his profession, and I might say in all other respects; but this is not necessary. I have the comfort to say his health is good, though not one of the most robust of the land. His necessary application to business is very close. He is now upon the circuit, and the effect of the change of air upon his appearance is always very visible on his return. . . .

I was in hopes to have sent the print of the "Prince Regent," which has been published lately, but I find the prohibition is so strict that we must keep our wares to ourselves for the present.

Your father has been occupied of late in painting some portraits; he finds that he cannot apply as closely as he used to do. I have the comfort to say that his health is good, and, considering his time of life, as comfortable as we can expect. . . . Our good wishes are always with you.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *April 7, 1814.*

. . . The intercourse between us has appeared so uncertain, that we have not attempted to forward anything as yet. We are keeping up the hope that the difficulty of conveyance is to cease by the revival of peace and harmony, and as we look for the same glorious event in all other parts, it will be a damper if America should remain a foe. . . .

* Mr. Greene's eldest daughter, married to Judge Samuel Hubbard.

Your brother is absent. He had to combat some of the severity of the winter in the country, but he says that he has lost a cold which it occasioned. We have thought it a great mercy that illness has not visited us, which has been very general through the winter. Your father enjoys his health, but grows rather feeble, dislikes more and more to walk; but it is still pleasant to him to go on with his painting, and you will hear that he has undertaken a new subject. I hope that he will have health and spirits to carry it through. I have not mentioned before the termination of the business concerning the lands in Boston. . . .

I did not intend to dwell so much upon the subject, and leave it to rejoice, as I am sure you will, at the great and wonderful changes and stupendous events that are now enacting upon the political stage of the world, and which excite the most sanguine hopes of a long repose. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *April 20, 1815.*

. . . I have the happiness to add that we are in health, and this is much to say, when I bring your recollection to the period of life to which your father and myself have attained. In your absence of fifteen years, you would contemplate a great change. Your father grows feeble in his limbs; he goes very little out of the house, for walking fatigues him; but his health is good, and he still pursues his profession with pleasure, and he would be uncomfortable could he not use his brush. Your brother is well, and doing well, to our great satisfaction. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *June 27, 1815.*

. . . We have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Adams, and of renewing a former acquaintance, and also to have an ambassador again from our native country, in the train here. . . .

We constantly rejoice in the peace between this country and America. You will hear of the great events that are again coming forward in Europe. Another tremendous conflict, which must cause individual sufferings to an extent that is dreadful to contemplate, and which will now determine the fate of him who has occasioned so much misery in the world.

Again there is hope that peace may be firmly established. What eventful times are these! While writing, I have received a letter from my brother, with the good tidings of his health, and of the birth of a daughter. As wars are now, we hope, to cease, perhaps these may be classed "among the right sort." . . .

Your father sends his affectionate love. You must expect that the infirmities of our period of life will show themselves. His cares and disappointments have, I think, increased his. Your sister writes at this time. Your brother is busy, either at the courts or chambers, the whole of his time; he is very well. I begin to fear whether I shall see him married. I wish I might: I think it is better that this should not be deferred to a late period of life.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *August 18, 1815.*

I am grieved, my dear sister, for the sad tidings I have to communicate. I little thought when I last wrote, what a melancholy scene was so soon to embitter the happiness of our little circle. I fear it will be a greater shock to you even than to us. We have been led to fear for a considerable time that such a misfortune would happen.

This day week our dear father was suddenly taken ill at dinner, with a paralytic stroke, which has deprived him of the use of his left side; he has gradually been getting better since. The medical men do not apprehend any danger of his life from the present attack. The doctor

told us to-day, that we had every reason to be satisfied that he is doing as well as it is possible for a person in his situation, and that he may perhaps so far recover the use of his limbs as to be able to help himself. We have, indeed, a most melancholy prospect, but I trust we shall be supported through it. We have one consolation, my father's mind is not in the least affected except from the present weak state of his body, and he does not suffer any pain. The rest of us are as well as can be expected in our distressing situation. . . .

God bless you and yours, my dear sister.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *August 29, 1815.*

On the 18th, I wrote you the afflicting account of our dear father's illness. I have but little to add, as far as relates to his present health, though it is rather better the last two days, but I have the happiness to say that the physician's opinion to-day is extremely favorable. I asked him if he thought it probable that my father would ever recover. He said he would, to a certain degree. I then asked if he expected he would ever leave his bed again. He replied, "I am positive he will get better by degrees, and at last he will be able to walk, with a stick, but it will take a good deal of time." He says he has as good a pulse as he ever had in his life. It is, as you may be sure, a most grievous affliction; still, the prospect of his recovery, though distant, is such a mitigation of the calamity which we feared at one time, that I trust we shall be enabled to support it with resignation.

I am almost afraid the fatigue and anxiety will be too much for my poor mother. She is sadly affected, and indeed will not allow herself to hope so much as we wish she should; her health is not affected at present. My brother and myself have prevailed on her, with much difficulty, to drive out for an hour, several times, which has

been of great service, and we hope, by degrees, to induce her not to confine herself so much as she has hitherto done. My brother and myself are quite well. This new misfortune has made me forget every other. . . .

We were exceedingly disappointed by your last letter. I fully expected to have seen you in England this season; your society would have helped to keep up my mother's spirits. It would be a melancholy visit now; still, let the event be what it may, it would be a very great consolation to us all. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *September 1, 1815.*

I wrote you, a fortnight since, the melancholy account of our dear father's sudden illness, — a paralytic seizure. He was then gradually getting better; but on Sunday last, when I wrote you a second time, he was so much better that we were led to hope that he might so far recover as to enjoy life with comfort to himself, but, alas! appearances were fallacious. He had a second, though slight, attack, on Tuesday, which has reduced him so extremely, that there is everything to be apprehended. He may continue in his present state a great while, but it is so distressing, that without any prospect of recovery, it is not to be wished. We have one consolation, — that his mind is not affected by his malady, and that he is perfectly composed.

It is a very trying scene, and though in the course of nature it could not have been much longer delayed, yet when it comes, it is a severe stroke.

I am very anxious about my poor mother. She supports her affliction with more fortitude than I could have expected, but she is dreadfully afflicted. . . .

My dear brother is very much affected. He and myself are well. What a change! I flattered myself with the hopes of seeing you this winter in England, instead

of which, our house is turned into a house of mourning. May God bless you, my dear sister.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *September 9, 1815.*

Our beloved father is no more. He expired about two o'clock this morning. He was perfectly sensible, though unable to speak so as to be understood, till within two hours of his death. We have been prepared to expect it for the last ten hours.

We have every consolation that is possible in so great an affliction. My father felt, from his first attack, that he should not recover. He was perfectly resigned, and willing to die, and expressed his firm trust in God, through the merits of our Redeemer. We had all the comfort that religion and human aid could afford, with every assistance which his near friends could administer to his relief. We are all as well as we can be under so great an affliction. My poor mother has been wonderfully supported through the trying scene.

I pray God that it may please him to preserve her valuable life and to comfort her in her distress. She desires her affectionate love, and prays that God would enable you to meet this affliction with resignation and a full trust in his mercy and protection. . . .

[The same to the same.]

BLACKHEATH, *October 9, 1815.*

I wrote you, a month since, the distressing account of the severe affliction with which we have been visited. It is a dreadful trial to our dear mother; still, her health is as good as I can expect after what she has had to go through. We have prevailed upon her to try what change of air and scene would do, and have taken a house at this place for a month. We have been here a week, and think her much benefited; she is very much affected

by our loss, and, indeed, I fear it will embitter the remainder of her life. Doctor Pemberton deceived us exceedingly by the opinion which he gave of my father. He spoke in such positive terms of his recovery, that my brother, thinking he was not in any danger, went with some friends to spend a week in Paris. The day after he left us, my father had a second attack, and unfortunately my brother did not receive any of our letters till too late to return before my father's death, — a circumstance which added greatly to our distress.

My brother and myself are quite well, and I hope soon to hear the same account of you. . . .

[Mrs. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *February 1, 1816.*

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . As I intend to take out letters of administration to my late husband's estate, it is proper that I should acquaint you with the state of his pecuniary affairs, which, I am sorry to say, are left in a very unpleasant and involved condition.

Besides the sums due to you, there is a debt to my brother, Mr. Clarke, and also another, upon a second mortgage of the house in George Street, to Mr. Baron Richards. The principal is about —, and there is very considerable arrears in interest. . . .

About a year and a half since my son called upon the baron to express our regret that the interest had not been paid, and requested him to add that to the principal, and promised that he would, in future, pay the interest on the full amount. Mr. Baron Richards, however, kindly observed that he had lent the money to Mr. Copley merely as an act of friendship, and that he would not look for the *arrears*, but be satisfied with the future payment of the interest upon the original sum, which has since been regularly discharged by my son.

There are various other debts due for money borrowed at different times. . . .

My son has made us very large advances within the last few years, and the balance due to him, after deducting all that we have paid on his account, since he ceased to be a part of our family, amounts to — ; the whole of this, however, in the situation of his father's affairs, he relinquishes. . . . There is likewise a clause by Mr. Sharp, the engraver, in regard to the "Gibraltar" print, of about £1,200 ; but he has security on the plate and prints, and it is doubtful, upon the construction of his agreement with Mr. Copley, whether he can support any farther demands. To meet these various claims there is, first, the house in George Street. . . . Mr. Cockerell, the architect, looking at it some time since, with a view to its value, told Mr. Copley that if he wished to sell it, he should not refuse £4,800. There are also Mr. Copley's pictures, a small collection of those of the old masters, — a considerable number of old prints, also drawings and prints from Mr. Copley's own works, together with several copper-plates. What this property may produce is extremely uncertain. The state of the country is not such as to promise much return from an immediate sale. All that remains to be added is the household furniture, which is very old, and the newer articles supplied by my son.

When the whole property is disposed of and applied towards the discharge of the debts, a large deficiency must, it is feared, remain. My son has of late years advanced all that he could spare, beyond what was necessary for his own immediate subsistence, and has not been able to lay up anything, which caused me and my departed husband very anxious solicitude. I cannot, therefore, now look to him for anything more than the support of myself and my daughter Mary ; but it is impossible to express the happiness and comfort that we experience from so kind and affectionate a friend. . . .

You will readily suppose that these various embarrass-

ments have occasioned great disquiet to myself, and to my dear departed husband, whose exertions were unremitting to avert the end ; and if his high reputation in his art, with constant application, could have met the return which, setting aside partiality, I think it was not unreasonable to expect, these difficulties would not have arisen. But every effort did but end in disappointment, and a variety of events have shown that he was not to receive a pecuniary gratification from the art in which he so much delighted. It gave me comfort that he derived great pleasure from the pursuit, and that he could keep up his spirits. He always indulged a strong hope that from his exertions he should at least leave sufficient to discharge his debts.

He blessed God, at the close of his life, that he left the best of sons for my comfort, and for that of my dear Mary the best of brothers. I pray that his cares may not overpower him. I thank Heaven that he is blessed with health and success in his profession. He means to write to you by this opportunity if he possibly can ; the courts are sitting, and he is constantly occupied. . . .

I have the privilege to say that myself, son, and daughter have passed the winter, hitherto, in health. Each sends affectionate good wishes to you and your family, and regards to each of the friends in your circle. Dear sir, ever with high esteem and sincere affection. Yours,
S. COPLEY.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *February 3, 1816.*

I have the pleasure, my dear sister, to say that we have all been blessed with health through the winter. Our dear mother is wonderfully well. I am surprised that she is, when I consider the anxiety and fatigue that she has gone through the last few months. I have great reason to be thankful for it ; her health and comfort are of

the utmost importance. *Happy*, I fear, she never will be again in this world.

You may suppose our winter has been a melancholy one. The necessary changes, etc., have engaged us all very much. Perhaps it is better that we have had so much occupation. . . .

I am sorry that you should think of our going to America. I had flattered myself with the hope and expectation of seeing you and your family in England.

During my father's life I wished to visit you for a twelvemonth, with the hope of persuading you to accompany me home. It is now impossible; my time and attention must be devoted to make my mother and brother as happy as I can, and for us both to leave him would be cruel; he is the kindest and the best of brothers and sons that ever lived. I wish he was married, but he cannot afford it at present, and indeed I fear he will not be able to till it is too late. It would be a great comfort to see him settled; he works extremely hard. He intended writing by this ship, but we hear the bag is to be taken away to-day, and, it being term time, he is so much engaged that I fear it will not be in his power to write till the next opportunity. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

March 3, 1816.

. . . When you speak of my meeting you and the dear children, my feelings are such as require much resolution to command. But it is so ordered that separation from those that are very dear is assigned me in this life. I know that I should be greatly blessed with your society, and I beg you and your kind husband to accept my thanks in your idea of my removal, but how could I leave your brother? Were you here you would say, "Mother, it is impossible!" Putting my own feelings, which I need not express, out of the question, it would be distressing

indeed to break up his only domestic scene for comfort and resort from his arduous attention to business. His kind and feeling heart you know, and it has had a large scope for action.

Your sister and myself must feel it our indispensable duty to do all in our power to assist him in the cares around us, and to make our home as comfortable for him as is in our power. . . .

[Mrs. Copley to Mr. Greene.]

LONDON, *March* 11, 1816.

DEAR SIR, — I know that your kindness will excuse the farther trouble that I am giving you.

As it is thought advisable to try the market of America for the disposal of some prints, and as I have more than can be sold here without over-stocking this market, a box of them is sent by the Galen. . . . I hope that this commission will not be too troublesome to you. You will, I am sure, see the importance that I make every exertion to fulfill what it is so necessary to effect. . . .

I must beg for my son, who, I am sorry to say, has not time of his own to do so, that you will not think him inattentive. Were you with him, I know that you would not; his whole attention is so occupied that he has not a leisure hour. In a few days he leaves this for the circuit courts, and he is now so constantly engaged that we can only see him at a very short dinner, at which he kindly makes it a point to join us, if he possibly can. . . . Ever sincerely yours,
S. COPLEY.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *July* 30, 1816.

I duly received your kind letter of May, and find it not easy to express the feelings of my heart for your liberal and kind attention to myself, and the dear friends who are sharing my present situation. I have ever felt the

happiness that my dear daughter receives from your affectionate attention, and I trust that the children, by their good conduct, will repay the blessings they receive. I must forbear entering upon the subject of the delight and comfort that the meeting with those friends would afford me. . . .

I hope that the prints we thought it best to send to try the market in America will not give you too much trouble. We submit them entirely to your own judgment, to do with them as you think best.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *September 19, 1816.*

MY DEAR SIR, — When I wrote to you last I had not determined upon what steps it would be best to take with regard to the property, which I have to apply to the demands upon it.

I first wished to hear from yourself and my brother: your and his liberality does impress my mind with such feelings as are not easy for me to express.

The season hitherto has been very unpropitious for the disposal of property. I hope that it may improve by the spring, when the greater part of the debts must be paid. I am at a loss what course to pursue, but I am advised to sell the old prints and some of the pictures, particularly those by the old masters. . . .

The establishment in George Street is now my son's, and has been at his expense the last twelve months. We are going out of London for a few weeks; the short respite he has from the courts makes a change desirable for him. . . . Dear sir, I remain ever affectionately and sincerely yours,

S. COPLEY.

The life of Copley, reaching to nearly fourscore years in length, divides itself into two nearly equal

portions. The first was passed in the quiet simplicity of the New World, with little to distract the mind from his art, which gave him sufficient remuneration for his simple wants and for those of his family. Here he was surrounded by a large circle of friends, and with a reputation unequalled for success in the career he had chosen.

The second portion was spent in a very different sphere, where his fame had preceded him, and assured an enviable position in London, where he enjoyed to the full the attainment of what seemed the dream of his youth, — admission to the Royal Academy recently established by George III., — and intercourse on equal terms with the most distinguished artists of the day. Moreover, his situation enabled him to give his children advantages of education denied to them at that time in his native land.

The closing years of his life, however, as we have seen, were clouded by anxiety and disappointments; but he had the comfort of knowing, and his family of hearing him express his satisfaction, that he left his wife and daughter “under the care of the best of sons and brothers!” His end was quiet and peaceful. He died as he had lived, in full faith in the Christian religion, and with firm reliance on the mercy of his Redeemer. He was buried in the tomb belonging to the Hutchinson family in the parish church of Croydon.

This fine old building, of which an interesting description appeared in the London Times, was destroyed by fire in 1867 or 1868. Besides being

very ancient, it contained monuments to six, if not more, Archbishops of Canterbury. Near it, the palace once occupied by high ecclesiastical dignitaries is still extant, and the church itself was the burial place of some of them, and of other personages of note.

What concerns our subject is as follows: "In a vault in one of the side (the left) aisles, for instance, were interred the remains of Mr. John Singleton Copley, himself famous as a painter and a Royal Academician, and as being also the father of a man greatly distinguished in another walk of life in our own day, — the late Lord Lyndhurst. A plain slab in the floor of the church was engraven with a modest inscription, recording the name of the deceased, his rank as an artist, and his death in 1815, and part of that survives the ravages of the fire." The slab, however, was so much defaced, that some years since a tablet on the wall was erected to "The memory of John Singleton Copley, R. A., by his grandchildren." Thus we find the prophecy of the son fulfilled: that the day would come when the artist would be known as "Copley, the father of the lord chancellor."

"The Graves of the Household" are scattered far and wide through the crowded thoroughfares of London. I visited each spot in succession on the Sunday afternoons of the gloomy month of November, which we passed in London in 1873. I had the satisfaction of visiting the present church in Croydon, which has been erected as far as possible in the same style as the one it replaces. There

the tomb of the Hutchinson family, with its half effaced inscriptions, was pointed out; and on the wall above the eye rested on the tablet, with the bust of the artist, taken from the portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart, which, according to the testimony of the son, was the best likeness ever taken of his father. Most of the mural ornaments, some of them finely executed, were preserved; but there were heaps of remnants of broken carved work, among which I was permitted to bring away, as a memento of the visit, a charred head of what was once perhaps an abbot's effigy.

With the death of the artist the letters of the wife and daughter lose their interest for the general reader, as the contents are mostly restricted to the concerns of domestic life; and those of the son cease, as the labors of his profession increase, to be renewed, however, with the leisure of later years, when we find the gayety and buoyancy of the earlier period replaced by the geniality and tender thoughtfulness of the aged statesman.

The letters already introduced are a perfect transcript of the feelings of the son and brother. Enough have been quoted to show the qualities of the heart, not only as regards the whole temper of the mind, but as positive and distinct refutation of specific charges urged against him by his political enemies. The quotations hereafter to be made show the advance, step by step, of the future lord chancellor in place and honor, and continue to prove his unselfish devotion to the comfort of those about him.

CHAPTER XV.

LORD LYNDHURST'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

1816—1834.

THE ADAMS PORTRAIT. — PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS OF SERGEANT COPLEY. — VISIT OF B. D. GREENE. — COPLEY'S MARRIAGE. — CHIEF JUSTICE OF CHESTER. — MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR ASHBURTON. — SOLICITOR GENERAL. — HIS CHILDREN. — LORD CHANCELLOR. — LORD LYNDHURST. — D'ISRAELI. — A GIRL'S ANTICIPATIONS OF EUROPE. — THEIR REALIZATIONS. — MEETING WITH LADY LYNDHURST. — GENIALITY OF LORD LYNDHURST. — DEATH OF MRS. COPLEY.

Thus the artist has gone forever,— his pictures alone remain on the walls of the home where his hand placed them ; his painting room, full of the reminiscences and presence of his sitters, and of his own inspirations, has changed its aspect together with its occupant. The easel, the palette, and the colors of the father, are tenderly and carefully laid away in some mysterious corner, and the son is ensconced within those quiet walls. A small writing-table, a very plain inkstand, a few well-worn books,— such is the aspect of the modest study of the great lawyer and chancellor.

According to the principles of perspective, a certain distance is necessary to the just estimate of the excellence of a picture. Seen too near the eye, the indistinctness which indicates remoteness, and

the vigorous touches and minute details which mark the foreground, lose their relative proportions. The same rule of perspective, applied to time, allaying the fierceness of party strife and the malignity of political calumny, is also necessary to form a correct judgment of a great public man.

Almost two decades have passed since the death of Lord Lyndhurst, three times lord chancellor of Great Britain. During this interval it may be confidently asserted that his character has steadily gained in lustre, and that the high qualities which he exhibited in the legal profession, his breadth of view and of patriotism as a statesman, together with his transcendent talents and wonderful intellect, have gained a larger recognition from all parties. His life, spanning nearly a century, presents the aspect of a completely rounded existence, — youth, manhood, and old age, each with its work well done, and crowned with its appropriate success; while his last few years of comparative leisure and retirement were devoted to those questions of paramount importance which belong to a larger future. It is not surprising that one whose name had been so closely identified for more than half a century with the judicial and political history of Great Britain should still deeply interest the public mind. The republication of two important speeches, — one delivered in the House of Lords, as long ago as June 19, 1854, on “The Eastern Question,” and another a year later, on “Our National Defences,” which resulted in the formation of “The Volunteer Forces,” not only is a natural

consequence of the estimation in which they continue to be held, but shows that they possess a permanent value, and that they are appropriate to the political questions of the present day.

The following letters to Sir William Martin, of which the latter kindly furnished me a copy from the originals in his possession, show the care taken by Lord Lyndhurst to procure the most valuable and reliable aid from those best qualified to furnish it.

[Lord Lyndhurst to Admiral Martin]

GEORGE STREET, *April 18.*

DEAR ADMIRAL MARTIN,—I have been persuaded to give a notice in the House of Lords, respecting the navy reserve. I shall cut a poor figure without your assistance. I hope I may obtain it, for the subject is of great importance. My means are very scanty. I wish you would lend me the confidential papers with which you intrusted me on a former occasion. Then there is Joinville's pamphlet, also some account of the French decree on ordnance, under which the revived activity was given to the navy, or any other papers that you may consider material for my object. Ever faithfully,

LYNDHURST.

[The same to the same.]

GEORGE STREET, *July 18.*

I return your papers with many thanks. I should have done so sooner but the heat drove us from London. I feel more and more the necessity for the greatest and most unremitting exertion, both naval and military, to put us in a state of security. The reperusal of the papers has not, I regret to say, added to my confidence. Very faithfully yours,

LYNDHURST.

[The same to the same.]

GEORGE STREET, *November 12.*

MY DEAR ADMIRAL, — May I ask a few questions, to be answered when you are quite at leisure? How is the naval reserve going on? What is the effect of the steel-plated ships of war? Are they proof against rifled cannon? Is the rifling of your ordinary cannon successful? If so, has it been carried on to any and what extent? Would not an annual money payment be more attractive than remote benefits to our merchant seamen in leading them to join the reserve? Is not £5 far too small a sum? Is the coasting trade sufficient to supply a reserve of 30,000 seamen? Are the naval preparations proceeding with activity? Will you kindly give me any information respecting naval affairs that you may consider material? It would seem that the French are exerting themselves in this department with increased activity.

Excuse this trouble. I received information of so important a nature from you on a former occasion that I am encouraged to trouble you again. I remain, very faithfully yours,

LYNDHURST.

We return to the family correspondence for further glimpses of the interior life, which now centred about the son and brother.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *January 22, 1817.*

. . . I informed you of our intention of passing some time out of London. . . . Our change of scene was to Brighton, where I have not been since you accompanied us. Brighton is now *London* in miniature; there is not as much country quiet as suits my feelings; the sea produces a change of air, however, that is of benefit to health, and Mary enjoys the bathing, which she finds serviceable; we were both much benefited by the journey.

I must beg that neither you nor Mr. Greene will impute your brother's silence to inattention; could I display the feelings of his heart, you could not. I tell him that though I feel his kind attention in every way, yet were I separated from him I think I should not be favored with his letters. During the time of the courts his mind is continually occupied with law cases, and he is not more at leisure in the vacation, for he has then constant application; indeed, I think, his long silence requires full consideration. . . . Yours, S. COPLEY.

[The same to the same.]

April 17, 1817.

. . . In my present situation I could not have chosen a pleasanter family with whom we must necessarily have much intercourse. Mrs. Lambe's son is a student at Oxford; her daughter receives instruction at home; they are neither robust in constitution, but they have good dispositions, and are great comforts to their mother, and happily are left well provided for. We have so divided the house that the two families are quite distinct; we have given up the dining-room, and, except the small front morning parlor, the whole of the front of the house; made a kitchen of the laundry, and a passage into it through the stable and the small staircase from the back upper room.

The picture (or drawing) room is our dining apartment, where the monuments of my departed husband's exertions remain at present; wherever they may be eventually assigned they will keep up his memory in the world, but on the heart where it is engraved they will produce a variety of sensations. The times continue very unfavorable for offering these works for sale; we wish to delay it as much as we can; it would grieve me greatly to see them sacrificed. . . . We have passed the winter in health, and free from the distresses and calamities that have been dis-

played around us. The winter has been uncommonly pleasant, which has lessened the sufferings of the poor; the mild winds here and the reverse in America have shut up intercourse between us, but I hope it will now be opened for the comfort of both. Your brother has just returned from five weeks' application in the country, and his professional business commences here now; he and Mary join with me in affectionate love and every kind wish to all and each of your family.

[The same to the same.]

June 5, 1817.

I embrace this opportunity offered by Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who are leaving England. I have had but little opportunity of keeping up the acquaintance long since formed with Mr. Adams's family. Mr. Adams has resided out of London.

He did us the favor to take dinner with us a few days since, but Mrs. Adams was prevented by indisposition, which I hope her voyage will remove. Should you meet her you will hear that I am still able to join my friends. I pray I may ever be mindful that these comforts are with me to support and soothe this period of my life. I know that it is difficult for the mind to change the scene which old "Time" makes in us, but you will consider what seventeen years produce. I am still favored with the great blessing of health. Mr. Adams takes with him the full length portrait of his father, and that of the late Mrs. Smith; the latter, I fear, will renew sensations of distress in Mrs. Adams's mind, but I hope she will have the delight of meeting her son and his family in health; this, after the separation of eight years, will be happiness indeed to each. . . . Your brother is much engaged; the present uneasy times increase the business of his profession, and call for great application. . . .

[The same to the same.]

July 9, 1817.

I cannot refrain from expressing the great delight I enjoy from the high estimation that your brother is held in in his profession; the late trials which have engaged the public attention have made his name generally known; and he has gained the high applause of all parties for the able manner in which he has conducted them. My friend Mrs. Stuart tells me that the lord chancellor says that "Sergeant Copley's speech, upon the trial" of James Watson, the elder, for high treason, "could not have been better."

At some future time I may be able to send it to you. In a few days your brother will start upon the summer circuit, after which I hope he will have a few weeks to dismiss law, and to enjoy a respite so necessary for his health.

[Mrs. Copley to G. Greene, Esq.]

LONDON, August 19, 1817.

. . . The very great kindness which I have experienced has relieved me from much perplexity, so that I have not yet been compelled to settle all the demands upon the property. We did not attempt to dispose of any part the last spring, the state of the country not having changed sufficiently to expect that return which would warrant the attempt.

My son has undertaken to settle such demands as were the most pressing; but he has much responsibility, as our present establishment is entirely at his expense, and whatever is produced from the property will be reserved for the discharge of the debts. I have infinite reason to be grateful that my son has been enabled to pursue the profession that first engaged his attention, and for his success. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *February 13, 1818.*

. . . We regret that we cannot enjoy such familiar intercourse as we could wish ; your son * is too distant, and, like all those whose studies occupy the mind, he is so engaged that I tell him he might almost as well be in Boston for what he knows of this varied scene ; but when our fogs are dispersed, and a more favorable season opens upon us, it will be more agreeable to visit it. I have the pleasure to say he appears in good health and cheerful spirits, and you may be sure we tease him not a little with our many, many questions with regard to the dear scene in which we have so deep an interest. . . . Your intention of presenting the prints from my husband's pictures to Harvard University meets my earnest wishes, and will afford me great satisfaction. I shall forward one from "The Gibraltar" by the first opportunity ; I was so circumstanced when the others were sent, that I could not add that, but will forward the proof as soon as possible. . . .

I cannot but feel the effect of a paragraph in "The Life of the late Dr. Watson," when he says that "I have just committed to the flames the labor of many years of my life ;" so, indeed, in all pursuits there must be much waste of time as well as disappointments [alluding to those of her husband]. . . .

* B. D. Greene, Esq., Mr. Greene's son by a former marriage, went to Europe at this date, 1818, to study medicine ; but became a student of Natural History, in which he was well known by the most learned men of the day, more particularly as a botanist. He was a friend of Sir William Hooker, Audubon, Nuttall, etc., and in habits of familiar intercourse and correspondence with them till the close of his life, October 14, 1862.

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *March 6, 1818.*

. . . This scene has been clouded in a most distressing manner by a great calamity, the death of the Princess Charlotte, November 6, 1817; never have the feelings of public grief been excited and expressed in a more poignant manner than upon this calamitous event, and the distress that has occurred has, as you will readily suppose, added affliction to the afflicted.

I desire to be mindful that our own family are and have been blest with health through the winter, and it is a great comfort I can say this of your busy brother, who is so constantly occupied; to-morrow he leaves us for the spring circuit. . . .

[The same to the same.]

May 28, 1818.

. . . Before this reaches you, you may have heard that your brother has engaged in another busy scene, — that of chief justice of Chester. Were you a witness, you would think with me that he had previously enough on his mind, and, as he is circumstanced, it would have been wiser to have rejected this addition to his exertions. At present his is a very busy life, but we look for the summer recess, which is drawing near, and which will, I think, be as grateful to him as those of his youthful days. . . .

August 11, 1818.

. . . My son left us two days ago in good health and spirits for an excursion upon the Continent, to pass the few weeks of the vacation. He is accompanied by a party of friends, one of whom is Wattington, who is ever constant and retains his cheerful spirits. It greatly eases my solicitude that the former does not travel alone, which, by the many accounts we hear, is not prudent at the present time.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *November 14, 1818.*

. . . We found the visit to Tunbridge Wells very pleasant. I liked the place much, as we could be quite at our ease and enjoy the country, which is very interesting. . . .

We took Miss Bancroft with us ; she is a pleasant companion, with whom Mary could partake more of the pleasures of the place than she otherwise would.

Your brother is appointed one of Miss B——'s guardians. She is placed as a parlor boarder in an establishment which is in every way eligible, and where she is very happy.

I must tell you that one of our amusements while absent was the hyperbolic description of George Street. Our friend (J. S. Copley) takes delight still in being the pleasing messenger. I hope my dear daughter will make due allowance, if she can, after the dazzling effect which the judge's high spirits convey. I beg you to look into the domestic scene when we are happy together, and where your brother's constant occupations do not allow much variety. He has his short dinner with us, which is the only time we have his converse. But when chief justices, etc., favor him, some degree of style and fashion must be attended to. . . .

I do not know why I should be so unintelligible with regard to my son's occupations, but blunders you must excuse. He was offered a seat in the late parliament, free of expense, which he did not think it wise to refuse ; and in the late change he was requested to stand for Ashburton, in Dorsetshire, from which he is returned with Sir Lawrence Polk, the other member. There was no contest, but of course some expense which attends these matters,—such as dinners to the constituents, etc. I was rather anxious for this new occupation, but must hope

that it is all right, especially as he is to be one of the great men of the country. I have the happiness to say he is in good health, but have run on so far that I almost forgot his summer excursion upon the Continent. It was pleasant and interesting. He was absent two months; went through France, Switzerland, and as far as Turin, and we have the great happiness to meet again in health. I lament that our friend, Mr. B. D. Greene, left England a few days before he returned, but have heard of his health through Mr. Pulsford. I hope that the former will write to us, but fear that, like other gentlemen, he will put it off. And now you must give me credit for a very long scrawl, and thank Mr. Greene for his kind letter of August last, and say that I am greatly gratified with the arrangements he has made with the prints.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *February 11, 1819.*

. . . Since I last wrote there have been several changes in the courts of law. You doubtless have heard of the death of the late chief justice, who was worn out in the service, which is, indeed, a very arduous one. Among the changes, your brother is made chief justice of Chester, and king's serjeant, — the last honorary. The former carries him to the circuit court as chief justice. The pecuniary returns are rather more favorable, with less fatigue, than that attending the circuit as barrister. I am happy to add that, with constant occupation, he is in good health. At present, business has called him into the country for a few days . . . Ever affectionately yours.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *February 16, 1819.*

. . . My brother has just returned from Ashburton, where he has been for the purpose of being reëlected, in consequence of being appointed chief justice of Chester.

It is a very honorable appointment, and very desirable upon all accounts. What a happiness that my brother has been so very successful in his profession. He works very hard, and it is a great blessing that he is able to do so. If his health continues, there is no doubt of his rising to one of the first situations in the profession. I wish you could be here to share our happiness. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *March 25, 1819.*

I feel you will be not a little surprised, if it has not already reached you, at the intelligence which this will convey. You, perhaps, with many other interested friends of your brother, may have decided that he was to remain a bachelor. This, however, will acquaint you that he has recently taken to himself a wife. Like many others, when this important event has been delayed, he has made a quick transit, so that when I last wrote, I did not know his intention, if he had then such a change in contemplation. In short, he has taken all his friends by surprise. He has been married about ten days. We were not acquainted with this new friend previous to the marriage; she has been a resident in the country. I am happy to say that, from the recent intercourse with her, she has the appearance of possessing everything estimable and interesting in character, and I am certain you join with me in ardent hopes that all farther intercourse may produce and cement happiness to this dear and valuable friend, which cannot fail to give comfort to me. . . .

This new connection is the niece of the attorney general, Sir Samuel Shepherd, the young widow of Lieutenant-colonel Thomas, in the Guards, who, after their marriage of five weeks, was called to accompany his regiment, and was among the unfortunates who fell at the battle of Waterloo. The lady is between twenty and thirty, very pleasing and elegant in appearance. My son, with

his new wife, set out upon the circuit to go through the duties of his late appointment of chief justice of Chester, and will be absent for a month. . . .

You will readily suppose that we are much occupied, when I tell you that we are arranging the house in George Street for their residence, on his return to London; and you will, I am sure, receive this as the reason for Mary's not writing by this opportunity. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *May 20, 1819.*

. . . When I last wrote, I was in a bustle of mind and body, as I was preparing to quit the house in George Street, and to make it ready for the reception of my son and his wife. I have now quitted it, and given it up to them, with earnest prayers that they may long enjoy it. Hitherto it has been my wish to remain in it, that I might have as much of my son's society as was compatible with his occupations, and that he might have a domestic scene to resort to when convenient; but now, at my time of life, it is more congenial to my feelings to be more retired than his situation allows. Mary and myself have taken a temporary abode very near, but have not yet determined how we may arrange in future for ourselves. . . .

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 10, 1819.*

. . . Before you receive this letter, my brother will be solicitor general. He of course resigns his appointment of chief justice of Chester, which is a very honorable position, but is considered a prelude to more distinguished preferment. He is obliged to work very hard, — parliamentary business is a great addition to his other labors.

My mother and myself have left George Street to my

brother and sister. We have taken an apartment for the present, till we can suit ourselves with a house as near George Street as possible. My brother's sudden wedding has put us into a great bustle, and occupied us very much ; we are now beginning to get a little quiet. . . .

[The mother to her daughter.]

LONDON, *September 29, 1819.*

. . . My son and his wife have just left us for a visit of a few days to Ashburton, for which place he is a member. His change of situation has taken place at a busy period ; of course you will have heard of his appointment as solicitor general. The present uneasiness in the country increases his business. He has taken a country place at Hanwell, a few miles from London, but has been obliged hitherto to come to town every day. I have the comfort to say that he is in good health ; his wife has not been very strong, but is now well. Mary and myself have passed the summer partly in George Street, where some repairs are going on, and at my son's house in the country, which is very pleasant, and which we all enjoy very much when he can be there. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *January 13, 1820.*

. . . I have the happiness to inform you that, with the new year, we have a new blessing in the birth of a daughter to your brother ; it has given us all much comfort and relief from anxious solicitude. Previous to the event, Lady Copley suffered greatly, but is doing as well as usual now. It took place on the 2d. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *March 12, 1820.*

When I last wrote I had to express the hope that was placed upon the dear delight which we then fondly called

our own, and which we hoped to enjoy for future comfort, which was, however, but short, for the dear babe, after three weeks of promising health, was seized with convulsions, and in a few hours was no more. . . .

Your brother being greatly occupied with his business, and his wife having no near connections, you will naturally suppose that Mary and myself have been called to much attention. They do not feel happy to have us leave them, and while I remain well for an *old woman*, it is pleasant to be together. . . .

It is the ardent desire of my heart to contribute what is in my power to the ease and comfort of my son. You cannot form an idea of the occupations of his mind and time. You must have heard of the late changes and of the discovery of the diabolical (Cato Street) conspiracy, the reflection on which fills the mind with horror.* All this occasions much business, which my son has his share of. This is the fourth time he has been called to renew his election, and, though there is no contest, expense accompanies the scene. He is now to meet his constituents at Ashburton, in Chester. . . .

[The same to the same.]

HANWELL, *November 9, 1820.*

. . . You are not to take newspaper accounts for truth with regard to your brother's health, — he is very well. We find that, by some blunder, there has been a contrary report. You will not need any farther detail concerning his occupations. I can only add they have been very ard-

* The conspirators were to assemble in Cato Street, Edgeware Road, to execute their design of murdering all the members of the Cabinet, at a dinner at Lord Westmoreland's about Christmas, 1819. For some reason the plan was deferred till February 23, 1820, when the Cabinet would be at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. The ministers who were expected remained at Fife House, and twelve constables were sent to apprehend the conspirators at Cato Street, part of whom were secured. Thistlewood was taken the next morning.

uous and tiresome; for the present, his part has terminated, and what is in the future is uncertain. Upon this sad subject (the trial of Queen Caroline) enough and more than enough is afloat for the comments of the world, and I willingly leave it. We are still at Hanwell, where our house is situated in a park, which makes it very pleasant. My son has taken both for the present, but he has had very little time in the season to pass with us. Hanwell is about eight miles from London, and when he can catch a few hours he embraces the opportunity to be with us.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *March 22, 1821.*

It is, as you will readily feel, with great comfort and delight that I have to convey the very pleasing intelligence of the birth of a babe to my son, and of the good prospect of the mother's getting through her confinement with comfort. Very different from the last; a fine baby, though *not* a son. . . .

As for the important public accounts, you, of course, hear them more satisfactorily than my pen and paper can convey them. A happy calm prevails after great apprehension of the reverse. Heaven grant a continuance of quiet to this country, while much excitement prevails abroad. I often call to mind my mother's saying, that she left Boston at the time of my birth, from the fear of the French getting there. This appears to have been the prelude to "wars and rumors of wars" through my whole life. I have not had to encounter personal calamities that have attended some others from that source. Ever sincerely yours.

[The same to the same.]

August 13, 1821.

. . . You will hear of the awful, eventful scene that is with us, and which must fill the feeling mind with vari-

ous sensations. It is to be wished that all parties may properly apply it. His majesty's visit (George IV.) to Ireland has excited the strongest feeling of satisfaction in that kingdom, and is marked with the vicissitudes of the season. It is distressing to reflect upon the heart-rending account of the loss of the packet from Liverpool to Dublin, which must be tearing many hearts.

[The same to the same.]

October, 1821.

I have just returned to town from my son's country house, where I have left your sister to remain with hers in the absence of her husband, who is not allowed to spend much time there.

I feel that he has entered upon his new situation at a time when more than usual application will be needed. The present state of the country is unpleasant, to say the least. You will be informed by the papers of your brother's new honors. Heaven grant they may not be counterbalanced with new cares. I have the pleasure of saying he is in good health.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *January 10, 1824.*

. . . I have the comfort of giving good accounts of your friends here. Were you to look into the house in George Street, of course you would find many changes. Here is your mother in the little parlor, to whom it is principally appropriated, advanced in years, which are not yet attended with those infirmities that so often render life distressing to the possessor and to anxious friends. . . . Here is likewise your sister, my dear companion, in health, bestowing affectionate comfort. Your brother, just returned from his family, who have been at Brighton, all well. I miss the amusing little ones, who are very interesting.

Business compels your brother, after two weeks' absence, to be again in London, and sometimes we have his company at dinner. You will observe that he is now attorney general, which situation, of course, brings additional responsibility, and demands attention, with its rewards. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *March 30, 1824.*

. . . After my last to you, I was attacked with a bilious complaint which was severe, and which I never before experienced. But it is much to say that my health is now restored to its usual state. It is indeed a comfort that, while life is thus continued, it is not accompanied by distress to myself or trouble to my friends.

I have still the blessing of witnessing the health of our domestic circle, and of looking on the busy world. Of course, while in it, I am much interested for my dear friends in their various scenes. From my pen you will not look for more than the domestic view. The papers display enough of the public and of their various opinions. I am happy to say your brother gets through his busy scene with health and good spirits. For all around him I feel how important it is he should retain both. The very young one increasing in interest, the elder as pleasing from the opening of the mind. But though beyond the third year she has not had the power to express, not being gifted early with the ready utterance that we, females, have the character of using so freely. The younger appears as if she would soon join her sister in this respect. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *September 17, 1824.*

. . . As to the scene here, the papers will convey much. A deplorable succession of wet weather succeeds

the magnificence and splendor of the coronation. Your brother was the only one of the family who witnessed it in all its glory. I fear the renewed bustle is to add additional unpleasant business for him and others. . . .

Your brother and his wife employed his short time of respite to visit Paris. They were absent three weeks. They found their excursion useful to their health, and very pleasant, and they both desire kind love and good wishes to your circle. . . .

[The same to the same.]

January 11, 1826.

Mary and myself have been away from London, and your brother's family also absent, and himself entirely occupied and moving from one place to another, so that the sight of him is a great favor, and, when it occurs, I need not add, comfort.

To his already busy mind he has now added that of offering himself a candidate to represent Cambridge at the coming election. You may perhaps have heard this from the public prints. As to success, time must determine. Of course the interval will absorb much of his attention. He is much interested in the early scene of his instruction. These contests are not confined to England. The message of the President of the United States is brought to us, and to *me* the many changes that have passed before me are more than I can collect in review. That of the late President's [John Adams] family is among the pleasing.

In a former letter you repeat the present President's interest in the representation of King Charles I. in the turbulent scene in the House of Commons. Various feelings occur to me from the same.

This memento of successful exertion remains, as I have before mentioned, among many others, and carries my mind to past blessings, and I would add gratitude for

those still remaining. Could we feel it to be right to place the picture where it would excite more attention, it would gratify my feelings, but many and important reasons say *no*. My dear son works very hard and has many demands.

[Miss Copley to her sister.]

May 26, 1826.

My brother's time is so entirely occupied with public and professional duties, that it is quite in vain to expect anything from him. He bears his hard work wonderfully, and is never so happy as when he can steal a few hours to run down to us, but he always brings his work with him.

I believe there is not the smallest doubt of his being returned from the University of Cambridge; the election will soon take place, and you shall have the earliest information.

[The mother to her daughter, on the choice of her son to represent the University of Cambridge, with Lord Palmerston.]

WIMBLEDON, *August 24, 1826.*

I have the privilege to convey to you the feelings of my mind, which is indeed difficult, upon the late events which relate to my son and your brother. Among the changes that have taken place, of which you must have read and heard the various feelings and sentiments that existed upon the subject, I must be silent. But I cannot omit expressing the blessing that attends this period of my life, that my son thus receives the reward of his perseverance in the appointment to the high situation in which he is now placed, with the warm interest that almost overpowers me, and with solicitude for the arduous and important duties that must engage his attention. . . .

September 19, 1826.

. . . I have to say that we are all together at Wimbledon in health. My son and daughter returned a few days since from their excursion to the Continent, which was pleasant and useful after continued application to business. A change is now made in his public duties by the melancholy and sudden death of Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, — a most distressing scene to a family whose prospects to the human eye were bright; a striking event of the changing scene around us. Your brother is to fill the place thus vacated. . . .

[The same to the same.]

April 21, 1827.

The present sudden, and, we may add, extraordinary changes in the public scene, of course will soon reach you, with all the display of feeling, interest, and sentiments in the daily prints, which are not all of the most encouraging kind; but I do not farther extend on these points, not knowing whether you are interested, but you will be gratified to hear that your brother is appointed to the high station of lord chancellor, by the particular wish of the king [George IV.]. I feel the great importance of the position he has undertaken, and trust that it may tend to public prosperity and personal comfort. . . . Indeed, the hearty interest that my son receives almost overpowers my feelings.

I have the happiness of saying that health and good spirits carry him through much exertion and business, which his sudden changes from post to pillow — the latter not always of down — make necessary.

October 25, 1827.

Your brother calls in little Sarah (his daughter) and says to her, "Grandmother is now *great* grandmother!" The dear one looks up to me for some change; I tell her

I am writing, and ask : “ What shall I say ? ” Answer : “ I wish they were not all so far off ! ” . . . You inquire, “ Is my brother more or less occupied ? ” and about his health. His spirits, as well as health, are sufficient to support his exertions ; but, could I tell you what they are, you would know them to be great indeed. The usual vacation, to which I have looked forward for his relief, has not allowed him the least recess. Public business follows him to Wimbledon, the scene for a change. Could you see the papers, letters, and documents that daily visit his apartment you would feel for the mind that is to attend to and return them. . . .

He is addressed by the many, while he is uncertain what he may have in his power to bestow. He desires his warmest regards, and says that it will give him great satisfaction if it is in his power to aid Mr. Greene’s wishes in any way. His title [Lord Lyndhurst] is one of choice, not derived in any way.

To some question from Mr. Greene, on account of a statement in the daily papers that Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. Canning were not on friendly terms, Mrs. Copley writes, December 3, 1827, to Mrs. Greene, as follows : —

. . . I improve this opportunity to correct the conjecture you mention with regard to the lord chancellor and the late premier. It is among those that are unfounded, which I state upon my son’s authority ; they were upon the most intimate and cordial terms of friendship, and, with others, he has to lament the loss to society in the death of Mr. Canning. . . .

Indeed, it was while on a visit to Wimbledon that the premier contracted a severe cold which was the cause of his death.

Again Mrs. Copley writes :—

I have the privilege to say that health, the great blessing, is with each of us in this busy scene. I am reminded of the importance of this when I witness the exertions of mind, with the constant occupation of time, that are demanded of those who engage in the important concerns of state legislation.

The pros and cons reach forward far and wide, — of all this your mother is as anxious to know as those more distant are. Shall I say to you that I am often led to bring to view, in contrast with the present, the evenings upon the great Atlantic, when all exertion was made to lash the movables upon the bark, opposed by wind and tide. How can I be sufficiently thankful and sensible of those all-important qualities that, since those distant days, have been blessed with success and advancement! . . .

Since the fine weather has commenced we have the comfort of more intercourse with our friends in London. When a few hours permit, my son enjoys the change, and takes delight in his country place, which, with his other more important avocations, he has greatly improved.

The year 1827 was memorable to Lord Lyndhurst, and a most important one to Great Britain, from the all-absorbing question of Catholic Emancipation, which had to be settled. Like others who had embraced and believed in Tory principles, the master of the rolls had steadily resisted all concession ; and on the 6th of March, of that year, he delivered an eloquent and remarkable speech against the measure, which drew forth an able rejoinder from Canning, “quoting the expressed opinion of the law officer of the Crown.”

Like others of the party, however, including the Duke of Wellington, he soon found that the time had come when it was necessary to yield to the expression of the public will.

The death of Lord Liverpool, together with dissensions upon the Catholic claims, having broken up the cabinet, the chancellorship, on the retirement of Lord Eldon after twenty-five years of office, was offered and accepted; and, on the 26th of April, 1827, Sir John Copley was created Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, in the county of Hants, and his seat transferred to the House of Lords, where, for more than thirty years, he exercised an important influence on the great political questions of the times.

Had he continued to resist Catholic Emancipation, it is probable that the king (George IV.), with whom he was a great favorite, would have made him prime minister; but he faithfully followed the duke, believing that the claims of the Catholics could no longer be refused.

Much acrimonious and violent abuse, to which Miss Copley refers in the paragraph given below, was heaped upon him, on the charge of inconsistency, and comparisons instituted between the speech of June 10, 1828, and that of the 3d of April, 1829. It would now be recognized, probably, by his most bitter opponents, that he and all, indeed, wisely yielded to the necessity of the times, and that "change was truly progress!" At this date his great parliamentary career begins; the atmosphere of the House of Lords was well suited to the calm

temper of his judicial mind. There he exercised a powerful influence, which constantly increased as years went on. With the premiership of Lord Grey, November, 1830, Lord Lyndhurst became chief baron of the exchequer, still adhering to his political party,—retaining that office until 1834, when he again held the great seal for a short term, on the resignation of the woolsack by his political opponent, Lord Brougham.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

October 15, 1829.

My brother is well. His is an arduous situation. I do not know whether you see all the abuse that has been leveled at him and at Lady Lyndhurst. It is very abominable that people can invent such lies. It has disturbed us, as you may suppose.

[The same to the same.]

October 24, 1830.

My brother is looking remarkably well; he is sitting for his portrait,* which promises to be very like; it is a whole-length picture in his robes, and for Sir Robert Peel (by Pickergill, R. A.). He has promised, if it proves a good likeness, to let me have a miniature for you, and, if I can, I shall get one for myself. I hope you have not any of those vile prints of which so many have been published; there is not one which is not a caricature. His arduous work is now beginning, and we expect that the opposition will use all their strength to get rid of the present ministers; it keeps us constantly in hot water. If we are *in*, you should come to the coronation! . . .

* The portrait alluded to by Miss Copley, and painted for Sir Robert Peel, at his request, is now in Boston, and belongs to the artist's granddaughter.

[The same to the same.]

January, 1831.

I do not envy the present ministers : they have got themselves into a pretty mess, and I wish them well through. You must not allow yourself to be alarmed on our account by the cholera ; we are not in the least uneasy about it. It seems to be the general opinion, that if it should make its appearance in this country it would not be so destructive as in other places. My brother is determined, upon the first alarm, to move us all away. For myself I have not the least fear. This is probably the last letter I shall write from George Street.

I mentioned that my brother was about taking another house ; he has now the lease, and we are hoping to move in very shortly. The situation is delightful, and it is a very nice house, though of course it will not bear comparison with this. You must in future direct to No. 6 Hyde Park Place.

March 13, 1831.

Since my last letter [writes Miss Copley] my brother was appointed chief baron. My mother has written to you, otherwise I should most certainly have acquainted you with the pleasing event. We are all much gratified. The office is far less laborious than his former situation, and he says that he is perfectly contented. He is free to follow his own opinion in political questions. He is now on the Midland Circuit, and has been absent a fortnight to-morrow, and will not return till the beginning of April. He is quite well and made a great deal of, as it is the same circuit that he went upon when he was at the bar. . . .

Wimbledon is to be disposed of, much to my regret ; my mother and I have taken up our abode for the present in George Street ; the house is large enough for all, without interfering with each other. . . . The house is

very complete, but it has cost my brother a great deal, and has been finished only a year. On the whole, he thinks it best not to move, so he intends to part with Wimbledon. . . . Europe is in an extremely uncomfortable state; we are looking every day for another change in France, and expecting a continuation of war. The radicals are trying to do all the mischief they can, and we are likely, before long, to have a revolution in this country.

[The same to the same.]

December 14, 1831.

The weather is very fine for the season, and I have just returned from a pleasant walk in the Park. I find a very great difference in favor of our present situation compared with that of George Street. We have been here seven weeks yesterday, but I cannot say that we are even yet quite settled. I am, indeed we all are, much pleased with the change. It is a very handsome house and exceedingly convenient, and the situation is delightful. I am not sure whether Cumberland Gate was in existence when you left us. It is, however, at the top of Oxford Street, and our house is something more than half way between that gate and the first gate into Kensington Gardens. . . .

My mother wrote to you some time since, but did not send the letter, as she waited for a corrected copy of my brother's speech upon the Reform Bill, to send with her letter. The speech is just published and shall be forwarded immediately. . . .

There is much to alarm us from the union of the ministers with the radicals, but I think they will soon quarrel among themselves. A pretty state the former have brought the country to! How they will get out of the mess, I know not. The bill, with several changes, was read the first time on Monday. What will be its fate this time, I cannot say.

There is constant allusion in the letters to the earnest desire of the English family to become acquainted with Mrs. Greene's children, and to the pleasure they experienced from the meeting with Mr. B. D. Greene. He was followed by his young and only half-brother, J. S. C. Greene, named for his grandfather.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

January 3, 1834.

My brother left us the Sunday before last to bring Lady Lyndhurst and Sarah home. I expect them next week. I suppose you have frequent letters from your son and daughter. I hear of them constantly from Lady Lyndhurst, who is quite charmed with Martha. I am extremely impatient to see her.

[The same to the same.]

January 17, 1834.

He (Lord Lyndhurst) was at the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of Oxford. It was a grand display, and the duke must have been highly gratified with his reception. What a farce popular hate or favor is!

Two years ago the duke was pelted and hooted at, and now he is as popular as he then was unpopular. When the mob broke his windows in a riot, he placed iron shutters for protection, and never afterwards could be persuaded to remove them.

[The same to the same.]

January 24, 1834.

You will probably have heard before this reaches you the melancholy event with which it has pleased God to afflict this family. (the death of Lady Lyndhurst). I

have intended writing to you every day since the fatal occurrence. I have not had sufficient courage until to-day.

The particulars attending this most distressing scene, you will, without doubt, learn from Copley and Martha. You will, I know, mourn with us. My mother supports it with calm. I fear it may help to shorten her days. My poor brother is heart-broken. He expects to be here on Sunday.

[The same to the same.]

June 1, 1834.

What a melancholy change have a few short months made in this family! Then, all was bustle, gayety, and happiness, but now, alas! quite the reverse. How much I feel the want of a near and dear friend, in whose judgment and advice I could confide. What a blessing if you were near enough to be that friend! The irreparable loss which the children have had, devolves upon me a very great charge and responsibility, as I must, as far as I can, supply the place of the mother they have lost. I feel how impossible it is for any one to fill the place of a fond mother, and Lady Lyndhurst was not only a fond mother but a very sensible, clever woman, and extremely well qualified to direct the education of her daughters. Perhaps she had too high an opinion of the attractions of the world, but that can hardly be wondered at in a person in her situation. I have had a lesson which I shall not easily forget. Only ten days from the splendor of a court and the bloom of health to the grave! It is a dreadful loss to Sarah; she is just the age when a mother's care is necessary, and she has always been much with her. It is my brother's intention to have them at home. I have undertaken the office of governess. That is, to attend with their masters, etc. His spirits are as good as I can expect, but he feels his loss severely. It is fortunate that his business engrosses so much of his time. . .

In the yet unwritten history of Lord Lyndhurst, the fact must not be forgotten, according to the London Times, that "when the Melbourne ministry was tottering," 1834, he was intrusted with the formation of a Tory cabinet. At the suggestion of the king himself, he was to have an earldom, with the title of "Earl Copley." Twelve seats in the Commons were to be at his disposal for young men of his party, to assist in the debates, and the first name on the list was that of the young Disraeli, — so early did Lord Lyndhurst foresee his future success. Through the failure, principally, of Sir Robert Peel's zealous coöperation with his former colleagues, Lord Lyndhurst was obliged in a few days to abandon the task. That the king should have sent for him for so eminent a trust is the strongest proof that he had acquired the confidence of William IV. as completely as he had enjoyed that of George IV., who relied upon him as his councilor in all emergencies.

Except through the partial teachings of my mother, Mrs. Greene, Lord Lyndhurst's favorite sister, I had no personal knowledge of my uncle until 1834, when, after my early marriage, I sailed for Europe. In connection with the meeting in Paris, I should like to bring before the reader some of the memories of my youth.

The simplicity of family life in Boston half a century ago can hardly be realized by an American of the present day; nor can I describe how the old world presented itself to my youthful imagination. As I stood on the summit crowning the gar-

dens of the old Vassal House, purchased by my father in 1803, the site of which is now occupied by Pemberton Square, a glorious view presented itself: the house and grounds diminishing to a miniature scale; the town below; the neighboring gardens, which surrounded and enhanced the beauty of the view of the country beyond, with all its changing hues and scenes; the harbor and its islands, with the expanse of water, and the glittering sails in every direction ready to be spread to the breeze.

Here we often stood in the early spring, when one mass of blossom and tender green contrasted in its repose and color with the busy streets below. How lovingly we admired that beautiful view; not only admired but longed to pass over those shining waters, and visit that old world of history and of song that lay beyond, of which, from childhood, we had heard so much. Spell-bound we would listen to the well-worn tales. As we grew older, we became curious to know something about the literary and artistic society of London in the last quarter of the century. The anecdotes of the painting room were followed by the accounts of the gradual advancement of my uncle in the law and in office, and of the memorable characters of that period. We had heard of Siddons in her pride of beauty and of genius, the acknowledged queen of the drama; of Burke "silencing listening senates;" of Windham, the courtly and chivalrous; of Fox, the most ill-favored, yet most popular, of orators; of the gifted Sheridan, famous for having

written the best comedy and the cleverest farce, and made the greatest speech of the times on the Begums, pronounced by Fox the cleverest ever delivered in Parliament ; of the Gordon Riots, which, viewed from the nursery with a child's wonder and hushed awe, sent a thrill of excitement through our youthful minds ; of George IV., at Brighton, where my mother had an opportunity, with her father, of meeting with "the finest gentleman in Europe," from whom a look, a word, brought up a gush of loyalty ; of the dignified and cruelly deceived Fitzherbert, seated on a raised dais at the head of the pump-room, addressed with a deference and courtesy due only to female royalty ; of the Lord Mayor's Dinner, which my mother greatly enjoyed attending, with her father ; of Mrs. Montague's breakfasts for the London chimney-sweeps, and their annual procession through the streets of the metropolis ; of her wonderful feather hangings, celebrated by Goldsmith ; and scores of other household topics. But it pained us greatly that my mother could not recall to mind Dr. Johnson or his biographer, intimate as they were with Sir Joshua Reynolds, her father's friend and fellow academician.

The pictures, the parks, the grand equipages, the theatres, the court, and the delightful gossip about the young Princess Charlotte, and the story about her running away from Warwick House in a hackney coach, because "she hated grandmother and Orange" [the Prince of that name],—all this strongly interested the young Puritan heart. Then

came a mental soliloquy: "America was a very fine creation of the Almighty; Boston very well in its way; the estate on Tremont Street, which every stranger of repute came to see and thought so beautiful, with its Dutch flower-beds bordered with prim box, its hanging gardens rising in terraces to the summit, with its fine views, was certainly beautiful for this new hemisphere. But when we had visited Europe, England especially, with its splendid aristocracy and its magnificent court pageantry (forgive me, O Puritan forefathers!), how all the attractions of the New World would dwindle into insignificance." Such were the feelings, such the thoughts, of the young girl whose long coveted pleasure to visit the mother country, as England was in a twofold sense to her, was about to be gratified. Of the beautiful old home she left as a bride, nothing remained on her return, at the close of 1835, but "the baseless fabric of a dream." These thoughts and feelings were the deeper that they never found expression in words.

A voyage to Europe in 1834 was not the hackneyed tour it has since become, in these days of steam, of telegraph, and of telephone. It was undertaken with a feeling almost akin to that with which some regard the final departure to that mysterious bourne from which no traveler returns. The very voyage in those early days — long, silent, mysterious, on the trackless ocean — seemed a fitting pause between the old and the new life, — when the imagination is ready to throw off past

associations preparatory to accepting the fresh, a certain blank for the mind to lose itself in a not unpleasing reverie.

We sailed in October, 1833, for Havre, in the *Charles Carroll*. The voyage was long, stormy, and perilous, as the captain himself acknowledged, who seemed to take a grim pleasure in recounting the particulars of three shipwrecks he had encountered while in command, and from which he had escaped a watery grave.

His reminiscences were too thrilling to afford unmixed pleasure, and not encouraging as to personal safety. But as the fierce winds rose on those dark, autumnal nights, I took comfort in the thought that, even if there should be another shipwreck added to the number recounted, escape again might be granted. My companions are at this moment vividly present to my mental eye: Mr. Brevoort, a brilliant and charming conversationist and companion; Mr. S. Ward, young then, and, as far as my personal knowledge goes, young still; Wallack the elder, the genius impersonated of genteel comedy, and of the finished gentleman. Others I might name, but almost all have finished that longer voyage of which this was but the prelude. Pleasant companions all; even the captain was not amiss when not describing his hair-breadth escapes or swearing at his sailors. We landed at Havre and proceeded post to Rouen, the very heart and core of old mediæval France. We were there on Sunday, a fête too (All Saints' Day, I think). How I wish I could put into words the delight of my heart

on that beautiful autumn day, in that land of chivalry and of prowess, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, hallowed by the deeds and memories of the Maid of Orleans.

The streets and the environs of the old Norman town were full of life: the women in their high, starched caps, and with variegated costumes; the men as bravely decked. Even the sound of the clumsy "sabot" had music in its tread to my excited ear. Did viand or beverage ever have the relish of those of which we partook, in the comfortable hotel, with its hard wood floors and its trellised window panes!

We visited cathedral and fountain, stood at the gate through which, in the presence of the army, Jeanne d'Arc passed to her execution, and listened to the legends of by-gone days. We left for Paris, after a brief visit, in a post-chaise, which was not without interest to its occupants. Not a trick of the postilion, not one blast of his cheerful horn, not a single straw-thatched cottage, or way-side inn, or simple shrine, or aught else, was unheeded.

In after days I have often thought it a happy accident that our course bore us direct to the shores of France, instead of carrying us through England to the Continent, for we gained a sharper contrast and a fresher experience than we should have done had we not come direct. The foreign language and the French customs were so fresh and novel.

As we reached St. Germain, we espied a post-chaise, that forgotten delight, rapidly approaching:

it stopped and hailed us in the mother tongue. Yes, we were looked for,—greeted: friends, relatives, had started to meet us in this distant, foreign land.

How delightful! We were not alone, we were expected, wanted. A lady alighted from the carriage, attended by my brother, J. S. C. Greene, ever dear, and dearer as time went on. The former proved to be the beautiful Lady Lyndhurst. Thus began my acquaintance with this brilliant woman, which soon ripened into the tenderest affection on my part, her “eldest child,” as she always addressed me. I thought I had never seen any one half so handsome, and certainly no one more kindly. Thus we traveled on to the crystal gates of the new Jerusalem, as Paris seemed to me when we drove into its gay streets that memorable afternoon.

Here opened upon my youthful fancy an Elysium such as I never expected to find, even in Europe. In my timid youth I should hardly have dared to confess how charming it was; but one of the privileges of age (and surely age should have some solace) is that of confessing one’s weaknesses and convictions.

Paris of that winter, 1834, was indeed charming. Not simply and materially as a splendid city of wood, stone, and brick edifices; of palaces, hotels, theatres, opera-houses, and all the attendant enchantments of the gayest capital in the world, but with a background of historic associations,—dating back to the days of Charlemagne, to the Knights

of the Round Table, with Prince Arthur at their head; to the troubadour and trovatore; to all in romance and song that we would not willingly let die. Paris was then very brilliant under its citizen king, Louis Philippe, who had not outlived his popularity, and whose heir, the young Duke of Orleans, was dear to the popular heart.

We had the pleasure of hearing the French monarch open the Chamber of Deputies, in person, with an address from the throne, from our seats in the ambassadors' box. As my eye glanced over the house it was dazzled by the brilliancy of the assembly; the ladies elegantly attired, and the gentlemen decorated with their ribbons and orders. I fancied I could trace in Paris, on every side, vestiges of the old revolution of the Bourbon dynasty and of the first empire, which filled and peopled the air with the traditions and figures of the past, without traveling back more than a century. I paid a stolen visit to Mlle. Lenormand, half gypsy, half conjuror, who prophesied Josephine's wonderful rise and as wonderful fall. A short time after our arrival in Paris I received a message from Lady Lyndhurst, telling us that my uncle would arrive the next day, and that he wished us to meet him at dinner, at the Rocher de Cancale, a restaurant of great gastronomic celebrity at that time. In spite of the hardy doctrines of republican equality in which I had been reared, I confess to feeling some little anxiety about the first introduction to the successor of Mansfield and Erskine, those giants of the law.

Diffidence, however, soon yielded to exuberant merriment, when, under the pretense of treating us to one of those delicious compounds, of which delicate young chicken was apparently the principal ingredient, he exclaimed in joyful triumph, "Do you know what you are eating? Frogs, French frogs!" With our simple tastes, the relish of the viands was destroyed for that repast at least.

Lord Lyndhurst was older and graver than I expected. His first words were, "You look like my sister, my dear, and she was very pretty." He asked questions about Boston as if he had trod its streets but yesterday. Why did I not question him more closely of that past he so well remembered? I saw him every day during that holiday visit. Late on New Year's Eve, coming to my gay apartment, he said, "I bring you something, my dear, as fair as yourself, to open to-morrow morning," and a lovely dress of the softest white satin rolled out at my feet, and made my heart glad.

He returned soon after to London, to the duties and cares of his profession, never again to meet his beautiful wife in life. One month later she died very suddenly, in the pride of her beauty, in Paris, of heart disease, at the early age of thirty-nine years,—my brother and myself being with her to the last. A portrait of her, painted a short time previous, gives but a faint idea of the loveliness of the original, however fine it may be as a work of art. Lady Lyndhurst, daughter of Charles Brunsdell, Esq., niece of Sir Samuel Shepherd, and widow of Colonel Thomas, killed six weeks after their

marriage, as already stated, at the battle of Waterloo, "the bright particular star" of the fashionable circles of London, was admitted by common consent to be not only the most beautiful woman of her day, but was equally admired for her rare mental and conversational gifts. With such advantages, together with the high position her husband had earned, it was natural that she should have early become the leader in fashionable circles and the "cynosure of all eyes." Her acquaintance was eagerly sought by the highest and most brilliant in the society of London.

Thus was my dream of pleasure for the winter dissolved, — the enchanter's wand had touched the fabric my imagination had raised, and the edifice tumbled to the ground. The brilliant vista that had opened before me, of English friends and of French society, closed in death. We decided, therefore, to leave Paris, and started early in February for Italy, our Italian courier riding ahead to order post-horses, as proud of his dignity as a commander-in-chief at the head of his army. Thus we journeyed through France till we reached the neighborhood of Orleans, when one wheel gave way, and we were obliged to wait for it to be repaired by the first rural blacksmith we could find, whose wife hospitably invited us to enter her cottage, exclaiming, "Mais, tiens, Madame est Américaine, mais elle est aussi blanche que moi!" Her complexion, bronzed by the toil of many southern summers, was about the shade of the darkest mahogany. I should like to ask my readers to continue

the journey with me along the Corniche road, as yet untouched by railroad or wire, alone with its loveliness and peace, the sound of the murmuring sea, and the whispers of the soft, early spring, making music to the dullest ear. We had letters from an English gentleman to Madame Murat; he had been instrumental in saving the wreck of her fortune when the great downfall of the family came. She took the young girl by the hand and welcomed her to her beautiful palace in Florence, which was open to all who could gain an introduction. She delighted to make inquiries about Georgia, for there had drifted several members of her family. It was pleasant to be greeted thus by a queen in name, but all honors have their price; and when I was led by my hostess into a small cabinet, where, behind a dark curtain, which was drawn in solemn silence, the full-length portrait of the once brilliant Murat was exhibited, I felt emotions of doubt and shyness as to my being equal to the occasion, and what I should say, in French or Italian, too. Again, by her invitation, I stood with her before the half-finished statue of the great Napoleon, ordered by the city of Milan of the sculptor Bartolini.

But what was more cheerful, if less heroic and less tragic, was a brilliant ball given on Christmas by Jerome Bonaparte, for which Madame Murat obtained an invitation, and to which we were escorted by her "dame de compagnie." American travelers were few in those days, and Prince Jerome admitted no English to his society. His pal-

ace was one of the finest in Florence, and the frescoed ceiling of the immense ball-room a marvel of the cinque centi. Jerome was a study,—very flattering, as men always are to the young. He seemed especially interested in my being an American, and spoke of his admiration of our women. Some remark he made called forth the response that “he had paid the greatest compliment possible to one of my countrywomen that any man could.” I fancied he was pensive and abstracted, and his mind traveling back to the beautiful young creature he had so meanly deserted. After a few minutes’ pause he said, “I wish to introduce you to my present wife.” She was a Princess of Wurtemberg, and a sister of the Empress of Russia, — a good-natured, very fat lady, who received me with a kindly smile and gesture, and, instead of asking about beautiful American women, appeared to take great pleasure in my dress, inquiring whether the fabric (lace) was French, and who was the maker. Her son, Prince Napoleon, and the Princess Mathilde, still in their early youth, were very attractive, and I can see them now floating around that beautiful room in the gay dance, and again, as the ladies gathered around the magnificent supper-table, under the Loves and Graces that figured above. The gentlemen behind the chairs awaited their turn, regretting they could not be more useful, every want being anticipated by the attendants. In court etiquette, however, “those also serve who only stand and wait.”

Though I would gladly linger on every step of

that delightful year of travel, I will only add that we returned to Paris the following spring, and reached England in the early part of May, again to meet my uncle, and to have my first interview with my grandmother.

The tie between the mother and the son was still unbroken. In her all the dross of earthly passion was so completely purified that her existence was one long hymn of praise and thanksgiving for the blessings of her lot in witnessing his success,—he tender and proud of her who had been guide, counselor, and friend. It was touching to hear him, with almost the warmth of a lover, urge her to appear in her most becoming attire when about to welcome her granddaughter for the first time.

Mrs. Copley survived two years longer, and died in 1836, retaining her memory and intellect unimpaired to the last, and suffering no physical infirmity except the loss of hearing. Her remains were interred in a church in one of the most populous parts of London.*

* Lord Lyndhurst's only son, the heir to the great name he had earned, died some time before his mother.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD LYNDHURST'S POLITICAL CAREER.

1834-1852.

ENGROSSING DUTIES. — COURTESY AND GENIALITY. — ESTIMATE OF HIS COMPEERS. — SECOND MARRIAGE. — MEETING WITH HIS SISTER FROM AMERICA. — THRICE LORD CHANCELLOR. — RETIRES FROM PUBLIC LIFE. — IRISH TROUBLES. — LOSS OF SIGHT. — SUCCESSFUL OPERATION FOR CATARACT. — RURAL LIFE. — OCCASIONAL MINGLING IN POLITICS. — SECOND OPERATION FOR CATARACT.

AT the period to which I refer, 1834, when we met him in London, Lord Lyndhurst was in the full maturity of his wonderful intellect, and immersed in the duties of his profession and in the excitement of political life. How absorbing these pursuits were may be well understood when we remember that the mornings were devoted to law, and most of the long hours of the night to the duties of Parliament, when any questions of engrossing interest were before the House. The world is well acquainted with the reforms he accomplished in the former, and the genius he displayed in his "Sessional Summaries" has become matter of history. These compositions, originally suggested by the fertile brain of the young Disraeli, who had acted as his private secretary, were at first coldly

received, but soon won their way to be looked for as the event of the season.

Lord Lyndhurst most delighted in the refined society of London, composed of men of fashion, of literature, and of art. Though so many years have vanished, it seems but yesterday I listened to the brilliant repartee, the gay anecdote, sometimes grave discussion, between him and the then youthful Disraeli, Count d'Orsay, and others.

No man could be more fascinating. Long will his well-modulated tones, his polished language, and his manners—so natural, and yet, from the texture of his mind, so refined—be remembered by those who had the privilege of being admitted to his intimacy. Scrupulously careful in consulting the feelings of others, he was keenly alive to the slightest want of courtesy toward himself, and could retort on royalty even when aggrieved. On one occasion having expressed some opinion not quite palatable to his majesty, in the midst of one of those pauses which for a moment holds every tongue spell-bound, William IV., from the head of the table, addressed him thus: "Pray, my lord, when did you leave America?" "Please your majesty," was the response, in slow and measured tones, "I crossed the Atlantic in the last ship that sailed from Boston under the British flag before the Declaration of Independence." No second question broke the ominous silence that followed.

Lord Lyndhurst was called the Nestor of the House of Lords, and was noted for his dry caustic humor. Once when Lord Brougham, speaking of

the salary attached to a certain appointment, said it was all *moonshine*, Lyndhurst, in his waggish way, remarked, "May be so, my Lord Harry; but I have a confounded strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it." *

I remember, with the vividness of only yesterday, a certain dinner party at 25 George Street, in the spring of 1835, "the season" when London is so gay and brilliant, after the dark English winter. Lord Lyndhurst was particularly genial and charming; he liked to have company, and he showed that he liked it. Among the guests on that occasion was the handsome and petted Count d'Orsay; somewhat late Disraeli appeared. His marked Jewish features, his coal-black hair, and especially one long, truant curl, which, with an expressive, impatient action he tossed back from his brow, impressed him sharply on my memory. At that time the waistcoat was the especial feature of a fine gentleman's attire. Disraeli exclaimed, as he entered, "What a beautiful pattern! Where did you find it, my lord?" [The stuff was what we know under the general class of shawl pattern or Persian.] Upon this a general excitement prevailed, and all the guests simultaneously threw back their coats to allow a freer inspection of that portion of the dress beneath. "By the way," observed our host, "this brings to my mind a very curious suit I had about a waistcoat, in which I was counsel for a Jew and won his case." Every

* From *Old Landmarks, etc., of Boston*, by S. A. Drake.

one drew his chair closer to the speaker, and listened delighted. I am sorry that my story, clearly as it is imprinted on my memory to *this* point, ends here, — not so my pleasant remembrance of the evening that followed the dinner.

Lord Lyndhurst, Count d'Orsay, Disraeli, and others, attended us to the opera, where we listened to the delightful music of the "Sonnambula," interpreted by the great prima donna of the day. Lady Blessington, — not very young, somewhat florid, but effectively arrayed in a turban, "à la Josephine," — with other celebrities, in a box opposite, dispensed "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," to our distinguished gentlemen.

We soon after left London for an extended tour through Scotland and Wales, returning for a final visit to my mother's family before sailing in the autumn for America. With the thoughtless gaiety of youth, I promised to come back when my uncle was again chancellor, — a promise, however, which was not redeemed, for the next meeting did not take place until 1858, when time had laid its marks upon us all.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

July 30, 1835.

We have been made happy by two visits of Martha and her husband, but I regret they were so short, and that the time in which they would have seen the gayeties of London to the greatest advantage was between their first and second visit. . . .

Martha has promised when my brother is chancellor for the third time she will return. It was unfortunate

that they did not come to England till he was out of office. The political state of the country is anything but settled, and it is quite impossible to guess how things will end. We have all the intelligence and property with us, and the majority of the middle classes; but there is a strong radical party determined to upset everything, and the present ministers stick at nothing to keep their places. This evening counsel are to be heard in the House of Lords against the Corporations Bill. In that House the majority is three to one against the bill, so they will do with it what they please.

[The same to the same.]

November 25, 1836.

. . . My brother is in Paris, and I hear quite well. I have the pleasure of sending you two prints; I cannot say that I quite like either, but they are the only ones that have been taken of him that are tolerable — the whole length is the one I prefer; they are both done from drawings. There is another to be taken from a picture by Pickersgill. The former is finished, and is a very fine and life-like portrait, and I hope the print will be good; if so I shall send you one by the first opportunity.

The portrait of Lady Lyndhurst is from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; it is not so handsome as she was, but it is very like her, though not her most pleasing look. . . .

The ability with which Lord Lyndhurst discharged his high offices, and his influence in the House of Lords, had steadily raised his reputation, not only among the masses of the people, but with the ablest of his compeers, and those best qualified to form a correct opinion of his course.

The following letters show conclusively the estimate which the Duke of Wellington formed of the

capacity and integrity of one with whom he had been so largely associated, and with whose political views he warmly sympathized. Letters of consultation are also before me from George IV., King Ernest of Hanover, and others, written with that reliance upon his intellect and calm judgment, which the character of our subject necessarily inspired. Of these, the following are of some interest. It is unfortunate for his own fame that he destroyed his whole correspondence, except the few that by a happy chance escaped. We have his own evidence to the fact by the answer he gave Lord Campbell, on his application for materials for the history of his life.

[The Duke of Wellington to Lord Lyndhurst.]

LONDON, *September 14, 1831.*

MY DEAR LORD LYNDHURST, — From something Lord Shaftesbury said to me, I thought it probable that he would not vote on the Bankruptcy Bill. In the circumstances of the times you must not pay much attention to the eccentric movements or actions of others. Act upon a principle, and allow nothing to pass by that is especially wrong, and you may rely upon it that you will come out of the difficulties of the moment with increased reputation and honor.

The questions upon the Bankruptcy Bill, I mean in respect to its management, are these. Will you discuss it with or without a division? Will you take the division this week or next? You know all the inconvenience of a division as well as I do. I would recommend you at all events not to divide unless I should be in the House, which I cannot be till next week. Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

(My poor old mother died on Saturday, and I shall be prevented going into public till after her funeral.)

[The same to the same.]

WALMER CASTLE, *October 15, 1836.*

MY DEAR LORD LYNDHURST, — As I understand that Bradshawe is going to Paris, I avail myself of this opportunity of sending you a glass such as that in my possession, which you liked. The two together, in the form of a circle, make a glass of the strength that you use in general. Separately, each is of half that strength, and will be found useful in looking at pictures, or even *countenances* across the House of Lords. I have nothing new to tell you. It is quite obvious that Parliament will not meet till the usual time in February. I believe that we in the House of Lords must follow the same course as last year: that is to say, confine ourselves to legislation, to originate nothing on our side of the House, but to allow nothing to pass which shall be thought inconsistent with principle, or with the interests of the country. I should think that Lord Melbourne would be disposed to keep the House of Lords in a state of inaction as long as possible. But if Brougham should appear among us, it is not probable that he will relish or will permit this state of tranquillity. There are some measures which may be brought forward immediately; the Insolvent Debtors' Bill, the Church Regulation Bills, and the Charity Regulation Bill. You will have seen Brougham's correspondence with the corporation of Edinburgh upon an invitation to dine with them, and you will judge for yourself of the probability of his being present during the next session. I see that it is announced in this day's paper that he is on his way to London from Brougham Hall. However, whatever may be the course adopted by him, I venture to give you my opinion that you ought to be in England

at an early period. You have established yourself not only as the first speaker in the House of Lords, but as the first in your own profession, — whether in a court of law or of equity, or in the House of Lords. It is a great satisfaction to your friends and to the public at large to feel that, as long as you can attend to public business, no great and manifest injury can be done to any man by decisions partial, unjust, or contrary to law. I hope that you will not lose sight of this position, so honorable to your character and so important to the country in the circumstances in which it is placed. That you will keep up your customary relations with the bar, and that, above all, you will not be absent from Parliament at the commencement of the session. If there should be no other business there will be that of appeals. Indeed, there is one upon which your presence will be necessary, when the judgment will be given. I have taken the liberty of adverting to these points, as it appeared when you were here that you were thinking of remaining abroad. Lady Burghersh and Georgina de Ros are still here. Lady Salisbury went away a fortnight ago. We have had here for the last week Lord Vincent and Miss Jervis. Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

[The King of Hanover to Lord Lyndhurst.]

HANOVER, *February 26, 1839.*

I heard from my minister, Baron Münchhausen, that you inquired after me, and sent word you wished me success in all my undertakings. I learn by this, that you have returned to England, though some of the foreign papers stated you were upon your road to Italy. I am truly rejoiced for my unfortunate country, which I look upon old England to be, that you are not absent from it. . . . Your being on the spot may prevent much evil, by the advice you can give at the meetings at Apsley House. I am so little informed of all going on, and what are the

grounds for the present line of policy of the party, that I pretend not to approve or disapprove, but should be happy to have a clear understanding of the whole.

If it is true, what I have heard stated, and in one instance I believe my information is correct, that upon Normanby's being placed at the colonies, the "viceroy" was offered to the Lords Radnor, Albemarle, . . . but that each refused, — this proves to me that they feel their situation so little secure that none will embark therein; at least this is the sole reason these noble lords can have, as they are so closely allied with the present ministry and system. The great subject of the Corn Laws, which caused so much alarm, appears to me, by the papers, as if it would end in smoke. This, if really brought on, might have been the apple of discord. A grave question; one on which the welfare of England so much depends. As an Englishman, and blunt too, let me assure you, from my heart and soul, I say, repeal the Corn Laws and the great and main prop of England's security is gone, for all the agricultural interest and landed proprietors would be irretrievably and completely ruined. I cannot give a more solid proof of the truth of my being an honest John Bull than this, for to me, personally, the repeal would be of the greatest advantage, as we can grow corn so much cheaper, and the vicinity of the rivers and ports would make it most profitable to me. For God's sake never compromise that question; touch it not; leave it as it is! At one time it was currently reported in all the public prints, that a modification was likely to take place, and that Peel was inclined to this; but, thank God, his speech holds out nothing of the kind; and the Duke of Wellington, I see, spoke decidedly and very clearly on the whole question. We are expecting here with great curiosity the events at Brussels. No one can say whether the people will submit quietly or commit excesses. I mean by this, *riots*. That they will in the end, and must, submit, there

can be no doubt, for in spite of all the hue and cry their finances are in such a deplorable state they cannot resist. The bankruptcy of Cotherill, who was sole proprietor of all the great iron works, by which I may say thousands were thrown out of employment, has been to them a terrible blow, for, as it is said, he was there what Lafitte was at Paris. Whether it ends peaceably or not, I am told, from good authority, Belgium is ruined for the next twenty-five years. Pity them one cannot; for, blessed as they are with the happiest soil, having every possible means to be happy and content, they are, and ever have been, the most turbulent and lawless set of men living, — priest-ridden, bigoted, on one hand, and the most abandoned and licentious on the other. Certainly Prince Leopold has rendered his own situation much more precarious, and raised against him the indignation of the three great Northern Powers, by the folly of enticing that Polish General — to break his parole and enter his service. This man alone could not save him or his country, had he been a Wellington. He is reported to have shown the greatest ignorance and incapacity while in command of the Polish army, though possessing heroic courage.

I have now a matter to bring before you on which I trust I may ask your opinion, namely, how far the Royal Marriage Act has or has not any influence upon my son? I have been in communication with Sir Charles Wetherell upon this subject, and he is clearly of opinion that this act requires that, before I can settle anything, I must have the royal assent in England. As far as my own private feelings go, I have not the slightest objection, and actually never could do anything myself, or permit others to do, what in future times might call in question my son's rights to the succession in case of such an event occurring. I therefore wish you would have the goodness, in conjunction with Sir Charles Wetherell and any other of the first law authorities, to consider this question, and to

give me your opinions, signed with your names, that I may lay them among the public acts in the archives here. I know full well how violent party spirit is in England. It is of the greatest necessity for me to be on my guard, and prepared on all sides.

That was the reason that led me to insist on the necessity of taking my seat both as peer of the realm and privy councilor, and of taking the usual oaths to insure my still being these in spite of my change of situation. May I then beg of you this mark of friendship, and to let me have your opinion. Believe me, my dear lord, yours very faithfully,

E.

In 1837, Lord Lyndhurst's second daughter, Susan, named for her grandmother, and who had been taken to Paris for consultation for some local disease, took cold which brought on a rapid decline, and within one month died of consumption. Thus, as in all mortal houses, death came and went, and grave-stones marked the story of their lives, while joy and sorrow, sunlight and shadow, continually alternated.

The following letter from Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene gives an account of Lord Lyndhurst's second marriage, soon after this event:—

August 12, 1837.

. . . My brother being tired of a single life, has taken to himself a wife, which you may learn very possibly before you receive this. It was almost as unexpected to me as it will be to you. The lady is a very charming person. She was in Paris when I was there with Susan. She was so very kind that I hardly know what I should have done without her. She is English, though born in Paris. My brother and Sarah left us a fortnight since to

go to Baden by the way of Paris. They had been gone only ten days when I received a letter from him telling me that he was married. I have received several since, and he is very happy. Sarah is quite delighted, and little Sophy is all impatience to see her new mamma.

In 1838, Mrs. Greene determined upon accompanying an invalid daughter to Europe. From some unfortunate circumstance the letter announcing her arrival in England failed its destination, and when she reached London she found, to her bitter disappointment, that the family were on the Continent. Her first visit in the vast metropolis was naturally to the home of her youth, which she had quitted nearly forty years earlier. The house-keeper, who had heard of the sister in America, was as loquacious as those of her class usually are, and delighted in giving all the particulars concerning the various members of the family, and in showing every article of interest, among which the pictures of the father were not forgotten. In reference to their absence Lord Lyndhurst writes to Mrs. Greene:—

BADEN BADEN, *November 17, 1838.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — I hope this may reach you before you leave Paris. I have inclosed it to Mr. Goldsmith, my wife's father, who will find you out, if you should still be in Paris, upon its arrival.

I can't describe to you how much we have lamented our absence from England at the time of your visit. To have received you after so long a separation upon the spot where we passed together so many of our early years, would have been to Mary and myself the highest possible gratification. Nothing could have been more unfortunate

than our absence. We heard only last night, by a letter from Mr. Winslow, of your arrival in Europe, and anxious as we were to see you, we deeply lament the cause of your journey. It was our intention to have passed the winter in Italy, but the distance has prevented, as I must be back soon after Christmas. If you should go by the Tyrol, Baden will not be out of the way, but I fear you will prefer hastening to the South. In that case we must delay till your return the happiness we shall enjoy in meeting you. I have learnt much of Italy, and there is no place that will answer your object satisfactorily north of Naples.

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

GEORGE STREET, *May 5, 1839.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — We were all put into a fever by your letter, because we thought it implied that you did not intend to return to England, but to proceed direct from France to America.

We are relieved from this apprehension by your last letter, and I shall send Mary to meet you at Paris, and to accompany you to England. . . . We should have remained in Paris, had it been possible, to await your arrival; but I was obliged to return to England for the sittings of the House of Lords, and I could not well leave Lady Lyndhurst and the rest of my little circle behind me. You will find London very pleasant about the season of your arrival, and I can't tell you how happy we shall all be to see you and the dear friends who are with you.

I remain, my dearest sister, yours affectionately,
LYNDHURST.

The meeting of Lord Lyndhurst and the two sisters took place after their return to London, in the lovely English spring of 1839. It was, how-

ever, a solemn occasion, for they met as strangers! I have heard my mother say that at the first glance, she could not detect a trace of the gay young man whom she had left in 1800; but as they saw more of each other, the well remembered lineaments and varying expressions came out from the dim past. As the first pang at the long flight of time passed away, it became a source of happiness for the remainder of their life that they had met again. Little could they have anticipated that a quarter of a century was still in reserve for each. After the strife of politics, and the toil of a laborious profession, Lord Lyndhurst had reached the goal of his ambition, and stood among the proudest of the land. Mrs. Greene, too, had passed through vicissitudes of care and sorrow, which had no less taxed her strength; and now, with the battle of life almost finished, as it would seem, they met to talk over the past.

Their theme was not of the events of their several lives in the interim, — the English peer dwelling neither on his conflicts nor his triumphs, nor did the sister descant on her distant home and adopted land; but they went back to the days of their childhood and youth, to the anecdotes of their school-life, to the memories of the father and mother, and the thousand little home reminiscences that never fade entirely away while memory holds its own. One question did but suggest another — one anecdote called forth a second.

The first Sunday after her arrival in London, on attending St. George's Church, Hanover Square,

where she was married, my mother experienced an involuntary feeling of expectation which she never could forget when, on casting her eye over the congregation, she sought, in their former seats, the familiar faces she had left so many years ago.

Inheriting a deep love of art and much of her father's eye for color, it is not strange that she eagerly desired to visit Italy, where she passed the winter of 1838-39. There she met Greenough, the American sculptor, who remarked with surprise that he had never accompanied any one through the galleries of paintings in Florence who could more fully appreciate their invaluable contents. In the summer of the same year Mrs. Greene returned to America.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

April 23, 1840.

My brother has quite recovered from a very severe illness which he had a short time since, and which caused us great alarm for some time. . . . For two or three days he was in considerable danger. Thank God he is well again, and the trip to Brighton has been very serviceable to him. He writes that by the time he returns he shall be himself again.

October 1, 1840.

My brother and Lady Lyndhurst are at Marienbad in Bohemia. . . . The accounts we receive of the health of the former are excellent. My lady says the waters have done him an infinite deal of good. [The only serious acute attack of illness chronicled through his life of ninety years.]

The events of the year consist principally in the

movements of the family for health, and during the holidays for recreation, and the choice of a summer residence.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *February 28, 1841.*

My lady was so tired of moving about in the autumn, as we did for two or three years, that my brother has been looking for a house in the country that would suit him, and which he has at length found. He and I came here in the coldest weather at Christmas. The house was unfurnished, and he has taken it on a long lease.

It is a very good one, with about sixty acres of land. It is not in very good order at present, but next summer it will be beautiful. It is in Buckinghamshire, six miles from Henley on Thames, and eleven miles from a railway station, which makes it very convenient, as we can go from one house to the other within three hours.

I have been very unhappy at the prospect of war with America, but trust that the new President will settle all differences.

[The same to the same.]

April 17, 1841.

We shall remain in London till about the middle of July, and then go to Turville. I wish you could come and see us there. . . .

We have hitherto seen it under great disadvantage, but in summer it must be a beautiful situation. Our nearest neighbor is between two and three miles from us.

We are all here in a great state of anxiety for the (steamer) President. It is now more than a month since she left New York, and no tidings of her; the greatest fears are entertained for her safety. What a horrid situation for those who have friends on board. I hear that the Duchess of Richmond, whose second son was a pas-

senger, is almost distracted, and the captain's wife, who has several children, is in the same state.

[The same to the same.]

June 16, 1841.

. . . Politics have taken such a turn that we have been in a state of excitement for a few weeks, and now we are going to a general election. We Conservatives confidently anticipate the turning out of the Whigs after the elections, so that if you will start when you receive this letter you will have the great pleasure of seeing us in office.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, September 1, 1841.

. . . I should be sorry not to be the first to communicate the account of the new government. I have just received a letter from my brother, who is in London with Lady Lyndhurst. He tells me that the following are to form the new cabinet: Peel, Goulburne, Stanley (Colonies), Graham (Home Secretary), Aberdeen (Foreign), Wellington, Lyndhurst (Chancellor), Buckingham, Ripon, Wharnccliffe, Haddington: Lord Grey goes to Ireland. The queen, I presume, will acquiesce, and, if so, the ministry will be arranged in a few days. You will see by the papers more than I can tell you about these affairs. I hope that things will go on better than they have done of late, and I wish that you would come and see us in our new dignity. . . . I should so like to go to you for a visit, but my brother says he never shall consent to my leaving him while he is alive. . . .

[The same to the same.]

September 28, 1841.

On Friday, Lady Lyndhurst and myself are going to Turville, and my brother will join us on Saturday: he will have about a fortnight's holiday. I pray that his

health may allow him to get through the cares and occupations upon which he has entered, without inconvenience. I wish that he were a few years younger. He has led a comparatively idle life so long, that it is hard work to begin again. His health is quite good, and I hope that all things will go on smoothly.

I have never yet heard him speak. At present there is nothing in the Lords but routine business. We are just comfortably established at Turville. We have one hundred sheep, four cows, and above eighty head of poultry, so that you will perceive that we are great farmers. We all like the place very much, and wish you would come and see it. We are going to break into the next house again in George Street, as my brother requires more room for his secretaries, etc.; till that is done our house will be a scene of confusion. . . . My brother promised to write to you, but his time [December 8, 1841] is so fully occupied I fear you must not expect it. He was very sorry he was in the country the few days that Mr. Motley was in London [on his way to Russia], and he did not see him; but he wrote a letter of introduction to Lord Stuart de Rothsay, our ambassador at St. Petersburg. My brother gets through his hard work with ease; he is remarkably well.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, July 2, 1842.

. . . As to politics I shall leave them to the newspapers, excepting to say that all things here are going on favorably. I have been here for a few weeks with little Georgie. . . . The convenience of the railroad is such — we are only eleven miles from the station — my brother with some of the family come here every Saturday to dinner, and return to town on Monday morning, which little holiday conduces very materially to his health, and enables him to go through with his hard work without

injury. The whole party went yesterday to Cambridge for the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University, and my brother as Lord High Steward. There will be great doings, but I am told that it is a very fagging undertaking, so that I am better out of it. . . . It is worth while crossing the Atlantic to see my brother, thrice lord chancellor; and the present ministers are so established that there is no danger of finding them out of office if you should undertake such an excursion.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *December 2, 1842.*

I am happy to say my brother is quite well. He has had a few days rest from attending court, which he has passed here, and where he is very much occupied in improving the garden, etc. He has been in town since the first of November, coming here on Saturdays and returning on Monday mornings.

Lady Lyndhurst and I take it by turns to go with him, that he may not be quite alone. . . . Georgie is four years and a half old; she is a very intelligent, good child, nice looking, though not a beauty. Sophy is not as pretty as she was, but then she is not now at a pretty age; she is working hard with her governess, and when in London with masters. Sarah is very busy with German, drawing, and reading, with work in the evenings. In addition to these occupations she has established a school for the poor children who are too far from the village to attend the one there. My lady trots about, superintends her flowers, and works at her tapisserie. . . . When my brother is with us we dine at half-past five o'clock. He then retires to his room, and we to the saloon, — at half-past eight o'clock we order tea, and send for my brother; after tea we play two rubbers of whist, or, if the rubbers are very short, three.

My lady retires to bed about ten, and my brother at eleven. Now I have given you such a particular account of us and of our proceedings that you will be able to imagine yourself one of our family. . . .

[The same to the same.]

April 3, 1843.

My brother has been remarkably well; he gets over his hard work with much more ease than I expected. How you would be delighted to see him chancellor. Do pray come, but it must be soon, for he says he will not retain the office long, and indeed he sighs for repose from his labors.

TURVILLE PARK, *September 2, 1843.*

He has finished his London duties till November, and is now busy with his farm. . . .

TURVILLE PARK, *November 2, 1843.*

I suppose that you have seen the account of the queen's visit to Cambridge. My brother, as high steward, was obliged to be in attendance, and Lady Lyndhurst insisted upon accompanying him, and was very much gratified with the exhibition. . . .

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *January 1, 1844.*

. . . My brother is quite well, and walks almost all day long when he is here. His farm and garden employ him constantly. . . . We all go to London next week, much to our sorrow, but my brother is obliged to do so.

April 2, 1844.

He has been and is remarkably well, sometimes tired with the hard work of office, which he does not intend to hold much longer. I am sorry you cannot have the gratification of seeing him in his chancellorship.

Sarah and I have just returned from a visit to your countryman, General Tom Thumb, — though perhaps you may not know such a person is being exhibited in London. They say he is twelve years old, but I do not believe he is more than six. He is twenty-five inches high, and weighs fifteen pounds. He is perfectly well made, but, independently of his size, has the appearance, voice, and manner of a child of six or seven ; at all events, he is a great curiosity. We are just starting for Turville, for the Easter holidays. . . .

[The same to the same.]

GEORGE STREET, *June 18, 1844.*

. . . We are all well, I am happy to say my brother remarkably so. For the last few days we have been in a state of excitement, thinking that the ministry might be compelled to resign, but the division in the House last night has set things at rest for the present. As far as we are personally concerned, we do not care much about it, but upon party considerations it is mortifying to be defeated.

July 18, 1844.

He whose health is of the most importance to his family has been remarkably well, notwithstanding the fatigue attendant upon his office. . . .

[The same to the same.]

September 3, 1844.

I have just come to town for a few days with my brother, who is obliged to be in London to finish this tiresome business of the Irish trials for the prorogation of Parliament. London is very disagreeable at this time, but it would have been cruel to let him come quite alone. We shall return to Turville on Friday. . . .

Sophy has grown very much the last year, and I expect she will be very pretty. She is exceedingly like her

beautiful mother [the first Lady Lyndhurst], but she has more delicacy of features.

The year 1845 commenced in the usual quiet manner. The same habits and avocations, the many changes from London to the country during the holidays, or when the recess of Parliament permitted the chancellor to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of Turville Park. The close of the year, however, was marked by two events of more than usual importance, breaking in upon the even tenor of domestic life: a severe illness which attacked the chancellor, yielding however to care and treatment; and his final resignation of and retirement from public office, which he could not be induced again to accept. We have seen glimpses of his wish for more leisure and ease, as increasing years made him desirous of repose.

Though the letters contain few details of importance, these are best told in the words of his sister.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *November 30, 1845.*

I was very sorry I was prevented writing to you by the last packet, in consequence of the illness of my brother. He is now convalescent, for which blessing I am very thankful. . . . He had various complaints for a few days in London, and finding himself growing better he came here. Whether he took cold, or what was the case, I cannot say, but he was taken very ill with the same complaint he had about six years ago. We passed two most anxious days and nights. We had a doctor from London, and a very skillful medical man from Henley, and, thank God, they brought him round again. He

thinks he will be able to go to London by the end of the week, and take his seat in the Court of Chancery to-morrow week. This illness happened the day before I should have written, and I did not like to occasion you unnecessary anxiety, as it would be so long before you could have had any farther accounts.

The rest of us are quite well. . . . Sophy is beginning to count the days till Christmas, as she is then to be emancipated from the school-room, and make her appearance in the great world. . . .

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *December 10, 1845.*

In my last letter I had the happiness of telling you that our dear brother was recovering from his severe attack of illness. . . . I dare say that he feels something like a school-boy going home for the holidays. You, of course, will have heard, before this reaches you, of the resignation of Sir Robert Peel's cabinet, and that Lord John Russell is the new premier. I wish he may prove a better minister than Sir Robert Peel. I own I am sorry for the change, excepting as far as my brother is concerned.

He has been waiting for a good opportunity to resign, but would not do so while his friends were surrounded with difficulties, so that we have personally no cause to regret the change. As my brother is in London and I am here, I know nothing that is passing in political circles either on the one side or the other. There is one advantage: we shall not be obliged to go to town directly after Christmas, which we must have done if my brother had continued chancellor. We are all well. . . .

TURVILLE PARK, *January 2, 1846.*

I wrote you a fortnight since; . . . at that time the ministers had resigned, but they came in again very soon, as, of course, you must know.

The important and happy communication that I have to give is that our dear brother is quite recovered from his severe illness. . . .

February 3, 1846.

It is at present very uncertain what turn political affairs may take, but we are all urgent for my brother to resign his office, which he will do if the present government keeps in, and, of course, if they go out, he goes too. The Americans seem very much disposed to quarrel with us. I hope we shall not come to a war, but the last arrival looks very much like it. . . .

March 3, 1846.

Political affairs are in the same state as they were when I wrote. After three weeks' debate on the corn question, the first step is carried by ninety-seven majority. How it will all end I do not know. I do not suppose that you feel any great interest in our party questions, and I must say they have taken such a turn that I am almost tired of them, particularly as I know that my brother will not continue in office much longer. I am rejoiced to say that he is remarkably well and in great spirits, and his work at this time is not hard. No long debates in the House yet, which is the trying part of his office. . . . Sophy was presented. She was, according to etiquette, dressed all in white, and looked very pretty, and, what is more important, *lady-like*. She is going to her first ball on Friday next. . . .

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *May 4, 1846.*

Public affairs are in the same state, as also family affairs. My brother in his court and the House till seven or eight o'clock, when we dine; after that he has his rubber of whist. Lady L—— and the girls go to balls, parties, the French play, opera, etc. This is a peep at our family circle, for a short time; but I must say there has

been very little gayety this season, very few balls and parties, for Lady Lyndhurst and the girls. They have not been at the opera once yet, Lady Lyndhurst having been in mourning. We have not had any large parties at home. . . .

My glass tells me that I am much altered since my illness of last year, but I feel so only in a less disposition for exertion. I walk every day the weather will permit, and sometimes I take a drive. I generally pass my mornings in my own apartment, and I am happy to say that Sophy does the same, and spends her time in improving herself, instead of chatting with all the idle callers who have nothing better to do. . . .

[The same to the same.]

June 2, 1846.

It is my desire to write to you by every packet, though I am sometimes prevented. On the last occasion we were all engrossed with preparations for a dance upon a grand scale, so that it was quite impossible to do more than attend to that important concern. The dance was given to commemorate the first season of Sophy's introduction, and my lady says she will not give another till Georgie comes out.

Sophy wore a white crape dress, fastened up with a wreath of purple pensées and a bouquet of the same in front, and on her hair; she looked *very* well. . . . It put me in mind of old times, though the style is so very different. The dancing was in the same room, — tea and ices in the front drawing-room, — my brother's back room, a cool, quiet place out of the crowd. At one o'clock the dining-room was opened for supper. It was kept up till nearly four o'clock in the morning, and people flatter us by saying it was one of the pleasantest balls of the season. Mr. Ross has painted a miniature portrait of my brother, which we all think a very good likeness, and he has had a

daguerreotype taken from it, which Lady Lyndhurst sends you with her love, and likewise a print of my brother, which I hope you will like. We are all well. . . .

GEORGE STREET, *July 3, 1846.*

. . . Of course you will have heard before this reaches you of the resignation of the Peel ministry, and that the Whigs have taken their places. We bear our defeat with great philosophy. To be sure my brother had made up his mind some time since to retire from the fatigues of office upon the first convenient opportunity; still it would have been more agreeable to have left the other members of government behind. He is as well as I have known him to be for a long time, and quite delighted at the idea of a little leisure. . . . We had a large party the other night, "which was very splendid, and graced with all the rank and fashion in town," as the "Morning Post" tells us, and was concluded with a dance that continued till four in the morning.

I am rejoiced at the unexpected settlement of the Oregon question. What a calamity a war between the countries would have been! It looked very much like it at one time. It is fortunate the settlement was made before the change of ministry.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *September, 1846.*

. . . Sophy has been staying with Maria R——, at Brighton, for a month; she returned to us yesterday looking very well. She is a very nice girl, and though she cannot be called handsome, there is something interesting in her looks and manners which is better than beauty, — at least very often proves better than beauty in the end. Sarah is much admired by the men, but she still remains Miss Sarah.

TURVILLE PARK, *October 18, 1846.*

Our dear brother is perfectly recovered from his late indisposition, and he certainly feels great relief from having no political cares or laborious work. . . . I cannot say that any one of the prints of my brother pleases me. We have a miniature of him by Ross, which we think very like; but even in that there is a something about the mouth that is not quite right to my fancy. We have a bust of him, presented by the members of his committee after his election of High Steward of the University of Cambridge, which is exceedingly like, and a very fine work [of this there is a plaster cast in Boston].

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *December 30, 1846.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — It would be quite scandalous, as I am now free from all my fetters, at this season of festivity and mirth, if I were to neglect writing to one so dear to me, and with whom I passed so many years of my early life. Hitherto our correspondence has been carried on by Mary whom we dignify with the title of *Aunty*; but I have no longer any excuse for not taking a part in it. She was much shaken some time back by an asthmatical attack; this has rendered her very prudent and cautious, and she has now pretty well recovered from the effects of it. I also have suffered from illness, but of a transitory nature, and I am now quite blooming, and that too in spite of the deep snow with which this hill country is crowned. But you will laugh at my talking of snow in *Old England*, it is such a mere sprinkling to the inhabitants of *New England*. And so you have got into *War!* What a foolish or wicked gentleman your Mr. Polk seems to be! Does he think you have not already acres enough? — or that the addition which he seeks will add to the happiness or even to the power of the Union? But it is a hasty move, I presume, and it is

not intelligible upon any other principle! You can't spare Sarah, or it would give us great pleasure to see her again in England. You know she took a fancy to this side of the water, and I have no doubt another expedition would do her good. If she could be persuaded to come, and you could be persuaded to part with her for six months, we would return her safe and sound at the expiration of that period. We have been passing the winter here, now and then, with a few friends; and this tranquil sort of life is a great relief and a great pleasure to me, after the constant dull routine of office, and of public life for so many years. You would, I am sure, sympathize with me in this feeling. You who always loved peace and tranquillity, and the society of your family and friends. We cannot, my dearest sister, count on many more years. It is time for me to set my house in order. Yours has happily always been in that state. I wish we could exchange kisses at this moment, but as that cannot be done even with the aid of the electric telegraph, I must content myself with wishing to you and yours, not only a pleasant time now, but every sort of blessing and happiness.

I remain, my dearest sister, your affectionate brother,
LYNDHURST.

[The same to the same.]

LONDON, *April* 19, 1847.

MY DEAREST SISTER, — Many thanks for your letters, which always give me so much pleasure. I feel very uneasy about Sarah. If you would spare her for a few months I feel assured it would do her much good, and, perhaps, quite set her up. We can *house* her, and I trust make everything agreeable to her. Pray think of this. Remember me in the kindest terms to C. Greene. Has he no thought of revisiting Europe once more? We have heard nothing of Mr. Winthrop. Your letter came by

the post. Aunty writes by this opportunity, she will supply my deficiencies.

Heaven bless you and yours, my dearest sister,

LYNDBURST.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *December 30, 1847.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — I know a line from me will be acceptable though I have nothing particular to communicate. We are all well and assembled at our Christmas board here at Turville, and our first toast is to the health of our friends in America. I am sorry to hear that Sarah has not materially benefited by her excursion to Europe. Here, she certainly was much better at the close of her visit than she was upon her arrival. I do not know whether she will be tempted to renew it, but if so it will give us great pleasure to do what we can to contribute to her amusement and comfort. I can hardly expect you, my dearest sister, to accompany her, but I can't tell you what pleasure Mary and myself should enjoy in seeing you once again. May Heaven bless and protect you.

LYNDBURST.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

June 16, 1848.

. . . Do you feel interested in the convulsions of Europe? If we may judge by the American newspapers, they are very angry with us, and wish that we might have a revolution as well as the rest of the world. We are tolerably safe from such a calamity. The Chartists do not cause any apprehension. You know what a London mob is. They have quite disgraced themselves by their folly. It would have been much more prudent to have waited to see how our neighbors get on before following their example. They never will settle down quietly in a republic, and it must end in a tyranny of

some sort or other. It is exactly the former revolution over again. Only think of my writing about politics. Of course you have all the news regularly from Europe. . . .

August 9, 1848.

. . . Parliament is sitting later than usual, in consequence of those fools, the Irish Repealers, who fancy that they can do without England. If they were to try, they would be glad to come back again very soon. The Americans fancy that the Irish are an ill-used people. They are exceedingly mistaken. They live under the same laws that the English do, and it is their own fault that they are so wretchedly poor, because they have been contented to live upon potatoes in idleness, and the population has outgrown the food, and their wicked leaders preach to them that it is the tyranny of England that makes them slaves, and when the time comes, the leaders show themselves to be cowards. I am very angry with some of the American papers for the manner in which they abuse the English for their treatment of Ireland. There is a little bit of politics for you.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *September 7, 1848.*

. . . My brother and Lady Lyndhurst and Sophy are at Buxton. My brother has the rheumatism in one leg, of long standing, which, though he does not suffer any pain, prevents his walking with facility, and he was desirous of trying the effects of Buxton baths. He has not been there quite three weeks, and we expect them back in about three weeks more. I do not understand that there is at present any visible improvement. He is quite well in health, but it annoys him not to be able to move about easily. We tell him he has great reason to be thankful that he suffers no other inconvenience than lameness. Sophy was very anxious for a little variety, and

she is enjoying herself. The country about Buxton is very beautiful, though Buxton itself is disagreeable. We have had a great deal of rain since we came to Turville, till the last week, and we are now busy getting in the crops, and my brother being absent, it is my business to know how things go on.

I have this moment received a letter from him ; he writes in high spirits : he says they are enjoying themselves very much, though he does not think the country is rough or wild enough for Sophy. They are going on Monday to Alton Towers, Lord Shrewsbury's place, till Wednesday, and then return to Buxton for a week or ten days. The Irish rebels have shown themselves as they always have done, great talkers and little doers. They are a very troublesome set of people, and the Americans appear to have a very incorrect opinion of them and of the treatment they receive from England. In fact they are governed by their priests, and a few discontented demagogues, who keep them in ignorance. There is no reason why they should not be as contented as the Scotch and the English, if it were not their own fault. If they can but have potatoes to live upon they are satisfied, and they will not exert themselves to improve their condition, and yet the Irish who come to England work as hard as the English. We are all looking to see what the next six months will produce in Europe : it is at present impossible to form an opinion. We are happily out of the turmoil, and trust we shall continue to be so.

TURVILLE PARK, *December 27, 1848.*

. . . We are much pleased with the result of the election for President in America. We are much more likely to continue friends than if Mr. Polk were reëlected. I suspect nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have blown up a war with poor old England. Is he not mortified with the loss of place ?

[The same to the same.]

May 18, 1849.

. . . Every one is making the observation how remarkably well my brother is looking. I really think that the farm will add ten years to his life. He takes so much interest in it in addition to the exercise. . . .

He, with Lady Lyndhurst and Sophy, were at a ball at the palace the other night. I hear the latter looked very pretty. To-morrow is the queen's birthday, and they are going to the drawing-room. How I wish you were here to see them dressed. . . . I regret we are so far separated that we know so little of each other; my heart is with all, though I am absent in person.

He had an idea of taking us to some of the German baths this summer, to try the effect on his lameness, but the probable state of the Continent will put an end to the plan. What a state every country seems to be in. There must be some great change before everything settles down quietly.

July 5, 1849.

. . . I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, which I am sure will give you sincere pleasure, as it does to all of us. Sarah is engaged to be married to Mr. Selwin, the only son of a gentleman in Essex, of a good Yorkshire family. . . .

[The same to the same.]

January 11, 1850.

After six months of bustle and excitement, the important event to all of us, and especially to Sarah, is accomplished. I have the happiness to say that we are all in good health and highly delighted at the termination of this long engagement. . . . The whole affair went off with great *éclat*. The weather, though very cold, was fine and dry. The bride looked very handsome; she wore a white glacé silk dress, with two deep flounces of Brussels lace, a wreath of orange flowers, and a long Brussels

lace veil. . . . The Selwins have a very extensive connection, so that there was a very large assembly in the church, — I think about thirty of the family, — and the church was crammed with spectators of every sort and description. A long table was laid for thirty-four, in the large drawing-room, which accommodated about half the guests at one time.

The display was most splendid. The bride and bridegroom made their appearance for a short time after their return from church, but were not at the breakfast. Sarah changed her dress for one of brown silk for traveling. Of course there could not be such an affair without favors.

At a quarter past two o'clock they started in a chariot and four for the Great Western Railroad, by which they went to Bath, and the next day to Dawlish, where they intend remaining two months, and in April they propose going abroad for a year and passing the next winter in Rome.

There was a great assemblage of spectators, who gave a hearty cheer as they drove off.

[Miss Copley to J. S. C. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *February 19, 1850.*

. . . I mentioned in a letter to Mrs. James Amory that my brother has been afflicted during the last seven months with a gradual decay of sight, and we are hoping that he will be ready for an operation before the season will be too far advanced, as we are told that it must be performed before the end of May or not until the autumn. He has gone to town to see Mr. Dalrymple, the oculist, and I hope upon his return we may know what to expect. Mr. Dalrymple appears to have no doubt as to the result. I am happy to say that his health is good, and we have every reason to hope that his privation is only temporary. . . . Our remaining here or going to London will depend upon the state of my brother's eyes. He cannot see either to read or to write.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

April 19, 1850.

I am not surprised at the anxiety you feel with respect to my brother's eyes. I was unwilling to inform you of their state till the time for the operation drew near, for in absence we are apt to fancy things worse than when we know all the circumstances attending them. He bears his deprivation with patience, looking forward to a speedy cure. I promise you that I will write a line every week till the operation is over and his sight restored. His health is quite good, and his eyes are in a fit state for the operation, and they wait only till the weather is a little more settled. Indeed, it was to have been done last week, but there was a change from warm to cold. All the doctors feel quite confident as to the result.

There is no harm in the removal of the cataract, and it is over in fifteen seconds, but I understand that it will be at least a month before he will be allowed to use his eyes as before.

When he can see again we shall not mind that he has not been able to read a line for more than six months, and for the last two he could not even walk without some one to take care of him, and now he is perfectly helpless. It has been a great trial to all, of course. One of us is always with him.

[The same to the same.]

May 23, 1850.

My brother, Lady Lyndhurst and Georgie, came to Turville on Saturday, and intend returning next Monday, when I hope we shall be able to form an opinion as to the time for the operation on his eye. He must not run any risk by having it hurried on before the weather is quite settled. He is not the least impatient to have it done at once. He is well and in very good spirits. Of course we cannot have any parties while he is in his present state, but many friends, as well as others, call to see him, so

that he does not find the time dull. When Mr. Prescott arrived in London my brother sent him a note, and he returned in answer that he was going for a few days into the country, and that upon his return he would call. This was shortly before the operation, and we have not heard of him since. We have all been charmed with his books and with him.

[The same to the same.]

June 21, 1850.

I am most thankful to have it in my power to tell you that the cataract has been removed successfully from my brother's eye, and that he now sees. What a mercy it is to us all. The eye was opened on Monday, when it was perfectly healed. There was no pain during the operation, which only occupied fifteen seconds, nor has there been any inflammation. In short everything has gone on as favorably as possible. He is still in a dark room with his eyes covered, and that will probably continue another fortnight, but we are now allowed to read to him. He must not read or write himself for some months, but after his deprivation for the last nine months that will be nothing. His health is remarkably good as well as his spirits. He has submitted to this calamity with great patience. The day of the operation and the three following, before the eye was uncovered, was, as you may suppose, a time of great anxiety. Now all danger from accidents is over, and we look forward to the time when he will see as well as he ever did. . . .

June 22, 1850.

I have again the happiness of telling you how delightfully everything has prospered with regard to our dear brother. His sight is perfectly restored, — though he is not yet allowed to use his eyes, and they are still covered with a black crape veil. . . . We are all mourning the death of the Duke of Wellington; it is considered a national calamity.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *December 18, 1850.*

My brother's sight is perfectly restored. If you should happen to hear anything to the contrary, it is all a mistake. It was mentioned in a country paper that his sight was only imperfectly restored, and from this it got into some of the daily papers; but when we go to London he will make his appearance in the House of Lords, and then the report will be found to be wrong. . . . Lady Lyndhurst, finding that I am writing to you, desires me to tell you that the queen expressed in warm terms her congratulations upon my brother's recovery and restoration to health. He was at the levée last week for the first time since 1849.

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

GEORGE STREET, *July 29, 1850.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — I write you a few lines upon a subject which I know deeply interests you, — the state of my sight. It is six weeks since the cataract was extracted, and you will be most happy to learn that the result has been in the highest degree favorable for all the ordinary purposes of life. The sight is sufficient, and when I am allowed to use glasses, for which I must wait a few weeks longer, I shall see as perfectly as at any former period of my life. I feel very grateful to the operator, Mr. Dalrymple, who has effected this result, without causing any pain or suffering, and with very little inconvenience.

My friends here, who were indefatigable in their attention to me during my blindness (with the exception only of my wife!), are, as you may suppose, delighted at the result. Georgie writes this. I mean the elder Georgie, and complacently inserted the above parenthesis. We are just upon the break up, at the close of the season, and shall be at Turville in a few days. Sarah and her husband

[Mr. and Mrs. Selwin] are wandering upon the Rhine, enjoying themselves greatly. Georgie has got a new pony, and is very happy. Aunty and Sophy are perfectly well. Pray remember me kindly to Copley Greene, to Sarah, and to all our kind friends, whom I would mention by name only that the line would last out to the "crack of doom."

Ever, my dear, dearest sister, your affectionate brother,
LYNDHURST.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *October 3, 1850.*

We are all settled down quietly here in our old occupations and habits. My brother is engaged and amused with his farm; he reads as long as the daylight lasts; from that time till dinner Sophy and I read to him; in the evening, which does not begin till near nine o'clock, we talk, play at backgammon, and our old game of whist, which has been discontinued for a year.

His health is as good as it ever was, but we are both, of course, growing older every day, as we must expect to do. I am thankful that I am free from all bodily infirmity, though I am perfectly sensible that I am growing old. . . .

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *October 3, 1850.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,—I write a line at the foot of Aunty's, because I am sure it will give you great pleasure to receive it, as the best proof of the success of the operation which has restored to me the blessing of sight, the full value of which those only can justly appreciate who have had the misfortune to be deprived of it.

I only wish I had the opportunity of using it to recall the features of my dear sister, whose destiny, though happy, has had to me one dark shade, occasioned by the distance which has so long separated us from each other.
God bless you,
LYNDHURST.

We have seen, from the stress laid upon it in the family letters, that the blindness which overtook Lord Lyndhurst was the one marked event of 1850, upon which all the family interest centered. How patiently he bore the long privation of sight was not surprising to those who knew his character. But what was astonishing was the ease with which he endured the confinement, and the slight effect it produced upon a constitution which had undergone the labor and excitement of nearly fourscore years. The year 1851 was marked by several domestic incidents that varied the monotony of the home circle. There was another visit from Mrs. Greene, while the younger members of her family were constantly crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, finding ever a hospitable welcome and a refined courtesy in George Street.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

April 4, 1851.

Our dear brother has entirely recovered from a short indisposition he has had lately, and has made two speeches in the House of Lords, which produced a great sensation. He is rather disappointed in respect to his sight, as he cannot read by candle-light, though for all other purposes it is good, and he is in excellent spirits. . . .

Saturday we are going to Turville, where we shall remain till May, when the grand exhibition will begin, which, between ourselves, I consider a great piece of humbug, if nothing worse comes of it. I expect that all the communists and socialists from France, Italy, and Germany, will come and try to make us as bad as themselves. We have been in hot water the last three months with the Papal Question, etc. It appears to be the general

impression that Lord John Russell and his cabinet must retire, and, if so, there must be a dissolution of Parliament, which will put everybody in a bustle. . . .

Of course you have read the "Scarlet Letter." We on this side of the water are mad about it. Are the Americans as much so?

[The same to the same.]

July 11, 1851.

. . . Lady Lyndhurst and Sophy went to the ball at Guildhall, and were highly amused. Everything was on a most splendid scale, excepting as far as the company was concerned, which was a complete contrast to the balls at the west end of the town.

The citizens' wives and daughters were in high dresses and long sleeves, with cloaks and shawls. They did not appear to have had new dresses on the occasion. . . . My brother is engaged with some political questions. Yesterday I was reading law to him. To-day he has gone to the House, on a committee, and this evening all the family dine with the Jerseys, and after that, a ball.

In consequence of the business not being finished in the House of Lords, our departure is postponed another week, and instead of going to Turville, we have a dinner and a party in the evening.

[The same to the same.]

July 24, 1851.

. . . I have been called away by Mr. Barlow to see the portrait of my brother, which is done for him (Mr. Barlow), and from which he intends to have an engraving; of course you shall have some when they are finished. I am delighted with the portrait. It is as like as possible, and a very pleasant likeness. . . .

My brother made a most excellent speech upon the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. I was not present, though I

had the pleasure of hearing him the previous week, upon the Cape Colony affair. I heard every word that he said, and the House was so still that you might have heard a pin drop.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *September 3, 1851.*

. . . I have not seen my brother looking better than he does now, and his eyes have improved from the rest. He and Lady Lyndhurst are going to London for two days, to take a last look at the Exhibition. The harvest is nearly finished, and on Tuesday we are to have our school feast.

[The same to the same.]

TURVILLE PARK, *September 17, 1851.*

. . . The weather continues most brilliant, and my brother and Lady Lyndhurst are planning a little excursion. They intend going to Southampton and the Isle of Wight to-morrow. I think that a little change will be of service to him. He is remarkably well, but he does not like paying country visits, particularly now, when he must not read. The harvest is finished, the crops excellent, and he is quite satisfied, rather unusual for a farmer. I wish you could see our garden; it is quite beautiful. He desires me to say that he hopes the Americans will not get into a war with Spain.

And so goes on the even tenor of life at Turville Park and George Street, to the end of the year, little pleasures and calm enjoyments taking the place of the serious labors of an earlier date. No want of excitement or listlessness can be traced through the minute details presented in the correspondence. On the contrary, it would seem as if Lord Lyndhurst, in these closing years, were en-

joying a well earned holiday, and that the varied accumulations of knowledge stored up in his retentive memory were now furnishing the mental food necessary for his enjoyment of leisure. Reading, for which he had no time in his early life, as he tells us (not that he had *no love of it*, as his biographer asserts), was, with his farm, the great resource and a new pleasure. A lameness in one leg, unaccompanied by pain, and a fit of the gout, of which his sister speaks as follows, appear the only ills to which he was heir at this date.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

January 23, 1852.

My brother had a smart affair, but all his friends have congratulated him upon the attack. They tell him that he will be much the better for it, and that it will add ten years to his life. Our grandfather, if you recollect, had one fit of the gout, and I hope that it may be the same thing with my brother, for it certainly is not a pleasant thing to be repeated.

[The same to the same.]

March 3, 1852.

. . . The evening after I had dispatched my last letter we were surprised by the resignation of the Russell cabinet. It was expected they would be obliged to resign, as they were unpopular with all parties, but not on that question.

We can hardly tell at present how the new ministers will get on. I hope they will succeed, for the late ministers were ruining the country to keep their own places. Lord Derby was very anxious, and tried hard to get my brother to be a member of his cabinet. He offered him the presidency of the council with an earldom; then the

privy seal ; and lastly, a seat in the cabinet, without any office ; all of which he declined, which I regret, for though he could not take the chancellorship, yet he is so much better than he was last year, he is equal to anything that does not require very hard work. The reason of his refusal is because he cannot afford the expense. It would cost about £800 to be made an earl, and, if he were in the cabinet, he must spend at least a thousand a year more, and, having a pension, he cannot receive any addition. Under these circumstances, you will think, with him, that he has judged wisely.

[The same to the same.]

March 19, 1852.

My brother and myself are here alone, and from his defect of sight requires such constant attendance that I have not been able to write till the last moment. He is quite well, and he has settled to have the other eye operated upon in June. I hope he will take warning, and not use it as he did the other, and not too much at first. . . .

[The same to the same.]

April 14, 1852.

. . . My brother is quite overcome by the kindness of his friends from whom he has no right to expect so much. His health and strength would not stand the laborious work of the chancellorship, or any very hard work ; but if it were not for his sight, he is quite equal to the cabinet. His mind is as clear as it ever was, and he speaks as well, only his voice is less powerful than formerly. He has made up his mind to have the other eye operated upon, and I pray that it may prove successful, for it is a sad privation that he cannot read or write. . . .

May 14, 1852.

I am only just liberated from reading acts of parliament to my brother, and it is very near post hour. . . .

He is better than I have known him for a long time. He attends Parliament regularly, and hopes to do the work there. If he could but use his eyes, what a blessing it would be. We have, however, great cause to be thankful that the calamity is no greater. . . .

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

LONDON, *June 18, 1852.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,— I have, as you suggested, sent a letter addressed to the Governor of Gibraltar, under cover to Copley, at that place, and another to our ambassador at Naples, in like manner, under cover to Copley. I sincerely hope the voyage may prove beneficial to Mrs. Greene. I trust they will not leave Europe without paying us a visit in England. I am sorry to receive such sad accounts from Sarah. I really think another visit to England would be of service to her; it has always on former occasions set her up. Why should she not repeat the experiment?

We will take great care of her here, and do everything to promote her comfort. Pray consider this, and arrange matters so as to give her this chance of a speedy restoration to health. I know from former experience, that nothing can be more irregular than the course of the post, particularly to Naples. I have, therefore, inclosed duplicates of the letters, which I have sent under cover to Copley, that you may forward them, if you have an opportunity, for probably the course of your post, from America, may be more certain than from this country.

Give my best regards to Mr. Amory, to Sarah, and to all our friends in America. Aunty is prosperous, our dear child has entirely recovered, and we are all doing well. Believe me, my dearest sister, yours most affectionately,

LYNDHURST.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

July 9, 1852.

. . . My brother is waiting for a change in the weather for the operation to be performed. He is quite well after all his hard work, and so are the rest of us, though half dead with the heat. We are impatient to get into the country, which we shall do as soon as the eye will permit. . . .

July 30, 1852.

. . . My brother has undergone the operation, and, so far, with success. He is still confined to a dark room. Yesterday he took a drive in a darkened carriage, and we are awaiting his eyes to be uncovered, to go to Turville, which we expect will be in about ten days.

TURVILLE PARK, *August 12, 1852.*

We are just established here, and all well. My brother's eye is quite restored, but he is to be *very* careful. He is still kept in a dark room, and is not to use glasses for three months, and not to read for six. It will be a great blessing when he can help himself again. He has borne his privation with great patience, and now that we know it is to end, we do not mind the present inconvenience.

August 26, 1852.

. . . You will be happy to hear that my brother's sight is quite restored, and we confidently hope that when he is allowed to read, he will see as well as ever. The eye is still covered, but next week he is going to town for a day to see Mr. Bowman, the operator, and I expect he will allow the shade to be removed.

October 14, 1852.

. . . I am happy to be able to say that we are all in the enjoyment of health. The sight of my brother's eye

which was last operated upon is quite restored; he is allowed to read occasionally, for a quarter of an hour, and in six months, Mr. Bowman tells him, he may do as he pleases,—a blessing for which I hope we are thankful.

November 19, 1852.

. . . Yesterday we had the solemn scene of the Duke's [of Wellington] funeral. Lady Lyndhurst and the two girls went to see the procession. It was very imposing and solemn. My brother and I stayed at home. It was too fatiguing and exciting for us old people.

TURVILLE PARK, July 7, 1853.

. . . My brother, since his fit of the gout and the recovery of his sight, is very much better in health and spirits. In fact, if it were not for his lameness, he would be quite a young man [and this at eighty-one].

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD LYNDHURST'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

1853-1858.

POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC GOSSIP. — THE AUTHOR'S VISIT TO LONDON. — DINNER AT BARON ROTHSCHILD'S. — JEWISH DISABILITIES. — PRESCOTT AND MOTLEY. — QUEEN VICTORIA. — ANECDOTES OF THE CHANCELLOR. — REMINISCENCES AND REGRETS.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

TURVILLE PARK, *July 28, 1853.*

. . . My brother is still obliged to be in town to attend in the House. He has been here but a very few days, and we do not expect him before next week. Sarah Selwin was in town on Monday, on her way to another visit, and she wrote a letter in my brother's room. She says "he is looking so rosy and jolly, and in such good spirits, that it is delightful to see him."

TURVILLE PARK, *September 29, 1853.*

. . . We shall remain here till after Christmas, unless war should break out, in which case Parliament must meet, and then, of course, my brother must go to town, and we with him. Appearances are very warlike, and Aberdeen getting very much in disgrace for having been duped by Russia. The question of peace or war must be settled soon.

I do not suppose that Americans care much about this, but here we can think of nothing else ; and as the minis-

ters kept everything from the public till Parliament was up, they have had it all their own way.

TURVILLE PARK, *February 2, 1854.*

. . . My brother has been remarkably well. He is now in London for the opening of Parliament, and will return here by the end of the week. . . .

The queen's speech looks very warlike. If we had had a more decided minister than Lord Aberdeen, that affair would have been settled before this. It is a great misfortune, and he has a great deal to answer for.

TURVILLE PARK, *March 2, 1854.*

You would be delighted to see how well our dear brother is looking. He has just gone to London for Parliament business, and will return on Saturday. This is the third time that he has been there since the meeting of Parliament. . . .

We can think of nothing now but the war with Russia. I hope that you take part with the Turks.

May 12, 1854.

I am happy to say that we are all well, though the weather is still as cold as winter, very different from your spring.

The war and the taxes make everything look gloomy. It must have come sooner or later. How it is to end, no one can tell. It appears from the last arrivals that the Americans take part with the Czar. I am sorry for that; I hope the conservatives do not.

July 6, 1854.

. . . My brother's speech in the House of Lords has made a great sensation. Those who heard it say that he never spoke with more vigor than upon that occasion, nor with a firmer voice. This will delight you. The House

was quite full as it always is when it is known that he is going to speak, and you could have heard a pin drop, it was so silent. The speech [on the Eastern Question, delivered June 19, 1854] has been published, and I will send you one the first opportunity.

TURVILLE PARK, *September 14, 1854.*

. . . I am going to communicate a piece of news which I am sure will give you very great pleasure, that Sophy is engaged to be married to Mr. Hamilton Beckett. You remember Mr. Beckett, afterwards Sir John, who was at Cambridge with my brother? Young Beckett is a nephew of his. His father is in Philadelphia, married to a second wife, an American, I believe. Hamilton is the only child.

December 22, 1854.

I am hardly recovered from the excitement of the wedding, and the preparations that have been in progress for nearly three months, and of course I now feel the contrast. I looked upon Sophy very much as my own child, and I do and shall miss her exceedingly. . . . The wedding was on Thursday. My brother was able to go to church. He had been confined for eight weeks with a very severe fit of the gout. It has now left him, though he is still rather lame, but his health is excellent. . . . Have you received his portrait by Claudet? Do you like it?

April 27, 1855.

. . . Georgie's birthday will be on the fifth, and she is to have a dance to introduce her to the gay world, and Sophy and Hamilton have remained on that account. Hamilton wishes Sophy to be presented, and she wishes to see Georgie presented, which she will be this season, rather early, as she will be only seventeen, but my brother wishes it while he is well; he is remarkably so since his fit of the gout, which was very severe.

Lord Lyndhurst's youngest daughter, the Honorable Georgiana Susan, was married to Charles Du Cane, Esq., M. P., only a few months before his death.

In 1855 one member of Lord Lyndhurst's family, his second daughter, with her husband, Mr. Hamilton Beckett, of whose marriage we have had an account, visited America, passing a short time with her relations in Boston. The travelers expressed themselves charmed with their reception, and it is told with pleasure that they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Winthrop and others; that "they had quite a levee on the first day of their arrival, bouquets and baskets of flowers were showered upon them; and that, in fact, they were overwhelmed with attentions." In 1851, as already mentioned, Mrs. Greene visited Europe, and again in 1855, in the eighty-fifth year of her age; unfortunately she and her niece crossed one another on the trackless deep. To the expostulations of her family, who feared the undertaking would be too severe for her strength, at such an advanced age, and that the fatigue might shorten her life, she replied: "If I die there, let me be buried in England, by the side of my mother." . . .

At this late day, time had but lightly touched the family band: honors had been generously showered upon the brother's head, as we have seen. Lord Derby had offered him the presidency of the council with an earldom, with the title of Lord Copley; the privy seal; and finally, on his refusal, a seat in the cabinet without office; but all this could not

efface his kindly courteous spirit, and in the family circle, genial, even playful, the statesman was forgotten in the refined and delightful companion. Even dissimilarity of political views could not ruffle his exceptionally even temperament, and to the end of his life he retained with his rival and opponent, Lord Brougham, the most friendly relations. So cordial indeed was the latter, that on a special occasion, when Mrs. Greene was expected with other guests at an entertainment in George Street, Lord Brougham desired to be presented to "Lyndhurst's sister" the moment she entered the room. This was her last appearance in London, and the final leave-taking of the brother and sisters.

Refinement, rare in its perfection, was the element of Mrs. Greene's character, and stamped her manners, not like a garment doffed when unnecessary, but wrapping her around at all hours, and on every occasion, — to the meanest as well as to the highest, in the best sense of the term, a *lady*. The thousand little courtesies, the nameless graces of manner that mark consideration for the feelings of others, were but an expression of the heart, singularly guileless, uncalculating, and unselfish, never imagining any neglect or unkindness she was incapable of inflicting.

A youth passed in the atmosphere of art, nourished in the best literature of the language, and mingling familiarly with the gifted and the wise, it is not unnatural that her character should be in harmony with such influences. A chance acquaint-

ance meeting Lord Lyndhurst, told him, about the time of this last visit to London, that he had seen for sale at Messrs. Christie's auction rooms, among the effects of an old gentleman lately deceased in the East Indies, a miniature with the name of "Miss Copley," on faded parchment, pasted on the back of the frame. Supposing it to be a likeness of some member of Lord Lyndhurst's family, he offered to attend the sale and to buy it. The offer was accepted.

The likeness of a young girl of seventeen, in a jaunty hat and feathers, with a profusion of flaxen curls, was immediately recognized, and the amateur artist remembered. Lord Lyndhurst sent the picture to the original, saying he thought it would be of value to her children. It was opened with eager curiosity to catch the first glance at the painting. They asked whether she remembered the artist. The answer it is needless to repeat. What strange destinies had sent the original of that miniature to the far-off Western world, while "the mimic show" of her youth from the East came back to greet her after a parting of nearly seventy years! What events were linked between these periods!

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

February 14, 1856.

We are comfortably settled in George Street, much to my satisfaction, notwithstanding the smoke of London. In winter Paris is only fit for the young and gay.

It certainly did my brother a great deal of good; every one remarks how extremely well he is looking. He made an excellent speech the other day, equal to any of his

former ones. I know that this will give you great pleasure to hear. It was on the 7th of February, on the Peerage Question [for life]. I shall try to send it to you, but I suppose you see the London papers. We are looking forward to peace; some persons seem to doubt whether we shall have it yet. I trust that we shall not be so foolish as to go to war with America. The Democrats appear disposed to quarrel with us. I hope they will not succeed in their object. . . .

May 21, 1857.

This is our brother's birthday, and I am thankful to be able to tell you that his health and spirits are good, and that his mind is as clear as ever, though he is not able to work as hard as he did. He spoke for nearly an hour in the House the other day, without fatigue. I am delighted to hear that Martha is coming to England. I have long wished to be acquainted with her. I scarcely saw her when she was here so many years since. . . .

In 1857, a year of great financial embarrassments in the United States, I sailed for Europe with my daughter and youngest son. My husband was to follow and accompany us to London in the spring of the following year. Being connected with a large business establishment in Boston, he was unable to do so, and we were obliged to go alone, or not to go at all.

We chose the former contingency, and, after a gay winter at the most brilliant period of the second empire, I wrote to my friends in London to inform them of our proposed visit in April, and to beg them to make the necessary arrangements for our arrival.

A suite of rooms in St. James' Street, luxurious carriages and servants, awaited our appearance.

My daughter and myself left Paris, and reached our hotel in time to fulfill an engagement to dine with the Baroness Lionel Rothschild, to meet Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, for whom the dinner was given. The baroness, a German by birth, and cousin of the great composer, Mendelssohn, by whom she was brought up, a most charitable and amiable woman, was deeply interested in the attainment of political equality by her race, and she almost revered the powerful advocate of their rights in the House of Lords.

Nothing could exceed the splendor of the banquet. Silver and gold plate shone on the table and buffets; exquisite flowers delighted the eye; while the retinue of servants, in full dress, so well trained that not a foot-fall told of their presence, and the ease and repose which prevailed, the result of perfect training, were forgotten in the distinction of the company. The scene impressed me greatly, and the more as it was in honor of my uncle, who was at that time greatly interested in the bill to remove the political disabilities of the Jews. In consequence of his lameness, I did not meet Lord Lyndhurst until we reached the table. I should have recognized him from his resemblance to the numerous prints of him, so familiar to my eye, not from any recollection of his features which I had retained from my meeting in 1835.

A certain family likeness to my mother I could trace, however, in the still fine looking, elderly man, who greeted me and his great niece, for the first time. "I am charmed with her," he said,

“she looks so nice!” “Would you like her as well,” I laughingly asked, “if she did not look nice?” “Frankly, I fear not quite so well, my dear,” he answered, in the same tone.

I was seated at his side, and among the unknown guests, a lady opposite said to me, “Do you know Mary? I ask, because I am told you are an American.” I quietly hinted that there were so many Marys between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts that I needed a farther clue to the lady in question, to give a satisfactory answer.

“Oh, I mean my niece, Mary Napier; her husband, you know, is our minister at Washington.” Fortunately I could plead an intermediary acquaintance through my mother. The second question was whether Mrs. Stowe was *black*. This, however, was often asked in Europe at the time “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” appeared.

“Will you and your daughter come to my party next week?” asked another. I accepted with happy security that the baroness or my relations would enlighten me as to the hostess’ name and residence, adding, however, that the lady was very kind to invite us, when she did not even know our names.

“That is true,” she replied, “I do not, but it is enough that you are the nieces of Lord Lyndhurst, and with him here.” The lady proved to be the widow of a royal duke.

Thus we were fully launched on the broad current of English society, in the rush of the season, — the talisman of a name, like a modern *sesamé*,

throwing open every door in London. Another still more splendid and prolonged fête, in Lord Lyndhurst's honor, to which we were also bidden, was given by the Baroness Meyer Rothschild, at her Venetian villa at Mentmore, — rather palace than villa, however. The baroness had sent early in the week to have the house and grounds put in perfect order. Such pictures, such furniture, such park scenery, race horses, and hounds! Such a breakfast and lunch *al fresco*, afterwards a dinner at Baron Antony's, as words cannot describe.

The company was confined to the Rothschild family, including Mme. Alphonse, from Paris, who was very young, very pretty, and very delicate in appearance; and to Lord Lyndhurst, with the addition of a few distinguished gentlemen, so that the guests did not exceed twenty-five in number. A special steam carriage was provided to carry them to their destination, and to bring them back, after every appliance for their amusement had been exhausted, — each establishment belonging to the three branches of the great Rothschild family contributing to enhance the beauty and magnificence of the display, on which, for once, sky and earth, sun and moon, shone without a cloud.⁴⁷

May 1st was my uncle's birthday. "Be sure, my dear, you bring me a bouquet," he said, in advance of time. I answered, "Only the poets should be crowned with flowers; you deserve a laurel wreath." "Women bring flowers only, and I like them better than laurels on that account."

Motley was in London, engaged in bringing out

his History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and beginning to be known personally. Prescott had left behind him delightful memories of his social attractions, as well as full appreciation of his works. "He reminds me of Hume," said Lord Lyndhurst. "You have now an American Hume, with the same dispassionate, finished style." "Do you like him or Motley best, as an historian?" I asked. "I admire Mr. Prescott both as a writer and a companion, but you must forgive me if I say that I prefer Motley's style. It is like a mighty torrent that carries along one's interest in the narrative, irresistibly." The first interview between the brilliant Motley and the still beautiful and talented Mrs. Norton, is something to remember. After the first few words of greeting, she exclaimed, in her low, sweet tones, to her delighted guest: "How pleasant to be on the lip of Fame!" To this he could only reply in hushed accents: "Who can know this better than yourself?" I had this account of the introduction from Motley, on the day it happened, on our way to a garden party at Lady Dufferin's villa, near London.

As I grew more at ease, I would ask a thousand questions of Lord Lyndhurst's early experiences in America, and even remind him of his first love, and wonder how he could allow my mother to go to another hemisphere. "My dear," he gravely replied, "my sister made an excellent match in marrying your father." No levity of mind could disturb his well balanced judgment. I delighted to inquire about the queen, a subject of especial

interest to us women, who can but faintly enter into the life of female royalty, and to whom we do not attach the idea of "*office*" so much as we consider her rather an anomaly of nature.

Lord Lyndhurst appreciated her great qualities justly; with a compliment to Queen Victoria's accomplishments as a woman, he added that she was a most agreeable and intelligent conversationist. He particularly instanced the simplicity and ease of her manners, on a special occasion at Windsor Castle, walking up and down the long gallery and talking most agreeably. When, however, Prince Albert entered, he observed a marked change in the constrained and altered manner of the queen, which the known attachment of the prince to the punctilious ceremonial of the German courts explained. We have all delighted in the little anecdote of the child life of the present Crown Princess of Prussia, who was indulging in very violent tones and saucy manners, which the royal mamma was trying in vain to silence on the entrance of the lord chancellor and one or two other high dignitaries of the cabinet, who caught the following expressions of the angry child: "You are the littlest woman in your kingdom; yes, yes, you are the littlest — littlest woman in, in" — the last words dying away in the distance, as the poor child was dragged away to retirement, if not punishment.

I shall never forget the crowd of young and beautiful women that hung around the courteous ex-chancellor at a gay ball at Lady Jersey's, whose

splendid house was for so many years the resort of the conservative element of London society. Lady Jersey, a beauty and a power for so many years in the world of fashion, had developed into what, by courtesy, is styled a well-preserved woman, — large, coarse, without a trace of beauty or charm of manner. I could not realize she was the same woman whose interest had so touched the heart of Byron and softened his exile. Lady Clementina Villiers, who died soon after, was still fair and attractive. We were engaged to pass Whitsun week at Leddesley, Staffordshire, at Lord Hatherton's. When we took leave of Lord Lyndhurst, before our departure, he told me to give his compliments to Lord Talbot, and say from himself that he might be sure of a verdict in his favor within the week. A suit was pending between Lord Talbot and the Duke of Norfolk, for the Earldom of Shrewsbury, the oldest in England. Immense estates were also to be contested, which did not necessarily go with the title.

Lord Lyndhurst added, "He will be pleased if you tell him I think he will gain both," — a message which I could not forget, and which I enjoyed giving, as I had an opportunity to do when we went with our host to visit the old Elizabethan structure, Ingestre.

"The highest authority in Great Britain, and I am delighted to hear Lord Lyndhurst's opinion, though I was not willing to ask for it!" Lord Talbot exclaimed. He himself showed us over the superb grounds, which were somewhat neglected, and the fine old house.

More than two decades have elapsed since that visit to London, and almost all the distinguished men it was my privilege to meet have passed into history : Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Lord Brougham, Lord Stanley, Lord John Russell, and a host of other names not less distinguished, comprising that of Lord Lyndhurst.

Leaving London on a circuit of visits, after which we made a few weeks' excursion to Switzerland, we returned to England, and joined Lord Lyndhurst's party at St. Leonards on the Sea ; having had the courage to decline a very pressing invitation to accompany our delightful host, Lord Hatherton, to Dublin, on a visit to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. That office was then held by Lord Carlisle, whose visit to Boston, previous to 1858, is still remembered with pleasure by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Many golden opportunities slip away in the hurry of travel, which, in after years, we regret we did not seize "on the wing." This is one which escaped our grasp.

My mother received the following letter from her brother, after our departure from England.

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

ST. LEONARDS ON THE SEA, *September 21, 1858.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — We have had the happiness to see a good deal of Mrs. Amory and her daughter during their residence in England, and they are now with us at this place. We have been quite charmed with them. They seem to have enjoyed in the highest degree their visit to Europe, and to England in particular ; they have

mixed with the best society, and they will return to the States with very favorable impressions.

Susan has been riding with my daughter Georgie, and will become a capital equestrian; she is very handsome and has a fine figure. I am in pretty good health, but with gout and old age I have become very lame, while, we are told, you are full of activity, which gives us great pleasure. Aunty, as we call her [Miss Copley], is not strong, has some gouty symptoms, but on the whole rubs on pretty well in her quiet way. We have been sadly disappointed, as you must be on your side of the water, by the failure of the telegraph. I fear it cannot be set right. Remember me kindly to all our friends, and in particular to Mr. James Amory.

Dear sister, yours,

LYNDHURST.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST YEARS AND DEATH OF LORD LYNDHURST.

1859-1868.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BOSTON.—LYNDHURST'S VIEWS ON THE SOUTHERN REBELLION.—NEUTRALITY OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—MASON AND SLIDELL.—HABITS AND PLEASURES OF THE AGED STATESMAN.—HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.—LAST ILLNESS AND PEACEFUL DEATH.—LINES TO HIS MEMORY.—REVIEW OF CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF LYNDHURST.—DEATH OF HIS SISTER, MRS. GREENE.—LINES TO HER MEMORY.—DEATH OF HIS SISTER MARY.—CONCLUSION, AND VINDICATION OF LORD LYNDHURST FROM THE CALUMNY OF CAMPBELL.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

April 4, 1860.

WE have had a most severe and trying winter and spring, but I am thankful to say that we all have gone through the season without any serious illness. Of course we are all growing older every day. My brother is remarkably well. He spoke in the House on Tuesday for an hour and a quarter, without being fatigued, which is a great thing to say.

November 2, 1860.

. . . I hope you have been gratified with the visit of our prince. I am impatient to see the account of his reception in Boston.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston, in 1859, was an interesting incident, and the more because he did not forget the sister of so eminent a subject, but requested his suite to call upon her

and say that had he paid any visits, the first would have been upon Lord Lyndhurst's sister. She received this mark of princely courtesy with her usual simplicity, and as a natural expression of consideration for her brother's services. We heard on the return to London that he told her uncle he had had the pleasure of dancing with his beautiful niece at the ball given in his honor in Boston.

[Lord Lyndhurst to James S. Amory, Esq.]

GEORGE STREET, *May 15, 1861.*

MY DEAR MR. AMORY, — I have been confined some time by successive attacks of gout. I ventured to the House of Lords, and, standing to address a few observations upon a measure in which I took an interest, I unfortunately brought on a fresh attack from which I am only just recovering. I feel most grateful to you for your most kind and interesting letters. You cannot overrate the anxiety we feel at the position of affairs in the United States. I may add that the feeling is universal here. The commencement of civil war we look upon with absolute horror, and, difficult as the situation of things is, it is everywhere hoped that this greatest of evils will still be avoided. The conduct of our government will be one of absolute non-interference. Whatever may be our inclinations, our acts will be, as far as possible, strict and absolute neutrality. It is hoped you will not treat the Southern seceders as rebels, in your conduct of the war, but as a *de facto* government, entitled to the ordinary belligerent rights. Any other course will lead to intolerable evils. You talk of treating their letters of marque as *pirates*. I sincerely hope that this course will not be pursued, as it would only lead to the most dreadful reprisals. Excuse this short note.

Yours, sincerely,

LYNDHURST.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *August 15, 1861.*

. . . My brother and myself are both so deaf that we cannot converse as much as we did formerly. I have a great deal to be thankful for; few persons I believe have had less real trouble than I have had. . . . I am very much distressed at the unhappy state of your country. I sincerely hope that none of our near friends are engaged personally in the melancholy war. . . . Our brother is wonderfully well.

[The same to the same.]

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *October 9, 1861.*

. . . I fear you must be very much distressed at the state of public affairs in America. We have so many friends there that it is very distressing, and it appears, at present, that there is no prospect of a termination of the war. It is melancholy that such a country should be in such a state. We are taught that all things are for the best, and we must wait with patience. We have had some anxiety this summer on account of my brother's health; you have heard of him from the H——'s, as they saw him and Lady Lyndhurst often. I am happy to say that he was able to return here ten days since, and that he is very much better, and we hope that the air of this place will make him quite well again. . . .

[The same to the same.]

December 20, 1861.

I am very anxious about our connection with America. We are waiting with impatience the President's determination for peace or war, as the result must depend on his answer. God grant that it may not be war. It would be a most distressing one.

[Lord Lyndhurst to James S. Amory, Esq.]

GEORGE STREET, *June 6, 1861.*

MY DEAR MR. AMORY, — Mr. Motley left this by the last packet. He promised to see Mrs. Greene and to give an account of us here. We have for some time been below our usual condition, myself gouty, and Georgie still weak; European politics uncertain; American, very unsatisfactory; the Northern States, perhaps I should say the United States, apparently displeased with us. Our policy is, I think, very straightforward and correct. Absolute neutrality in the first place: non-interference in this sad contest. But it cannot be denied that, according to the usual doctrines of international law, the seceding states, from their numbers, their strength, and organization, are to be regarded as a belligerent power, and should be treated as such. We have determined not to permit any captured vessel, taken by either party, to be brought into our ports. We have given directions to observe the usual rules with respect to blockaded ports, and prohibited our people, under severe penalties, from taking any part in this unhappy warfare.

In addition to all this, I may add that the almost universal feeling is in favor of the Northern States, and that the secession is at variance with the principles of the Constitution, and not justified by any of the alleged grievances. Faithfully yours,

LYNDHURST.

[Lord Lyndhurst to Mrs. Greene.]

GEORGE STREET, *January 2, 1862.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — I congratulate you upon entering on the new year, as, I trust, in health and spirits. Long may you continue in the enjoyment of these blessings.

Remember me kindly to our friends, by whom you are, no doubt, at this season, as usual, surrounded, and particularly to Mr. James Amory.

We are waiting, with some anxiety, for the answer to our application for the surrender of the two prisoners [Mason and Slidell]. I hope there will be a ready compliance with our demand. The conduct of Captain Wilkes being so flagrant a violation of international law, there is but one opinion in Europe upon the subject. To do what justice requires cannot, among reasonable men, be construed into an act of degradation. As I wrote some time ago, a refusal will be immediately followed by war. I hope that event, should it unfortunately occur, will not materially interrupt our intercourse, or in any way divide the branches of our family, hitherto so united in regard and friendly feeling. My dearest, yours,

LYNDBURST.

[Miss Copley to Mrs. Greene.]

January, 1862.

. . . I most sincerely hope that there will soon be an end to this horrid civil war. Your newspapers are so very violent, and of such contrary opinions, that it is impossible to guess what will be the President's answer to our government, — whether for peace or war, we shall hear by the next mail. War with America will be a dreadful calamity. I pray God it may be peace.

[Lord Lyndhurst to James S. Amory, Esq.]

GEORGE STREET, *August 8, 1862.*

MY DEAR MR. AMORY, — I duly received your somewhat mournful letter. Its contents were deeply interesting. Whether things will improve, seems doubtful. If not, they must inevitably become worse. There is one thing which surprises me in all communications from the United States, that is, their constant complaint and irritation against this country. The country, as far as foreign powers are concerned, is represented by the government: by the government only. The newspapers repre-

sent the opinions of individuals, according to their several views, which the government has no power to direct or to restrain. Now what has been the conduct of our government in this terrible conflict? Perfect and disinterested neutrality! A neutrality far more advantageous to the North than to the South. A neutrality under which our operatives are suffering the severest privations, almost without murmuring, and which, great as the evil is, have not the slightest effect in inducing the government or Parliament to change its policy. Of what then do the Northern States complain? What act has been committed by England affording any reasonable ground of complaint?

For any wrong done, the government is always ready to afford redress. Every complaint is listened to, where any cause exists, with temper and patience, and with every desire to do justice.

In a struggle of this fearful nature, individuals will form their own opinions. They must be permitted to do so. It would be inconsistent with the principles of a free government, like that of the United States, to wish to put a restraint upon the expression of that opinion. But it is to the acts and language of the government, and not to the opinions of this or that individual, that the Northerners, as a community, should look, as the just grounds for their favor or enmity. Excuse this loose preaching, and believe me to be, ever yours,
LYNDHURST.

[The same to the same.]

GEORGE STREET, *April 24, 1863.*

MY DEAR MR. AMORY, — I have been very unwell the last few days with gout and its troublesome effects, but I cannot omit writing to thank you for your last very interesting letters. The state of affairs between the two countries is becoming very uncomfortable, not to say alarming.

The seizure of our vessels, bound to neutral ports, has produced, as its effect, great and general irritation, and led to violent speeches in Parliament and abusive articles in our newspapers, — short only of the tone of some declaimers in Congress, in public meetings, and papers, on your side of the Atlantic.

I anxiously hope that the moderation of our respective governments may be such as to allay this ferment, and to keep us out of the calamity of war. Your efforts in the Southwest do not appear likely to be attended with success, and the first movement against Charleston is supposed to have been repulsed. Still it does not seem that failures of this sort are likely to lead to peace. They appear only to excite irritation, and a determination to make still greater efforts in pursuance of the great object of reducing the South to subjection. Famine, if the accounts are to be relied upon, may assist, but I am sorry to say all compromise seems hopeless. Pray present our kind regards to all. Yours faithfully,

LYNDBURST.

We have reached the last letter written by Lord Lyndhurst, a short time before the close of the civil war, terminating a correspondence of seventy-four years. Of this, a considerable portion perished, among which were several letters to myself, of great interest, received after our return to America, at the end of 1858.

Before closing this imperfect sketch of a remarkable life, I desire to do justice, however faint, to the impression Lord Lyndhurst left on my mind, nearly a quarter of a century after I first met him in Paris. Brilliant as he then was, time had eventually produced a great change in that lofty spirit.

Though still deeply interested in the country of his affections, he had ceased to take any selfish concern in politics, since he had declined all temptations to join Lord Derby's first cabinet. Party questions continued to interest him, but only so far as they had any influence on what he considered the good of the nation. Far from the restraints of office and the trammels of party, he still weighed the questions of public interest and judged the passing events of the day with something of the passionless impartiality with which we are told, in the old mythologies, disembodied spirits watch over the strife of those still in the flesh. Though attached to the political party of Lord Derby by the convictions of his whole lifetime, yet, when the good of the country required it, in his judgment, he would ask questions and demand explanations, which were often very embarrassing to the ministerial benches.

It was an affecting sight to see the venerable peer, on the verge of four-score years and ten, rise to address the House of Lords, supported by a cane, in the midst of the most profound silence, every word clearly and perfectly enunciated. When increased weakness made standing a fatiguing effort, he was requested to retain his seat while speaking, but in the chivalrous spirit that would have done honor to a Bayard, the knight "sans peur and sans reproche," he never, I think, availed himself of the privilege.

At this time Lord Lyndhurst was a prisoner to his wheel chair; most of his hours were passed in

the old "painting room," full of the familiar objects and memories of his youth; numerous sketches and pictures, some of his own choice, covered the walls; a few well-worn volumes occupied the low shelves around, with none of the luxurious appliances and splendid bindings of the richly appointed libraries so common at the present day. Rising about eight o'clock in the morning, after minute attention to the duties of the toilet, about which he had always been most scrupulous, and partaking a morning meal of almost abstemious frugality, he was glad to receive the various friends who sought his society for pleasure or advice. His principal solace, however, was reading. Entering his room one day when he seemed to be immersed in a law book of ponderous size, to my playful remark, that I supposed that was his favorite work, he replied, drawing from beneath a small volume and handing it to me, "I like this far better; so well, I wish you would read it; it reminds me of my boyhood;" it was one of the popular productions of the time, "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." On the same occasion, hearing a few words quoted from Pope's beautiful poem, "The Rape of the Lock," he took up the line, repeating stanza after stanza without the slightest apparent effort of memory, with the most harmonious emphasis. To the careless question whether he could always carry on a quotation thus, Lady Lyndhurst replied, that at night, when unable to sleep, he would repeat long passages from his favorite Latin poets, especially Horace; at this he smiled and

said, "Nothing, my dear, but a retentive memory." This too on the verge of ninety.

In fine weather a short drive varied the monotony of the day. To the last, he retained his relish for social pleasures, and delighted to welcome a few friends in the evening, after which a game of backgammon or whist followed, both of which he played very indifferently; moreover, he disliked being beaten.

Occasionally, as we have seen, he would grace with his presence the most brilliant circles in London, of which it may be truly said he was the greatest ornament; in these, surrounded by the young and beautiful, no less than by those eminent for rank and talent, he was received and listened to with deference, or rather reverence.

Having lingered through the long tedious hours of a hot July evening for the privilege of hearing him address the House of Lords, and leaving at last in despair, I was much disappointed the next morning at learning that I had missed the opportunity, as he had spoken with his usual felicity for a couple of hours.

When I regretted the loss of an occasion which might never again recur, he said, with a smile, "You ought to have been more patient; no matter, to recompense you for waiting so long in vain, next time I make a speech I will pay a compliment to your native state." He had the peculiarity of being unwilling to say, even if he knew himself, when he meant to offer any remarks on any subject in the House of Lords, and disliked to hear

that his personal friends were to be present; moreover, by his own testimony, he never rose to address that assembly without a feeling of nervous agitation. Some months later, being absent from England, on taking up "The Times," the following sentence met my eye. The speech was in favor of making marriage legal with a deceased wife's sister. In an argument in its favor he said: "In New England, the most moral and intelligent community perhaps on the face of the earth, and where I have near and valued relatives, I learn there is no prejudice against this custom," etc. . . . I recalled the promise he had made, and the question which he had once asked me, how the subject was regarded in my native state. He liked to explain the difference between the discussions in the British Parliament and those of the American Congress: the former, he said, were "debates;" the latter, "speeches."

After lunching with the family, my daughter and myself were preparing to leave without bidding him adieu, when a servant entered and said Lord Lyndhurst wished to see us before we left. We therefore repaired to his apartment for the last melancholy words of parting. This is my last personal reminiscence of this eminent man, whom I can never forget, nor the tear that gathered in his eye, still bright from the light within, as I turned to catch another glance as the carriage rolled slowly away from his door. His correspondence with his American relations continued uninterrupted until a few weeks previous to his death.

At the breaking out of the rebellion he wrote thus to Mrs. Greene: "How strange that you and I should live to witness two revolutions in the same country," and he continued to express the greatest anxiety about the result.

His letters were worthy of such a pen, beautiful in mechanical execution; every word and every sentence was the exact index to the writer's meaning, — not a syllable could be added or omitted without injury. As his physical powers declined, the intellectual appeared more remarkable. After he had entered upon his ninetieth year, he went through the problems of Euclid to ascertain whether he was still capable of effort in mathematics.

A remarkable passage in a letter written some time previous to his favorite sister, after, as it appears from the context, he had partially retired from public affairs, was in substance as follows: "Now that I have more time for reflection, and for a review of my past life, I find much to regret, and I am going to begin the work, which I am sure you have already done, of putting my house in order."

Unostentatiously and humbly he kept this object steadily in view, bringing the powers of his rare intellect to the critical examination of the proofs of Christianity, and becoming a member of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, which had been attended by the family for four generations. He was most warmly attached to its rector, Dr. Howarth, and fully appreciated the excellence of his character.

Cheerfully and in earnest, as we know from the testimony of those who were with him, he finished the great work he had to do for Time and Eternity. . . .

One more letter (his last), written at his dictation, from Tunbridge Wells, September 9, 1863, to Mr. James Amory, gives the melancholy account of failing health and strength, and is as follows : "I received your letter brought by Mr. Mason, but I did not see that gentleman, which I much regret, for when he called in George Street we were established at Tunbridge Wells, and I believe he left immediately for Paris. You will, I am sure, be sorry to learn that I have derived no benefit from this place; on the contrary, I have been every day getting sensibly weaker and weaker. We shall not return to London until about the middle of the month."

This was followed by short and discouraging accounts of his health by the members of his family. "He was not as well as usual." "He cared less to take his accustomed drive or to see his friends." "His spirits were depressed." "His strength visibly decreased." The telegraph daily flashed across the Atlantic the account of his condition, till there was nothing more to say, for death and silence go hand in hand. His last hours were peaceable and painless, and the weakness that touched the frame left the vigorous intellect undimmed to the last. His one wish was to be released; his only longing to lay down the burden of the flesh.

Life and its concerns had no longer any attrac-

tion for the great statesman, whose earthly work was done, and he longed for dismissal. Free from repining, his love and interest in those he was about to leave forever were undiminished: every member of his family came in for a share of his affections. His loving heart was large enough not only to embrace wife and children, but to feel a deep interest in the most distant friends, and in the humblest dependent.

When he returned to George Street, soon after the date of the letter quoted above, the dining-room, as more spacious and airy, became his sick chamber. There ministering friends soothed his last hours and listened to his final words. The fond, lingering gaze of the only and highly gifted son, dwelt on the delineation of his infant life, "drawn by the father's hand;" all the varied memories of his youth and of his much loved home crowded on his mind. Calling his daughter to his bedside, and pointing to "The Family Picture" before him: "See, my dear," he exclaimed, "the difference between me *here* and *there*!" As the world was fast receding from his mortal vision, he faintly murmured, in accents that those who listened will never forget: "Happy, happy, supremely happy!" Yes, happy in life, beloved and honored, and thrice happy in such a death.

His remains were consigned to the Kensal Green Cemetery, where a noble sarcophagus was erected to his memory by the devoted wife and companion of his later years.

A record of Lord Lyndhurst's belief in the truth

of revelation, and his view of the scheme of redemption, was found in his own hand, after his death, in the drawer of his writing table.

The following beautiful and most descriptive lines appeared in one of the papers of the day, soon after his death, October 11, 1863, aged ninety-one years, and nearly six months.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, LORD LYNDHURST.

BORN, MAY 21, 1772; DIED, OCTOBER 11, 1863.

Another high head, bowed unto the grave,
 That bore its weight of wellnigh five-score years
 Lightly, as weaker trees their honors wave,
 'Neath fifty autumns' joys, griefs, hopes, and fears.

He lived out the Republic of the West,
 Whose cradle with his own stood side by side ;
 On manhood's verge he stood when France from rest
 Woke Earth's dead bones, and shook thrones far and wide.

Long times of mighty wars he had lived through :
 He had watched wondrous growths of peaceful arts, —
 All that most moulds our manners, through and through,
 Resting or moving, in our homes and marts, —

He had seen grow from thought or into seed,
 From seed to shoot, from shoot to forest tree ;
 And through that hundred years' great thought and deed,
 Ever in vanward of the fight was he.

A keen, cold, clear, if not deep-seeing eye, —
 An eye that looked on life as most men look
 On mathematic symbols, turned away
 By no unmastered passion from the book.

A brain in whose clear depths facts ordered lay,
For the calm will to fetch and rank and use ;
A mood that with life's business blended play,
Yet never play and business would confuse.

Nor his the restless and far-reaching mind
That from its Pisgah's height sees promised lands ;
So keen to mark the present, it seemed blind
To all that lay past reach of eyes and hands.

A mind conservative of progress gained,
Rather than onward urging ; ranging still
With those who stoutly the old ways maintained,
And yield no foot of vantage by their will.

But years had brought him wisdom and their calm :
The clear head still was clear, the vigorous brain
Still wrought as potently, but like a balm
A gentleness blent with its sternest strain.

And at the last he stood, remote, revered,
Upon his pinnacle of heaped-up years,
Of petty blots and party scandal cleared,
Grave and sedate in council with his peers.

No living mind took in so wide a range
Of life, no eye more piercing in its scan
Gauged, from its lonely height, the scenes of change,
Through which his secular experience ran.

How many links break with his closing life,
And bid us count the few gray heads that stand
Landmarks of that half-century of strife,
Whose hard-won conquests have enriched our land.

Lord Lyndhurst's death was followed by that of his eldest sister, Mrs. Greene, in 1866, at the advanced age of ninety-six years.

After her last visit to Europe, her life was one of comparative retirement, alternately passed in the country, by the sea-side, or at her own much loved home in Beacon Street, endeared to her as near the spot on which her father's house had stood, and which was still in existence when she arrived in America.

As time wore away, the stern realities of life gave way to the pleasures of retrospection ; again in fancy she visited the home and the land of her youth, both of which she so dearly loved ; again she walked hand in hand with the mother who was to her the personification of maternal loveliness. The saloon in George Street, with its painted treasures, opened to her view, and her father's pictures, which from time to time followed her from England, became realities ; they embodied everything that was delightful in the past.

Through the long hours of the day, or the sleepless watches of the night, hymns of praise and of thanksgiving were poured out in ceaseless succession, till at last tired nature sank to rest without a sigh or a groan.

ELIZABETH CLARKE GREENE.

1770. 1866.

Life's longest day is done. —
 Ah ! gentle rest,
 Come to the weary one !

Nearly a hundred years
 Circled her round,

Seldom in time appears
One life so crowned.

Destiny surely smiled
On all it brought her;
New England's, Old England's, child,
Famed artist's daughter.

Home where the children grew
Dear to each other,
Ere kings and nations knew
The name of her brother.

Hers was no thorny way.
No tempest's wrath
Burst on the prosperous day,
Or rent her path.

Yet on the dial's face
Shadows must fall,
Marking time's silent pace
Stealing on all!

So o'er her life was shed
Gladness and sorrow,
As the swift moments fled
On to the morrow.

Thus day by day went by,
And while they move
Children wrought tenderly
Their mission of love.

As when her mother's hand
Soothed her to sleep,
So did that household band
Faithful watch keep.

Still through the silent night
Viewless ones came,

And in their soundless flight
Whispered her name.

Then passed her soul away,
Then she awoke ;
And on a fresher day
Morning light broke.

ANNA C. S. WATERSTON, *February 13, 1866.*

We visited London again in 1867. How changed it seemed in the ten years that had elapsed since we were there last. My uncle's place was empty, his house so altered that I had to seek the number on the door to recognize it, and Lady Lyndhurst installed in a delightful suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, for which she was indebted to the thoughtful kindness of the queen.

Mary Copley, or Aunty, as Lord Lyndhurst familiarly addressed her, though in her ninety-sixth year, was still but little changed, and in the full possession of her faculties, though gradually growing more infirm. She expressed the same desire to be released that her brother had done. Her wish was gratified: on the 23d of April, 1868, she passed away without pain.

She was buried by the side of the brother who had been so dear to her through her long life. Her letters, simple and unpretending as they are, both in style and material, are a lasting monument to the singularly sympathetic and kindly nature of one whose "Life," as related by Lord Campbell, begins with a calumny.

"The account which he [Copley] sent to the

genealogists, seems to disclose a weakness: that he was unreasonably ashamed of his family."

Again: "He was wonderfully clear and forcible, but he could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate, having nothing in unison with them in his own heart."

I appeal to the letters from and to Lord Lyndhurst for the verdict which history will pronounce between the calumniator and his victim.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

THE IZARD FAMILY. See p. 77.

THE following letter from the present owner of Copley's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Izard, addressed to the author of this volume, gives further details beyond what are presented in the body of the work:—

“As you ask for a short sketch of Mr. Izard's life, in connection with any information that I may be able to give you concerning the artist during the winter he spent in Rome, I will state that Mr. Izard's ancestors were English, and that they came to America during the reign of Queen Anne. They settled in South Carolina, where they acquired considerable possessions in different parts of the State. He was an only son, and having inherited large landed estates, consisting principally of rice plantations in the neighborhood of Charleston, he, after having been sent to Hackney School in England, finished his education at the University of Cambridge, and returned to America, where he soon married Miss Alice De Lancey, daughter of Peter De Lancey, of Westchester County, New York. In 1771, he again went to England, where he lived in a house that he purchased for himself in London.

“In the autumn of 1774 he commenced a tour upon the Continent, and passed several months of the winter in Rome. It was during the journey from France to England that he met your grandfather, who was traveling in the same direction, and it was then that an acquaintance, which afterwards became an intimacy, was commenced. While they were in Rome together, Mr. Copley was persuaded to take these portraits, and, they be-

ing the only ones he undertook while there, he was able to devote to his work all the painstaking care for which he is so justly celebrated. The two are seated at a table, and Mrs. Izard, who is supposed to have sketched in crayon the group of statuary that is in the background, is handing it to her husband, so as to hear what his criticism is. The story of this group is a peculiar one, and having found a description of it in the 'London Literary Magazine,' for 1788, vol. i., p. 193, I will here quote it: —

“‘The Roman Senate having found it impossible to conclude an important debate, in which they had been engaged, adjourned to the day following, and enjoined upon all the members to observe the most profound secrecy until the affair should be brought to a determination. Young Papirius, who, according to the custom of that time, had accompanied his father to the senate house, was closely interrogated by his mother, when he returned, concerning the business upon which the Senate had been employed. His reply was, that he had been ordered to be silent, and on that account was not at liberty to grant her wishes. The curiosity of the lady was still more excited by this answer, and the youth, finding that he was pressed by her more and more to discover what he was unwilling to reveal, devised the following ingenious expedient to get rid of his mother's importunities without disobeying the Senate. He told his mother that the question under consideration was whether it would be more for the advantage of the Republic that one man should have two wives or one woman two husbands.

“‘The lady, alarmed at this information, immediately hastened to communicate it to her female acquaintances. The intelligence was soon spread, and next morning the senate house was beset by a crowd of ladies, who, with tears in their eyes, humbly begged that the Senate would decree that one woman should have two husbands rather than one husband two wives. The senators, astonished at this tumult, were lost in conjecture, when young Papirius, rising up, related in what manner he had imposed upon the credulity of his mother. The whole assembly admired and applauded his ingenuity; and it was ordered that he alone, for the future, of all the Roman youth, should be entitled to have free access into the senate house whenever he

thought proper. The surname of Prætextatus was also given him, because he had shown so much prudence in concealing a secret at so early an age.'

"In the extreme background is the Roman Amphitheatre, which serves to fix the locality, as the above described group is said to have been, for some years, in the garden of the Villa Reale, Naples.

"We have some letters of Mr. Izard's in our possession, but none that refer to that period. His correspondence, at his death, became the property of one of his daughters, Mrs. W. A. Deas, of New York, and I have been informed by one of her granddaughters, now living in Michigan, that the whole was destroyed at Petersburg during the late war. This is most unfortunate, as, in the letters from Rome, there must have been many allusions to one whom they doubtless saw several times every week, during the whole of their stay there. The three made the trip to Pæstum together, which incident must have increased the intimacy, and it is more than likely that the letters, written from Italy by Mr. Izard, also contained allusions to their companion. It seems probable that the understanding was that the picture should be delivered in London, where Mr. Izard had his dwelling-house, and where Copley intended to return. So that it was rolled up in Rome for the voyage, and it was never unrolled again for more than fifty years. The near approach of the American Revolution so unsettled all commercial transactions that remittances from home came at very uncertain intervals, and Mr. Izard never felt that he could spare from his reduced income the two hundred guineas which was the price agreed upon. It was therefore stowed away in the artist's garret, in London, where it remained, almost forgotten, until the year 1825, when my father, the late Charles Manigault, who was one of Mr. Izard's grandsons, being in England, applied to Mrs. Copley for it and brought it home. It may be interesting to add that at that time [1825] there was an import duty on paintings from abroad, which was afterwards removed, to be again established within a few years; and upon the statement being made to the then Secretary of the Treasury that this painting had been a part of the personal effects of one of the Commissioners to a European government during the Revo-

lution, which from unavoidable circumstances he was prevented from bringing with him, it was admitted duty free. Mr. Izard remained in London until 1777, when he crossed over to France with his family.

“Shortly after he received the appointment from the Continental Congress of Commissioner to Tuscany. He never went to Florence, however, as it was intimated to him that the Grand Duke was unwilling to receive openly, and in his official capacity, an agent of certain revolted colonies of Great Britain. He therefore, in 1780, decided to return to America, and was shortly after his arrival elected to Congress, where he served until the peace. Under the new Constitution he was elected one of the two Senators from South Carolina, and served the full term of six years. In 1795 he finally retired from public life, and lived until the year 1804, when he died at the age of sixty-two. His widow survived him many years, having died in Philadelphia in 1832, at the advanced age of eighty-nine.” . . .

The following letter from the same gentleman, containing further particulars concerning Mr. Izard, was received in acknowledgment of a photograph of Copley, taken from a miniature, painted by himself, in America, with monogram and date 1760 : —

“CHARLESTON, S. C., July 9, 1879.

“MY DEAR MADAM, — I was much pleased to receive the photograph of your grandfather, and shall give it a place in my album, for I feel as though I had known him all my life.

“The photograph itself is excellent, and the miniature, I have no doubt, is finished with all his accustomed care. It is a very fine face, and the dress that of an artist decidedly, but with infinitely more care for details than artists generally take. I can imagine that he presented somewhat such an appearance when Trumbull paid him the visit, during which the elegance of Copley’s attire, and the evidence of worldly prosperity in his house, made him feel a desire to become an artist of repute himself. With regard to Mr. Izard and the reasons why he did not go to Tuscany, — it is true that the unwillingness of the Grand Duke to receive him publicly was not the only one.

“There was a good deal of jealousy and quarreling among the Commissioners who were in France, and there was something that occurred between Franklin and Izard that estranged the two completely. They were acquainted in London when Dr. Franklin was there as agent of the Colony of Massachusetts, but the ill-feeling seems to have culminated in France.

“It is possible that the refusal of Dr. Franklin to honor the draft that Congress had authorized Mr. Izard to make upon the Commissioners,—for what reason I have never heard explained,—was the cause of the rupture and of his not undertaking the trip to Florence. A citizen of South Carolina, who remembered having seen Mr. Izard when he was an old man and had retired from political life, and had also known many of his contemporaries whose opinions he could reflect, was once speaking of him to me, and said that Mr. Izard, during his life, had enjoyed marked consideration, based to a certain extent upon the merits of the man, but mainly on the fact that he was a wealthy landowner who, while living in London with all the surroundings of comfort and elegance, made a favorable impression for South Carolina. There was a prestige derived from the possession of large landed estates in the last century that has almost ceased to exist in this. Even in England, the commercial classes have asserted themselves in a way that would astonish our grandfathers; and the men of the Revolution, certainly in this colony, were so much under the influence of that feeling that, as soon as all doubts concerning the loyalty of Mr. Izard were removed,—doubts which were caused by his having remained in Europe for a year after hostilities had commenced,—they interested themselves in procuring from Congress this appointment as Commissioner. He is represented as having been a man of polished manners, fond of painting, and very much given to elegant hospitality. A good deal of his costly plate and other proofs of his expensive tastes are in possession of various of his descendants, even at the present day. That he was a man of talent, too, I presume there can be no doubt, since, upon returning to America in 1780, he was, as before stated, immediately chosen a delegate to Congress, and afterwards one of the first two Senators from South Carolina, when there must have been many aspirants for those places.”

APPENDIX B.

LETTER FROM EDMUND MALONE TO COPLEY, CONCERNING THE PAINTING: "CHARLES I. DEMANDING THE FIVE IMPEACHED MEMBERS." See page 97.

QUEEN ANNE STREET, EAST, *January 4, 1785.*

Mr. Malone, on his return home, yesterday, turned the subject that he had mentioned to Mr. Copley in his thoughts, and consulted several historians that have given an account of the transaction. He is fully convinced that, in the hands of Mr. Copley, it will make a most capital picture, and be perhaps the happiest companion that could be thought of for "The Death of Lord Chatham." He takes the liberty, however, of sending all that has occurred to him on the subject.

The transaction alluded to is thus related: On the 3d of January, 1641-2, the attorney general appeared in the House of Peers, and, in the name of his majesty Charles I., entered an accusation of high treason against Lord Kimbolton and five commoners, Denzil Holles, Sir Arthur Haselrig, John Hampden, John Pym, and William Strode. The same day, a sergeant-at-arms, in the king's name, demanded of the House these five members, and was sent back without a positive answer. Meanwhile, messengers were employed by the king to search for and arrest them; their trunks, chambers, and studies were sealed and locked. The House, having notice of these violences at the very moment they were committed, voted them a breach of privilege, and commanded every one to defend the liberty of the members.

The king, irritated by this opposition, resolved next day to come *in person*, with an intention to demand, perhaps to *seize*, in their presence, the five accused members. Accordingly, on the 4th of January, in the afternoon, he went to the House, according to the parliamentary votes, accompanied by "a great multitude of persons, armed with halberds, swords, and pistols." According to Whitlocke, "guarded with his gentlemen pensioners, and followed by about two hundred of his courtiers and soldiers of fortune, most of them armed with swords and pistols."

According to May, "attended by gentlemen, soldiers, and others, to the number of three hundred." According to Clarendon, "with only his ordinary retinue, armed with small swords, and a few stragglers that joined him on the way." His retinue posted itself at the great door of the House, and in all the avenues leading to it.

Upon his knocking the door was opened, and he entered, accompanied only by his nephew and Prince Rupert. As he passed up towards the chair, he cast his eye on the right hand, near the bar of the House, where Mr. Pym used to sit, but not seeing him there, he went up to the chair and said: "By your leave, Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair a little." Whereupon the speaker came out of the chair, and his majesty stepped into it. After he had stood a while in the chair, casting his eye upon the members as they stood up, uncovered, in order to see if he could discover those he sought for, he sat down and made a speech, acquainting the House with the occasion of his coming, and requiring them, as he found "the birds were flown," — for that was his expression, — to surrender the five accused persons as soon as they returned.

When the king was looking round the House for the accused members, he asked the speaker, Lenthall, who stood below, whether any of these persons were in the House. The speaker, falling on his knee, replied, "I have, sire, neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here, and I humbly ask pardon that I cannot give you any other answer than this to what your majesty is pleased to demand of me!"

The House was in the utmost disorder, and when the king was departing, several members cried out so loud that he might hear them: "Privilege! privilege!"

They immediately adjourned to the next day. The five members having had secret information of the king's intention, — communicated, according to Frankland, by the Countess of Carlisle; according to Clarendon, by William Murray, a groom of the chambers; according to Howel, by one Langrishe, a servant of the queen, — had just time to withdraw a moment before Charles entered the House. This transaction, considered in every point of view, seems to be a very fine subject for a historical picture. It has the advantage of great *importance*.

The next day, this action of his majesty was declared by the House of Commons "to be a high breach of the rights and privilege of Parliament, and inconsistent with the liberty of freedom thereof." And Lord Clarendon says, that "from this day we may reasonably date the levying war in England, whatever hath been since done being but the superstructure upon the foundations then laid."

Mr. Hume also attributes to this proceeding "all the ensuing disorder and civil wars." So also Whitlocke: "This sudden action of the king was the first visible and apparent ground of the ensuing troubles." It has also the advantage of being very notorious, and will immediately strike every person that is at all conversant with English history. It cannot but be also a very flattering exhibition to every Englishman. An arbitrary monarch attempting the grossest violation of the privilege of Parliament, and foiled in that attempt; Pym and Hampden, deservedly favorites of the people, not having lived long enough to tarnish their fame by joining in support of that tyranny which Cromwell afterwards established, escaping from his fury. This circumstance, together with the dignified and resolute conduct of the speaker, Lenthall, must afford great pleasure to every spectator.

The best moment of the time for the action of the picture I conceive to be when Charles is standing by the chair, just after he has made the inquiry of the speaker relative to the five members. The speaker, to be on one knee, at the left hand of the chair, as if just about to reply. Prince Rupert also standing on the right.

The reason why I conceive this to be the best point of time is because it affords occasion for the greater part of the members to turn their eyes to one object, for they must all have been filled with great anxiety to hear what answer Lenthall would make, and by what means he would be able to elude the king's question, and maintain the privilege of the House. The members all stood up on Charles's coming in, which is a lucky circumstance, as it will afford a better picture than if they were sitting.

The five may be painted going out of a back door, behind the speaker's chair, at the very moment that Charles has taken pos-

session of it, for though, in fact, they got away a few minutes before he entered, this departure from historical truth cannot be of any consequence. Hampden, Pym, and Holles, may be shown distinctly, being the most eminent, the other two foreshortened. It will add a great value to the picture to give as many original portraits as possible; and, by devoting a month or two in the summer to visiting the seats of some of the nobility, pictures might be found of some, of whom portraits have not been discovered. Of a great many of the members of this celebrated Parliament there are known to be *some* extant, as well as prints.

I will set down the names of such of the members as I conceive ought to be exhibited in the most conspicuous groups, and such notices as I have been able to glean concerning their pictures. In general, it will, I imagine, be proper to group such persons together as are either known to, or are likely to have sat near, each other. Thus, Lord Clarendon, who was then Mr. Hyde, tells us himself that he generally sat next to Lord Falkland, and he was also very intimate with Palmer.

I have therefore, in the following list, placed him between these two members, and Sir John Culpepper next to Lord Frankland, as they too were intimately connected. It is also probable that Cromwell, Ireton, and Sir Edward Deering, etc., sat next to each other.

APPENDIX C.

COPLEY'S PAINTING OF THE RED CROSS KNIGHT. See page 104.

The future chancellor, being about seventeen years of age at the time this picture was executed, is thus introduced under the guise of St. George of England:—

“ A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 And on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,

The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead as living, ever him adored."

SPENSER: *Faerie Queen*, book i., canto i., stanzas i. ii.

Miss Copley, the elder sister, in white, *Faith*; and the younger, *Hope*, in blue, are thus described in the same poem:—

"She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand 'bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water filled up to the hight,
 In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horroure made to all that did behold.
 But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke that was both signd and seald with blood:
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

"Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well,
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight
 As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell;
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
 And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way."

SPENSER: *Faerie Queen*, book i., canto x., stanzas xiii. xiv.

APPENDIX D.

LINES BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. See page 105.

The following lines, from the pen of J. Quincy Adams, were called forth by Copley's picture of the "Red Cross Knight":—

“ On Copley’s canvas, just and true,
 Our Spenser’s happy thought is given,
 As some clear mirror brings to view,
 More bright, the radiant bow of heaven.

“ Yet here to rob the poet’s store
 (And let the muse the crime disclose)
 ’T is but to gild the golden ore,
 And add new fragrance to the rose.

“ Small need have those to win the eye
 To shine in fiction’s colors drest,
 Or thou to raise thy rival’s sigh,
 To snatch the poet’s glowing vest.

“ With forms less fair thy pencil’s power
 Might woo oblivion from her throne,
 And these, enriched by nature’s dower,
 Would charm were art and thee unknown.”

APPENDIX E.

LORD LYNDBURST’S EARLY PASSION. See page 149.

Bishop William White, of Pennsylvania, who was consecrated with Bishop Provoost, of New York, at the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, England, and was the second of American bishops, the first being Bishop Seabury, had two daughters who lived to maturity. It was the elder of these, Elizabeth, to whom young Copley paid his addresses. She was four years his junior, being twenty years old at the time of this visit to Philadelphia. She was, from all accounts, very attractive, and Copley desired to marry her; but the bishop refused his consent, for he was not willing that his daughter should go to England to live. Seven years afterward she married General William Macpherson, of Philadelphia, and died in 1831.

NOTES.

1. *The Venetian.* Page 6.

The medium, or vehicle, used by the Venetian school, by which they succeeded in producing the splendid coloring, which has been the delight and the despair of succeeding artists, who have in vain attempted to discover the secret. It was peculiar to themselves, carefully concealed from others, and was lost on the decline of that school. Copley and Reynolds were both mistaken in supposing that they had solved the mystery. It seems to be one of the lost arts.

2. *Bartolozzi, the Engraver.* Page 13.

Francesco Bartolozzi was born at Florence, in 1730, and died at Lisbon, in 1815. His most celebrated work is the "Death of Lord Chatham," a good copy of which sold originally for \$112.00. He was grandfather of Madame Vestris, the celebrated comedienne.

3. *Benjamin West.* Page 13.

A celebrated American painter, born in Springfield, Pa., October 10, 1738; died in London, March 11, 1820. He practiced his art, chiefly in portrait painting, in Philadelphia and New York. In 1760 he went to Italy for study, and in 1763 to London, where he took up his abode. For nearly forty years George III. was his friend and patron. His career was of almost unvarying prosperity, and he created a new era in British art by substituting modern for classical costumes in historical painting. He was for many years President of the Royal Academy. His "Death of Wolfe" is well known by the fine engraving of Woollett; his "Christ Healing the Sick" was purchased by the British Institute for £3,000; a copy, with some alterations, is in Philadelphia. The "Battle of La Hague," is one of his best pictures.

4. *My Mother.* Page 14.

Copley's eldest daughter, who married Gardiner Greene, Esq. They lived, in my youth, in the old Vassal House, of which Pemberton Square now occupies the site.

5. *Anne Hutchinson.* Page 22.

Born in Alford, Lincolnshire, England, in 1591; died near New Amsterdam (New York), in August, 1643. Becoming interested in the preaching of John Cotton, she with her husband, followed him to New England, arriving in Boston September 18, 1634. She soon acquired influence there, instituting church meetings in which the women discussed religious doctrines, and founding a sect of Antinomians, among whose tenets were that the person of the Holy Spirit dwells in every believer, and that the inward revelations of the conscience are of paramount importance. Bitter and public disputes arose in consequence; she was tried before the General Court in 1637, and was banished from the territory of Massachusetts. She then went, with many of her followers, to Rhode Island, and, after the death of her husband, in 1642, to the Dutch settlement; in the war between the Dutch and the Indians, she perished in the flames of her house, or by the weapons of the savages.

6. *Governor Winslow.* Page 22.

Edward Winslow, Governor of Plymouth Colony, Mass., in 1633, 1636, and 1644. He was born at Droitwich, Worcestershire, England, October 19, 1595; died at sea May 8, 1655. He joined the church of Rev. John Robinson, at Leyden, in 1617, and was a passenger in the Mayflower. He was highly esteemed by the Indian chief Massasoit, and his services were of great importance to the colony.

7. *Mohawks.* Page 26.

This refers to the "Tea Party," so called, which, on December 16, 1773, disguised as Mohawk Indians, with paint, blankets, and hatchets, destroyed the cargoes of three Indiamen, laden with tea, while moored at Griffin's (now Liverpool) wharf, in Boston; under those blankets was many a laced and ruffled coat. The number disguised as Indians was not more than seventeen, but, as the procession moved from the Old South by way of Milk and Pearl streets to the wharf, the number was swelled to near a hundred, of whom about sixty were engaged in the work of destruction. The contents of three hundred and forty chests were thrown into the mud and water in the dock. It was low tide at the time, but the water soon rose, and the broken chests were carried out to sea. Among the names of the party were the first people in Boston, as Revere, Gore, Rowe, Prentiss, Melville, Purkitt, Pitts, Russell, Grant, Frothingham, Lee, Hunnewell, etc. The women as well as the men were opposed to the duty on tea, and refused to use the beverage so dear to them.

8. *Sir Joshua Reynolds.* Page 28.

An English painter, born at Plympton, Devonshire, July 16, 1723; died in London, February 23, 1792. He began to paint portraits in his eighteenth year, making many copies from Guercino, which, it is said, disqualified him from drawing from living models. He studied in Italy three and a half years; he contracted a cold in the Vatican which rendered him permanently deaf. In 1752, by a full-length portrait of Commodore Keppel, he placed himself at the head of his profession in England, and almost on a level with Vandyck. His life was one of uninterrupted prosperity. In 1768, he was knighted, and made the first President of the Royal Academy. He is best known by his portraits; his historical paintings, though many of them are much admired, are admitted to be inferior. Many of his pictures are rapidly decaying, from materials used in the vain attempt to discover the "Venetian." In private life he was amiable and hospitable, and his associates were the most distinguished men of his time in all professions and stations. He was never married. He left to his niece a fortune of £80,000.

9. *Mr. Strange.* Page 28.

Robert Strange, an English engraver, was born in Pomona, Orkneys, July 14, 1721; died in London, July 5, 1792. In 1751 he settled in London, where he was considered the best engraver of the time. In 1760, he visited the Continent, where he executed many plates after the old masters. He was knighted in 1787.

10. *Lord Gage.* Page 29.

The last royal governor of Massachusetts, Thomas Gage, was born in England, and died there in April, 1787. In 1763 he was appointed commander of the British forces in America, and to supersede Hutchinson as Governor of Massachusetts. He arrived in Boston May, 1774, landing on Long Wharf in the midst of a drenching rain, received by the military, and the Cadets under the command of Lieut.-Col. Coffin, by whom he was escorted to the Province House. At first well received, the course of events soon separated him from the people, who had begun to resist in earnest the king's authority, which he was bound to maintain. He was ordered to arrest Adams and Hancock, but he dared not do so, and was in no ways feared by the patriots. He planned the expedition to Concord, which resulted in the battle of Lexington, after which he proclaimed martial law, offering pardon to all except the patriots above named. After the battle of Bunker Hill he found himself shut up in Boston,

making only a few sorties in quest of provisions. He was soon after superseded by General Howe, and sailed for England October 10, 1775. He married an American lady; and a niece by this marriage was the wife of Gen. William H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plain. In the State Library is a fine original portrait of General Gage, presented by General Sumner.

11. *Governor Hutchinson.* Page 29.

Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts Province, born in Boston, September 9, 1711; died at Brompton, near London, England, June, 1780. A graduate of Harvard, he engaged in the practice of law, and at one time held the offices of judge of probate, counselor, lieutenant-governor, and chief justice. In the Revolutionary struggle, he sided with the British; his house was sacked, and his furniture and valuable historical documents burned, from the belief that he favored the Stamp Act. He succeeded Bernard as governor in 1769, and received his commission in 1771. He was an avaricious and deceitful man. In 1772 Benjamin Franklin, then in London, obtained confidential letters from Governor Hutchinson and his brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Governor Andrew Oliver, and forwarded them to Massachusetts, showing that they were plotting continually against the colonies. The last of his public difficulties was when the people of Boston, in 1773, destroyed the tea in the harbor. He returned to England in June, 1774, where for his services he was rewarded with a pension. He was succeeded by Thomas Gage. He lived in Garden Court, near Prince Street.

12. *Lord North.* Page 29.

The eighth of the name, and the son of the first Earl of Guilford, born April 13, 1733; died August 5, 1792. In 1764-65, he supported the Stamp Act, and the right of England to tax the colonies. In 1770 he became prime minister, which office he held till March, 1782; his efforts were constantly directed to measures for the coercion of the revolted colonies, though it is understood that for the last three years of his administration he entertained serious doubts as to the expediency of continuing the American war, and contrary to the wishes of the king. On this question he was defeated in the House of Commons, and resigned his office.

13. *Mr. or Governor Wentworth.* Page 30.

The Revolutionary troubles compelled John Wentworth to seek refuge in England; his wife accompanied him, and they never returned to New Hampshire. Lady Wentworth was distinguished in England

for her beauty, was conspicuous at court, and one of the maids of honor to the queen. A portrait by Copley is regarded as an excellent likeness and a rare picture; after many vicissitudes it passed into the hands of the late Hon. James Lenox.

14. *Venus de Medici.* Page 39.

The statue was so called from having been in the possession of the Medici family, where it first attracted attention more than 200 years ago. An inscription on the base records it to be the work of Cleomenes, of Athens, 200 B. C. : this is doubted. When found it was broken in eleven pieces, and the right arm and lower part of the left are no doubt modern. It is a woman rather than a goddess, and embodies everything that is beautiful, graceful, and chaste in the sex. It is five feet one inch high, resting on the left leg, which is strengthened by a dolphin, on which are two cupids, Eros and Anteros. It is in Florence.

15. *Lord Chatham.* Page 40.

William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, born at Boconnoc, Cornwall, November 15, 1708; died at Hayes, Kent, May 11, 1778. He entered the House of Commons in 1735, and made his maiden speech April 29, 1736. He soon became the most formidable opponent of Sir Robert Walpole, and of all unconstitutional measures. George II. was bitterly hostile to him, and long successfully opposed to his admission to the ministry; the public indignation at this treatment was such that, under the Duke of Newcastle, he became secretary of state, and in fact prime minister. He soon changed the aspect of public affairs by a succession of victories for the English arms, and the prosperity of the country was remarkable. In 1766, under George III., he opposed the American Stamp Act; and in that year formed a new ministry, in which he took the office of Lord Privy Seal, and at the same time was created a peer. From that time his popularity declined, as the people could no longer speak of him as the "great commoner." October 15, 1768, he resigned, and never after filled any public office. Troubled from his youth with gout, he in his last years rarely appeared in public, except in the intervals of his pain to speak in the House of Lords on matters of great importance. In 1775-6-7 he opposed in the most eloquent manner the coercive measures of the ministry toward the American Colonies. His last appearance in public was on April 7, 1778, when he left his sick-bed to speak in the House of Lords against a motion to acknowledge the independence of America; he spoke with great energy against the dismemberment of the empire, and the degradation of

the power of England. At the end of his speech he fell in an apoplectic fit, and was borne home to die a few weeks afterward. It is this tragic scene in the House of Lords that Copley chose for his great painting.

16. *Sir William Hamilton.* Page 56.

A diplomatist and patron of the fine arts who was born in Scotland in 1730; with an illustrious name, but with no fortune, he made his way in the world by caution and boldness, and married in 1755 a lady of wealth and high birth, young and beautiful. In 1764 he was made ambassador to Naples, an office which he retained till 1800. After the death of his wife, he married in 1791 the beautiful but abandoned Emma Hart, whose name, as Lady Hamilton, is so painfully associated with that of Nelson. He returned to England in 1801, and died there in 1803, in very reduced circumstances. He is to be remembered, not as a diplomatist, but as a lover of art.

17. *Guido.* Page 57.

Guido Reni, born at Bologna in 1575; died at Rome in 1642. He entered the school of the Carracci. His great success made him many enemies; he executed many works for Paul V. in Rome, but his *chef-d'œuvre* is the "Aurora" in the Rospigliosi Palace, well known by the engravings of Morghen and Frey. He was much addicted to gaming, which reduced him to great distress, and finally caused his death. Many of his works are in the Louvre; though marked by beauty and grace, they are wanting in vigor, abstract or ideal types, without life or interest. He is regarded as one of the best pupils of the Carracci.

18. *Domenichino.* Page 57.

This most distinguished painter of the school of the Carracci, was born at Bologna in 1581, and died at Naples, April 15, 1641. His most noted work is the "Communion of St. Jerome," in the Vatican, considered by many second only to the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, among the pictures in Rome. His landscapes are remarkable, and his coloring warm and rich. Many of his best works are well known by engravings.

19. *Sons of Liberty.* Page 62.

A name assumed before and during the Revolutionary War in Boston by those who resisted the oppressive measures of the English ministry, showing their resistance by public acts under the "Liberty Tree," which stood on the corner of Essex and Washington streets.

They hung and burned the effigy of Mr. Oliver, the stamp officer, in 1765, Bernard being governor, and Hutchinson lieutenant-governor. They destroyed houses and other property of obnoxious individuals. Under its branches they discussed matters of public interest. The tree was planted sixteen years after the settlement of Boston, in 1646, and was cut down by the Tories and British in August, 1775. It was a public rather than a private organization, though it had its officers; its members assembled under the tree at the raising of a flag on the staff near it.

20. *Wilkes*. Page 72.

John Wilkes, an English politician, born in London, October 17, 1727; died there December 27, 1797. He was a violent political partisan, assailing the king and his administration; he was tried on several occasions, and the populace being in his favor was the cause of several riots. He was twice expelled from the House of Commons, outlawed, and imprisoned. He was elected alderman in 1770, sheriff in 1771, and lord mayor of London in 1774; from 1779 to his death he was chamberlain.

21. *Valentine Green*. Page 73.

An eminent mezzotint engraver, born in Warwickshire, England, in 1739; died in 1813. He executed nearly 400 engravings, embracing subjects of almost every kind; and in his line has rarely been excelled.

22. *Stuart*. Page 78.

Gilbert Charles Stuart (sometimes spelled Stewart), an American painter, born at Narragansett, R. I., in 1756; died at Boston, July, 1828. He accompanied Alexander, his first teacher, to Scotland, and afterward studied in London with West, where he painted portraits of Reynolds, West, John Kemble, and others. He returned to America in 1793, and lived in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, until 1806, when he settled in Boston. His portraits of Washington are the best known — one was for the Marquis of Lansdowne, known by a poor engraving by Heath, and one is in the Boston Athenæum; of these he made twenty-six copies. He painted many pictures, which are in Newport, Hartford, Baltimore, Boston, and especially in Philadelphia.

23. *Mather Byles*. Page 84.

An American clergyman, born in Boston, March 26, 1706; died there July 5, 1788. He was ordained minister of Hollis Street Church in 1733; he remained loyal during the Revolution, and on that account was compelled to resign his pastorate in 1776. In 1777 he was denounced publicly as an enemy to his country, arrested, imprisoned,

and banished, afterwards commuted to confinement to his own house, from which he was soon released. Many sermons and poems by him have been published, but he is chiefly remembered as a noted wit and punster.

24. *A countryman of the artist, Mr. Watson.* Page 84.

Elkanah Watson was in London in 1782. Copley painted of him a full-length portrait for which he received one hundred guineas. The following is an extract from that gentleman's journal: "The painting was finished in most exquisite style in every part except the background, in which Copley and I designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the acknowledgment of our independence. The sun was just rising upon the stripes of the Union streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not deem proper to hoist under the present circumstances, as his gallery was the constant resort of the royal family and of the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782. After listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America in the rank of nations, previous to dinner, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio; and then with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe, an American heart, he attached to the ship the Stars and Stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in Old England."

25. *Edmund Malone.* Page 85.

A Shakesperian scholar, born in Dublin, October 4, 1741; died in London, May 25, 1812. A graduate of Trinity College, and a member of the bar; having an ample fortune, he removed to London, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1790, he published his edition of Shakespeare in eleven volumes, octavo, having ten years before published two supplementary volumes to Steevens's edition. In 1796 he exposed the Shakespearian forgeries of Samuel Ireland. An improved edition by him was published after his death, in 1821, in twenty-one volumes, octavo, under the supervision of James Boswell. He edited the works of Dryden, Hamilton, and Reynolds; he also wrote a "History of the Stage."

26. *Lord Heathfield.* Page 94.

George Augustus Elliott, a British general, born at Stobs, Roxburghshire, Scotland, in 1718; died at Aix-la-Chapelle, July, 1790. He was educated at Leyden, and studied the art of war in the artillery school at La Fère. He entered the British army in 1735; he distinguished himself at Dettingen, and other places in Germany and

the Netherlands, and obtained the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1775, he was appointed governor of Gibraltar, which he defended for more than three years against the combined French and Spanish forces. On his return to England he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was made a Knight of the Bath by George III. ; in 1787 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Heathfield, of Gibraltar.

27. *Sharp.* Page 94.

William Sharp, one of the best line engravers of England, was born in London in 1749, and died there in 1824. Among his best plates are the "Doctors of the Church," after Guido; the "Holy Family" of Reynolds (after one hundred impressions of this had been taken, Bartolozzi attempted to change it to a dotted engraving, and ruined it); "Lear in the Storm," by West.

28. *Lord Camperdown.* Page 95.

Adam Duncan, a British admiral, born in Dundee, Scotland, July 1, 1731; died near Edinburgh, August 4, 1804. He early entered the navy, was made post-captain in 1761, and distinguished himself under Keppel in the attack on Havana. In 1780 he was in command of a ship under Rodney, and captured one of the heaviest Spanish ships off Cape St. Vincent; in 1787 he was rear admiral, and in 1795, admiral of the blue. In 1795 he was in command of the combined English and Russian fleet in the North Sea, where in two years he annihilated the Dutch commerce. In 1797 he blockaded the large fleet under De Winter in the Texel, in spite of insubordination in his squadron. Putting into Yarmouth for repairs, he heard that the Dutch fleet had set sail. The two fleets met near Camperdown, October 11, within five miles of the shore; the engagement resulted in a complete victory for England. He was rewarded by a peerage and a pension of £2,000. He retired from the service in 1800.

29. *Warren Hastings.* Page 101.

The governor-general of British India was born December 6, 1732; he died at Daylesford, Worcestershire, where his ancient family had lived, August 22, 1818. In early life he displayed remarkable mental powers, and obtained an excellent education. Going to the East Indies in 1750, as a clerk in the East India Company, he made himself familiar with the history, literature, languages, and character of the people. He remained in India fourteen years, and early attracted the attention of Lord Clive, by whom he was employed in many commercial and diplomatic measures. In 1764 he returned to England

with a moderate fortune, which was soon exhausted. His knowledge of East Indian affairs brought him again into the service of the East India Company, and he returned to India in 1769. He became its highest officer in 1772; and January 1, 1774, the first governor general of British India. His energy, knowledge, and administrative ability established the supremacy of the British power. He was resolute, unscrupulous, and apparently cruel and unjust, but he was successful. Though rumors of his tyranny reached England, he was sustained by large majorities, whenever attempts were made to remove him. Encouraged by this, he became despotic in his rule, till February, 1785, when he resigned and returned to England, regretted both by natives and English. In 1786, Burke, the leader of the Opposition in Parliament, brought forward his articles of impeachment, accusing him of cruelty, peculation, oppression, and extravagance, dishonorable to the British name. The famous trial, described in the text, began in Westminster Hall February 13, 1788, and lasted till April 23, 1795, when he was acquitted by large majorities on all the charges: his acquittal was approved by most of his countrymen, who felt that what he had done was for the welfare of England, and not for personal aggrandizement. The expenses of the trial, £76,000, exhausted his fortune; but the East India Company granted him an annuity of £4,000, and loaned him £500,000 for eighteen years without interest. With this he purchased the family estate, where he passed in quiet the remainder of his life. He was twice married: in 1756 to the widow of Captain Campbell, and about 1770 to the Baroness Imhoff. He was much respected in private life, and a good Oriental scholar. Macaulay and Mill speak of him in very high terms.

30. *Burke.* Page 102.

Edmund Burke, an English statesman was born in Dublin, January 1, 1730, and died at Beaconsfield, England, July 9, 1797. He took his bachelor's degree at Trinity College in 1748, and in 1750 went to London, and began the practice of law; this he soon abandoned for literary pursuits. He began to write political articles, his first being ascribed to Bolingbroke. His work on the "Sublime and Beautiful" brought him into notice, and established his fame as a critic. He composed many works for the publisher, Dodsley, chiefly historical. In 1761 he became private secretary to Mr. Hamilton, secretary to Lord Halifax, and in 1763 received a pension of £300, which he soon threw up. In 1765 he became private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, prime minister, and was soon after returned to Parliament. The very day he took his seat, January 14, 1766, his eloquence attracted the attention of the Earl of Chatham; he was con-

stant in his efforts for conciliatory measures toward the American Colonies, his greatest speech on their taxation having been delivered April 19, 1774; he made another one in behalf of the Americans, March 22, 1775. His speeches on "Economical Reform," the impeachment of Warren Hastings, etc., are almost without parallel in the annals of parliamentary eloquence. Macaulay regarded him as above every orator, ancient or modern, in "aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination;" and he was to all Europe, according to Schlegel, a new light of political wisdom and moral experience.

31. *Gordon Riots.* Page 102.

Lord George Gordon, born in London, December, 1750; died in Newgate Prison, November 1, 1793. Entered Parliament in 1774; in 1776 violently opposed both the Ministry and the Opposition. In 1780 he presented a petition to repeal the "Act for the Relief of English and Irish Catholics." Finding government indifferent, he caused the "Protestant Association," of which he was president, to meet June 2, 1780, in St. George's Fields, to carry up their petition to Parliament; 60,000 persons responded to the call, and surrounded both Houses. When he ascertained that they would not give the petition immediate attention, he addressed the mob, and infuriated them against the Catholics. They sacked several Romish chapels, broke open the prisons, and pillaged and burned the houses of Catholics. The city was at their mercy for a week, at the end of which the "No Popery" riots were quelled by the military, after a loss of four hundred and fifty lives. He was arrested and tried for treason, but acquitted of traitorous intentions. In 1788 he was sentenced to several years' imprisonment and a heavy fine, for libelous words against the government. He sent eccentric documents from prison, and died there of delirious fever. He was doubtless insane for the last ten or twelve years of his life.

32. *Barry.* Page 103.

James Barry, a historical painter, born in Cork, October 11, 1741; died in London, February 22, 1806. His picture of "St. Patrick" obtained him the notice of Burke, who sent him to London and paid his expenses in Rome. He returned to London in 1771. He painted six large paintings at the Adelphi, and in 1782 was made professor of painting to the Royal Academy. He was expelled from the Academy in 1799 on account of his ill treatment of brother academicians. The disagreeable side of his character was by some attributed to eccentricity. He died poor and alone, and was buried in St. Paul's. His best work is considered "The Victors at Olympia," the sight of which, Canova said, was sufficient to repay a journey to England.

33. *Burney*. Page 103.

Dr. Charles Burney, an eminent English musician, born at Shrewsbury, April 7, 1726; died in Chelsea, April 15, 1815. He was the author of several compositions, musical dramas, anthems, sonatas, and organ pieces. His principal work is his "History of Music," 1776-1789. In 1790 he was appointed organist of Chelsea College, where he passed the remainder of his life.

34. *Baretti, Joseph*. Page 103.

A lexicographer and writer, born in Turin. He resided many years in London, and wrote the English language with ease and purity; he was much esteemed by Dr. Johnson. He became secretary to the Royal Academy, retaining the office till his death. He was born in 1716; died in 1789. His writings are numerous, the most important being an "Italian and English Dictionary," and on the "Manners and Customs of Italy."

35. *Dr. Horne*. Page 112.

Father of the late Sir William Horne, lately a law officer of the crown, and master in chancery.

36. *Thomas Paine*. Page 117.

An American political writer, born January 29, 1737, at Thetford, Norfolk County, England; died in New York, June 8, 1809. His "Serious Thoughts," published in Philadelphia in 1775, in which he expressed the belief in the final abolition of American slavery, and the separation of the colonies from England; and "Common Sense," advocating an independent republic, were very popular, and contributed greatly to the spread of republican principles. The "Crisis," appearing at intervals between December, 1776, and April, 1783, gave courage in those "times that try men's souls." He rendered important services during the Revolution, which were publicly acknowledged. In 1791 appeared the first part of the "Rights of Man," in reply to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution;" and the second part in 1792. A born revolutionist and free-thinker, he was elected to the "French National Convention," but for his moderation was imprisoned by Robespierre. His "Age of Reason," composed between 1793 and 1795, attacks both Atheism and Christianity, but expresses a belief in God and a future life. His work in the progress of civil and religious freedom has not been fully recognized by the masses whom he served.

37. *T. Jones.* Page 120.

In answer to inquiries concerning Mr. Jones, originally of St. John's, and young Copley's tutor at Cambridge, to whom he addressed his correspondence from America, no trace could be found either of him or his papers, as the following extracts from letters show : —

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 14th June, 1874.

. . . With regard to the subject of your inquiry, I am afraid that all college reminiscences of Thomas Jones perished with the death of Professor Sedgwick last year. Beyond the fact that on his monument in the college chapel he is called "tutor eximius;" that Marsh, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, preached his funeral sermon; and that we have a cast of his face in the college library, there are no traces of him here. He was a man of considerable mark in his day, and the master tells me that Lord Lyndhurst once mentioned him in a speech he made in the House of Lords, But who his family were and what became of his papers, I have no means of knowing at present. I will write, however, to Professor Mayor, of St. John's, who will know if any one does. Jones was originally of St. John's.

Yours very truly,

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE, 3d March, 1879.

DEAR MADAM, — I send my notes on Mr. Jones. His bust and epitaph are in the ante-chapel of Trinity College. He was a friend of the poet Wordsworth, in whose works (and probably in his life) you will see something about him. I am sincerely yours,

JOHN E. B. MAYOR.

These notes by Mr. Mayor are as follows : —

Jones (Thomas), of County Montgomery, from Shrewsbury, where he was educated, under Mr. James Atcherley, admitted pensioner at St. John's, May 28, 1774; tutors, Messrs. Ferris and Pearce; was born at Berriew, in Montgomeryshire in 1756; was educated at the grammar school, Shrewsbury; was admitted at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1774, from whence he removed 1776 to Trinity College; A. B. 1779; A. M. 1782; Senior Wrangler and Senior Smith's Prizeman; Fellow of Trinity College, 1781, Esq. (not in holy orders). A celebrated tutor of Trinity College lecturing on Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, — of Unitarian opinions. A gentleman of the greatest learning, distinguished by his manly virtue, and his uniform integrity of life. He could never be persuaded to publish any of his lectures, though frequently urged, and one of his last requests was that none of his manuscripts should be printed. The only works he published were a sermon upon dueling, preached before the University on the 11th of December, 1791, on Exod. xx. 13; an Address to the Volunteers of Montgomeryshire. Died (unmarried) on 18th July, 1807, at his lodgings in the Edgeware Road, London.

38. *Volney*. Page 131.

Constantine François Chassebœuf Volney was born at Craon, in Anjou, February 3, 1759; died in Paris, April 25, 1820. In 1799 he was elected a member of the "Etats Généraux," and took an active part in the political discussions of the day. A friend of public liberty, and a mocker of all systems of theology, he was nevertheless a fearless opponent of popular excesses. His reputation rests chiefly on his "Ruins, or Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires," and his "Travels in Egypt and Syria."

39. *Lord Campbell*. Page 147.

Lord John Campbell, a British jurist and author, was born near Cupar, in Scotland, September 15, 1779; died in London, June 23, 1861. Called to the bar in 1806, his talents and perseverance brought him a good practice and steady advancement. He became king's counsel in 1827; entered Parliament in 1830; was solicitor general in 1832, attorney general in 1834, and lord chancellor of Ireland in 1841, when he was raised to the peerage. He entered the Russell cabinet in 1846, and was appointed chief justice of the queen's bench in 1850. During his leisure hours he wrote the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," etc., to the reign of George IV.; and the "Lives of the Chief Justices, to the death of Lord Mansfield." He was an able and learned man, but envious, unscrupulous, and unjust. To answer the calumnies written by him against Lord Lyndhurst, who would never be on intimate or friendly terms with him, is one of the principal objects of the present volume.

40. *Lord Mansfield*. Page 174.

Lord William Murray, a British jurist, was born at Scone, Perthshire, March 2, 1705; died in London, March 20, 1793. He came to the bar in 1731, and advanced rapidly in his profession with large emoluments. He entered Parliament in 1742, became solicitor general in 1743, attorney general in 1754, and chief justice of the king's bench in 1756; being created baron, he was made an earl in 1776. He favored arbitrary government, and opposed popular privileges; he aided in preparing the American "Stamp Act;" became the object of popular dislike, and was violently attacked in the "Letters of Junius." He was remarkable as a legislator, speaker, and judge; though very unpopular, he was bold and dignified in the maintenance of his opinions, and his judgments were generally correct. He greatly simplified legal technicalities, thereby expediting the business of the courts, and may be said to have almost created the marine in-

surance department of commercial law. He repeatedly declined the chancellorship, and passed the last years of his life in retirement, retaining his office of chief justice till 1788.

41. *Mr. Heath.* Page 210.

James Heath, a celebrated English engraver, born in 1765. An early associate and friend of Stothard, and highly esteemed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, Lawrence, John Kemble, etc. He died in London in 1834. The French engraver, Godefroy, was his pupil, and his son, Charles Heath, became a distinguished engraver. Among his larger works is the "Death of Major Pierson."

42. *Lord Nelson.* Page 217.

Horatio Nelson, a British admiral, born at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, September 29, 1758; killed at the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. He entered the navy in 1775, and became post-captain in 1779; he served in the West Indies and in the Mediterranean chiefly, till 1797, when he was created rear admiral, knighted, and made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, after the battle of Cape St. Vincent. He fought the battle of the Nile in 1798, completely defeating the French fleet; and that of Copenhagen, defeating the Danes, in 1801. At Trafalgar, where he overcame the combined French and Spanish fleets, he fell at the moment of victory. He was buried in St. Paul's, January 8, 1806, at the public expense, — the most solemn and imposing funeral pageant ever seen in England.

43. *Windham.* Page 220.

William Windham, an English statesman, born in London May 3, 1750; died there June 3, 1810. He entered Parliament in 1784; a friend of the American Colonies, and one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was an eloquent speaker and skillful debater, but made no mark in history, — perhaps because he was generally in the ranks of the Opposition. Macaulay speaks of him as "the ingenuous, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham;" and "the finest gentleman of the age."

44. *Lord Fauconberg.* Page 224.

Henry Bellasyse, Viscount Fauconberg (of Yarm), succeeded his father, 1774; died 23d of March, 1802, when the viscounty became extinct. Succeeded in the barony by his cousin, Rowland, who died in 1810, and was succeeded by his brother, Dr. Charles Bellasyse, in Holy Orders (Church of Rome), on whose death, in 1815, the title became extinct. There are many references to this family, who

lived opposite Copley's house. Copley painted a fine portrait of the nobleman, whose sudden death is described by Mrs. Copley; it is now in Boston. It was engraved by Heath.

45. *Master Betty*. Page 266.

William Henry West Betty, an English actor, popularly known as the "Young Roscius," born at Shrewsbury, September 13, 1791. He made his first appearance at the Belfast Theatre, as "Osman," when he was twelve years old, and performed with great effect in Cork, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. In 1804 he was engaged at Covent Garden, for twelve nights, at fifty guineas a night, and a clear benefit, and at Drury Lane on the intervening nights, on the same terms; though, at the time, John Kemble's weekly salary was under thirty-six guineas. He drew immense houses, averaging \$3,000 a night. After he had secured a handsome income, he passed three years at school. He resumed his profession in 1812, but made a complete failure. He then retired from the stage.

46. *Cipriani*. Page 296.

Giovanni Battista Cipriani, an eminent painter, born in Pistoia, Tuscany, in 1732; died in London in 1785. He came to London in 1755, and was one of the original members of the Royal Academy. His drawing is correct, his coloring harmonious, and his works attractive, though very conventional; many engravings from them were made by Bartolozzi. He was also an eminent engraver; his copper-plate illustrations of "Orlando Furioso" show his general style.

47. *Lord Lyndhurst at eighty-five*. Page 419.

"Baron Rothschild, I hear, did homage to the justice of these gastronomic aspirations by a splendid banquet, last week, at which most of the men in both Houses, who have been most prominently engaged in advocating Jewish claims, were gathered together. The dinner was as agreeable as one under such circumstances could be, and the guests in as high spirits as men who have fought a good fight, and now may justifiably indulge. But I hear from one who was present at what may fairly be considered a semi-public celebration, that the gayest, the wittiest, the most convivial of the party — its life and soul — was not any of the younger men of the company, but one whom one is almost tired of calling the venerable Lord Lyndhurst. To be still, at eighty-five, first in the senate and at the dinner-table, was, indeed, an exceptional lot. His lordship may well take, as I believe he does now, no inconsiderable pride in dwelling upon his great age. It is, however, a singular instance of the extent to which the oddest

and most trivial weaknesses are found in the strongest characters, that it is only within the very few last years that his lordship was most sensitive to anything which implied that he was no longer young. Perhaps, indeed, in that there was something of the feeling which on one occasion led him to purchase from an engraver the plate on which his handsome features were, as he thought, disadvantageously depicted. Weaknesses or foibles apart, however, long may his lordship live to delight his friends by his social qualities, and to serve the country by such weighty and authoritative exposition of great principle, whether of policy or jurisprudence, as he has given in the House of Lords, during the present session, on the Jewish question, and, only the other evening, on the international question of the right of search and visit in time of peace."—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*

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