

ABRAHAM WATKIN

ENTRANCED IN HIS JOURNALS

1814-1856

Edited by
NICHOLAS DANIELSON
AND
A. P. WATKINS



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Dear Mr. Jones,

I ran across a copy of Absalom
Watkin's Journal to-day, which I should
be glad if you would accept as a memento
of your term of office at the Chamber,
and in particular of last night's pleasant
occasion.

Yours sincerely,

A. P. G. G. G.

W. L. Jones Esq., J.P.

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ABSALOM WATKIN

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ABSALOM WATKIN.

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ABSALOM WATKIN

EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL
1814—1856

EDITED BY HIS GREAT-GRANDSON

A. E. WATKIN

T. FISHER UNWIN LTD
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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE following extracts from the diaries of Absalom Watkin cover a period of nearly half a century and fall naturally into two parts ; the first, written by him in comparative youth, is an account of his daily life, of various journeys in different parts of England, and of his study of English and other literature during a time when he was merely an observer of local and national affairs ; the second part is a record of his more mature years, when, not always a mute spectator, he took on occasions a by no means unimportant part in public matters. The diaries, which are written in a beautifully clear hand, contain an entry for practically every day during this long period, and the extracts to be found in the following pages are here given as originally written, with the exception of those omissions which must usually be made when publishing, even to a limited circle, diaries which were originally intended for the eyes of their writer alone.

Absalom Watkin was born in London on June 27, 1787, and was a descendant of a long line of landowners and farmers who migrated from the borders of Wales into Shropshire, and who, at different periods, lived near Shrewsbury, at St. Chads, and latterly in Flintshire and at Audlem in South Cheshire. His grandfather farmed his own land

in Flintshire, but his father, Andrew Watkin, and his uncle, John Watkin, following a very general tendency of those days, were not content with quiet country life; his uncle became a cotton merchant in Manchester, and his father, as a young man, went off to London and enlisted in the Guards. He served until March 7, 1787, and on March 12, 1795, was sworn in a Freeman of the "Wheelwrights' Company." Absalom Watkin was very young when his father died, and it was arranged that he should go to Manchester and receive a business training with the firm of his uncle, John Watkin. His mother, who a few years later came to live with him in Manchester, belonged to the family of Sayer; the Sayers were a Devonshire family whose records go back at any rate to 1538. His uncle, John Watkin, retired from business early in life and settled on his property at Audlem, where he died. He had, however, arranged that his nephew, then only eighteen years of age, should remain in the cotton business. After a few years, Absalom Watkin became the proprietor of his house of business, which was from the year 1807 continued in his own name; in his name and by his direct descendants it has ever since been continued.

Though by no means without success as a man of business, Absalom Watkin was by nature and instincts not the type of man usually associated with commercial pursuits; apart from his family, the two great interests of his daily life were his garden and, in a still greater degree, his books. It was, indeed, his care for the welfare of his wife and children that induced him to remain a man of

business rather than devote himself entirely to literary occupations ; similarly, in later life it was only his deep hatred of what he considered to be unjust laws or mistaken policies that made him, in spite of himself, emerge at times from the seclusion of his library or his garden to take a part in the affairs of the community.

His library was a fine one, and for an ordinary private citizen of those days was large, and contained literary treasures, both French and English. A man of great literary attainments, he possessed books to suit the most varied tastes ; as he once wrote of himself, his " discursive " reading had been " the great, the enduring, and the uncloying pleasure " of his life. His collection included a wide range of works on religion, science, philosophy, history, botany, and above all travel ; as his eldest son wrote of him, there was hardly a book of travels in any Western language which he had not read.

Poetry, both ancient and modern, found a place on his shelves ; of the great English prose writers also he made a special study, and it was no doubt to a large extent from his knowledge of these writers in particular that he derived his own remarkable powers of composition. His ability in this direction was frequently exercised as public affairs gradually began to have their influence upon him ; he it was who drew up the public remonstrance against the proceedings in St. Petersfield on August 16, 1819 ; the famous Manchester petition, which, in 1832, prayed Parliament to stop supplies on the occasion of the rejection by the House of Lords of the Reform Bill, was his com-

position ; we know also, from a letter to him from Mr. Cobden, that he was one of a small sub-committee who prepared the first appeal to the country made by the Anti-Corn-Law Association.

In addition also to the many hours of intellectual enjoyment which he spent in his own library, a feature of his life throughout many years was his habit of joining a party of intimate friends at regular intervals for the purpose of study and debate : in his diaries these debates are always referred to as " the meeting," and among his papers there is still in existence a pamphlet entitled " The Club," in which he wrote a history of these meetings and of those who took part in them. It was only in the privacy, or semi-privacy, of such debates as those afforded by " The Club " or the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester or the Manchester Athenæum, in the formation of which he will be seen to have taken a leading part, that Absalom Watkin found any real pleasure in the exercise of his own powers, though there can be little doubt that he was possessed of qualities which would in an unusual degree have fitted him for public life. A man of cultivated literary tastes, he had a large fund of knowledge upon which to draw ; a man who thought deeply, he could express his thoughts, as a writer, with outstanding ability, and as a speaker, always with fluency and at times with eloquence. With his knowledge of the past and his keen appreciation of the present, had a parliamentary career held any attractions for him, he could hardly have failed to have become a notable figure in English politics. He was, however, a man of innate modesty and almost child-

like humility; he had in a marked degree the habit—so much more characteristic of his times than of ours—of self-analysis, and he was prone, to an extent almost morbid, to depreciate himself and his attainments; shrinking from publicity, his natural attitude was that of an enlightened critic, and it was only when profoundly moved by his desire to see the triumph of what *he* considered to be the cause of justice that he took any part in political movements.

His was a tender heart, and his daily records show what consideration he had for those who were less fortunate than himself, how kind he was in times of illness, what a serious view he took of his responsibilities as a magistrate, and how much he thought of the poor and of their trials and temptations. The consideration of others, so characteristic of him, coloured all his political views, and his support was given to those measures which he considered—rightly or wrongly—would benefit those who, owing to the circumstances of their surroundings, had but few advantages in those days within their reach. While disapproving most strongly of those whom he called the “Radicals,” he desired to see an increase of *ordered* liberty, religious, civil and commercial; and with this object in view he supported the progressive movements of his time, having an especial sympathy with the ideals of religious equality, popular education and the extension of the franchise. An intimate friend of both Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, he was by conviction a supporter of the Free Trade movement, and his close connection with the Anti-Corn-Law League has already been briefly noticed. As

has been seen, when once convinced that it was his duty to take a part in public matters, his personal inclinations were not allowed to stand in his way, and on a memorable occasion in 1854 he was compelled to do violence to a private friendship rather than fail to do his humble best to support what he considered to be the righteous cause of his country. He found himself unable to agree with the views expressed by Mr. Bright, then one of the members for Manchester, on the justice of the measures taken by this country against Russia, and in the autumn of 1854 he entered into his celebrated correspondence with Mr. Bright on the Crimean War.

It is not the intention of the present writer, even were he qualified to do so, to discuss here the questions at issue—questions long since submitted to the judgment of history; it is sufficient for his purpose to recount that this correspondence was distributed broadcast as a political pamphlet, and that when it was published in "The Times" of November 3, 1854, the day before the battle of Inkerman, its appearance was the occasion of an outburst of political controversy throughout the country. These letters, which are printed in full on a subsequent page, were translated into many languages, and were to be read in the newspapers of the Continent and also of America, and have, to students of such matters, an additional interest as being a notable example of a political manifesto taking the form of a public correspondence with a private citizen.

It is hoped that the following extracts may be found to have some interest for the small number of

readers for whom they have in the first instance been prepared ; and, indeed, anyone into whose hands they may fall at the present time, when our country has so recently emerged in triumph from the greatest ordeal which it has ever been called upon to endure, can hardly fail to be struck by the peculiar significance of certain passages. We see reflected in the pages of this old journal the same hatred of oppression and cruelty which went so far to determine the action of our nation in the summer of the year 1914, and inspired and sustained us till the hour of victory throughout four and a half years of unparalleled exertion and heartrending sacrifice. All those aspirations which during the years that followed the final overthrow of Napoleon were associated by our forefathers with the word " Reform " have their modern counterpart in the " Reconstruction " of to-day, when there can be but few who would wish to revert to what are now called " pre-war " conditions, and when there is a well-nigh universal determination to leave behind us the errors of the past, to improve the health and the educational opportunities of our people, to raise the standard of living throughout our country—to create a " better England." The stately English periods in which, during an old controversy here recalled, our " war aims " of 1854 found such eloquent expression, have a familiar ring for us who have lived in days when the English-speaking peoples of the world have been stirred by great and dignified utterances on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Those, indeed, who care to read them, must feel that our position in the Great War could hardly have been better

described than in the words addressed to Mr. Bright at the time of the Crimean War by Absalom Watkin: "We have taken up arms in defence of the weak against a mighty oppressor; for the security of our own country, and for the preservation of those things which are in our just estimation to be 'prized above all price'—for liberty and its attendant blessings, for civilization and progress, for justice and for truth. Our battle is for the welfare of the whole human race, and our trust is in the righteousness of our cause, and in His aid who has called us to this glorious work."

A passage such as this, however nearly attuned to those sentiments which we in this generation have so deeply felt, fails nevertheless to provide a fitting note upon which to conclude an account of so gentle a student: rather let us leave him in our thoughts where in life he so truly enjoyed "the purest of human pleasures"—in his beautiful garden at Northenden, seated beneath the cool shade of his beloved trees, surrounded on some clear summer day by the flowers which he so dearly loved, a favourite volume lying open upon his knees.

A. E. W.

October 1919.

PART I

A STUDIOUS MERCHANT

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

(APRIL 18, 1814 TO SEPTEMBER 9, 1815)

The restoration of the Bourbons celebrated in Manchester—His twenty-seventh birthday—Public Worship—The origin of Sunday Schools—The climate of Manchester—The Fathers of the Christian Church—Napoleon—Coaching to Bradford—A visit to Moore, in Cheshire.

1814. *April 18th.* (*Æt.* 27.) The day of rejoicing and illumination for the restoration of the Bourbons, etc. Saw in the forenoon the procession. In the afternoon walked with Andrew through the town, and was much amused by observing the preparations for the evening. All the windows cleaned, and the women with busy hands and serious faces fixing their candles and ornamenting their windows. The carpenters, and lamp men fixing transparencies, lamps, etc. The streets crowded with people, mostly wearing the blue and white cockade. Business, except the selling of cockades, transparencies, etc., at a stand. In the evening, at nine, I went to the Makinsons'. There I found the Misses Carrington and Longden. With them, Miss Walker and Mrs. Newton, M. and I sallied forth. We went down Oldham Street and into Market Street. Here, particularly at the bottom,

the crowd was great, and the press extreme. We got through and went along Exchange Street and St. Ann's Square and up King Street.

At Mr. Greg's, in King Street, was a fine illumination of about a thousand lamps in the form of a rainbow. Proceeding to Mosley Street, we were much pleased with the Portico, the pillars of which were wreathed with lamps, and the Assembly Rooms. Mr. O. Hulme had some fine transparencies. We went into Portland Street, down Piccadilly and along Oldham Street to the Makinsons'. I got home, much tired, about one in the morning.

June 27th. My birthday (27). Rose late. After breakfast Mr. Long, Miss Makinson and I went to Ratcliffe. We walked slowly and talked pleasantly. We called on Mrs. Fielden and family, friends of Miss M.

We dined. Miss Makinson played some tunes on the organ. We had got the key of the church. Looked at the tombstone of "Fair Ellen," who is said to have been killed by a cruel stepdame. We read the epitaphs in the churchyard and were surprised at the number of women buried there of the name of Betty. We returned to Mrs. Fielden's, and as the whole family are singers, and my friends too, they began to sing.

They continued singing and playing until nearly 8 o'clock. We came home through Prestwich and talked of friendship, happiness, etc., pleasantly. At half-past ten we parted, and thus ended one of the happiest days of my life.

Note.—To Miss Elizabeth Makinson (mentioned above) he was married on November 3, 1814.

August 14th, Sunday. Went to Cross Street Chapel and heard a good discourse by Mr. Robberds from Eccles. 5, v. 1, on the conduct to be observed in worshipping God.

He began by observing that their being again met in their place of worship, after the interruption occasioned by painting, etc., rendered it a proper time for a discourse on such a subject. After some remarks on the propriety of setting apart buildings for the public worship of God, he stated the duties required in order to profit by such worship: viz., Preparation—Attention—Recollection.

Having stayed the conclusion of the service, Mr. Andrew and I went to the Old Church and heard part of a sermon by Dr. ——. The thoughts were trite, the language mean, and part of the pronunciation vulgar.

October 4th. Heard a Lecture to Teachers by Joshua Lancaster. He gave us an account of the rise of Sunday Schools.

Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, walking through the streets of that city, was struck with the number of idle and disorderly children. He thought, "Can nothing be done to remedy this evil? Is there no means of keeping these children in order? Is there no school which might receive them?" An old woman who kept a school was mentioned to him by a friend who was with him, or a person from whom they enquired. He went to her, and she engaged to take a certain number for a pecuniary recompense. But when the agreement was made, objections occurred to him. It was a new thing for children to go to school on the Sunday; it might be blamed. Would it answer? As he

thought thus, the word *Try* came into his mind with such force that, as he told Mr. Lancaster, he found it impossible not to *try*.

December 12th. Some pages Tucker.

It appears from an account kept by Mr. Hanson that on the average of seven years there are in Manchester $127\frac{1}{2}$ wet days in a year. Some pages Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

1815. *March 11th.* The meeting at our house. Several pages "Middleton's Free Enquiry into the Miraculous Powers ascribed to the First Ages of the Christian Church." Convinced from what I read that they who are called the Fathers of the Christian Church were generally credulous and weak men, and sometimes great liars.

March 29th. Loyalty to the Bourbons! The shouts with which the National Guard welcomed the King and the *nonchalance* with which, in a few days, they went over to Napoleon!

The opinion is held that there is now in France a vast number of men, fit only for war, who must be *exterminated* before Europe can be at peace.

May 25th. Set out at six in the morning for Bradford. Read, by the way, some pages Miss Hamilton on "Education."

An old hale-looking man got into the coach at the New Inn, Blackstone Edge, and rode a few miles, who boasted of his feats in hunting. He declared that he had hunted from his 6th year and was then in his 60th, and that he loved it as well as ever. He had gone to bed, he said, as drunk as a pig, and got up the next morning and run forty miles before breakfast. "Aye," and "he could do it still."

September 8th. To Altrincham. Talked by the way of the derivation of proper from common names. Got a most excellent breakfast at Altrincham. Proceeded in the boat to Walton, where we met our wives. Walked with them to Mrs. Byrom's, at Moore, a very pleasant situation; dined, read part of "The Velvet Cushion." Walked through the village; admired the garden of a Mrs. Gleave; there was a fine rose, the height of the door, full of flowers, and several geraniums put down in the borders. Tea at Mrs. Byrom's with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Byrom and Miss Cheshire. Sat some time after tea, talking and singing. Looked at the cows. Walked to Daresbury Church about sunset; the evening was delightful, the sky of a most beautiful red and the moon just rising. There are some fine views of the country and the river by the way.

The churchyard is thickly set with tombstones; went round it, and sat down some time in the church porch. The time, the place, and the beauty of the evening combined to soothe the mind and to fill it with pleasing, although somewhat mournful, thoughts.

Returned to Mrs. Byrom's, supped, chatted and went to Mr. Peter Byrom's to sleep. Our bedroom was a large, antique chamber which my dear Elizabeth had occupied many years since, when here for the recovery of her health.

September 9th. Rose soon after seven. From the window we had a prospect of the country, the canal, etc., pretty in itself, but now set off by all the glories of a lovely morning. Breakfasted, and after prayer went to our friends at Mrs.

Byrom's. The dew yet glittered on the grass and heightened the fragrance of the honeysuckle on the gates. It refreshed, too, the beautiful laurustinus under Mrs. Byrom's window, and gave a richer hue to the roses which had climbed against the window.

I sat down alone in Mrs. Byrom's parlour, read the fine description of the good pastor in "The Velvet Cushion," and then looked at the beauty of the morning, and thought of my own numerous blessings and raised my heart to Him "who crowneth the year with His goodness," and felt truly happy. . . . Took leave of our kind entertainers and came in the boat to Manchester.

Some pages Locke "On the Understanding."

CHAPTER II

STUDY OF ENGLISH POETRY

(SEPTEMBER 11, 1815 TO OCTOBER 21, 1815)

The measure of Milton's verse—Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley—Shakespeare and the principal actors of the day—The life of Alfred the Great as a subject for an epic poem.

September 11th. Attended Mr. Thelwall's lecture "On Milton." I did not much like his manner. It seemed to me too laboured and vehement, and his action redundant. He said that the critics had been mistaken in the measure of Milton's verse; they had asserted that it consisted of five iambic feet, but he did not hesitate to affirm that it consisted of six feet. All rules for reading and pronunciation must, he said, ultimately depend on the physiological structure of the organs. Milton's "Paradise Lost," he affirmed, had not, as Dr. Johnson has asserted, many pages of indifferent versification. On the contrary, his verses were all constructed on the best principles, viz. the principles of music, and whenever his poems were *properly* read (read according to *nature*, not by the rules of *art*), the beauty and correctness of his versification would be apparent.

September 13th. Heard Mr. Thelwall's lecture on Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey.

He bestowed upon Burns almost extravagant praise. Coleridge he censured for his abstruseness and his indolence, but applauded some of his passages. Wordsworth he considered an extraordinary genius, and the great praise which he bestowed upon him, he endeavoured to support by quotations from his "Excursion." I do not think the poetry deserved the praise. Notwithstanding his approbation of Wordsworth, he censured his affected simplicity and his occasional unnecessary stateliness. When, for instance, Wordsworth would tell us that one of his female characters was remarkably tidy in her house, he says she was fond "of an o'erlabour'd purity of house."

He censured very justly the false morality and bad taste of Wordsworth's "Goody Blake" and "Harry Gill," and recited a humorous parody of that piece which occasioned much laughter.

Of Southey he spoke in terms of high approbation, though he blamed his unnecessary variety in the measure of his verse. He admired principally his "Curse of Kehama." This work, he said, had many exquisite passages; the moral was sublime, and it contained more Hindu Literature than any other English book of the same size.

September 15th. Heard Thelwall's lecture on Shakespeare and the principal performers of the present day. Shakespeare, he said, had been misrepresented when he was described as an immoral writer. It is true, many of his expressions are such as, in our day, are considered as grossly indecent, but we must distinguish between the fashion of language and the feelings of morality. It is necessary in many instances to make this distinc-

tion. There is occasion for it even in reading the Scriptures; the writers of the Old Testament used expressions which, though decent and innocent then, could not now be tolerated. So did Shakespeare. Chaucer used language much more gross than that of Shakespeare, yet he read his poems to the ladies of the Court of Edward, who would never have listened to indecencies. Dr. Johnson has accused Shakespeare of immorality, but we may boldly affirm that Shakespeare's writings are more friendly to morality than Johnson's. They do not (like Johnson's) cause us to behold human life with gloom and dissatisfaction. The age of Shakespeare was distinguished by dramatic excellence. Ben Jonson was for some time preferred even to Shakespeare; Beaumont and Fletcher, Walter Shirley, Massinger, etc., were his contemporaries and friends. The "Maid's Tragedy" of the two first writers, the "New Way to pay Old Debts" of Massinger, and "The Gamester" of Shirley are some, out of many of their plays, possessing great excellence. Contrasting the illustrious dramatists of this period with the playwrights of the present day, we immediately discover the immense inferiority of our own time. Of the performers who have appeared in the characters of Shakespeare, Kemble, Cooke and Kean are *now* the principal. Kemble is the child of art. It is great labour that hath made him what he is. Every step, look and attitude is studied and prepared. He will never appear in a new part until he has gone through ten or twelve rehearsals. His figure is noble, his features expressive, his voice rather harsh. Wherever stoical or

monkish feeling is to be represented, there he excels.

Cooke had considerable powers, but they were obscured by vulgarity and folly. Yet his Richard and his Iago were not representations of those characters as Shakespeare drew them. He was conscious of this. Kean excels in the *nature* of his acting. He enters deeply into the character he is to represent, and then performs it. He does not, like Kemble, predetermine every look and gesture, and hence his acting of the same character hath always something new. His performance of Richard III hath uncommon excellence. It is the Richard Shakespeare drew—not a mean, bloody villain, but a great, accomplished, brave, politic, bad prince.

Kean excelled in the love scene with Lady Anne, and in the parting of Richard with his friends the night before the battle in which he is slain. His representation of Iago was another proof that he understood Shakespeare. He represented a determined villain hiding his baseness under a gay, open, dissolute appearance. This is a species of hypocrisy which is not uncommon. There are hypocrites of every description—some grave, some gay, some smooth and courtier-like, some rough and blustering. The Iago of Shakespeare is a gay and apparently open, hearty, and undesigning character, concealing under this appearance (it is one of the least suspected) the most hardened villainy. Of such men, openly regardless of the lesser duties of morality, it is generally said, “ Oh, he is a sad wicked devil, to be sure, but then one sees the worst of him ; he does not conceal anything ;

he could not, if he would." This is generally a very false estimate of such characters. Kean excelled in using such action that, even before he speaks, you perceive what he intends to say. His stature is below the middle size, his voice bad (capable of being mended by proper treatment, but too likely to be ruined by intemperance), his gesture most admirable, his countenance wonderfully expressive.

September 16th. Heard Mr. Thelwall's lecture on Shakespeare, and the actors of the present day. He contrasted Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil; he gave the preference to Miss O'Neil in all characters except such as that of Lady Macbeth: in this character he thought Mrs. Siddons unrivalled. But she cannot get out of characters of that class, and even when she performed the part of the lady in "Comus," there was something of Lady Macbeth in it. Yet the two characters are essentially different. Lady Macbeth exhibits a stern and ferocious resolution; the lady in "Comus" a determination, absolute in its resolves, but expressed with the most amiable feminine mildness. Miss O'Neil performed the part of Juliet. To understand this character, it is essential to consider her age. Shakespeare represents her as just sixteen; it has been the fault of the players to represent her as much older. Now, it is obvious that the language in which a girl of sixteen would artlessly and innocently express her affection would be quite improper in a woman of two or three and twenty. Without attending to this distinction we cannot understand the character and cannot fail to be disgusted with it. When Miss O'Neil

played Juliet, she attended carefully to this distinction, and the result was such a representation of the Juliet of Shakespeare as had seldom been exhibited, and as I, said Mr. Thelwall, had never before witnessed. When Miss O'Neil performed Isabella in the "Fatal Marriage," it is said that at the end of the play, where Isabella becomes mad, the person who represented the attendant, and who had played the same part to the best performers, actually thought her mad, and stood trembling for himself, till her theatrical death put an end to his fears. In representing madness she is unrivalled.—Her features are rather small.

Mr. Thelwall recited the speech of Antony over the body of Julius Cæsar. He prefaced his recitation by some excellent remarks. The finest specimens of eloquence, he said, were *unwritten*; they were the speeches of great men, excited by great occasions, delivered in the midst of hurry and business. The speech of Antony was one of these. That it is of the best kind no one could doubt; its effects proved it. This speech altered the government of Rome, gave new masters to the world, introduced that vice and weakness which gave rise to the invasions of the barbarians. This speech first shook and then destroyed the giant fabric of the Roman greatness. It gave rise to the erection of the modern States of the most civilized part of the world. "There is not," said he, "an individual in this room, or in Europe, whose situation and happiness have not been, in some measure, affected by this speech." Yet this speech is unwritten. It was a bold attempt of Shakespeare to supply it. Yet he attempted, and

has succeeded. Most speakers misunderstand this speech. They recite the words " Yet Brutus is an honourable man " in a continued tone of irony. This is wrong. Antony evidently begins in a modest, serious, subdued manner, and it is only as his hearers warm that the words in question become in any degree ironical : but they are never broadly so.

September 22nd to October 14th. I have read during this period Miss Edgeworth's " Patronage," a novel in four volumes; Lord Byron's " Corsair," which I think does not deserve the commendations it has received; " The Life of John Thelwall " in the " Public Characters." Several articles in the Reviews. Phillips' speech in the case of " Guthrie v. Sterne," which I think is not so eloquent as is thought by many. The account of the strange madness about witchcraft which took place in New England in Neal's history of that country. During this time Elizabeth and I have spent an evening at John Shuttleworth's. I learned there that fly-fishing is unknown on the Continent, that engravings on wood are taken from the raised part and not from the indentations, as in copper, etc.

I have begun to read Reid " On the Human Mind."

October 21st. I have been thinking to-day, as I have oft done before, that the life of Alfred would make a noble subject for an epic poem. The action might commence with the summoning of the British forces and their consequent attendance at Brixwood Forest. The Christian religion and the Northern Mythology would afford machinery : and the Britons (or rather Saxons) and the Danes would afford ample variety of character.

CHAPTER III

“ DISCURSIVE READING ”

(JANUARY 1, 1816 TO APRIL 22, 1817)

New Year resolutions—Origin of trial by jury of twelve—Robertson's “ America ”—Horne Tooke and reports of Parliamentary debates—Admiration for Mr. Pitt—Miss Smith's “ Fragments ”—Burke's “ French Revolution ”—The story of Amnon and Tamar.

1816. *January 1st.* (*Æt.* 29.) Another year has gone. To me it has been an eventful, but not unhappy year. I purpose this year, if it please God, to read Tucker's “ Light of Nature ” : to continue Henry's “ Britain ” and Reid “ On the Mind ” : to examine with care Ditton “ On the Resurrection of Jesus ” : to attend to composition : to write three or four essays. But my studies must be subordinate to my business, to which I purpose to attend regularly and diligently during the usual hours. For my general conduct, I intend : to make home the seat of my happiness : to strive to conquer sloth, petulance, sarcasm : to behave with proper, manly kindness to my dear Elizabeth, and to my mother.

March 8th. A fair, but at times cloudy, day. Continued Henry and Tucker. William the Conqueror appears to have introduced the trial,

by a jury of twelve men, into England. Henry II established it by Act of Parliament.

April 3rd. A fine, but rather cold, day. Continued Robertson's "America." I see, from the narrative of Robertson, to what care, labour, and difficulty all persons who will do some great thing are exposed. I see too the value of decision, but I begin to discover the necessity of adding address and courtesy to resolution and perseverance. What detestable cruelty, what causeless aggression, attended the Spanish Conquests in America! What a malevolent being, too frequently, is man!

May 26th, Sunday. A fine day. Blair's "Sermon on the Duties of Middle Age." Tea at Gore Street. Alexander Makinson told me that he always rode with his stirrups so short that, when his leg was extended, the bottom of the stirrup iron would touch his ankle bone: he said this made his seat firm, and was the practice of our cavalry.

Heard Mr. Woodhouse at night.

June 10th. The first volume of Stephen's "Life of Horne Tooke." I find by this work that we owe to the spirited exertions of Horne Tooke the publication in the newspapers of the debates in Parliament. There is *now* on the Journals of the House of Commons a standing order forbidding such publications. Continued Henry.

June 15th. A fine day, the evening peculiarly beautiful. The second volume of the Memoirs of Marmontel: continued Henry. This morning Grime called me at five and we walked to the remains of the Roman Post in Broughton. At first the air was cold, but after a while the sunbeams diffused an agreeable warmth. Our walk was

delightful : we spoke of the corruption of morals on the Continent, and particularly among the French, and agreed that war with such a people, accompanied by heavy taxes and some distress, was better than intercourse and probably introduction of their vices : we thought better of the late Mr. Pitt, from considering that he had perhaps saved us from such a contamination. We then spoke of war, and were somewhat reconciled to its horrors by reflecting that it had carried off a number of wretches who could hardly live with safety to Europe.

June 25th. Few pages Montaigne's Essays : concluded Marmontel's Memoirs. He gives a clear account of the rise of the Revolution in France. The weakness of the king, the inability, and frequent change, of the ministers, the progress of infidel and republican principles, and the ambition of worthless villains, conspired to produce it.

When I closed the volume, and reflected that England had probably been preserved from similar atrocities in some measure by the counsels and firmness of Mr. Pitt, I felt a degree of veneration for a man of whom formerly I thought but meanly.

July 10th. Continued Miss Smith's " Fragments." She was born in 1776 and died in 1806. She understood, with little instruction, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew ; and had no inconsiderable acquaintance with Arabic and Persian. She was acquainted with algebra and geometry : was a fine musician : drew well from nature, and was mistress of perspective. Her translation of the Book of Job has been published. The following are some of her remarks :

It is surprising how the opinions of the same person change in the course of a few years. It is therefore improving, as well as amusing, to write down the thoughts that occur, in order to look them over after some time, and see in what respects I may have advanced, in what receded, and rectify errors.

No event which I thought unfortunate has ever happened to me, but I have been convinced, at some time or other, that it was not a misfortune but a blessing.

Those who know little, are anxious to reform everything; those who know more, are convinced of the impossibility of complete reformation, and therefore are inclined to leave everything as they found it.

I determined never again to be *anxious* about anything: persuaded that all events are much better disposed than if *I* had the management of them. An hour, well spent, condemns a life: when we reflect on the sum of improvement and delight gained in that single hour, how do the multitude of hours already past rise up and say, "What good has marked us?" Would'st thou know the true worth of time, *employ one hour*.

July 22nd. Concluded Burke on the French Revolution: this is an excellent, and eloquent work, containing many fine passages, and many sage observations on politics. He saw, with the eye of a prophet, the evils that would fall upon France, from the mad, destructive schemes, and the outrageous folly and wickedness, of the National Assembly. I have no doubt that his work contributed to save *his* country from the contagion of

infidel and levelling principles. May his memory be honoured!

October 8th. A dull, but fair day: continued Campbell with Grime. This evening our poor cat, whom we have had since 1809, died—she has been ill about a fortnight, and has died more sincerely lamented by us, and much more missed, than many a man of substance is by his friends.

November 24th, Sunday. Heard Mr. Mort at night. In our reading this afternoon I was struck with the beauty of the account of Amnon and Tamar in the thirteenth chapter of the second book of Samuel. It would form a fine subject for a drama. The chapter on "Alms" in Taylor's "Holy Living."

1817. *March 15th.* (*Æt.* 30.) A mild, fair day: continued Hume: several pages Tacitus. My aunt Mountford (*Note.*—The widow of his uncle John Watkin had married Mr. Mountford, of Audlem) and her husband had tea with us.

April 22nd. Concluded "Telemachus": an excellent work, the perusal of which, now that I can properly understand it, has given me much pleasure. I read it first when about eleven, and only got from it some confused notions of the heathen mythology, which I received with almost as much faith as I should have done a tale of ghosts. Afterwards, when I learnt French, it was one of my school books, but never, until now, did I read it with a perception of its beauties. Some pages Goldsmith's "England," which we have begun to read while my mother is in Cheshire, to recall to our minds the events more fully described in the histories we have read.

CHAPTER IV

DOVEDALE

(MAY 26, 1817 TO MAY 29, 1817)

By coach to Buxton—Poole's Hole—Newhaven—Dovedale—Thorp
Cloud—Ashbourne—Matlock Bath—Willersley Castle.

May 26th. Set out in the coach for Buxton at six in the morning, in company with Grime and Andrew. Read, by the way, several pages Voltaire's "History of Charles XII". Got to Buxton about ten. Made an excellent breakfast at the Shakespeare Inn. Walked round the Crescent, and went into one of the baths. The Crescent is a fine pile of building, with piazzas all round it, and is in the front 160 paces long. The church, which stands at a little distance, is a very neat building. There is nothing else remarkable in Buxton. Some walks have been made on the banks of the river which are pretty, but the surrounding country is hilly, rude, and barren. Walked to Poole's Hole, about a mile from Buxton. Went into it, conducted by two old women and a girl. The entrance is low and narrow, and the interior dark, damp, and slippery. The path is over large uneven masses of stone, formed by the water which is continually falling in almost every part of the cavern. We saw the masses which are called the

Lion's Head, the Turtle, Poole's Saddle, etc., but did not much admire them. We went as far as the Queen of Scots' Pillar, and were then content to return. Our way back was partly *under* the path which we had pursued in our advance. In a rugged part, Grime fell, cut his ankle, and scratched his hands. When we were about half-way, Andrew let off some crackers which he had brought with him, which made a noise like thunder in the caves which surrounded us. He was, however, mortified to find that they went off indifferently. When we got out of the Hole, we found ourselves spotted with large drops of wet which had fallen upon us during our examination of this first wonder of the Peak. We now directed our steps towards the high road which leads from Buxton to Newhaven. Before we could reach it, it began to rain, and we had not advanced far before the rain became so heavy and violent, that we were glad to take shelter under the side of a house. I proposed that we should request admittance, but my friends were unwilling and we stood in the wet.

Grime, whose leg gave him no little pain, rested it upon a stone, and looked quite doleful: Andrew stood by his side, and eyed the black thick clouds; and I, while the rain poured from every point of our umbrellas, could scarcely refrain from laughing at the plight in which we were. A few minutes relieved us from our gloomy apprehensions. The wind drove the thick black clouds towards Buxton, the sun broke out, the larks sang, and although the rain had not yet ceased, and we were wet, and the road miry, we pursued our journey in good spirits. In a little time it

became fair. We had met a chaise during the shower which belonged to Newhaven, and which we hoped would, in its return from Buxton, afford us an opportunity of getting a ride part of our way for a trifle. This circumstance induced us to stop at a public-house by the roadside in order to dine. The house was a homely one, which afforded nothing but bad beer, and the mistress knew how to scold. However, we were hungry, and we made a hearty meal. When we had finished our meal, and rested sufficiently, we set out again. We proceeded cheerfully on our way, looking at the few objects which present themselves in this dreary country, and expecting to be speedily overtaken by the chaise. It was a considerable time, however, and we had proceeded some miles, before it overtook us, and then it was *full*! Nothing now remained but to bear our disappointment, and walk on. As the evening advanced, it became finer, and when we got to Newhaven House (twelve miles from Buxton) it was beautifully fine. Here we were glad to find our day's march at an end. We had tea, walked in the garden, read "Charles XII," drank some wine, supped, and went, at an early hour, to bed.

May 27th. Rose between six and seven, and found the country covered with a thick fog. After breakfast left Newhaven House, and proceeded towards Dovedale. The fog gradually dispersed, and the country became more interesting. After proceeding four or five miles, we were directed to quit the high road to Ashbourne, and cross through the fields to the Dale. A walk of about a mile of this kind brought us to one of the descents into the Dale. We descended, gathering

as we went down some beautiful cowslips and orchises. The Dove flows through the valley sometimes murmuring, but generally making rather a loud, rushing noise, as it passes over the stones which in most places obstruct its passage. The banks of the stream, and such parts of the rocks as are covered with earth, presented a green turf, and bushes and young trees. A winding footpath ran along the side of the river. Almost as soon as we got into the Dale, we were tempted by the clearness of the water to drink. We then proceeded along the path, observing the scenery, which altered almost at every step. We had not gone far before we came to the caves called the Dove Holes, and here we sat down to make our first meal in the Dale. When this important business had been duly performed, we examined the Holes. One of them is a magnificent cavern, presenting at its entrance a lofty round arch, opening into the side of a large rock, but not extending far into it. We gathered here some beautiful round-leaved cranesbill.

Pursuing our walk, we came to a part of the Dale which was nearly covered with wild garlic in flower. We found two other plants in flower, close to the water, with which we were unacquainted. After some further progress the Dale, though still singular, became less wild and romantic, and a boy whom we met told us that we were not far from its termination. A little further we found not only sheep (which pasture in every part of the Dale) but cows. We observed a large herd of cattle coming down the hills on the Staffordshire side of the Dale, towards this place, which seemed to be a general watering-

place. We stood still, looking at them as they came cautiously down the steep descent towards the Dove. On our way from Newhaven we had talked of the possibility of being attacked by a bull, and had agreed that if we were, we would stand together and, unfurling our umbrellas, make a brave defence. We were now to be tried. As we observed the cattle, we noticed one, descending apart from the others, more quickly, sometimes smelling at the earth, and making at intervals an angry, snorting noise. This animal, advancing into the Dove, did not stay to drink like the others, but appeared advancing, through the stream, right towards us. That it was a bull, which meant to attack us, we did not doubt ; and that we had better meet him on the steep hill behind us, than in the valley, was our unanimous opinion. Up then we ran, though the ascent was steep, and we were encumbered by our great-coats and umbrellas. At a height of about thirty yards, we observed a break in the hill, where there was good footing, and plenty of stones, while the approach to it, in front, was even more steep than where we had ascended. This we thought a good post, and getting to it, we prepared to give our enemy a warm reception. But upon looking downwards we found that the animal had not yet quitted the river : it was, in fact—a cow !

After resting awhile, and amusing ourselves by rolling some large stones down the hill into the river, we began to return. We retraced our steps till we came to the place at which we had entered, and, passing that, we found the Dale exhibiting scenes different from those we had yet observed.

In one part, the high and steep rocks on each side advanced so close to the river, that it was evident an inconsiderable accession to its waters would prevent any passage through this part of the Dale. A little further, the rocks became still higher, and the woods, with which many parts were covered, presented a new and grand appearance. Huge masses of bare rock, of singular shapes, gave variety to every turn, and almost to every step. After some further progress we perceived some persons at the entrance to a cave, a considerable height above us, among the rocks. We thought this was probably a curious object, and in consequence determined to explore it. We saw no way to get at it, but by a narrow side-path, exceedingly steep, and opposing likewise one or two places up which it was necessary to scramble by the help of our hands and knees. This path we took, and overcoming its difficulties, found ourselves at the entrance of Reynard's Hall, which we might have reached by an easy wide ascent, had we only proceeded a little further. The persons we had seen from below, an elderly man, a young one, and two ladies, were still there, and had come like us to see the Dale. We talked with them about it, and the old gentleman told us that he had once penetrated so far into the cave, called Reynard's Kitchen, that a candle which he lighted at the entrance was burnt out. We went into this cave, and into that called the Hall, but not far, having no candles. A few yards in front of these two caves is a huge mass of rock, through the middle of which a large natural arch opens, from the caves, a view of the Dale and of the river.

The proper road to the caves is through this arch, which is larger than the principal entrance of the Old Church. In Reynard's Hall we found the remains of a fire, and this afforded Andrew an opportunity of letting off the remainder of his crackers for the amusement of the company. After this we despatched the small remains of our provisions, and then we went to the top of the arch, while the other persons proceeded to that part of the Dale we had already seen. When we had in this manner gratified our curiosity, we descended, and went to the river, in which, tempted by the clearness of the stream, we washed and then continued our march. The Dale gradually widened as we proceeded, and presented many singular objects, but they were no longer *new*, and we were rather weary. The descriptions of the Dale which we had read, spoke of the hill called Thorp Cloud as being singular in appearance, and as commanding, from the top, an extensive prospect. Thorp Cloud, therefore, we now wished to see, but not knowing which of the hills had been so christened, we went on till we saw some people at work at the other side of the river, and then Andrew volunteered to go to them and inquire the way. They told him we were yet at some distance from the hill. The path here began to ascend, and at length brought us to an elevated spot which overhung the river, and afforded us a pretty view of part of the Dale. We sat down, and with a spying-glass of Andrew's examined the objects around us. While doing so we perceived some persons coming up the Dale, whom we soon discovered to be the same we had met in Reynard's Hall. When they came up, we

invited them to have a peep through the glass, but they excused themselves, saying they wished to get to the top of Thorp Cloud, where the prospect would be better. As this was our object as well as theirs, we went on with them, chatting by the way about the Dale, its proprietors, etc. A few drops of rain had fallen for some time, but before we reached the foot of the Cloud, it began to rain heavily. None of our new companions had umbrellas, but, as we had each of us one, we were able to afford them shelter. I happened to give up mine to the two ladies, a piece of civility for which Andrew and Grime rewarded me by a profusion of jokes on my gallantry, which, as they were told in French and only understood by ourselves, gave no offence to our new acquaintances. The rain was so violent that we did not like to ascend the hill until it should abate. The clouds rolled over the hills, however, and it ceased to rain. We advanced to the foot of the hill, and here the old gentleman, who had often been to the top, said he would await our return. The ascent is very steep, and the rain had made the grass quite "slippy." We ascended cheerfully, but the rain began to assail us again, and soon became so violent that we did not like to expose ourselves to it on the top of the hill. We stopped, in consequence, at a little distance from the top, and sitting down, kept off the rain as well as we could with our umbrellas. We had sat some time, the rain beating full upon us, when Andrew scrambled to the top of the hill, which is very narrow, and brought word that if we ascended and sat down on the other side of the hill it would defend us from the rain. We did so. In a short

time the rain ceased, the clouds gathering in vast heaps over the country we had travelled in the morning, and the distant thunder announcing that the storm had passed over us. We did not think the prospect very uncommon, though certainly a good one. Before us was Dovedale with its rocks and peculiarities : on one side, a pretty seat called Ilam, with the Dove meandering beautifully through the grounds, and behind us the fine cultivated country towards Ashbourne. Dovedale and the country beyond was darkened by a black and stormy sky ; while the country towards Ashbourne glittered in the beams of the sun, and was enlivened by the song of the lark and other birds. It was only necessary to turn round in order to see either of these strongly contrasted scenes. When we had gratified our curiosity with the prospect, we prepared to descend. At the foot of the hill we found the old gentleman, and as he lived at Ashbourne, where we intended to pass the night, we all went on together. The young man, who had come that day from Derby, and had to return, had left his horse at a public-house near the Dale, and soon after quitted us. We had three or four miles to go to Ashbourne, but the evening was fine, the country beautiful, and the old man well acquainted with it and very conversable. Andrew, too, who escorted the younger lady, furnished us with amusement. We walked on in good spirits till we came to Ashbourne. In the market-place we parted with Mr. Hardy and the ladies, and then going to the Bell Inn, we ordered tea. A hearty meal gave us new vigour. After tea, we prepared to leave Ashbourne,

but calling at a very neat barber's shop, we found reason to alter our minds. The barber told us there was not a good inn on the road. We determined in consequence to remain at the Bell, and leaving our luggage, went to look at Ashbourne Church. This is a handsome structure, at one end of the town, having a pretty shady walk along one side of the churchyard. We went into the church and looked at some ancient monuments, and then, the evening being very fine, continued our walk about the town. Ashbourne is a very pretty place, very clean, and abounding in well-dressed people. It lies in a deep valley and is surrounded by a fine country. We ascended the hill up which the road to London proceeds, and observing the Calvinistic chapel open and the organ playing, we entered. There was no one in the chapel, which is a very neat one, but the person who was playing. We stayed listening some time and read the epitaph of Mr. Cook, a native of Ashbourne, who left it poor, but becoming rich by the blessing of Heaven on his industry, returned and founded this chapel and the adjacent almshouses. Leaving the chapel, we went a little further up the hill and then returned through the fields to Ashbourne. After resting a little at the inn, and taking some wine, we had another walk to the church, the evening being beautifully fine. We spoke for the most part in French. As we walked I noticed the people said "They are Frenchmen," and in the churchyard walk, where many persons were walking, we heard parts of our conversation translated. We were at a loss to account for this, till at supper we learnt that Ashbourne had been a

depôt for French prisoners, and that a smattering of the language had thus become common. An excellent supper and good beds concluded, very pleasantly, this active and agreeable day.

May 28th. Rose rather late, and after breakfast set out for Matlock. The morning was fine, but the wind so cold that our great-coats were no inconvenience. We passed through Carsington, stopping a few minutes in the churchyard, where was the following epitaph :

Stop, passenger, and view thy state,
Stand and compose thy mind ;
For death respects nor age, nor state,
Thou'rt but one step behind.

We next passed Hopton, the seat of the Gell family. After a toilsome march of eleven or twelve miles through a country which had no great beauty, we came through Cromford to Matlock Bath and put up at the hotel. We were tired and hungry, but after a tolerable dinner and some rest we were sufficiently refreshed to leave the inn and look about us. We went first to the Heights of Abraham, a considerable hill planted with trees, through which a winding walk is carried to the top. At proper places there are seats, from which, through openings made among the trees, views are obtained of Matlock Dale, the High Tor, the Lovers' Leap, and the adjacent country. Matlock Dale is a valley of no great breadth, about two miles long. The Derwent flows through it, and on the right hand, as we entered from Cromford, is Willersley Castle, the seat of Mr. Arkwright. The right-hand side of the Dale is the most romantic, consisting

of a high rocky ascent, in some places covered with trees, and in others presenting only the bare rock. The whole of this side, from Cromford to Matlock Bridge, has pleasant walks traversing it in various directions. On the left side are the baths and other buildings, together with the carriage road. Coming from Cromford, the Heights of Abraham appear to terminate the valley, but a further progress discovers the High Tor and the distant country. Not far from the bottom of the Heights of Abraham is the entrance to an old lead mine, which extends a great way in different directions under the hill, and which is shown to strangers under the denomination of the Rutland Cavern. We entered, and saw a fine dry excavation in the rock, of vast extent and sometimes of considerable height. The sides, and often the roof, glittered with spar of different colours, lead ore, copper ore, iron and zinc ores. If Poole's Hole had disappointed us, this place far exceeded our expectations. We stayed in it a considerable time, and brought away some little specimens of spar and ore. When we had gratified our curiosity with the Rutland Cavern, we returned to the inn, and the evening being wet, we only took a short walk towards Cromford before we retired to rest.

May 29th. Rose late. After breakfast we crossed the Derwent and walked to Matlock village, proceeding through the wood which I before mentioned. In returning we took another direction, and came over the top of the high rocks which bound the Dale on the more romantic side. In our progress we had some fine views: the fields were thickly enamelled with orchises and cowslips, and

in the wood we found ground-ivy in flower, and another plant with a pretty white flower, the name of which we did not know. The view from the top of Matlock High Tor, a huge rock, rising perpendicularly to a great height from the river, was sublimely beautiful.

When we had ordered dinner, not forgetting some trout, we went to get an appetite by looking at Willersley Castle, built by Sir Richard Arkwright, and now occupied by his son. I have scarcely ever seen a house more advantageously situated. It is built of white stone, and stands on a fine eminence which rises gradually from the River Derwent. A person who stands looking at the house in front has, on his left, Matlock Dale, and on his right, a beautiful and well-wooded country extending to a considerable distance. Behind him, but hidden from the house by vast heaps of almost perpendicular rock, is the village of Cromford, and between him and the house are the grounds, with the Derwent meandering through them. To the left, on the river-side, is Mr. Arkwright's cotton mill, and to the right, a pretty stone church. We left the grounds by a path which passes near the edge of a high rock near the Derwent, called the Lovers' Leap, and entered the walk in the wood by a door which communicates with it from these grounds. Crossing the river at the ferry, we were soon at our inn, and sat down to an excellent dinner with keen appetites, it being nearly three o'clock. After dinner we went into the museum, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in looking at the vases and other ornaments, the specimens of ores, precious stones,

etc., and in making some small purchases. After tea, we took a walk up and down the Dale, and soon after betook ourselves to bed. I should have noticed that in Mr. Arkwright's garden we saw a gooseberry-tree fastened to a wall, one branch of which was more than 33 feet long. I asked the gardener if it bore any better for being nailed up. He said no, but worse. It had only been done for curiosity.

CHAPTER V

CHATSWORTH AND HADDON

(MAY 30, 1817 TO MAY 31, 1817)

The magnificence of Chatsworth—The romantic beauty of Haddon—
Reflections on the history of Haddon—Bakewell Church.

May 30th. Left Matlock, after breakfast, in Mr. Smith's car, he driving it. A very pleasant ride brought us to Chatsworth. We went through that part of the house which is shown to strangers, and were shown the Chapel, library, picture (or rather sketch) gallery, the state bedrooms, the rooms occupied by Mary Stuart and some others. All of these rooms, I think, have painted ceilings, as well as the staircases. In some of them there are paintings and portraits, and some are hung with fine tapestry, but they are all so large and lofty that I could not help thinking they must be cold in winter; and I almost pitied the owner of this magnificent house for wanting a snug warm room like mine. The Chapel and many of the rooms have some fine carved work. The house itself is a stately quadrangular building of stone. The arms and motto of the Devonshire family, "Cavendo Tutus," appear on the principal front. Leaving the house, we went to look at the water-works. There is a duck which

spouts water, a tree which spouts water, horses and lions which spout water, river gods and monsters who spout water, a large artificial cascade, and numerous concealed pipes to spout water on the unwary. The reservoir which supplies these things with water covers, I think the man said, fourteen acres of ground, and yet they have only water enough to throw about now and then for a short space of time at once. It would, he said, require a river to keep them constantly spouting and foaming. Of all these water wonders, it was only the cascade which appeared to me worth the trouble of making, and to cover fourteen acres of land with water, only to play tricks with it, did not please me. Leaving Chatsworth, we went to Edensor, a small village close by, and got an excellent dinner at the inn. After dinner we proceeded in the car towards Haddon. Haddon Hall, which we were now to examine, is a large stone building, erected at different times, part of it being of the age of King John, and the most modern part of the time of Elizabeth. It was anciently the seat of the Vernon family, but came by marriage into the possession of the ancestors of the Duke of Rutland, who is the present possessor. It is not now inhabited, but kept in repair and in tenable condition. It is pleasantly situated on a small eminence at some distance from the road, and commands a prospect of a fine country. The garden and a small number of fine old trees are all that remain of the grounds, which were formerly extensive. When the noble owners of this mansion resided in it, it was the seat of magnificence and hospitality, and no less than a hundred and

twenty servants were once kept in it. At Chatsworth, the magnificent rooms and costly furniture were shown to us by a stately housekeeper elegantly dressed. At Haddon, our conductress was a respectable-looking woman well stricken in years, whose grey hair, old-fashioned print gown, precise clean appearance and rather mumbling speech were perfectly in unison with the objects she pointed out to us. We ascended to the large old-fashioned gates of the principal entrance, and observed on one side in the old English character the following inscription: "God save the Vernons." We saw the Chapel, and then the kitchen, which yet retained the huge chopping-block, large grate, and extensive dressers of ancient days. In passing from one court of this mansion, which consists of two square courts surrounded by buildings, we saw a Roman altar of stone with an inscription, which was found in the neighbourhood, and has been described by Camden. As we felt much gratified by the sight of Haddon, we determined to leave nothing unexplored, and accordingly we went into every place to which we could find an entrance. The number of rooms was amazing. Some few of them are large, but most of them otherwise. All of them have windows composed of small panes of glass, and there is not a sash window in the whole building. The walls of the best rooms are either wainscoted or hung with tapestry, but generally the latter. The doors are often concealed by the tapestry and are singularly numerous. Indeed, the communications from room to room are so numerous and intricate, that it would take some considerable time to get

acquainted with them. Besides the old tapestry, there are some pictures and a little furniture. We were shown a fine bed of green velvet embroidered by Lady Catherine Manners and about a hundred years old: in another room was an old cradle. Among the pictures we saw that of the lady by whose marriage with Sir John Manners this house and the estates came from the family of Vernon into that of Rutland. We learnt that the gallant Sir John stole her away, and that the door through which she passed was fastened up and has never been opened since. We went to the top of two or three of the towers, several of which rose in various parts of this edifice. The prospect is pretty, and I brought away one or two common little plants which I valued because they grew on the towers of Haddon.

It was with feelings of a sad, yet not unpleasant, description that I had examined and that I had quitted this house. The deserted rooms through which we passed had for ages been the scene of pomp and mirth and hospitality. Many generations of two noble families had been born, lived, and perhaps died within them. All the passions, whether good or bad, which actuate the human breast, had here been called into exercise. The first cry of new-born life and the last groan of feeble age had echoed within these walls repeatedly during centuries. The proud baron and his humble slaves had here met, and beauty had been admired, and valour honoured and goodness loved—but they are gone—their bodies have long since crumbled into dust, and their spirits have passed to their reward. The towers of Haddon glitter in the

sun, or are shaken by the blast, but their eyes behold them no more. "They are gone as a tale that is told, as a flower of the field so they are perished." Erected partly in the reign of John, what wars and revolutions have these towers witnessed! The Barons' War, which procured Magna Charta—the bloody contest between the houses of York and Lancaster—the tyranny of Henry VIII—the persecution of Mary—the glories of Elizabeth—the Civil Wars and misfortunes of Charles—the cant and courage of Oliver—the landing of William III and the deposition of James. Through all these occurrences they have reared their heads, and each of these events has been sufficient to agitate the breasts of their noble possessors. . . .

Leaving Haddon, we proceeded in the car to Bakewell. This was the limit of the day's excursion. After tea we went to look at the Bath, a pretty building over a poor spring. From the Bath we went to look at the church. It stands on a hill. One of the windows has an ancient Saxon arch, and an old stone cross of unknown antiquity stands in the churchyard. Bakewell itself is a place of great antiquity, having been made a borough by Edward the Elder, one of the Saxon kings. We found the door of the church open and went in. The clerk was in the reading-desk, putting the strings into the proper places for Sunday, and humming a psalm tune which he perhaps intended to set. We looked round the church and he came to us. He showed us the Vernon and Rutland monuments. Here lie Sir John Vernon (commonly called the King of the Peak)

and his lady. Here, too, are the effigies of Sir John Manners and the lady he stole from Haddon, together with their children. There is likewise a noble monument erected by a lady of this family to the memory of her husband and children with all their effigies, and a text of Scripture over the head of each. There are monuments of other persons whose names I forget. The view of these tombs was a proper sequel to Haddon. . . . We went from the church to the inn, and after some time spent in conversation, over some wine, to bed.

May 31st. Rose late. Came on the coach to Buxton. We were heavily laden; the road hilly, and in one place dangerous. This place is the steep descent of a hill, having huge overhanging rocks one side, and a dreadful precipice on the other with the River Wye at the bottom. There are several romantic scenes on this road, but being rather afraid of the coach overturning, I did not fully enjoy them. We came, however, safe to Buxton, where I got an inside place. I concluded "Charles XII" by the way. We got to Manchester about three in the afternoon.

CHAPTER VI

MORE "DISCURSIVE READING"

(JUNE 7, 1817 TO APRIL 19, 1818)

Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand"—The price of hay in 1816—The christening of his daughter Elizabeth—Napoleonic relics—Death of the Princess Charlotte—An epidemic of typhoid—Gibbon on the writing of letters—A Christmas family party—The private theatre in Camp Field—Sir Thomas Bernard's "Comforts of Old Age"—The effects of war—A secret of old age—The Roman Catholic ritual.

June 7th. During this week, of which, being occupied in writing the account of my journey, I kept no particular account, I have read Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." These same Greeks appeared to me to have been a set of mercenary freebooters. Xenophon appears quite a devotee, and, I think, never fights till he has sacrificed, and found the entrails of the victims favourable.

August 3rd, Sunday. Went with Andrew to Cross Street Chapel and heard a sermon from "Prove all things." Some pages Tucker.

I learnt yesterday from Mr. Bellot that an acre of good meadow land will produce about four tons of hay. Hay was last year worth from £7 to £8 a ton. Land is let at about £4 10s. an acre.

August 7th. Attended all day in Salford court as a juror. There was one cause for a gross of pipes value 1s. 10d. The costs of the action, it was said, would amount to £12 or £14. Continued Smollett.

September 14th, Sunday. Christened our little girl at St. Stephen's Church. The Rev. Melville Horne was the officiating minister. My mother and my father-in-law the sponsors. We called the child Elizabeth.

October 1st. Yesterday our little girl was inoculated with "the cow-pock matter."

October 27th. Went to see Bonaparte's carriage and the articles taken with it. The pictures illustrating his victories, etc. The plates and instruments taken with the carriage are very rich, being mostly gold. Among the pictures I was most struck with one representing Bonaparte on the morning of the battle of Moskva, exclaiming, as the sun rose, "It is the sun of Austerlitz!"; another, allegorical, entitled "The First Consul reinstating religion," and a third, emblematical of the birth of the King of Rome. There is also a beautiful portrait, a third or quarter length, of Bonaparte painted on marble. I never saw flesh so exquisitely represented as the face in this picture. I went close to it, but could not discern any stroke of the brush. Bonaparte is represented in his coronation robes. There is a good picture of Josephine, Bonaparte's first wife, sitting, as large as life. There are some fire-arms very richly ornamented; Bonaparte's state sword when First Consul and a Marshal's baton; a beautiful china figure of the infant King of Rome, naked, one arm extended

and lifting up a loose drapery made of china, with which he is covered.

A picture of Bonaparte bestowing some honorary distinction on the members of the Institute is well done. He is giving the ribbon to Canova, the sculptor.

November 8th. Continued "Confessions de J.-J. Rousseau." The papers this morning informed us that the Princess Charlotte, after being delivered of a still-born child, died in a few hours. This was an event quite unexpected. Youth and health appeared to promise to her a numerous offspring and length of days. Everyone expected it, and the blow is so sudden that everyone is sorry. I am not apt to sympathize with the great, but to die suddenly at little more than twenty-one, with such prospects as she had, appears so hard a fate that I have been sorry for her all the day. She died soon after two in the morning of November 6th.

November 30th, Sunday. The extreme mildness of the weather is remarkable, and is perhaps one cause of the increasing prevalence, here and in other large towns, of the typhus fever. In London the number admitted into the house of recovery was in May forty-one, in October a hundred and eight, in the year ending April 1817 the total number admitted was a hundred and twenty-four. In six months this year there have been three hundred and forty-one.

Hayley's "Cowper," vol. 3.

December 11th. Gibbon says, writing to his mother-in-law, "We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that

we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction."

December 25th, Christmas Day. A beautiful day, with frost. Mr. and Mrs. Makinson, senior, William Makinson and his wife and John and Betty dined with us and spent the evening with us. A very gay and agreeable time.

1818. *January 27th.* (*Æt.* 31.) Continued Gibbon. Went to see the performance at the private theatre in Camp Field. The play was "Venice Preserved."

March 27th. Worked an hour and a quarter in the garden. Ran through Sir Thomas Bernard's "Comforts of Old Age." It is a pleasing, cheerful dialogue between Bishops Hough and Gibson and Mr. Lyttleton. We read: "When I hear a proposal for declaring war, I figure to myself a suspension of commerce, a decay of manufactures, a scarcity of food, an increase of taxes, a state of irritation, uncertainty and discontent.

"Sir John Floyer, who lived in health and spirits to the age of 90, had, by attention and habit, obtained so great a command over his temper as never to be moved by anything that he could not hope to remedy, and by this, and a constant disposition to enter in the innocent amusements and enjoyments of others, he had extended his life to that period in peace and comfort." To secure cheerfulness in old age, the author recommends "self-examination, regular and earnest prayer, social intercourse, entertaining books, pleasant and innocent amusement, and constant employment, so that every hour may have its occupation, and

every occupation its hour." He insists much on the cultivation of a cheerful temper, both alone and in company. He advises us to reject gloomy books and to choose those which present cheerful and encouraging thoughts.

He recommends voyages and travels, and praises Cervantes, Molière, Le Sage, and Shakespeare. Even the "Arabian Nights" please him.

He counsels us "to endeavour to put off our cares with our clothes."

April 19th, Sunday. Heard High Mass at the Catholic Chapel in Mulberry Street, and a sermon from Mr. Briggs, one of their Priests. I was pleased with their chanting of the Latin service, and thought their pomp and ceremonies, though numerous, and some of them trifling, yet likely to produce a powerful effect, especially on the ignorant.

CHAPTER VII

A VISIT TO LONDON IN 1818

(MAY 7, 1818 TO MAY 13, 1818)

Coaching to London—St. Paul's—The inaccuracy of childish impressions—The Bank of England and the Tower of London—The Horse Guards—A Sunday afternoon in the Park—Covent Garden Theatre—Westminster Abbey—The House of Commons.

May 7th. Left Manchester, on the coach for London, at half-past three in the afternoon, in company with Grime and Andrew. We had scarcely any rain and passed the evening and night very cheerfully. Grime and Andrew even ventured to sleep on the coach.

May 8th. Pursued our journey on the coach. At daybreak we found ourselves near Tamworth. We passed Coleshill, the place at which Falstaff and his gang robbed the carriers, and got to Coventry about six in the morning. There we saw the effigy of Peeping Tom fixed in a niche in the corner house. We were very hungry, but were not permitted to breakfast before we got to Dun Church, which we reached about eight o'clock. Here we got a good breakfast and then set off again in high spirits. The road for some miles was bordered on each side by fine large trees and presented the appearance of a noble avenue. We dined at

Brickhill and fared sumptuously. This circumstance made us all very cheerful and gave Andrew an exuberant flow of spirits. When we got to St. Albans, twenty miles from London, there was a very great appearance of rain. It soon began to fall and kept increasing. The last ten miles of a long journey are always the most tedious. We entered London and arrived at the Axe in Aldermanbury about eight at night, tired, wet, and hungry. At our inn we got a fire, changed our clothes, had coffee, and went to bed heartily tired. The rain fell violently all night, and occasioned in Kennington and the neighbourhood a considerable flood, which did much damage, and in which four or five persons lost their lives.

May 9th. Rose soon after seven, after rather an indifferent night. Breakfasted on coffee and warm bread. Most of the bread here is eaten new. After breakfast went to St. Paul's. In that part of the church over which the dome rises the appearance is amazingly grand from the height and capaciousness of the interior of the dome. When we had gazed sufficiently at the church we took a view of the monuments. We were pleased to find most of the inscriptions in English. Many of them were, I thought, well written. As to the monuments, the sculpture upon the whole did not equal my expectations. Many of the statues had a stiff, unanimated appearance, and lions, which were not infrequent, were one and all very quiescent lumps of marble. The design, too, of almost all the monuments was perfectly heathenish: Fame and Victory, Neptune, Britannia, and several river-gods, to say nothing of sphinxes, crocodiles; etc.,

seemed rather out of place in a Christian temple. The monuments with the design and execution of which I was best pleased were those of General Abercromby and Sir John Moore. In the first, Sir Ralph is represented falling from his horse into the arms of an officer. The horse is a most spirited animal, and the figures of Sir Ralph and the officer very well executed. On the monument of Sir John Moore two military figures are in the act of placing his lifeless body in the tomb. Leaving St. Paul's, we went to Doctors' Commons and from thence to the Herald's Office. Then, walking down Benet's Hill, we passed St. Benet's Churchyard, where my father is buried: We went to the river-side, the scene of many of my boyish adventures. I beheld all these objects with interest, and was much struck with one circumstance respecting them. They all appeared less, and the distances shorter, than from my recollection of them I supposed them to be. Yet so strong are early impressions unless corrected by frequent re-examinations of the object, that now I am returned, I have a clear recollection of those scenes as they appeared to me seventeen years ago, but I cannot recall the appearance they exhibited this day fortnight.

May 9th. We went along to the Mansion House, and from thence to the Royal Exchange. We walked round this building, and then passed through and crossed the street to the Bank of England. We entered, and sauntered from office to office through this immense building, in which I was told nearly six hundred clerks are employed. A great deal of business was going on, and apparently with great regularity and dispatch. When we had

satisfied our curiosity we left the Bank and proceeded to Leadenhall Street. We now felt inclined to eat, and going into The London Eating-house, we regaled ourselves on beef and broccoli and porter, and made an excellent dinner for about a shilling apiece. Our next object was the Tower. We passed the India House and reached Tower Hill through the Minories. Entering the Tower, we saw the Armouries. Grime and Andrew then saw the Jewels, while I walked about. We had engaged to drink tea with Mrs. Makinson, and at last we reached the house, and felt much refreshed by our tea.

May 10th, Sunday. Rose rather late. Went to Rowland Hill's Chapel and heard him preach in the forenoon. His sermon, on the necessity of spiritual assistance, was judicious. After dinner we crossed Westminster Bridge and looked at the Hall and the Abbey. From thence we proceeded to the Park. We looked at two singular guns, one of which came from Egypt, and the other was taken from the French at Waterloo. They stand in the Park facing the Horse Guards. Passing through the building occupied by the Horse Guards, and called by that name, we came into the street called Whitehall and just in front of the Banqueting House, before which Charles I was beheaded. It is a pretty building of the Corinthian order, and now used for public offices. In the same street, but on the other side, is the Admiralty. We went up Whitehall to Charing Cross. Here stands the noble equestrian statue of Charles I, the face of which is towards Whitehall. It is of brass, or bronze,

and in excellent preservation, though cast, I believe, during the life of Charles. The statue of Queen Anne in St. Paul's Churchyard, which is of marble, is much defaced, although it is not so old by, I suppose, more than fifty years. From Charing Cross we went to the King's Mews. Here in old times the royal hawks were kept, but it is now used as the King's stables. G. and A. went in and saw the fine cream-coloured horses. Leicester Square was the next object of importance which came in our way. From thence we went along Coventry Street, and down the Haymarket to Pall Mall. We looked at Carlton House, the residence of the Prince Regent, and at a pile of buildings opposite to it, lately erected, and called Waterloo Place. Passing through Waterloo Place and some other streets, we came through St. James' Churchyard to Piccadilly. We found Piccadilly, which is a considerable street, filled with carriages. The rattle and bustle, and the number of carriages, persons on horseback, and foot passengers, increased as we got nearer to Hyde Park. We entered Hyde Park, and proceeded much more than a mile along that part appropriated to pedestrians, and which is parallel to the carriage-way. No hackney coaches are admitted, but the road was thronged all the way with carriages and horsemen, as close together as was consistent with moving along. Many of the carriages were filled with ladies, some of whom appeared to have no desire to conceal their charms. Many thousand persons thronged the footway. It was only possible to move very slowly, and in some places there were frequent temporary stoppages. There was plenty of room

on the grass, but most people chose the crowded gravel way, that they might observe the carriages and be seen themselves. Everybody was smartly dressed—the majority expensively so. Almost everybody seemed to be well, and appeared to be pleased. We looked at the carriages, the ladies, the liveries and the dresses till our eyes were tired. We retired from Hyde Park, and entering the Green Park, were soon at a distance from the Vanity Fair we had quitted, and, though not without company, yet in a state of comparative solitude. We went slowly through the Green Park to Buckingham House, the residence of the King. It is a plain building. Then we entered St. James' Park, and enjoyed the cool shade of the trees. The Chinese bridge over the canal in this park attracted our notice, and we went to it. This is one of the paltry follies of the Court. It is built of wood, and was erected at no small expense to exhibit fireworks in honour of our victories in France. The hooks for the fireworks yet remain in the wood, and a sentinel is stationed on the bridge, I suppose to prevent people stealing the boards or setting it on fire. We passed over it with some degree of contempt for those who threw away the public money in erecting it, and went to look at the Regent's Bomb. This is a huge mortar left by the French when they abandoned the siege of Cadiz, and presented by the Spaniards to the Regent. It has been fantastically mounted on the back of a large bronze dragon, and placed opposite the centre of the Horse Guards. Passing again through the Horse Guards, we went along the Strand till we came to Waterloo Bridge. We did

not think this structure equal to Blackfriars or Westminster Bridge. We then looked at Somerset House, and met with nothing else remarkable till we got to our inn. After sitting about an hour, we again left the inn, and proceeded towards the Monument, and after we had looked at the Monument we went down to London Bridge. When we had satisfied ourselves with this object, and with the view of the City and the river which we had from it, we returned by the way of Thames Street. Passing the place at which they are erecting the new Iron Bridge, we went down to the waterside to look at it. As far as we could judge it will consist of four or five immense arches. We proceeded by way of Ludgate Hill to our inn.

In reflecting upon what I had seen this day, I felt very strongly the superiority of quiet, regular domestic enjoyments to all the glare and shout and bustle which I had witnessed. It was well enough to see it once, but to think of living in it would have been not a little unpleasant to me.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

May 11th. To Covent Garden Theatre. We obtained good places without difficulty. The house is splendidly decorated, and lighted with gas. There is a beautiful chandelier over the centre of the pit, from which the mild and yet brilliant light produced by a great number of jets of gas diffuses an agreeable lustre over the whole interior of the building. This theatre is very well ventilated. The rabble in the galleries,

immediately upon their entrance, began to throw orange-peel, etc., into the pit, and continued their sport during the whole of the evening. An indecorous practice which ought not to be tolerated. The tragedy which we saw (it is called "Bellamira") was a very foolish thing. The performers, with the exception of Miss O'Neil and Mr. Young, did not satisfy me, or appear to rise above mediocrity. A silly piece of burlesque, called "Bombastes Furioso," succeeded the tragedy, and the whole was concluded by a pantomime called "Harlequin Gulliver."

May 13th. We went into Westminster Abbey. We saw the monuments of Milton, Pope, Dryden, Gay, Addison, and other poets, of Dr. Busby, Dr. South, etc. We were led through several chapels, and saw the monuments of Kings, Queens, generals, ladies, bishops, statesmen, etc. We saw the place where, a few yards from each other, covered each with a plain flag bearing the initials of his name, lie the bodies of Pitt and Fox. We saw Henry VII's Chapel and Tomb, and the tomb of Queen Elizabeth. We were struck with the figures of Henry VII, his mother and some others of bronze. Though 250 years old, the features, etc., are perfect, and the hands present every wrinkle and muscle in the greatest perfection. Bronze is certainly preferable to marble for monumental purposes. We saw the banners of the Knights of the Bath, and the two chairs in which the Kings and Queens of England are always crowned. These last are two worm-eaten old wooden chairs, but, covered before the coronation, they appear as fine as velvet and gold can make them. Under one of them

lies the holy stone upon which the kings of Scotland were formerly crowned, and which was once believed to be the stone used by Jacob for a pillow. After leaving the Abbey we returned to Westminster Hall. We met J. Makinson as agreed, and went back, through Westminster Hall, into the lobby of the House of Commons in which Mr. Perceval was shot by Bellingham. We went up Pall Mall to St. James' Palace. It is an old gloomy, prison-like building, though it contains several fine rooms. Part of it was burned down a year or two since, and has not been rebuilt.

CHAPTER VIII

BROMLEY

(MAY 14, 1818 TO MAY 17, 1818)

Drury Lane Theatre--Coaching to Bromley—The home of his boyhood—Stoke Newington—From London to Manchester in the "Telegraph."

May 14th. To Drury Lane Theatre, where we met J. and Mrs. Makinson. We obtained good seats. The house is large and splendid, but not so elegant as Covent Garden. The play was "The Jew of Malta," a horrid and improbable tragedy. Kean performed the Jew, and certainly acted well, as did Mr. Harley, who personated his servant. The other performers were not very excellent. The tragedy was followed by a foolish burlesque called "Amoroso, King of Little Britain." A farce, called "The Sleeping Draught," concluded the entertainments of the evening. The scenery of the play was peculiarly beautiful.

May 15th. Went in the coach to Bromley. We passed New Bethlehem, the Lunatic Hospital of London, an immense building, the centre of which is of a circular form, and rises above the rest. I was fortunate in having, as far as Lewisham, the company of a very intelligent gentleman, who had been in India. He had no doubt but that the

native Princes would, in time, successfully expel the Europeans from India. Every soldier sent from this country costs the East India Company £20 to carry him over, £15 being the contract price of the passage, and £5 more being required for necessaries. Our loss in our Indian warfare was more from disease than the sword. The intense heat quite enervates Europeans, and exposure to the sun generally produces fever. As the coach passed along through a fine country, I noticed with pleasure the hawthorn in blossom in the hedges, the meadows filled with rising grass nearly ready for the scythe, and the apple-trees now in full blossom. As we drew near to Bromley these agreeable appearances increased. We entered Bromley soon after eleven o'clock. I got some refreshment at the inn and then walked further into the town. It is a pretty, clean place. Many of the houses are of a kind which I have seen nowhere but near London. The walls are formed by erecting a framework of wood, the inside of which is lathed and plastered like other houses, but the outside is formed of boards which lap over one another like tiles on a roof. These boards are planed smooth and painted frequently, and the houses make a very pretty appearance. I passed the square Market House in the centre of Bromley, which I recalled perfectly, and leaving the church behind me on the right, soon found myself on a road by which I remembered to have left Bromley when returning from school at seven years of age. Just out of the town I passed a white gate leading to a house belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was one of the objects most strongly

imprinted on my recollection. I met a young man here, and making some enquiries of him, I learned that Mr. Wells, a gentleman whose name I remembered, lived at Wigmore Green. This, therefore, was the place I wanted. The distance was much less than I had imagined, but there is a great difference between the length of the legs at seven and at thirty years of age. I soon came to the turning leading through the Green. I had a faint recollection of the Green itself, and the houses upon it, but at the other end I came to the wall of Mr. Wells' garden, and passed under the shade of the horse-chestnut-trees, the fruit of which I had collected when a boy. An opening in these trees, the spreading boughs of which completely overarched the road, presented me with the little Green and the cottage at the end of it in which I used to live. I went up to the door, and enquired for Mr. Pocock: he did not live there, but on the Green. Was his wife living? She had been dead some years. I then went to the Green, found the house at which my old friend lived, and was conducted to him at Mr. Wells' by a daughter too young to know anything of me. I found the old man—he is seventy—in the garden, and still hale and good-looking. After some explanation, he recollected me. We talked of old times. We parted with great cordiality, and I walked towards Bromley. I have always, since I left this place, considered it as one of the most pleasant I had ever seen. Sometimes I have supposed that, as I saw it when a child, the strong impressions which objects make upon children might have deceived me, and that when I returned to it I should be

disappointed. I have now seen it again, and the impressions of my childhood are confirmed. Entering Bromley, and being too soon for the coach, I went into the churchyard. I saw the yew-trees from which I and my playfellows were accustomed to gather small red berries, very sweet, which, from their slimy nature, the children called, with more propriety than elegance, "snot" berries. In reading the epitaphs, I was so much struck with the following that I copied it :

ON JOSEPH MASCOW.

Perplexed and weary are the steps they go,
 Whose days are lengthened in this world of woe ;
 And great his privilege to whom were given,
 Without the toils of life, the joys of heaven.

I had a pleasant ride to London.

May 16th. Rose soon after 5 o'clock. Walked with J. Makinson to Stoke Newington. It was a lovely morning, and our walk was very pleasant. We went through the fields to Islington, and along the highway to Newington Green. Crossing the Green, we proceeded along some fine meadows, in which we heard the cuckoo, to Stoke Newington, and entered the village, just at one end, by the church. We walked down the long street which forms the chief part of the village, and I endeavoured to recollect the objects which I saw. It was in this village that the incidents of which I have the earliest recollection took place. I suppose I was at the time between four and five years of age. I recollect comparing my old shoes with my new ones, riding on a horse with my father, biting my brother's lip till it bled, stealing some mint

and radishes out of Mr. Smith's garden, wondering at the hoarfrost on the tiles of the opposite houses, and above all, I recollect a kind old lady who lived near us, Mrs. Guinand, I think, who had most excellent stewed pears, the red colour and rich spicy taste of which I remember to this day. As we went down the street, I thought I recollected the house and garden of Mr. Slater, and that of Mrs. Guinand. . . . We returned to London, well pleased with our walk. We got back before G. and A. were ready for breakfast. After breakfast I packed up my things and then went into the City. We dined in Coleman Street. At half-past two o'clock Andrew and I left London, he upon, and I within, the Telegraph. We had not got out of Wood Street when one of the horses fell down, an accident which was attended by no further bad consequences. I got a little uneasy sleep this night in the coach.

May 17th. Continued my journey in the coach. We made an early breakfast at Leicester. We passed through Ashbourne, and saw with pleasure the church mentioned in my tour last year. We dined at Congleton. The remainder of the day was fine, and the country agreeable, but I thought it a terribly long and tedious ride to Manchester. We got in about 7 o'clock, and the weariness I had felt made my beloved home doubly agreeable.

CHAPTER IX

THE PEACE OF COUNTRY LIFE

(AUGUST 13, 1818 TO DECEMBER 5, 1818)

De la Mer Forest—Chester—Miss Edgeworth's "Ennui"—High Legh, in Cheshire—His desire to live in the country—How "to form a good English style."

August 13th. A fine day. Set out for Chester, in the coach, at six in the morning in company with W. and J. Makinson and Grime. Read on the way some pages "Analysis of Paley." Passing over De la Mer Forest, a young man got in, who is employed in the planting, etc., now going on there. De la Mer Forest is about seven miles long, and a few years since was all Common. It is now enclosed. About half of it belongs to Government; part of the other half the commissioners have sold, and the remainder has been distributed to those who had a right of common. A church has been built upon it by Government, and forty Cheshire acres of land, with a dwelling-house and farm-house, allotted to the minister. Land in the neighbourhood, in a state of cultivation, will let at £20 per acre. That is the Cheshire acre, which is 160 roods; the statute acre is 75 roods only. Government is planting the whole of its share of the forest with firs, larches, and oaks. The firs and larches are

three-year-old plants, the oaks four. They are set at the distance of five feet from centre to centre. The holes are made 15 inches square and 9 deep. The firs and larches will be cut down in fifteen or sixteen years, leaving the oaks at the distance of 30 feet from each other. While the oak is young, it requires shelter.

We got to Chester about noon and went to the house we were at in 1811, the Red Lion in Bridge Street. After a good dinner, we went and looked at the Cathedral. We stood awhile in the choir at the time of service, and walked up and down the body of the Cathedral. It is cleaner than when I last saw it, and a few monuments attached to the walls and pillars had a good effect. Most of them were recent. The only one that struck me was in memory of a young man of 27, a captain, who fell at Waterloo. It was erected, as the inscription told us, by his only surviving parent, his mother. We walked round the cloisters, and then went upon, and round, the Walls. There are some pleasing views from the Walls, particularly towards the river. We passed, too, the castle, which is indeed a magnificent building. It is now completed, and consists of a centre and two projecting wings. I think the columns are Ionic. There is a large yard in front, and a fine gate. The whole has an air of Roman magnificence. We went to a shady walk, on the river-side, called the Lovers' Walk. Then we ascended to St. John's Church, which stands on the hill above the walk. It is, I think, the prettiest church in Chester. The remains of the old church stand in an enclosure by the present one. The ruins are intermingled

with trees, and have a pretty appearance. Passing through the churchyard, we again came to the river-side. The evening was fine, the moon just rising, and our stroll agreeable. The houses in this part come to the edge of the Wall, and as the Wall itself is high above the river, must command an extensive view of the Welsh hills and the river.

September 8th. Miss Edgeworth's tale, entitled "Ennui." It is a good story. I was struck, in reading it, with the different ideas people have of the income necessary for living comfortably. I think myself happy in being able to enjoy life with *comparatively* a small income.

September 10th. Set out at five in the afternoon with J. Makinson and Grime for High Legh, in Cheshire. We got to Altrincham about seven. It was then dark. We got to High Legh about ten at night. We had a good supper of fruit pies, cheese, milk and brown bread.

September 11th. Rose between 6 and 7. The morning was delightfully fine. The house in which we had slept is a neat cottage in the midst of a garden at a little distance from the highroad between Liverpool and London, and in a fine country. The swallows were skimming about, and everything looked fresh with the dew and glittering in the sun. A pair of swallows had built in the porch of the house and were busily employed in feeding the young ones, who were now almost ready to leave the nest. These rural objects revived all my love of the country, and made me desirous to live in such a place as this. Imagination was ready to tell me that *here*, with my books and my garden, every day would pass in peace and enjoyment.

November 19th. A very fine day, possessing all the mildness of spring. Continued Lettsom (correspondence of Dr. Lettsom). The papers of to-day announced the death of the Queen, who expired November 17th at one o'clock in the afternoon.

December 2nd. The warehouses and shops closed, on account of the Queen's funeral, which took place this day.

December 5th. The meeting at Makinson's—a pleasant meeting. We considered what books it would be most proper to study in order to form a good English style, and concluded that the following writers were proper to be chosen for that purpose: Addison, Atterbury, Blair, Burke, Hume, Junius, Horne Tooke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Robertson, Paley, Seed, South.

Of the poets: Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Cowper, Gray, Goldsmith, Young.

Of Translations: Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Hawkesworth's Telemachus.

CHAPTER X

THE AGITATIONS OF A CITY

(AUGUST 16, 1819 TO DECEMBER 17, 1820)

“Peterloo”—The panic that followed—Milton’s “Paradise Lost”—The birth of his eldest son—George IV proclaimed in Manchester: hostile reception of the Yeomanry—Smollett’s “Humphrey Clinker”—Favourite works of fiction—Eccles Parish Church—The Radicals of Middleton.

1819. *August 16th.* To-day there has been a reform meeting held in the open ground near St. Peter’s Church. Hunt, Johnson and others were the leaders. Very great numbers of people attended from the neighbouring towns, with flags, music, and caps of liberty. Many women attended, and took part in the meeting. Soon after the arrival of the leaders, the magistrates and soldiery interfered. The flags and caps of liberty were cut down, the leaders apprehended, both male and female; and some resistance being made, some were killed, and many wounded. The town is still in a great ferment. I have since learned that there have been further disturbances during the night. The conduct of the magistrates and soldiers is much blamed. There was no appearance of riot till the Manchester Cavalry (Yeomanry) charged upon the people. In their fury they rode over the

special constables, one of whom, if not more, was killed, and many wounded.

August 17th. There have been some disturbances this morning near the New Cross. About half-past 10 o'clock this morning information was received by the magistrates that the people from Oldham and Middleton were approaching to the number of from 30 to 50 thousand (some said 150,000), armed with pikes, etc. Immediately orders were given to close all shops and warehouses, and to clear the streets of carts and all obstructions. The military were all assembled, Infantry, Cavalry, and Cannon. A state of confusion, and hurry, and dismay, truly ridiculous, took place. People ran about as if the pikes had been close behind them, and most people left their warehouses and went home. Some few remained, and lo! in about an hour, the pikemen not appearing, and the magistrates being informed that there never had been the least foundation for the report, their former orders were countermanded, and business, in some measure, recommenced.

August 18th. We have been very quiet since the hoax of yesterday.

August 22nd. The sixth, seventh, and eighth books of "Paradise Lost." Milton appears to me to fail very much in his dialogues between the Almighty and His Son, and in the speeches which he assigns to the Almighty. His subject, I think, was not happy in requiring the introduction of the Almighty as an actor. Angels and devils and men may be represented in a manner which has at least the appearance of *vraisemblance*, but the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity is above

all human apprehension, and consequently above all human description. The Deity of Milton, even of *Milton*, is a monarch, only differing from a great, powerful, and wise human prince by possessing superhuman and superangelic power. He has His attendants, His services, His arms, armoury, steeds, chariots, and armies. All this would have done well enough if it had been the paraphernalia of the heathen Jove, to be used in his contests with the Titans. But it is impossible, and therefore absurd and improper, nay, I am inclined to think *censurable*, when affirmed of the True and Living God. The war in heaven is by no means equal to Homer's battles. The best passage, I think, is the description of the Messiah advancing upon His foes. *This* is, in my opinion, sublime. Milton has many passages of great sublimity. The altercation between Satan and Death, and the advance of these two dread beings to combat with each other, is one of these. But, in my opinion, Milton has peculiarly succeeded in those parts of his work which required rather beauty than sublimity. The description of Eden, of our first parents, their occupations, devotions, endearments, are all eminently beautiful. The whole of the ninth book, in which Satan seduces Eve, and she Adam, is exquisite. The poet appears to have collected all his power, and to have almost exhausted whatever is beautiful and sublime, in there describing the catastrophe of his poem. Nothing can be more affecting than the parting of Adam and Eve; nothing more beautiful than the description of Eve pursuing her occupations when the serpent approaches; nothing more awfully sublime

than the immediate sympathy of all nature with her fall.

September 26th, Sunday. At about twenty minutes after eight this morning my dear Elizabeth was safely delivered of a fine boy.

Note.—"The fine boy," whose birth is here recorded, was destined to become in his own sphere one of the famous men of his time. As a young man he was for a few years a partner in his father's business, which, however, he left in order to enter what was then a new world of activity—the railway world. He eventually became one of the great figures in the history of the development of railways, both in this and in other countries. An account of the life of Sir Edward William Watkin, first Bart., of Northenden, is to be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

October 31st, Sunday. Heard Mr. Atkinson in the forenoon. In the afternoon our little boy was christened by the Rev. Melville Horne at St. Stephen's. We named him Edward William. Seed's "Sermon on the Love of God."

1820. *February 5th.* (*Æt.* 33.) To-day the new King, George 4th, was proclaimed in different parts of the town. I went to hear the first proclaiming, which was in St. Ann's Square. A discharge of cannon from the New Bailey preceded the ceremony. Then the proclamation was read by, I think, the Borough-reeve, and at the conclusion the women waved their kerchiefs, the military their swords, and *part* of the people shouted "Huzza," but in a feeble manner,

for it was a wet, uncomfortable day, and George 4th is not very popular. When the shouts ceased, the bands played "God save the King," and after that the magistrates, soldiery, and such of the inhabitants as chose to walk in procession, proceeded to the next place of proclamation. The Manchester Yeomanry, who have not been assembled since the 16th August, were present on the occasion, and received from the people hisses and revilings in abundance. The regular troops were cheered.

February 16th. This being the day appointed for His Majesty's funeral, the shops and warehouses were closed, and divine service was performed in all the churches and chapels. . . . Read Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," which did not please me, and part of "Much Ado about Nothing," which I always read with delight. Continued Boswell.

May 31st. Went in the evening to see William Makinson and his new wife. Concluded "Humphrey Clinker." This novel pleases me better than any other of Smollett's. It has none of the gross indelicacy and even lewdness of his other novels. The characters are well sustained, and the incidents not improbable. The reflections with which the work abounds give me great pleasure. It was a favourite with me at an early age, and continues to be so. I place this novel in my *small* list of the writings of this class which deserve to be read again and again. At present I think the following deserve this character: "Gil Blas," "Devil on Two Sticks," "Robinson Crusoe," "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Tom Jones," "Rasselas," "Joseph

Andrews," "Paul and Virginia," "Humphrey Clinker," "Vicar of Wakefield."

I have not yet determined to add "Don Quixote" to this list.

October 1st, Sunday. Heard Mr. Jackson in the forenoon from Hebrews, chapter 4, verse 11. A good sermon. Walked after dinner with Andrew and his son Stephen. We went by the new road to Eccles. Looked into the church, noticing particularly the monument of Richard Brereton and his wife, which is of the age of Elizabeth. We also noticed the two officiating parsons, because one of them was an insufferable coxcomb, and both of them were silly enough to hold a conversation in the reading-desk during part of the service. We read three papers in the "Idler," and returned by the old road. Got home about 6 o'clock.

November 20th. This evening there has been a partial illumination to celebrate the failure of the Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen.

December 17th, Sunday. Walked after dinner with Andrew. We went to Middleton and returned in four hours. We walked 12 miles. The road abounds with fine prospects, the country being well-wooded and presenting a variety of surface. We met six or seven drunken persons near Middleton, and observed *numerous* public-houses apparently much frequented. Middleton is distinguished for the *radicalism* of its inhabitants.

CHAPTER XI

A VISIT TO LONDON IN 1821

(APRIL 27, 1821 TO MAY 5, 1821)

On the "Regulator" to London—A prosperous cotton-spinner—The Italian Opera—The Chapel Royal—St. Margaret's, Westminster—St. George's, Hanover Square—The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—The Prince Leopold—The Guildhall—The statue of Lord Chatham—A House of Commons debate—The inadequacy of the British Museum—Debate on the Army Estimates—Lord Palmerston—Coaching from London to Manchester.

1821. *April 27th.* Rose before three o'clock, and left Manchester in the Regulator Coach for London at a quarter before five. Joseph Makinson took an outside place. When we left Manchester my companions were two rather young women, sufficiently dull. At Stockport old F., the spinner, got into the coach, and he and I got into conversation. I found him, as I expected, shrewd, confident, vain of his wealth, but not deficient in that sort of information which a man acquires by conversation and journeyings. In the pauses of conversation I noticed the country through which we were passing: the verdure and freshness of the trees and fields, the blossom of the fruit trees, and the appearance of many common flowers, make travelling very agreeable at this season of the year. . . .

April 28th. Continued my journey and arrived in London about 10 in the forenoon. . . . We set out to go to the Italian Opera. On the way we looked into Bolt Court, in Fleet Street, where Dr. Johnson formerly resided. It is just in the midst of the bustle of Fleet Street, and is a confined court having some good houses, and a coffee-house, of which a bust of Johnson is the sign. Arriving at the Opera House, we ascended a great number of stairs. The house is large and brilliant: illuminated by a huge chandelier pendant at the top of the house and pouring out streams of gas-light. The drop scene or curtain, representing a temple or palace filled with statues of heathen deities, is very well executed. The Orchestra was full. The boxes, after some time, were pretty well filled, and the gallery much better than the nature of the entertainment would have led me to expect. After some music, the performance commenced. It was named the "Serious Opera of Tancred." The scenery was beautiful, the dresses rich, and the voices good. That of Madame Camporese exceeded in strength, clearness, sweetness, and continuance any voice I had ever before heard. The two first scenes, however, as they exhibited all the performers, were the only ones in which I could be interested. My ignorance of the language; and the gross absurdity of chanting or singing, to the sound of music, every word which was uttered, as if the most delightful or the most furious passions, and even the most common transactions of life, could only be expressed with the assistance of the fiddle; these were circumstances which will make me a stranger to the Opera House. Two-thirds of

the audience were, I suppose, as ignorant as myself, and in all probability were as much delighted as I was. Whether it was to prevent our actually going to sleep, or from some other motive, I will not determine, but in the middle of the Serious Opera a troop of dancers came upon the stage and put new life into the audience. They wore, all of them, male and female, close pantaloons of a flesh-coloured stuff. . . They all exhibited much agility, and sometimes moved, and formed groups, in a graceful manner. . . . We stayed till the conclusion of the Serious Opera, and as it was then after 11 o'clock, we left to our betters the task of listening till *Sunday morning* to the after-piece.

April 29th, Sunday. Rose about seven, refreshed and cheerful. . . . After breakfast we went to Whitehall Chapel. The Military, who attend service there, arrived about the same time as we did, and until they had entered, we were kept out. We took this opportunity of looking at the statue of James I which stands behind the Chapel. It is of bronze, but did not appear to me to possess much merit. Entering the Chapel (which has been formed in the upper part of the Banqueting House built by James I), we were much pleased with the splendour of the show. The spectator enters on one side, at a corner, on the left of the royal seat. Standing in front of this, he has the communion table and the organ facing him at the opposite end. On each side of him, in a kind of gallery, are the officers of the regiment of Guards which attends divine service in the Chapel. Beyond them, as far as the organ, on each side, are the private soldiers, whose part of

the gallery is not pewed, but rises like the gallery of a theatre. The musicians belonging to the troops are seated at the foot of the organ. Above the heads of the soldiers are flags and standards taken from different Powers. The Invincible flag, taken in Egypt, is over that part of the Chapel at which the spectator enters. The eagles from Waterloo are just under the organ, and two immense colours of crimson silk, embroidered with gold, which were brought from Candia, wave on each side of it. The ceiling is finely painted, originally by Rubens, and since retouched by Cipriani. The subjects are the birth, life, and apotheosis of James I!!! The broad-faced Scotchman, with a huge beard, is in the centre panel, represented among the Gods, and is receiving the insignia of his new office! This painting was executed for James I, by whom the building was erected. His son, Charles I, slept here the night before his death, and passed through the centre window to the scaffold on which he was beheaded.

Leaving Whitehall Chapel we went to St. Margaret's, Westminster. It was very well filled. We looked at the fine painted window, and then retired. We intended to look again into Westminster Abbey, but found it closed in consequence of the repairs which are going on within it. We then went to St. George's, Hanover Square. This is a fashionable church, and was crowded with good company. We could just get standing room in the gallery. It was at the moment when the preacher entered the pulpit. His text was "The veil of the temple was rent in twain from

the top to the bottom." The sermon was a good one, but the preacher told us that the Israelites *sojourned* four hundred years in the wilderness! When service was over we went out, and stood in front of the church looking at the carriages, a great number of which were in waiting. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester came out of the church and got into their coach close to us. The Duke, a handsome man, but less so than fifteen years ago, when he was in Manchester, had on a blue French coat, buff waistcoat, and black silk handkerchief. The Duchess, a lusty woman, looking like a landlady, had a green figured sarsnet dress, and a bonnet of straw with few ornaments. Quitting St. George's, we went towards Pall Mall, and in so doing passed through the Crescent which is now being formed.

In Waterloo Place, perceiving a number of coaches before the new Chapel of St. James, which the congregation were quitting, we stopped to look at them. One of the carriages had the royal arms in gold on a green ground. It was that of Prince Leopold. He came out of the chapel while we stood at the door. He was in black, and very much resembles the portraits which appear in the print shops. . . . We went to the Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook. In this beautiful building, the principal erection of Sir Christopher Wren, a clergyman was preaching to not more than a dozen persons! We looked at the building, and the altar-piece, which represents the disciples taking up the body of Stephen after his martyrdom.

May 1st. We began this day by looking into

Guildhall. I examined with attention the monuments of Nelson, Beckford, Lord Chatham and William Pitt, which are in the Hall. The figure on Nelson's of the City (of London), who is in the act of inscribing the victories of Nelson on a pyramid, is a fine statue. But the statues which most pleased me are those of Commerce and of the City of London, on the monument of Chatham. Commerce sits at the feet of Lord Chatham, whose right arm is thrown over her as if to protect her, while his left is advanced towards the City, who is coming towards Commerce in front of him, and at the same time appears to be sensible of his presence and favour. Commerce, holding in her hands some instruments of navigation, has at her feet a large horn of plenty, from which four boys, representing the four quarters of the world, are pouring out fruits, etc., at the foot of the City. The countenance of Commerce is one of the finest I have ever seen in marble. She regards at once the City and Lord Chatham, and smiles as in the consciousness of being safe and prosperous. What appeared to me to be a great merit in these statues is what I would call the double expression of countenance in each of them. They are addressing each other, but they still remember and acknowledge the presence of Lord Chatham. I do not yet know who was the sculptor, but assuredly he was a master. . . . Set off for the House of Commons. We entered, and heard Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and Mr. Hume. They all spoke badly. We had scarcely been in the House half an hour when it was adjourned.

May 2nd. . . . Considered as a national depository of curious and rare objects, the British Museum does not answer my expectations, or equal the idea which its name is, I think, calculated to produce. After so many years, and so many acquisitions, it is still but beginning. . . . Arriving at the House of Commons, and giving my half-crown to the Cerberus at the door, I was readily admitted. I stayed between two and three hours. I heard first a debate on the petition of Mr. Turner, of Glasgow, complaining of false imprisonment. Then some remarks on Ilchester Gaol, and finally a debate on the Army Estimates which produced two divisions, at the second of which I quitted the House. I heard in the course of the evening Mr. Bennet, Colonel Davis, Sir R. Wilson, Lord Palmerston, Lord A. Hamilton, Mr. Hume, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Mr. Monteith, Alderman Wood, etc. Not one of them could justly be called a good speaker. The Opposition had always the advantage in argument, and Lord Palmerston was clearly convicted of making a false statement, to which he replied by four or five lines of Latin poetry not at all to the purpose. . . .

May 4th. Left London at half-past two in the afternoon. Read several pages of Burke's "European Settlements." About midnight, being asleep in the coach, it stopped, and I was awakened by Joseph Makinson, who was on the outside, that I might hear the nightingale. It was one of the most beautiful nights I ever beheld. When the coach had stopped, no sound was heard but the note of the nightingale, breaking with sweet but powerful melody on the stillness of the night.

May 5th. Continued my journey. The country from Coventry to Newcastle very beautiful. The apple-trees in blossom, and the whole vegetable creation wearing its new attire. We passed the seats of Sir Charles Wolseley and the Marquis of Stafford. We got home about eight at night.

CHAPTER XII

HOME LIFE

(MAY 25, 1821 TO DECEMBER 1ST, 1824)

Riding, fencing, and walking—The coronation of George IV : celebrations in Manchester—Building a house : troublesome workmen—A narrow escape—Christening of his second son—A race-meeting on Kersal Moor—Reflections on his thirty-fifth birthday—The multitude of useless books—His first public dinner—The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester—A steeple-jack—Valued possessions not always a pleasure—His desire for tranquillity—Broughton Old Hall—Lord (then Mr.) Brougham—A popular Nonconformist preacher—"Robinson Crusoe."

May 25th. Continued Burke's "European Settlements." Went in the afternoon on horseback with J. M. by Stretford to Barton, and home through Eccles. Continued "Gil Blas."

May 28th. Began to learn to fence. Continued Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth."

June 3rd, Sunday. A fine, hot day. Walked to Wilmslow. Dined and drank tea with Mr. J. Bower, and walked home at night. The total walk 26 miles. I did not feel tired. Some pages Mason on Self-knowledge.

June 15th. Concluded "The Life of Mahomet." Went to Grime's in the morning, and spent part of the day with him and Mr. Whitworth. Saw

part of the race from the hill which overlooks the Moor. Mr. Whitworth had tea with me.

June 18th. Began "Memoirs of a Cavalier." Continued "Gil Blas." Went to see Hamilton, the Irish giant, and Paap, the Dutch dwarf. The dwarf is the greater curiosity of the two.

July 18th. A paper or two in the "Spectator." Went in the evening to look at the ox and sheep which were roasting at Salford Cross.

July 19th. To-day there have been great apparent rejoicings in honour of the coronation of George 4th. At daybreak the firing of cannon and ringing of bells commenced. At half-past seven in the morning a procession was formed of the Sunday-school children, amounting to 24,000. In the forenoon the officers of the town, the clergy, military, and different trades, formed another procession. Several bands of music, a great number of flags, and the insignia, and the implements, and in some cases the productions, of the different trades made this procession, though fatiguing enough to the actors, very pleasing to the spectators. The whole procession was an hour and twenty minutes in passing the place at which I stood with Elizabeth and the children. The woolcombers, the tailors, the ironfounders, the copper-smiths, the gardeners, the weavers, the calenderers, and the Grocers' Company made the smartest appearance among the trades, but there were none which did not present a pleasing appearance. Good humour and good order appeared to prevail, and as the procession went from the Crescent to Ardwick Green, all who chose to be spectators

had an opportunity of being so without inconvenience or danger. The evening presented a very different scene: 401 barrels of ale, more than 20 oxen and 60 sheep, with a proportionate quantity of bread, were distributed, not with the greatest order, to the people. Drunkenness and quarrelling ensued. Men, women, and children lay dead drunk in the streets, and many of those who could still use their limbs were fighting in the most brutal manner. Several accidents occurred, and three persons were killed and fourteen taken, badly hurt, to the infirmary. Parodi and Joseph Makinson spent the evening with me.

October 3rd. Elizabeth safely delivered of a fine boy at night.

October 4th. The foundation of our house at Frog Place was laid this morning.

October 5th. Twice at Frog Place, hereafter to be called the Woodlands. The bricklayers are getting on.

October 12th. Three times at the Woodlands. All is getting on, but we have some trouble with the bricklayers. In the afternoon, passing the shops which are being built in Deansgate, leading to Blackfriars Bridge, and which are already three stories above the ground, a brick fell, or was thrown, from the top, and, passing very near my head, came to the ground very close to me. I was not aware of my danger till it was over, but the people at a little distance, who saw the descending brick and expected it to fall on my head, told me they had never seen a more narrow escape. An old woman, who met me a little further on than those who first spoke to me,

exclaimed, "By George, but you have had an escape!"

November 18th. Our little boy christened by Mr. Horne at St. Stephen's Church. We named him John Woodlands.

Note.—John Woodlands Watkin subsequently chose the Church as a profession. He was a D.C.L. of Oxford, and the last living which he held was that of Stixwold, in Lincolnshire.

1822. February 22nd. Several pages Madame de Staël's "Exile of Ten Years." Elizabeth dreamt last night that in jumping with me we fell down a considerable height, and that she was hurt. She and my mother are agreed that this dream portends a great loss of money. We shall see.

February 23rd. Had a tooth pulled out. The pain is very endurable.

March 13th. Wrote, at night, another number of "The Club," being an answer to a letter addressed to the editor of the "Iris," and signed "An Observer."

March 27th. Dined with Mr. Potter.

May 29th. Spent most of the day at home, observing people go to, and return from, the races [Kersal Moor].

June 9th. Wrote most of a number of "The Club" on the races.

June 16th. Heard Mr. Burton at All Saints' Church in the forenoon.

June 27th. I am to-day 35 years old. The last year of my life has been the most laborious. More persons depend upon me. Business, from

the great competition, is less productive. Greater labour and attention will be required from me. But I begin another year determined that my children shall never have occasion to blush for me.

July 16th. Mr. Kershaw, who has been about a month at Southport, dined with us.

September 4th. Several pages of the "Quarterly Review." Struck with the multitude of books which exist, with the comparative uselessness of many of them, and the necessity of making a careful selection in order to read to advantage.

October 4th. Dined at the Annual Dinner of the Commercial Clerks' Society. This is the first time I was ever present at a public dinner. We had great variety of meats, but when so large a number dine together it is impossible to be so comfortable as with a few friends. I observed some persons who ate prodigiously. After dinner wine was brought and fruit. The chairman, Mr. Brierley, the Borough-reeve, gave the toasts. The first was King George 4th. It was drunk in a bumper standing, and with what is termed "four times four," that is to say, as soon as all present have emptied their glasses the president cries, "Hip-hip-hip, hurra!" and all the company shout "Hurra!" in unison, sixteen times, waving at the same time the empty glasses round their heads. There was something so ridiculous in seeing about 120 men, several advanced in life, shouting like children, that I could not refrain from laughter. After the shouting, "God save the King" was sung, the company still standing and joining in the chorus. I was much struck

with the effect which was gradually produced upon the company by the wine. When we sat down to dinner there were many grave and moody countenances, but after the wine had been drunk for some time, every face appeared gay, and no doubt almost every one felt pleased. The toasts were delivered with very little intermission. After about an hour and a half, the bad effects of drinking and shouting began to appear. More noise, less order, and louder shouts. At this dinner, for the first time in my life I tasted a piece of pineapple. It is a delicious fruit having a rich perfumed taste and almost appearing to melt in the mouth from its extreme juiciness. I left about 11 o'clock. Reflecting upon what passed at this dinner, I cannot help thinking with disgust of the beastly excess in which too many persons in respectable situations evidently indulge. A taste for literature is certainly of great service in keeping a man from such degrading vices, or if he be in any degree subject to them, will give something of refinement even to his very excesses. I cannot but blame the folly of the expense which attends these dinners. I mean as it respects the quantity of wine which is generally drunk. I have derived from what I saw of its effects only new reasons for temperance. I wish to find my enjoyments in the exercise of moderation and in the prosecution of useful studies.

1823. *February 21st.* Went to the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society for the first time as a member. Mr. Wood read a paper on Wealth, which was followed by a discussion sufficiently "muddy."

May 3rd. Saw a man ascend to the top of St. Mary's spire by means of a series of ladders fastened to the outside. His object was to take down the cross, which in the high wind of December 5th was blown from its upright position, and projects more than a yard on one side of the top of the spire. The man stood and worked on the ladder, and on the top of the spire, apparently without precaution against accident, with the most entire self-possession. Standing erect, at the top of the spire, with his hat and coat on, and his coat laps fluttering in the wind, he spliced a rope, made a noose, and with a long stick put the noose over the arms of the cross. I observed that the stick bent during the operation, so that he must have used some pressure in fixing the rope. He spent the whole day, working however only at distant intervals, in fixing his ropes and sawing through a part of the bar (of iron or copper) by which the cross hangs from the top of the spire.

June 13th. Went in the afternoon, with J. Makinson, on horseback to Cross Street. Met there Grime, Farrand, W. Whitworth, and Dewhurst. Went with them to look at the house and garden lately occupied by Mr. Hadfield on Sale Moor. The garden is beautiful and abounds with choice plants. Tea at Cross Street. Rode home very fast.

July 25th. Struck with the folly of having many books, or much furniture, or a large house, or anything which, by requiring more attention and care, increases the chance of producing vexation more than it contributes to comfort. I am made for moderation and a tranquil life.

Splendour and a life of much publicity would only harass me.

August 26th. Spent the evening in colouring one of the prints in "Robinson Crusoe" to please the children.

November 14th. Mr. W. Whitworth had tea with us. . . . Attended the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society. Mr. Dalton read a rather poor paper on Indigo. One fact which he stated I thought important. It is this. The best indigo of commerce does not contain more than 45 per cent. of pure indigo.

December 6th. Went in the morning with Tuer and J. Makinson to Broughton Old Hall to see Mr. Clowes about the gravel. When we got there he was not up, and we went into the garden. It is very pretty. There are some of the largest, and for their size most healthy, Portugal laurels I ever saw. The greenhouse and hothouse are pretty, and the plants all labelled with the Linnæan names. I saw in the greenhouse a geranium in flower which was at least nine or ten feet high. There is a fine piece of water at the bottom of the garden, and a piece of rock-work made of large pieces of common sandstone and disposed so as to form a sort of recess. . . . By the time we had looked into the greenhouse, etc., and walked round the garden, Mr. Clowes came into the garden. He asked us to go into the house. We did so, and he led us through a small hall into his breakfast parlour. It is a low room wainscoted with oak, rubbed very bright, and having two windows which look into the garden. The carpet was rich, and the whole room kept with extreme neat-

ness. We endeavoured to prevail on Mr. C. to let us have gravel for the remainder of the road, but did not succeed, and as his breakfast was on the table and his egg getting cold, a circumstance which he intimated to us by lifting it up once or twice, we left him after a short conversation. Mr. C. is a handsome man. It was evident that our application troubled him. He fidgeted about in his chair. His countenance is that of a good-natured man.

1824. *March 16th.* (*Æt.* 37.) When I got home at night I found the vase of fluor-spar, which I have had more than 10 years, broken. I valued it as an elegant ornament and as a pleasing object, to the sight of which I have long been accustomed. It has shared the fate of other pleasing things which I hoped would have lasted as long as I did. I am more and more convinced that in attempting to accumulate valuable and pleasing things which require care in order to be preserved, I am providing for myself, not a series of domestic gratifications, but a train of vexations.

April 9th. Heard Mr. Brougham at the Exchange Dining Room on the enquiry as to the value of certain lands in Gorton which the Waterworks Co. are taking, under the authority of their Act of Parliament, from Messrs. Grimshaw. Mr. Brougham was retained for the company, receiving, it is said, 250 guineas. I did not hear his speech, but his cross-examination of some witnesses. He is a tall and rather thin man, with a countenance resembling that of Mr. Richard Watson, his nose long, and swelling at the nostrils, his brow overhanging, forehead wrinkled, the cheeks rather

hollow and, about the mouth, deeply furrowed, his hair a darkish brown, combed to a point over his forehead, and rather bushy. He has an involuntary convulsive twitching of the nostrils and the upper part of the cheeks, which is particularly apparent when he is about to speak. His dress is plain: black coat and waistcoat, handkerchief tied behind his neck, and the ruffle of his shirt appearing erect in front of his breast. His countenance (partly perhaps from the convulsive twitching) has an apish, mischievous, sarcastic expression. His manner was composed and unaffected—indeed, just that of a man solely occupied with the business before him.

April 18th, Sunday. Went with Grime and Davies in the forenoon to Grosvenor Street Methodist Chapel to hear Mr. Watson. His discourse from "Honour all men" was, as is usual with him, ingenious, stately, and rhetorical, but in my opinion quite overloaded with figurative language. Almost every substantive had one or two adjectives to usher it in, and scarcely anything was enunciated in a plain or inartificial manner. He delivers his long, well-constructed sentences, generally consisting of a great many members all converging to a climax, with great dexterity, but there is more of skill than of feeling in his delivery. Even his best and most impassioned passages have an appearance of art which lessens and deadens their effect. . . . Several pages of Hume's "Essays."

December 1st. Concluded "Robinson Crusoe." We have read it aloud in the family. There is too much killing in this book, especially as a book

to read to children. My children talk of killing savages quite as a thing of course since they have heard it. The second part, especially at the latter end, is much inferior to the first: indeed, the charm of the whole work consists in the account of Crusoe's solitary life and varied occupations on the island. . . . A few pages Lady Montagu's "Letters."

CHAPTER XIII

“ RIOTOUS ASSEMBLAGES ”

(JANUARY 1, 1825 TO DECEMBER 31, 1826)

Mr. Johnson, the “ Reformer ”—Dalton on the English climate—Advice to a young cousin—Physiological Botany—High Legh—Rostherne Church—Christening of his youngest son—His reputation for business integrity—Riots on the introduction of machinery—Audlem, in South Cheshire—A visit to Derbyshire—A day with Mr. Johnson at Northenden—Resolutions for the coming year.

1825. *January 1st.* Went, with William Makinson, to Myrtle Grove, near Northen, to see Joseph Johnson, the ci-devant associate of Hunt the pseudo-reformer. Some pages Beattie’s “ Dissertations.” Continued “ Sandford and Merton ” to the children.

February 1st. Concluded “ Addison’s Travels.” There are many interesting and pleasing passages in this book, but nothing like that enthusiastic delight which I should have expected such a man as Addison to feel, and to express, in writing his travels in *Italy*.

February 6th, Sunday. Some pages “ History of the French Laws.” Walked in the afternoon. . . . In returning we looked at the new Gothic Church in Camp Field, which is nearly finished: it is a beautiful structure. . . . I read to the

children that chapter in the Book of Samuel which relates the overthrow of Goliath by David. They were much pleased.

April 15th. Attended the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society. Mr. Dalton read a paper containing the results of his observations on the barometer, thermometer, and on the annual fall of rain for the last 31 years. He stated the mean annual temperature of this part of England to be 48°. Mr. Dyer stated that on the average of the last twelve months 25 days had been the time in which vessels had come from America to Liverpool, and 38 days the time employed in going from Liverpool to America. This difference he attributed to the prevalence during most of the year to winds from the south-west. Dr. Carbott, in answer to an enquiry from Mr. Dalton if any disease had been unusually prevalent during the month which we have had of dry weather accompanied by an east wind, stated that during the winter, which was unusually wet, the mild typhus fever had been uncommonly prevalent, and in the month of dry weather rheumatism had increased as typhus had decreased.

April 22nd. The meeting at Mr. Jervis' for the first time since his marriage. Mrs. J. is young, pretty, modest, and apparently domestic rather than fashionable.

April 29th. Went with Mr. Kershaw, in Mr. Leese's gig, to Fairfield. A pleasant ride. Returned. Tea with Mr. K. A cheerful time. Attended the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society.

May 15th. Several pages Temple on the

Netherlands. My cousin Thomas's son, John Watkin, spent the evening with me. He is about 17 years old, and is much what I was at the same age. He does not much like business, and is writing a tragedy, the action of which comprises three years, and of which one scene is in England, another at Rome, and a third at Venice. He asked my advice about his studies, and I recommended him to apply to history, geography, and English composition, and to take pains to acquire a good *plain* English style. Finally, I exhorted him to mind his business, and to keep a diary. He tells me of a young man who is a disciple and correspondent of Carlile, and avowedly a republican and an atheist!

August 26th. Wrote at the warehouse in the forenoon a paper containing a general view of my intended series of papers on Physiological Botany.

August 28th, Sunday. Went with Joseph Makinson and his son Thomas to High Legh. Got there about one o'clock. Heard Mr. J. T. Allen preach at the new (Church) Chapel at High Legh. The yard, or rather garden, in which the Chapel stands is very prettily laid out with strips of turf about a yard wide, having a walk between and a little shrubbery behind. After the service we went into High Legh Park and looked at the old Chapel, the grounds, the moss house, etc. There are some fine evergreens, and the grass and the trees looked beautiful. Tea at Clark's, and then walked to Rostherne. Got there between 7 and 8. . . . Thomas and I went into the churchyard, from which we had a fine view of Rostherne Mere by a dull moonlight.

We had a second walk about an hour later, and going higher up into the village, we came to a part of it where some men were ringing with handbells. They did it cleverly, each person having two bells, and made very agreeable music.

August 29th. . . . We went into the church (Rostherne). It is clean and even handsome. The chapel of the Egerton family is a very fine room. We looked at the monuments of the Egertons, and Leghs, and Brookes, of Sir Samuel Daniels, and of H. the attorney, and read the inscriptions, admiring the manliness of that of the Egertons, which reminds the reader that "how they acted in their several situations is fully known only to Him to whom they were accountable, but would one day be declared before the Hosts of Heaven," and smiling at the vanity of that of H., who is declared to have been "profoundly versed in the legal antiquities of his country, the patron of humble merit, the best of friends, fathers," etc., etc. Leaving the church and after resting a while, we walked up the village and found the handbell players. . . . We staid some time listening to them, and witnessed at the same time another country diversion. This was the blowing of small darts through a long hollow tube against a board covered with concentric rings, and each ring numbered. He who came nearest to the centre got the highest numbers, and he who, with three darts blown in succession, had the advantage in number, won the game. . . . About 4 o'clock Joseph Makinson and I set out on our return home. We walked all the way except about 2 miles, which we rode in a

return chaise. I brought with me some slips of variegated elder.

October 27th. Our little boy was, this afternoon, christened at the Old Church by Mr. Randall. We called him Alfred.

Note.—Alfred Watkin, whose christening is here recorded, was his father's youngest son, and also was the only one destined to carry on his father's business: his eldest brother, Edward, after a few years in the business, entered upon his career in the railway world, and his brother John took Holy Orders. In course of time Alfred Watkin succeeded his father as head of the business. He was a magistrate, both for the city of Manchester and the county of Chester, and in 1873-4 was Mayor of Manchester. He was an all-round sportsman, being an excellent shot, and as a boxer he was skilled in what he used to call "the noble art of self-defence." He was in his time the amateur light-weight champion. An ardent supporter from its inception of the Volunteer movement, he was the first captain (afterwards major) of the Sale Company of the old 3rd Battalion of the Cheshire Volunteer Rifles. He inherited from his father a love of books, and was an extremely well-read man and a good talker, and had social gifts which made him a most attractive personality. He died after a period of ill-health at the comparatively early age of 49.

1826. *March 1st.* X. called on me this after-

noon, told me he had one of his bills returned, that it was in the hands of an attorney, that he should be arrested if it were not taken up, that he could not raise the money, that Brooks the banker had refused to help him for some time, but had at length said " If Mr. Watkin will endorse the bill I will help you." I did it for him, but God keep me from ever having to solicit a similar favour from anyone. . . .

April 7th. Gardened in the afternoon. Attended the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society and heard Mr. Wood's paper on the Corn Laws in reply to Mr. Hopkins.

April 20th. Attended the funeral of my cousin Thomas Watkin. The clerk of St. Stephen's foolishly mistook the day, and we were in consequence obliged to wait nearly two hours.

April 23rd, Sunday. Attended the service at St. Stephen's in the forenoon, and heard Mr. Stowell preach a charity sermon from " Be ye merciful, even as your Father which is in heaven is merciful." A very tolerable extempore discourse. . . . Some pages Byron's poems.

April 25th. Yesterday there was a tumultuous assemblage of weavers and other persons out of employment at Accrington and Blackburn. Many of them were armed with pikes, and at both places power-looms and machinery were broken to pieces.

April 27th. More accounts of the breaking of power-looms in the neighbourhood of Bury. Some of the people have been killed by the soldiers.

April 28th. Rode to Kersal Moor. . . . Riotous assemblages of people have taken place to-day in Manchester. Mr. Beaver's power-loom factory

was set on fire last night, and to-day shops have been entered and provisions and money have been taken by force. This afternoon a great number of persons have been robbed by the mob, who surround well-dressed persons and demand money. I had a narrow escape myself near the New Cross. Mr. Bramhall, who was with me, was obliged to part with some money. . . . Some pages "Lady Montagu's Letters."

June 12th. "Man," observed a physician to a patient who was suffering from neglect of exercise, "man is a field animal."

June 17th. John Watkin and myself left at two o'clock in the coach for Namptwich. Rode to Davenham inside, and from thence on the top to Namptwich. Called at Stoneley's, and then walked through oceans of sand to Audlem.

June 18th. Rose early. Walked into the churchyard, and looked at my Uncle's tombstone. Went to church and heard Mr. Breakspear. Mr. and Mrs. Stoneley came to dinner, and after dinner we walked to Mr. Morrey's and looked at his garden. Then my Aunt, Mrs. S., John, and myself went through some of Mr. Morrey's fields to an eminence commanding a fine view of Peckforton Hills and the distant country. . . . Mr. Mountford and myself had then a long walk through the fields, and some agreeable talk on the subject of planting and the price of land, etc.

June 19th. Rode on Mr. Mountford's tall horse to Namptwich to get a letter off by the coachman. Breakfasted with Mr. Stoneley, and then went with him and looked first at the inside of Namptwich Church, and then at the process of making

salt. Rode back to Audlem under a burning sun, the effects of which were much augmented by the reflection from the sand. . . . We were proceeding for a walk when we met Mr. G., the village lawyer, who insisted on our tasting his ale. We went back with him to do so, and having first examined his garden and seen his pinks and a wasps' nest, which the owners have built on one of his gooseberry trees, we went in to taste his ale. And here a scene presented itself of the most comic kind. His housekeeper came in, took part, and a considerable part, in all the conversation, and, in short, behaved with all the ridiculous effrontery which in comedies we see exhibited in the too familiar housekeepers of foolish old bachelors. I never saw a more ludicrous exhibition on the stage, and I endeavoured to keep up the amusement by asking some questions about a young man of the name of Williams, who was formerly clerk to Mr. G. These questions brought out a long history of the young man and his misdeeds, and of the goodness of Mr. G. and his housekeeper.

June 21st. After breakfast we took leave of my Aunt and Mountford, and set out for Namptwich; Mr. Stoneley, after the fashion of husbands, stalked on before his wife. Mrs. Stoneley and I got into talk on the subject of matrimonial differences, and I quoted Cowper's beautiful lines:

Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the unhappiness we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

. . . We got to Namptwich about 8 o'clock, and breakfasted again at Stoneley's. At half-past nine we left Namptwich in the coach, and had a most wearisome, hot ride to Manchester.

July 31st. Walked in the garden and observed the night. There is no wind, the leaves are still, the sky dark blue and thickly gemmed with stars, the Great Bear brilliant, the Milky Way conspicuous—the clocks in succession strike eleven, the watchman is heard, wheels rattle at a distance, water falls in Mr. Beddome's garden, crickets chirp all round, dogs bark now and then, a cow lows at a distance, the sky is lightest in the north. Nature is beautiful as ever.

August 7th. Went in the evening with John Watkin and my wife to Barton. Our object was to see Mr. Theophilus Barlow about the pew in St. Stephen's Church which he sold to my deceased uncle about 30 years ago. We found Mr. Barlow in his pleasant and elegantly clean house, and accomplished the object of our journey very pleasantly.

August 13th, Sunday. Heard Mr. Hughes in the forenoon. . . . Paley's "Reasons for Contentment." . . . Davies came late in the evening. He, I, Hallworth, and Joseph Makinson smoked our pipes, and disputed about the effects of novel-reading very vivaciously.

August 23rd. Tea with Mr. Kershaw and Mr. Callender at their warehouse. Went afterwards to Mr. Kershaw's, and spent the evening with him in considering the uses of History.

September 23rd. Left, in the Lord Nelson coach, at a quarter-past six in the morning with Elizabeth

for Matlock. We breakfasted at Buxton, and passing rapidly through a varied and interesting country, got to Matlock about 20 minutes past 12 at noon. We stopped at the hotel, and having ordered dinner, went first to the Museum garden. This is a pretty little spot with a fine horse-chestnut-tree at one end and a very well constructed rock-work at the other. Quitting this garden, we crossed the river and went into the Lovers' Walk. After walking towards the High Tor as far as we could, we returned towards the ferry, and ascended by a steep walk and a good many steps to the top of the rocks. At different points in the ascent there are some fine views of Matlock, the Heights of Abraham, etc. We descended from the rocks at the Cromford end of the Lovers' Walk, recrossed the river, and having spent an hour and a half in this ramble, were quite ready for dinner. We found a gentleman in the [dining] room who had come from London, and who dined with us. He was intelligent and polite, and we were soon familiar. After dinner Elizabeth and I walked to Bonsal. The ascent of the hill between Matlock and Bonsal was very toilsome, but we were rewarded by some very fine views. We went to Wigley's house at Bonsal [Wigley was his tenant]. Wigley was not at home, but his wife showed us round the premises. . . . It was nearly dark as we walked back, and in the wood below the road we were pleased to observe a company of boys who had made a bonfire and set up a swing, and appeared to be full of happiness. . . . The gentleman who had dined with us was at the hotel. We spent the evening in chatting with all the

case of old acquaintance, never at a loss for topics, and yet not seeming to labour to keep up the conversation. To bed about half-past ten. . . . Some pages Beattie's "Dissertations."

September 24th, Sunday. Rose rather late and breakfasted *en famille* with our new acquaintance. Walked to Matlock Church. Matlock Church is small, but very clean. The gallery stairs are on the outside. The minister, Mr. Gell, a tall, thin, elderly man, read very well, and preached a useful sermon with the air of a father talking to his children. He preached extempore, and was never loud, but always had the attention of his hearers. It had rained while we were in the church, and our friend of a day followed us to the church with an umbrella. When we got back to our inn we found an increase of company . . . a gentleman from Sweden. The dinner consisted of a couple of fowls, a hare, and some roasted lamb, with a plentiful addition of pudding and tart. . . . At the inn we found Wigley, who had come from Bousal to meet me. We stood awhile with him, and then walked to Cromford. On our return we met, at the door of the inn, our "old" friend and the Swede. . . . From the Swede I learned that botany is not so much attended to in Sweden at present as it was in the time of Linnæus, and for some time after. Poetry, he said, was the fashionable study now. There is a Swedish bishop now living who is so celebrated as a poet that translators from France and Germany reside at Stockholm for the purpose of translating his works as fast as they appear. I enquired the subjects of his poems, and found

that they were chiefly of an amatory and romantic character. " When he composes," said the Swede, " I suppose he lays aside his mitre." He gave me an outline of one of these pieces. The period is that of Charles XII, who is the popular hero of Sweden. This prince, when at Bender, is supposed to confide an important and secret mission to one of his attendants. The attendant leaves Bender for Stockholm. In passing through Poland he is attacked by robbers and wounded, and in great danger of his life, when he is rescued by a Polish lady, who is hunting with her attendants. The huntress takes him to her castle, his wounds are cured, and a mutual attachment is the result of their acquaintance. Faithful, however, to his mission, he leaves the castle as soon as he is recovered, and proceeds to Stockholm, where he is detained longer than he had expected by a threatened attack upon that capital by the Russians. The lady, weary of his long delay and unable to support his absence, resolves to follow him, and embarks for that purpose in the Russian fleet, disguised as a man. The fleet arrives before Stockholm and makes an attack. Her lover commands the opposing armament. They meet, and she is unwittingly killed by his hand. The dreadful mistake is discovered before she expires. The lover loses his reason, and, after some time, dies. . . .

September 25th. Went with our new friend to look at the gardens at Willersley. The morning was misty, and a new charm was thus given to the prospects which we beheld. The mist was not near, but, resting on the tops of the hills, circum-

scribed the view, and left the imagination to picture what was hidden by the mountains of vapour which everywhere terminated our prospect. An agreeable freshness breathed from everything about us, and we spent an hour and a half with great delight in the grounds. . . . After breakfast we packed up, and about ten we left for Manchester in the Lord Nelson. I shook hands with the Swede, and quitted him, perhaps for ever, at Matlock. Our "old" acquaintance went on the coach to Bakewell, and we parted there with all the cordiality of old friends. . . . I have noticed on this, as on other occasions, that literature and criticism make the common ground of refined conversation.

December 1st. Attended the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society. Mr. Kershaw went with me. Mr. Holland read an interesting paper on the geology of the country between Manchester and Loughborough. . . . In conversation at the meeting, Davies and Kershaw united in urging me to give up business and devote myself to literature. Davies told me that Mr. Baxter had said of me that he had never supposed me to be a man of talent as a writer and speaker, although he had known me many years as a trader, in which capacity he had found me to be a clear-headed man and equal in integrity to any man.

December 11th. Went at 11 o'clock to Northen with Joseph Johnson and William Medcalfe. We had a very pleasant walk, and talked agreeably of novels, romantic feelings, etc. . . . We inspected some property which is on sale, and left Northen

for Manchester at a quarter before 5 o'clock. I found Johnson well known to almost everybody about Northen, and apparently respected. For Joseph Johnson see the entry January 1, 1825. He told me that on his return to Northen from Lincoln Castle the people were surprised to see the number of books he brought with him, and as he read much and kept no company, they looked upon him as a sort of conjuror and came to him for advice and information on all subjects. . . . Read a MS. essay on Spanish literature by a Spaniard, an acquaintance of Johnson's.

December 31st. In the ensuing year I purpose, if my life and health are continued, to attend well to my business; the more we have to do with men the better we can meet them. I purpose to write four speeches and six lectures and one paper for the Literary and Philosophical Society. To commit to memory at least twenty fine pieces of poetry, to read Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric," to cultivate the art of extempore speaking, to hear the best preachers of all denominations. Finally, it is my intention to proceed in everything on the persuasion that whatever I have purposed is possible. To act with the conviction that a real passion for anything and a thorough devotion to it, humanly speaking, must succeed. I will endeavour always to bear in mind that to desire, and to apply, is to attain.

CHAPTER XIV

A CONDITIONAL OFFER

(MARCH 7, 1827 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1828)

Mr. Kean as King Lear—The house of his late uncle John Watkin—A festival at Audlem—Beeston Castle—His pleasure in his son Edward—The editorship of the "Manchester Gazette"—The disastrous launch of the "Emma"—The death of a young cousin—A walk with his son Edward—A visit to the Potteries—The happiness of his home—A Musical Festival in Manchester Cathedral.

1827. *March 7th.* Went with Mr. Johnson to see Mr. Kean's performance of King Lear. Mr. K. is said to be very much enfeebled, but his performance was exquisite. The effect which he gave to the words "Aye, every inch a King" I shall never forget. He was equally happy in pronouncing the words "But I am old now," and indeed in several other passages, but the two I have mentioned touched most on my memory. His restoration to sanity and his recognition of Cordelia was a fine piece of acting.

March 14th. Went in the afternoon with my Aunt, Mrs. Stoneley, the Misses Watkin and Martha Emerson to Pendleton by coach. We walked from the Turnpike to my uncle's old house in Whit Lane. We found the house inhabited by three poor families, and the garden in the utmost

disorder. "Next week," said one of the inmates, "the whole building is to be made into cottages." We walked round the garden, Martha pointing out to me the spot which, when a boy, was my garden, and she, I, and my Aunt looking for different objects with which we were formerly familiar. The bower, the sundial, the grass walks, the Siberian crab-trees, all were gone. The beech-trees are felled and the tall cherry-trees have been taken away.

June 16th. Left town at two o'clock with my wife and Edward in the Royal Nettle for Namptwich. We got there, without any occurrence of interest, about half-past eight. I ordered a chaise, and while it was getting ready just called upon Mrs. Stoneley. She went with me to the inn to see Elizabeth, and then I, Edward and Elizabeth set out in the chaise for Audlem.

June 17th. Went to church in the forenoon and heard a tolerable sermon by Mr. Breakspear. Returning from church we found John Watkin and Anne Stoneley, who had come from Namptwich. . . . There had been some little courtship between John and Anne; the girl exhibited a degree of coquetry in her treatment of him which amused me not a little.

June 18th. Walked after breakfast with my wife, John, Anne and Edward towards Adderley. We read several pieces of poetry as we went along. . . . After tea, went with my Aunt to look at the canal which they are cutting near Audlem.

June 19th. Mr. and Mrs. Stoneley arrived and joined us. . . . After dinner my wife's smelling-bottle and my snuffbox amused the noses of the

good company, and it was time to go to church before we thought of it. We went to church and heard a tolerable sermon from Mr. Breakspear, and I observed with attention the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood assembled to do honour to the annual meeting of the Female Friendly Society of Audlem. It was a pleasing sight. The church was filled, principally with the young and well-looking, and cheerful countenances, good clothing, smart ribands, and a profusion of evergreens and flowers gave to the whole a very animating and enlivening effect. . . . We went and looked at the dancers a short time.

June 20th. We called on the Misses Buttris, John's tenants at the large house, and then walked into the meadows. . . . Edward and I strolled into the Namptwich road, and passing into the fields, proceeded almost a mile. . . . The evening was beautifully fine, and the western sky, lighted up by all the splendour of the declining rather than setting sun, was visible from a part of this walk near the mill for a very great extent. The prospect is at all times beautiful, but seen at this hour, and heightened as it was by the loveliness of the evening, it had a character of grandeur which in other circumstances would not have belonged to it. I passed slowly along, gazing upon the sun with more than common delight—indeed, with feelings of poetical pleasure.

June 21st. Rose early and looked out upon the morning sun with great satisfaction. Walked in my Aunt's garden and took a farewell look at the bower and the flowers. Put a sprig of thyme and a fine pansy into my bosom, and gathered

a rosebud for Elizabeth. Breakfasted, and after breakfast Elizabeth, my Aunt, and I and Edward left Audlem in the chaise. We had a pleasant ride to Namptwich. Arriving, we had a second breakfast, which made its appearance with a celerity that did credit to our hostess. After breakfast we went with Stoneley to look at the salt-works, and then by ourselves to see the church. We were fetched from the church by John Watkin, who came to tell us that the chaise and gig were waiting. . . . Talking, reading, and looking, brought us, with the help of two good horses, in a time apparently very short to the inn at Beeston. We got some refreshment, and then proceeded to the castle. The ascent is steep and rough, but we were all well and in high spirits. I was particularly pleased with the enthusiastic ardour of my little Edward. If this boy is not spoiled, he will assuredly prove superior to the herd of mankind.

Note.—Sir Edward Watkin, then eight years old, in after-life fulfilled the prophecy of his father concerning him.

He talked with animation of the castle, of the rock on which it stands, of the deep well which is in the castle yard, and put a great number of questions which it gave me great pleasure to hear and to answer. We now walked round the garden and looked with much interest at one of the finest panoramic views I ever saw. Standing at the highest point of the ruin, which is on the steep perpendicular end of Beeston Hill, you see the course of the Mersey, with Liverpool

in the distance and Chester apparently, or rather comparatively, near. Then turning a little towards the castle gate, you see the Welsh hills and catch a faint indistinct view of Wrexham. From the gate you have below you the vale of Cheshire, with hills and woods and innumerable fields spreading to the boundary of the horizon. Passing by the gateway a little to the left, you look over another part of the vale and across De la Mer Forest to the hills of Staffordshire.

June 22nd. We got home between four and five in the afternoon, and found the house clean and the children well. I was much struck with the progress which vegetation had made during our absence.

August 12th. Some pages Dryden's "Miscellaneous Poems." . . . Dined at Mr. Johnson's with Richard Carlile and Grime.

August 24th. Wrote in the afternoon another paper on the subject of my conversations with Richard Carlile.

August 26th. Thought of writing, for the Literary and Philosophical Society, a paper on the projected establishment of a botanical garden in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

December 4th. Attended the meeting of the Literary Debating Society. The question, "Is it desirable that the use of spirituous and fermented liquors should be altogether prohibited?" was discussed.

Mr. Thomas Potter proposed to me to-day to become the Editor of the "Manchester Gazette," offering to guarantee me against loss, and speaking confidently as to the great success which would

attend the paper if I undertook the editorship. "As to you," said he, "everybody thinks well of you."

December 15th. Wrote to Mr. Potter offering to undertake the "Gazette" on condition that I have the uncontrolled management, and am allowed on all subjects and on all occasions to express my own sentiments in my own way. I do not expect this proposition will be acceded to. They will not like my resolute independence, and they think I want what they call "nerve." We shall see.

December 20th. Mr. Potter told me that the idea of making me editor of the "Gazette" was given up. "You know," said he, "it would be a terrible thing if somebody got hold of it that was not decided in his opinions, and they think you would not be decided enough." I expected the matter to end in this manner: by *decided* they mean *decidedly of their opinion*, and my resolute demand of entire liberty, and giving my own sentiments in my own way, has convinced those who were most anxious to put me into possession of the paper that I am not the man for their purpose.

1828. *February 29th.* Witnessed the launch of the "Emma" at the New Quay, and was an eyewitness of its oversetting and of the sudden destruction, in consequence, of it is supposed 41 persons. For a particular account of this dreadful accident see my letters.

March 17th. Mary Watkin died this afternoon in her mother's arms. She would have been 16 years old had she lived 10 days longer.

March 18th. Went in the evening to see Mrs. Watkin. Saw poor dear Mary. Her face has the sweetest expression I ever saw in the face of a dead person. A sweet smile still dwells round her mouth, no expression of pain mars the countenance, no line indicative of bad passion, of care, anxiety, or suffering is to be seen upon it. It is the very countenance of innocence and peace. Her lips a little parted, her eyes only just closed, seem to intimate that she is about to awake from refreshing sleep or delightful dreams, and that she will speak as soon as she awakes, . . . but "death was there."

March 23rd. At St. Stephen's Church in the forenoon with John Watkin. Mr. Stowell preached a good sermon on "self-examination."

April 7th. Grime had a children's party, and we stayed dancing till very late. It was two in the morning when I and the children got to bed.

April 26th. Walked with Edward. . . . It was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever beheld. The sun was declining with mild radiance, and gave at first a lustre, and then a richness, to every part of the landscape which his beams could reach, and after he had set, a glow to the western sky which heightened the beauty of everything. The evening was still, and the birds were distinctly heard. Everything in vegetable nature was beautifully fresh. Everything appeared to enjoy the eve of the Sabbath. My mind was in unison with the scene. My little boy appeared to feel as I did. We had just got to the entrance of the Clough when Prestwich bells began to ring. We went into the Clough just as the day began to

depart. The scene was beautiful—the sky glowing on one side so as to throw out Prestwich Church and the rising ground very strongly, and the moon in the opposite part of the sky, which was without a cloud. The little stream which runs through the Clough was unusually full, and flowed with a rushing sound. The little hillocks and hills in the Clough were covered with crowfoot, and especially with the wood anemone. Edward and I gathered each a large handful of anemones as we went along. The bells brought to the boy's mind Moore's song "Sweet evening bells," and he began to repeat it. The lines were in my thoughts at the same moment, and I was pleased to hear him. I recalled the days of my youth, and recollected that I had listened to these bells and walked in this wood while yet a boy. I could feel all that the poet describes, but I did not feel that life is less valuable or less pleasurable than it was then. On the contrary, my life is better now than it was then. I know more, I feel more, I have more means of enjoyment, and I should hope more than ever. Full of these thoughts, I sat down on a lofty knoll, to which Edward had first climbed himself and then invited me, and looked at the trees, the flowers, and the sky, and listened to the birds and to the rush of the water and the music of the bells, and felt really happy and really thankful. We left the Clough with our bouquets of wood anemones, and walked home observing the moon and the stars and the changes in the sky, and we talked of the universe and of its Author, and I was happy.

June 15th. Thomas Hoyle and Mr. Tatham,

the attorney, and Joseph Makinson spent part of the evening with us. . . . Mr. Tatham gave me some interesting particulars of Jamaica.

June 19th. Left Manchester at three o'clock in the afternoon in the Independent Potter with Elizabeth to go to Hanley. . . . I read several pages of the "Quarterly Review" for March 1828. . . . We got to Hanley about nine at night, and were met by William Shuttleworth.

June 20th. Went in the forenoon with Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth and my wife to look at the pottery of Messrs. J. & W. Ridgeway at Caldron Place. On our way hither we saw the house in which Fenton the poet was born. We looked first at the showroom of Messrs. Ridgeway, which is a fine room and well filled. Then the foreman accompanied us round the works. He began by taking us to the place in which the clay, or rather composition of clay, calcined flint, etc., mixed with water, is filtered through sieves made of silk gauze. He told us that the clay came from Dorsetshire and Cornwall, and the flints from some other part of England. The proportion of the ingredients is different in different kinds of ware, and the quality of every kind depends upon the careful and proper proportion of the ingredients, which is usually regulated by weight. The mixing of the materials, one of the most important parts of the business, is generally done by the masters, and the composition is in most cases kept secret. When the mixture has been filtered through the silk gauze, the fluid is conveyed by a pipe into an open shallow boiler, something like the salt-pans used at Namptwich, in which the water is evapo-

rated by means of heat, till the residuum is of the consistency of the clay used by the brickmakers, and very much resembles in appearance, tenacity, and colour the dough of which bread or paste is made. When taken from the boiler it is put together in a heap, and tempered in the same manner as they temper clay for the brickmaker, but before it can be used by the potter it undergoes an operation called "slapping," which consists in taking a manageable quantity, and kneading and "slapping" it on a stone table, till the particles of air which it may contain are driven out, and the whole mass has acquired a uniformity of texture and consistence. It is then fit for being formed into ware. I had never seen a potter at his wheel, and was much interested by this part of the business, which is called "throwing." The potter sits astride a bench, having in front of him a small circular piece of wood, in the centre of which rises a little projection. A girl stands opposite to the potter, supplies him with clay, and removes the vessels as he makes them. Behind her is a wheel, turned by a third person, and communicating by means of a strap with the circular piece of wood on which the potter performs his work. When he has got a lump of clay, he claps it on the projection in the centre of the board, holding it with one hand, and calls out "Turn." Round goes the wheel; the lump of clay is thrown by the circular motion into a cylindrical form; the potter applies his fingers, and now and then some small moulds of wood, to the inside and other parts of the clay as it grows into a vessel under his hand, and with inconceivable rapidity basins, saucers, jugs, vases,

and earthen bottles, etc., are formed, and placed on the table before you. I never, until I saw this operation, had any idea of the force and beauty of the allusions in Scripture to the art of the potter. The workman appears to be the absolute master of the clay, and gives to it forms, beautiful or ugly, and assigns to it uses, honourable or dishonourable, as he pleases. The vessels which are "thrown" are partially dried, and then smoothed, and rendered more perfect by other workmen. . . . Only vessels of the simplest form are "thrown," the more difficult are "moulded."

June 24th. Rose at 5 o'clock, and soon after six took leave of Mr. and Mrs. S., and set out for Manchester in the Potter. We got to Manchester about twelve o'clock, and putting ourselves and our boxes immediately into a hackney coach, we drove home without delay. I was struck, as I have often been after a short absence from home, with the strange appearance of objects with which I was perfectly familiar. . . . The boys came running to meet us as the coach drove up to the gate, and as I took their hands and saw their smiles, and looked at my little house and garden, and contrasted what I saw with what I had seen in the possession of others, I felt that I had much to be thankful for.

September 21st. Went to the Old Church in the forenoon with Elizabeth and the family. Mr. Clowes preached from the 1st Corinthians, chapter 10, verse 12, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The preparations for the festival have made a considerable

alteration in the appearance of the Old Church. The organ is placed at the steeple end, and a temporary gallery of great extent, but narrow in proportion to its length, has been erected over the choir. The church was well filled, principally with well-dressed people, and the *tout ensemble* was very imposing. The military occupied the gallery intended for the performers below the organ. They are mostly fine young fellows, and being seen at full length, looked uncommonly well. The attitudes in which they stood and sat during the service were quite a study, and the play of light and shade upon them and upon the congregation was often extremely pictorial. I enjoyed the sight.

September 30th. Heard part of the service at the Old Church which forms the commencement of the musical festival. I heard Miss Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Knyvet, Mr. Phillips, Miss Godfrey, and Mme. Catalani. Miss Stephens I did not admire, Mrs. Knyvet pleased me. Mme. Catalani is still a fine woman, tall and dignified, of a brown complexion, with dark piercing eyes and a face handsome, but seeming more fit to wear a hat than a bonnet. Her voice is fine, but I did not like it so well as that of Mme. Camporese, whom I heard some years since in London. Mme. Catalani sang Martin Luther's hymn, accompanied by a trumpet. She introduced two "shakes" in the execution of which her lips, cheeks, chin, throat, and bosom were all in a sort of convulsive and very ugly motion. What I saw and heard on this occasion has not raised such things in my opinion. The principal performers evidently con-

sidered the service as anything but sacred, and talked to those who sat near them even while the officiating minister read the prayers. As to the auditors, they evidently considered the whole, not as a business of devotion, but as a spectacle.

CHAPTER XV

MORE "RIOTOUS ASSEMBLAGES"

(FEBRUARY 18, 1829 TO APRIL 6, 1830)

A private consultation with Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Potter—The Manchester Literary Society—More riots—A "hot-headed Radical"—A field-day on Kersal Moor—Inspecting the new rail-road—The prayers of the Church and those of Dissenters—An exhibition of paintings—An account of Jamaica—Mr. William Cobbett—Mr. Johnson and the "Manchester Guardian"—A petition to the House of Commons.

1829. *February 18th.* Several pages Taylor's "View of the Money System of England from the Conquest." Spent the evening at Mr. Samuel Fletcher's. There were present Mr. Taylor, the author of the above-named book, a gentleman, his friend, from Leicester, Mr. Samuel Brooks, the banker, Mr. William Nield, and myself. . . . We spent a pleasant evening. I talked a good deal with Mr. Taylor.

March 21st. Calling on business on Mr. Thomas Potter, he took me into the private counting-house, gave me some wine, and began to talk to me confidentially about himself and the New Bank, in which I had some shares. . . . He appeared to agree with my opinion, and after chatting a little longer we parted. . . . I believe this confidence arises from my having never taken part in any

squabbles of a political or party kind, having minded my own business, kept my own counsel, etc. . . . Thus I have quietly acquired some reputation for prudence and discretion, and therefore am trusted by those who know me. My children in these things imitate my example.

April 8th. Dined with the other members of the Literary Society. There were fourteen present : Potter, Smith, Spencer, Nicholson, Harvey, Hall, Hawkes, Davies, Shuttleworth, Beard, Gill, Seed, Whittle, and myself. We had a good dinner, some tolerable singing, and some lively speaking. Davies, who was in the chair, took the liberty to give my health, with the addition of the Lancashire witches. I had consequently to descant on the good qualities of the ladies, and the subject secured me applause.

May 4th. To-day there has been a riotous assemblage of weavers and other persons. Many looms have been broken, and the factory of J. and J. Parker has been set on fire and burnt down.

May 5th. To-day there are further commotions. Several shops have been plundered and individuals robbed by the mob.

May 14th. At the meeting I joked too much. We got into a political disputation and talked violently. Johnson is still a hot-headed Radical. Perhaps he will mend.

July 18th. Went in the afternoon, with Edward and Elizabeth, to see a sham fight between two parties of the troops stationed in Manchester and the neighbourhood. A detachment of infantry, some troops of horse, and a detachment of artillery had possession of Kersal Moor. They had ad-

vanced posts at Singleton Brook turnpike and at the entrance to the " black field." Two detachments of infantry and some artillery advanced to attack them. The engagement commenced at the turnpike between the outposts and the advanced parties of the assailants. Being on Kersal Moor, we heard the firing a good while before any attack was made at the entrance of the " black field." After a while, however, it commenced there also. The advanced parties in both directions gradually retired, the firing came nearer and nearer, and the artillery began to play. Then the main bodies of the assailants came in sight, and the party who had occupied this end of the moor retired to the neighbourhood of the Grand Stand. Cannon were brought into action on both sides, and the advanced and covering parties continued to skirmish. In the midst of this contest the cavalry, who had been sheltered behind the Grand Stand, came forward at a brisk trot to make a charge. The advanced parties of the assailants retired on the main bodies. The main bodies, which were advancing in line, were formed into two squares, and the cavalry were received with a rolling fire and compelled to retreat. The assailants then again formed in line, and advanced under cover of their cannon. The enemy made a last stand on the hill above the sand hole, and kept up a continued fire for some time, but at length drew off, the assailants taking the position they had abandoned and firing upon them as they retreated. The advanced parties, supported by a column in advance of the main body, continued to pursue the fugitives. The main body was halted above

the sand hill, and after a while the pursuing parties were recalled from pursuit, although still kept in advance of the main body, and the firing ceased. The whole was a very pretty spectacle, and gave me a better idea of military operations than I had previously possessed.

August 10th. Went, in the afternoon, with Mr. and Mrs. Lister, my wife and daughter, to Peel Green, to look at the railroad. We walked to Pendleton, and then hired one of those ugly things, a sociable, in which we were dragged sideways to the "Unicorn" at the Peel Green. The driver of our vehicle assured us that we could have a good tea, and having ordered it, we went to look at the railroad. In this part it is carried over the low grounds on a high embankment, from the top of which there is a good view of the country. We returned, after having walked some time on the railroad, to the "Unicorn" and got a very indifferent tea. Then we rode back to Pendleton in the sociable, and from thence walked home.

August 23rd. Went with Edward to St. Paul's Church in the afternoon. The prayers of the Church are more affecting and impressive than those of Dissenters. Went in the afternoon with Edward and John to look at the railroad near Eccles. We were out about 3 hours and three-quarters, and must have walked nearly 10 miles. The walk did me good. . . . Some pages Goquet's "Origin of Laws." The "Letters of Verax on the Currency." These letters are written by Dr. Carbutt. They are well written, but the argument is not always so put as to place the con-

clusion in the strongest light—to make the reader feel entirely convinced.

August 31st. Saw the exhibition, at the Royal Institution, of paintings and sculpture. Among the paintings is the celebrated portrait of Mrs. Peel by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is beautiful, and the artist has shown great skill in the contrast of colours which he has introduced. Mrs. Peel has dark hair and eyes, her face is fully shown, and her neck to the bosom. She wears a black hat, but has in it a divided plume of red feathers, part of which falls down on each side of her face, and is contrasted with the hat, the hair, the face, and again with a rich blue sky which surrounds the whole head. The face is beautiful, but pensive. It attracts and interests, but does not gladden.

November 11th. Dined at William Medcalfe's at half-past four. There were present Mr. Barrow, Mr. Headley, Mr. Mayson, Mr. Brewis, Mr. Potter, Mr. James Potter, and myself. A quiet, agreeable time. Mr. James Potter, who resided some years in Jamaica, told us that the slaves work from day-dawn to sunset, with an interval of half an hour for breakfast and two hours for dinner. . . . Mr. Potter said marriages are not common: men and women live together by consent. . . . The slaves have each a provision ground, and are allowed one day a fortnight to cultivate it. The owner finds a hut, and gives to the slaves six salt herrings every fortnight, and clothes annually. The slaves keep hogs and poultry. Land in Jamaica is not capital: slaves are the capital. The land is worth little, although so fertile that the labour

of one day in a fortnight will maintain a family. To cultivate the soil personally would degrade a white man. . . . A few pages Bacon on the "Advancement of Learning."

November 22nd. Walked in the afternoon with John. We went to Mr. Johnson's. I sat with him about half an hour talking of Cobbett. . . . Wrote a very full outline of a speech on the political and literary character of Cobbett.

November 29th. Walked in the afternoon with Mr. Spencer. . . . We went to look at the bridge over the railroad at Cross Lane which has fallen in.

November 30th. Mr. William Hone, the author of "The Every-Day Book," was brought to my warehouse this evening by Mr. Richard Potter.

December 9th. Ran through "The Eventful Life of a Soldier during the late War in Portugal, Spain, and France." This book gives a disgusting picture of military life, and a shocking one of the horrors of War.

December 22nd. Attended the meeting of the Literary Society. The question, "Which form of government would, if generally established, be most likely to prevent the occurrence of war?" was pleasantly discussed.

December 23rd. Several pages "History of Russia and of Peter the Great." I am astonished at the timid, abject submission with which men in Russia, as in all other countries, have submitted to cruel tyrants.

1830. *January 3rd.* Dined at Mr. Johnson's with Mr. Grime and met Mr. Cobbett, his son John, and his daughter Susanna.

January 5th. Heard Mr. Cobbett's first lecture at night.

January 10th. Spent the afternoon and evening at Mr. Johnson's. There were present Mr. Cobbett, his son and daughter, Grime, Carbutt, Wimpory, Candelet, Harvey, Tysoe, Seed, John Shuttleworth, J. Shuttleworth, jun., Samuel Johnson, Whittle, and myself. A very pleasant time.

January 13th. Spent most of the evening in arbitrating between the Commercial Clerks' Society and Mr. William Ridings. The other arbitrator was Mr. George Pilkington, and the umpire Mr. Joseph Gregory.

January 17th. Spent the forenoon at Johnson's, assisting Johnson to compose a letter to the Editor of the "Guardian" on the subject of Peel's Bill, etc. Walked in the afternoon with Mr. Spencer, Mr. Hall, and Mr. J. E. Taylor, Editor of the "Guardian."

January 24th. Went to Mr. Johnson's to tea. Dictated to Johnson a letter to the Editor of the "Guardian" on the subject of Peel's Bill.

February 17th. Lost the whole afternoon at Johnson's, about his dispute with the Editor of the "Guardian."

February 24th. Mrs. Needham, formerly Martha Emerson, here in the evening with her infant son. . . . Sat up till near two in the morning writing a petition to the House of Commons from the inhabitants of Manchester. I did this at the request of Mr. Harvey, but have no reason to believe that my petition will be made use of.

April 6th. Dined at the annual dinner of the

Literary Society. . . . There were present Messrs. Spencer, Hawkes, Shuttleworth, Beard, Hall, Seed, Barge, Gill, Harvey, Mordacque, Greaves, Nicholson, Shawcross, Eckersley, Davies, Whittle, Watkin, and immediately after dinner Burdikin. I left at 10 o'clock.

PART II

A MANCHESTER REFORMER

CHAPTER I

THE "RAIL-ROAD"

(JULY 5, 1830 TO OCTOBER 24, 1830)

Proclamation of William IV—The death of his mother—A visit to Runcorn—The Duke of Wellington—The opening of the "rail-road"—The Siamese Twins.

1830. *July 5th.* William the 4th was proclaimed here to-day. . . . Some pages Roscoe's "Lives of the British Lawyers."

July 15th. George 4th was buried.

July 20th. My mother died about half-past eight o'clock this evening. She had been up in the afternoon, and was thought to be better. Yesterday, although very feeble, she had the full possession of her faculties and blessed the children when they bade her good-night. This evening, just as I was going to see her, they were coming downstairs to tell me she was dying. I did not expect it, as I had heard that she had been better when out of bed in the afternoon. . . . Her sufferings she has borne with patient resignation. . . . Alas! my mother. To me she was ever the truest and kindest of friends, and to her care and her example I owe everything useful or valuable in my character. I owe also to her my education, and my property. . . . I have not been a bad son,

but she deserved a much better. . . . Alas! my mother. I have lost one who loved me with a disinterested affection, and the business of whose life it was to promote my welfare. Her care and attention were invaluable. Whatever she undertook to do was sure to be done, and the silent quickness with which she effected what she undertook, and the exactness as to time and place which she observed, were above all praise. . . . Never will they (my children) or I have a truer friend. . . . I saw my father die when I was about 10 years old, and was convinced by what I saw that *dying, mere dying*, is not terrible. I have now, at the age of 43, beheld the death of my mother, and the conviction is strengthened. Death in both cases appeared to me to be rather the coming on of a troubled sleep, than painful. My mother looked younger, and, if I may use the word, speaking of a person 74 years old, handsomer after death than she had done for years. Her face was much less wrinkled, and the outline of the features in consequence more youthful. In early life her appearance must have been very agreeable.

July 21st. The death of my mother rendering it necessary to put white blinds to the windows, I found to my extreme surprise that we had only two in the house.

August 26th. Left for Runcorn by the boat at 10 minutes past 8 in the morning. Got to Altrincham at 10 o'clock. Read by the way 77 pages of Sismondi's "View of the Literature of the South of Europe." After leaving Altrincham made some extracts from what I had read. We got

to Runcorn about half past three in the afternoon, and were met by Mr. Makinson, Senior. . . . After tea we had a very pleasant walk by the river-side to the docks connected with the Duke's canal. It was a beautiful evening, and the view from the pier-head towards Liverpool was delightful. The ground about the docks, by the river-side, is kept very neat and looks very pretty. Captain Bradshaw resides here. We returned by the locks connected with the Duke's canal. The children were much pleased by observing the vessels pass through the locks. We intended to go early to bed, but before supper I and Edward and John walked along the docks of the Old Quay Company.

August 30th. Left Runcorn about 9 in the Steam packet for Liverpool. Much pleased with the quick and easy passage. The river speckled with vessels and a fine breeze bringing health and spirits on its wings. We got to Liverpool soon after 11. Ordered dinner, and first getting lunch of biscuits, etc., we went to look about us. We went round the docks and along some of the principal streets, and then returned to find our salmon and beef-steaks ready to the minute. . . . At half past five Edward and I left Liverpool in the "Lady Vernon" for Manchester, the rest of the party returning by the packet to Runcorn. We had a tedious ride of nearly 5 hours.

September 3rd. Bathed with the children in the forenoon. Went with our whole party in the afternoon to Rock Savage, and after looking at the ruins proceeded to Frodsham. . . . We intended to take a chaise back to Runcorn, as it began to rain and the children were tired. Un-

fortunately, however, no chaise could be had, and we were compelled to return on foot. Mr. Makinson carried Edward, and I Alfred, about half the way, and our walk was, of course, fatiguing.

September 12th, Sunday. Went with John Watkin and my son John to Prestwich Church. Saw the Duke of Wellington. He is a mild-looking, thin, long-faced, pale, elderly man, with hair completely white, but with a look of ability and animation quite at variance with the idea of his being an *old* man. I noticed him attentively. He does not look well when his eyes are cast down, as in reading, but when his head is elevated, and he looks towards one side, with a rather quick motion of the head and eyes, his look is noble. He did not use spectacles.

September 13th. Went with my wife, Elizabeth, and Edward to the Royal Institution to see the exhibition of paintings, and with the expectation that the Duke of Wellington would be there. After looking at the paintings I went into the sculpture room, from the windows of which I saw the Duke pass in an open carriage with the Countess of Wilton, etc. . . . The Duke never entered the Institution.

September 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Howarth breakfasted with us, and then went with my wife and daughter to the New Quay Company's stand, to see the opening of the Rail Road. I went with Joseph Makinson and Edward to some ground belonging to Mr. Isherwood on the edge of the rail road in Oldfield Lane. The assemblage of people was very great. We found Mr. and Mrs.

Headley, Mr. and Mrs. Medcalfe, etc., on the ground before us. We waited as patiently as we could a long while, and at length came the engine with Lord Wilton for a surgeon for Mr. Huskisson. As nobody was aware of the accident which had befallen that gentleman, and as the time for the appearance of the procession was already much exceeded, this engine was considered as a precursor of the procession, and when, after a short stay, it dashed back again, there arose a doubt as to whether the procession would take place at all, and after a while the rabble became very tumultuous. Stones were thrown, the constables driven back, and the rail road, which had hitherto been kept clear, was covered with people. Some of our party retired into Mr. Isherwood's house. I remained with Edward and Hannah Makinson, and after some time, and rather unexpectedly, the carriages containing the directors, with the Duke of Wellington, etc., etc., made their appearance. They moved rather slowly along, without music, and the crowd, of course, made way, but where we stood some stones were thrown. The Duke stood in the front, and replied to the partial but hearty shouts, with which he was greeted, by touching his hat with his finger and slightly moving his head, sometimes to one side, sometimes to another. After the carriages had passed, we went to Mr. Isherwood's and dined. While we were at dinner the other carriages, which should have made up the procession, came past. After dinner we saw the carriages return, but I did not distinguish the Duke. We sat a short time at Mr. Isherwood's, and then went home. My wife

and daughter did not get home till after dark, and were full of complaints of the wet, cold, thunder, etc., which they had endured.

October 20th. Supped and stayed till two in the morning at Mr. Grime's. There were present the Siamese youths, Chang and Eng, Mr. Hales, their exhibitor (for Captain Coffin), Mr. Edmunds, and Dr. Carbutt. Mr. Hales diverted us with the magical dancing figures, and the time passed pleasantly. The Siamese youths are twins, $19\frac{1}{2}$ years old, and united by a cartilaginous and fleshy substance from the lower part of the breast of one to the corresponding part of the other. As there is an arterial circulation through this connecting substance, it is supposed that it would not be possible to divide them without endangering their lives. It also appears that having never known any other state, and having learned to accommodate themselves to it, a separation, even if possible, would not be desirable. Their tastes are nearly similar, and they are capable of rapid and easy motion. Apparently they enjoy excellent health, and they seem to be happy. As to the possibility that one may die before the other, that, from the great sympathy between the state of their stomachs and in their general health, is an event not *likely* to occur, so that, for anything that appears, they may continue to enjoy this strangely united existence during a long life. They play at chess, draughts and whist, usually in conjunction, but sometimes in whist with different partners. Their manners are easy, and their remarks acute and well turned, although their English is often imperfect.

October 24th. Walked in the afternoon with Mr. Spencer, his son Francis and my son John. We went to the rail road at Eccles and saw the carriages pass. The foliage of the lime on the old road to Eccles is beautiful.

CHAPTER II

THE REFORM BILL OF 1832

(DECEMBER 13, 1830 TO AUGUST 9, 1832)

A conference of Reformers—He supports the Ministerial plan of Reform—He speaks at a Reform meeting—Lord Hill's review—Coronation of William IV—Writes a Reform petition to the House of Lords—A public meeting after the Lords' rejection of the Bill—Action hampered by extremists—Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Potter and the extremists—A successful speech—Paganini—Rose Hill, Northenden—The proposed special creation of peers—He draws up the famous Manchester Petition—Universal Suffrage—A labour deputation—A noisy meeting—The passing of the Reform Bill.

December 13th. Attended a meeting of gentlemen, at the York Hotel in King Street, to consider the propriety of a public meeting to promote reform in Parliament. This meeting I had been specially invited to attend. Mr. Greg was in the chair, and Mr. Mark Philips, Mr. Harbottle, Mr. Potter, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Connell, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Hadfield, etc., were present. It was quite evident from what was said that there were serious apprehensions entertained as to the disposition of the working classes, and a fear of their interference produced an evident disinclination to a meeting *at present*. It was resolved that a meeting was desirable, and a committee was appointed to consider when it should be held, and what

resolutions should be proposed. *I said nothing*, but was appointed with the others to be of the committee. . . . Some pages Cobbett on Parliamentary Reform.

1831. *January 17th.* Attended the preparatory meeting of Reformers! I was put on the committee, and the resolutions I had drawn up were, with some verbal alterations, adopted by the meeting. The meeting continued four hours. I had to speak two or three times. I was much pressed to take part in the public meeting, but declined to do so.

January 19th. Wrote a Petition to Parliament, grounded on the resolutions I had prepared for the meeting.

January 20th. Spent most of the day at the Town Hall, in which the meeting on the subject of Reform was held. There was a good deal of speaking, but no oratory.

March 5th. Went, as one of the deputation of the requisitionists for a public meeting on the subject of Reform, in company with Messrs. Potter, Baxter, Mark Philips, Greg, Shuttleworth and Hunter, to the Town Hall to present the requisition to the Borough-reeve and Constables, and receive their answer. After some conversation, they agreed to call a meeting. This is the first time I have taken any part in public business, and I felt somewhat embarrassed.

March 6th, Sunday. At home all the forenoon. Wrote the resolutions for the public meeting to be submitted to the meeting of requisitionists tomorrow. Went to see Mr. Grime in the afternoon.

March 7th. Attended the meeting of the re-

quisitionists. My resolutions, with some slight alterations, were approved. I received the thanks of the meeting. . . . Continued "Ivanhoe."

March 8th. Wrote a petition to Parliament in favour of the Ministerial plan of Reform, and an address to the King on the same subject. Attended the meeting of the committee for arranging the business of the public meeting. My petition and address approved and adopted. . . . My attention to these things has occupied too much of my time.

March 9th. Attended the public meeting in the Town Hall on the subject of the Ministerial plan of Reform. Mr. Burt, the Borough-reeve, in the chair. The meeting was very numerous; it is said there were more than 2,000 persons present. Looking down from the hustings it was one continued pavement of faces. My resolutions were passed unanimously. I seconded the fourth (which was moved by Mr. Lloyd, the barrister), and addressed the meeting. I had then been standing more than three hours on the hustings, which were much crowded, and when I stepped forward to speak I found that I had almost lost my voice. I was, however, heard with attention, and got through an unpremeditated speech of five or seven minutes without disgrace.

April 9th. Wrote, at the warehouse, a petition for the inhabitants of Flixton. . . . Gardened more than an hour at night. Much pleased with the beauty of my little plot. . . . Continued "Ivanhoe."

May 15th. Dined at Mr. Grime's. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Goadsby, Mr. and Mrs. T. Goadsby, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Collier, Mr. Edmonds,

Mrs. Mawn, Mr. Ward, F. Goadsby, my wife and myself. We had a sumptuous dinner and drank champagne. Also I spent 6s. in coach hire. . . . For me the simplest and least expensive pleasures are the only means of happiness.

May 28th. Attended the dinner in honour of the King's birthday in the Manor Court Room. I had to introduce the sentiment "The Land of Our Fathers," and tired the company by praising England. I left about half-past ten.

June 24th. Went in the evening, with Mr. Richard Potter and Mr. Tuer, to canvass in Broughton for votes for Mr. Brotherton, in the expected grant of a member of Parliament for Salford with Broughton. Mr. Thomas Hopkins is the other candidate. We were evêrywhere well received and often invited to take wine. I was struck with the taste and elegance everywhere displayed in furniture, etc., and with the exact cleanliness of the houses. . . . We were out till near eleven at night, and I came back better for the exercise, and convinced that to take an interest in the affairs of our fellow-men is one great source of comfortable feeling.

August 11th. Went in the morning with all the children to Kersal Moor. Lord Hill and some other generals were there, and the troops quartered in Manchester and the adjacent country, horse, foot and artillery, were inspected by his Lordship. It was a pretty spectacle.

August 21st. Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Goadsby and went, after breakfast, with them and Mr. and Miss Grime to Northen. . . . We walked slowly through a fine country, and

Mr. Grime and I talked incessantly, and with that confidence and freedom which can exist only between persons who have long been intimate and who can trust each other.

September 8th. Coronation Day. Went with the boys to the Crescent, and witnessed the procession in honour of William 4th. It was a fine sight, but the frequent rain and consequent chilliness made it less agreeable than it would have been had the day been fine. Continued "The Pilot."

September 13th. Wrote a requisition, some resolutions, and a petition to the House of Lords, praying them to pass the Reform Bill without alteration and without delay.

September 22nd. Attended the public meeting in the Manor Court Room to consider the propriety of petitioning the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill. It was crowded and very hot. There was some good speaking. The resolutions and petition, which I had drawn up, were passed unanimously. I seconded one resolution but made no speech. . . . Grime and Shuttleworth dined with us.

October 1st. Wrote a letter to Lord Brougham and Vaux for the Constable of Newton and Failsworth. . . . Continued "Les Intimes."

October 8th. Attended the Reform Committee meeting, and drew up a placard to be posted immediately on intelligence being received of the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords.

October 9th, Sunday. About 6 in the evening, Mr. Baxter and Mr. John Shuttleworth came up to our house, bringing the "London Courier" containing an account of the rejection of the Reform

Bill by the Lords. Their object in coming was to get me to write some resolutions for a public meeting on the subject. Employed till late in writing the resolutions.

October 10th. At the Town Hall all the forenoon, assisting in the arrangements for the public meeting. My resolutions adopted by the Committee. Employed in the evening in copying and correcting the resolutions.

October 12th. Attended the public meeting on the Rejection of the Reform Bill. It began at 11 o'clock in the Riding School, but was immediately adjourned to Camp Field by the will of the rabble. The Borough-reeve left the chair and the meeting altogether, in consequence of this adjournment. Most of the requisitionists and the mob went to Camp Field. Some carts and a wagon and lorry from the New Quay were converted into hustings, and at 12 o'clock, in the midst of an assemblage of 80 or 100,000 persons, Mr. Thomas Potter was called to the chair, and the business commenced. It was only commenced, for no sooner was our first resolution moved and seconded than an amendment was proposed by an operative, and it was immediately evident that there was an organization of the Political Union to *upset* our arrangements. Our leaders battled it with them until 4 in the afternoon, and all that time did we stand on our wagon, squeezed, elbowed, threatened, and in danger, in the midst of a furious mob. At last, after protesting against it, Mr. Potter was compelled to put a mangled version of our address praying for annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and vote by ballot, and we left

the ground, tired, baffled and exhausted, but congratulating ourselves upon having escaped personal violence and avoided endangering the peace of the town. . . . Employed in my accounts in the evening.

October 13th. Attended the meeting of the Reform Committee. Reports of threatened violence from the Radicals. Committee vote that they (the Radicals) must pay for advertising the proceedings at Camp Field by a voluntary subscription among themselves, that *we* have nothing to do with that meeting. There is an evident dread of commotion in the committee. . . . Some pages "Art of Dress."

October 14th. At the committee meeting of the Reform Committee, it was determined that no expression of public opinion in favour of the Reform Bill should be attempted at present, *for fear of the Radicals*, but that a letter should be written to Earl Grey to account to him for our being quiet. Messrs. M. Philips, Melly, Heron and myself appointed to draw up this letter. I had stated to the committee that I thought we ought to address the King and not fear the Radicals.

October 15th. Met the sub-committee at the lodgings of Mr. Melly in Fountain Street. We examined the letter from the committee to Earl Grey which I had prepared. With a few additions it was adopted, and Mr. Melly undertook to copy it for the approval of the general committee in the evening. This being arranged, we of the sub-committee went down to Mr. Potter to give him advice as to his signing the Radical address which he had been constrained to put at the Camp Field

meeting. We counselled him to sign it if the rules of public meetings required him to do so, but not otherwise. It was finally agreed that a statement of the circumstances should be drawn up, and submitted to those gentlemen in the town who were most conversant with the rules of public meetings, and that Mr. Potter should abide by their decision. Pym and Curran, two leaders of the Political Union, came while we were deliberating. Mr. Heron drew up the statement, which they allowed to be correct, and they were desired to come again at four in the afternoon to receive Mr. Potter's answer. Mr. Philips, Melly, etc., went to consult the authorities on the subject. I went to my business. At half-past two I went again to Melly's, and we concluded upon the letter to Earl Grey. Then we went to Mr. Potter. Some time elapsed before Mr. Atkinson, the attorney, could be found, and when he came, the form of Mr. Potter's answer could not be decided upon. The delegates came, the answer was not ready. Mr. Dyer protested against making the committee a party to the answer. Mr. Potter became impatient, swore he would never attend another public meeting, but "stay in his warehouse and mind his business," etc., etc.

At length Mr. Atkinson wrote an answer, and it was given to the delegates, Pym, Curran, Ashmore and Richardson. They read it, expressed their sorrow at Mr. Potter's having determined not to sign the address "for his sake and the peace of the town," and went away.

In the evening I attended the meeting of the Reform Committee at the Town Hall. Our letter

to Earl Grey was approved, but as the news from the Radicals represented them as less violent, and as Mr. Dyer brought favourable accounts of the disposition of the working classes, it was determined not to send the letter to Earl Grey, but, if possible, to get up an address to the King. . . . Some pages "Art of Dress."

October 16th, Sunday. Heard a sermon from Ephesians, chapter 1, verse 3. Walked in the afternoon with the children.

October 18th. Attended the meeting of the Reform Committee at night. Mr. Dyer, Dr. Kay and myself appointed to draw up an address to His Majesty. X, who was present and tipsy, told the committee that they ought to have appointed *me only* to draw up the address: that they knew I should have all the trouble, and that I ought to have the credit. This vexed Dr. Kay, and *did me no service*.

November 13th, Sunday. Walked in the afternoon to Kersal Moor with Mr. Spencer and Mr. J. E. Taylor. These gentlemen do not walk fast enough or far enough for me. The walks I take with them are not exercise, only sauntering. . . . Continued "Wilhelm Meister."

November 24th. Spent a bustling and hurried day at the warehouse. Went at five o'clock to the dinner of the Commercial Clerks' Society. About 200 persons sat down to dinner, including Mr. Heywood, the county member, Mr. Foster, the magistrate, the Borough-reeve and Constables, the churchwardens, etc. Everything went off well. The company were excited but fell into no excess. The chairman, Mr. Heywood, and the vice-

chairman, Mr. S. Fletcher, both filled their office with ability, and £163 was subscribed in aid of the Institution in the course of the evening. I had to acknowledge the honour done to the Committee when their health was drunk, and delivered a speech, not a long speech, which the newspapers say was "appropriate," "excellent," "eloquent," and which the company greeted with applause. They cheered when it was ended. Several persons whom I never knew before drank to me, and shook hands with me, but I was both pleased and amused when Thomson, the solicitor of the Society, made his way to me and, shaking me warmly by the hand, said, "When I write to you I shall say, 'My dear Sir.' That with me means everything."

1832. *January 19th.* (*Æt.* 45.) Went with Mr. Grime and his daughter in the evening to hear Paganini fiddle. All musicians say that he is a wonderful performer, and certainly he has a wonderful command of his instrument, but I am no musician, and therefore could not appreciate his performance. It surprised me a little, but did not delight me, because it awakened no feeling.

January 21st. Took my Aunt, my wife and daughter with Hannah Makinson to hear Paganini. They were *charmed*.

January 31st. Tea at Mr. Johnson's with Mr. Cobbett. We had a long and very pleasant talk about farming. He advocates small farms.

March 21st. Fast day on account of the cholera. Went with Joseph Johnson and my son Edward to Northen. We got there at half-past one, after a very pleasant walk. Went to look at a little estate belonging to Mr. Torkington which he

wishes to sell. There is an ill-contrived cottage-looking house with a barn and stable. The situation beautiful, about a quarter of a mile from the church, on a little knoll overlooking the surrounding country and commanding a fine view of the river, etc. . . . The garden is tolerable, but much remains to be done to make the place as I should like it. It is let to Mr. Badcock. . . . Upon this property, it being his own, a man might live and bring up a family. The land is some of the best in Northen.

March 30th. Went with my wife, John and Alfred to Northen. We rode from Manchester nearly to the 4th milestone on the Didsbury road, and walked the remainder of the way. Our object was to look at the house and land belonging to Mr. Torkington. My wife and the children were pleased, and I liked the house *much* better than when I saw it last. It is *larger* than I thought, and will need very little addition. The ground is capable of being very much improved by planting. . . . Continued "Old Mortality" to the children. Several pages Cóbsett's "Gardener."

April 1st. Went with Joseph Makinson, his daughter, his son Joseph, Mr. Grime and my son Edward to Northen. Very pleasant.

We looked again at Mr. Torkington's little estate, and I liked it better than before.

April 2nd. Went with Mr. Johnson to Mr. Torkington, and bought the house and land.

May 2nd. Attended the meeting of the Reform Committee, at the house of Mr. Dyer in Faulkner Street. It was determined *not* to have a public meeting, but to publish resolutions declaring our

confidence in the Ministers, etc. We drew up the resolutions, and sent them to be printed. The Earl of Radnor came in while we were in committee. He is an elderly, healthy-looking, plain man. Spoke mildly, approved of our doings, and then left us to go and dine with Mr. Potter. . . . Began to read "Kenilworth" to the children.

May 9th. Attended the meeting of the Reform Committee. A requisition to the Borough-reeve and Constables requesting them to call a public meeting to address the King, imploring him to create a sufficient number of peers to secure the passing of the Reform Bill, was drawn up by Mr. J. B. Smith, and signed by all present. The Radicals are against the creation of more peers, and will not unite with us, but threaten to pass a resolution *against* the creation, in their intended meeting next Monday in St. Peter's Field. . . . Continued "Kenilworth."

May 10th. News of the resignation of Ministers. Wrote a petition to the Commons praying them to adhere to the Bill, and to grant no supplies until it is passed. The petition was unanimously adopted by the Reform Committee, signed by more than 24,000 in 5 hours, and sent to London express, Messrs. R. Potter, Shuttleworth and Fielden being appointed a deputation for that purpose.

May 11th. Attended the meeting of the committee for disposing of the "Times" newspaper. We sold to Messrs. Prentice and Cathrall the copyright and stock-in-trade, the types, presses, etc. Spent the evening (with Mr. Jervis) at Mr. Kershaw's at his new house at Green Heys. It is large and commodious, plea-

santly situated, elegantly furnished, and in the highest state of "keeping." We spent a very pleasant evening.

May 12th. Wrote some resolutions for the public meeting of next Monday. I did not attend the meeting of the committee, but my resolutions met the wishes of all parties and were adopted.

May 13th. Wrote, as I had been requested, a petition, etc., for the meeting of to-morrow. Grime and Alexander Horsley had tea with me. Mr. Baxter called in the forenoon to talk about the meeting of to-morrow. At night I got a letter from Mr. Potter requesting me to prepare an Address to the King to be submitted to the meeting to-morrow. . . . Unwell all day.

May 14th. Rose late and unwell. Mr. Thomas Potter called, as I was shaving, about the Address. I wrote one after he was gone. The Radicals sent a strong deputation of ill-looking, conceited fellows, headed by Elijah Dixon and Hetherington, to say that they would abide by the agreement made with them on Saturday evening, but would oppose us unless we united with them in a deputation about universal suffrage, annual Parliaments and vote by ballot. After some "jangling," however, they consented to waive this if we would withdraw my address, and substitute one brought by Mr. Fielden which declared that every man of full age and unstained by crime had a right to vote. This was conceded, I thought *imprudently*. C. J. S. Walker took the chair at Peterloo amidst flags which were inscribed "Rights of Man," "The Ministers and Reform," etc., and two of which, having figures of the King and Queen, were turned

upside down. The meeting was not very large—not more perhaps than 10,000 persons. All went off quietly, and my resolutions and petition and Fielden's address were voted with loud cheers. This meeting must be considered as a triumph for the Radicals. They have committed the Moderates to a public declaration of the *right* of universal suffrage, and that point will hereafter be held to have been conceded. I was surprised about 5 in the afternoon by a call from Dr. J. P. Kay, who came to talk to me about an intended Political Union of which he had conceived the notion. I went at his desire to Mr. Potter's counting-house, and had there a long conversation with him, the Fieldens, and W. G. Seed on the subject. *Already THEY propose to declare that this union admits the right of universal suffrage. . . .* Continued "Kenilworth," some pages "Athenæum."

May 15th. Attended, for about 15 minutes, the preparatory meeting for the formation of a Political Union, or, as I believe they mean to call it, "An Association to Promote Reform," which was held at the York Hotel. A deputation from the working classes, headed by Elijah Dixon, attended this meeting, and he, as their spokesman, told the meeting that the working classes would combine with us to obtain the Reform Bill, but only on the ground of our helping them to obtain something further. He said that the "sperrit" of the age was an advancing "sperrit," advancing towards perfection, that the greatest degree of this "sperrit" existed in England, and that it was possessed in the highest degree by the working classes in and about Manchester. The superior

classes might lead, if they thought proper, or they might not; but if they did not, they would find that the working classes could do without them. The younger part of the working classes were more enlightened than any other. They were either out-and-out Radicals (Republicans) or else Co-operatives. In answer to a question which I put to him, he gave us a definition of these terms. He concluded by saying that *at present an acknowledgment* of the right of all men of mature age and unstained by crime to a vote in the election of the members of Parliament would satisfy *The People*, and they would be content to waive that right until the Reform Bill should be obtained and had been tried, but with the understanding that the acknowledged right should be ultimately conceded. I left the meeting as soon as this speech was concluded, but have since learned that the meeting acceded to the proposal, and that a committee of five persons, Baxter, Shuttleworth, R. Potter, Greg and myself, was appointed to draw up a declaratory resolution and to frame rules for the government of the Association.

May 19th. Met the committee of the projected Reform Association. With the exception of Mr. Fielden (Mr. Potter being absent) they see, I think, that the project is injudicious. Fielden is a thorough Radical and wishes for a *Radical Union*.

May 21st. Spent the forenoon very agreeably in going round a part of the township of Broughton to look at the property in order to assess it for the Poor's Rate. We looked through Mr. Williams' garden at the Priory, the garden of Mr. S. Y. Bailey's new house, Mr. Burgess', Mr. White's,

and finally at Mr. Clowes' the Old and Mr. Harter's the New Hall. We looked through the Old Hall, and saw some fine paintings and some antique furniture. The gardens of the Old Hall are delightful, and much prettier than those of the New Hall.

I was struck with the abundance of the means of elegant enjoyment which I saw everywhere during our perambulation. After dinner I went and called on Mr. Greg, who told me that the Committee, with the exception of Mr. Fielden, had agreed that no Association was now necessary. At Mr. Greg's request I attended the meeting at Hayward's Hotel. There was a large attendance of the Radical delegates, but a small one of the Moderates. Mr. Shuttleworth, Mr. Greg and Mr. Baxter announced that the Committee thought the Association unnecessary, and were immediately charged with inconsistency and desertion by Wyatt, E. Dixon, Lomas, etc., etc. An angry altercation followed. Fielden took part with the Radicals, and read his proposed rules for the Association. Much noise, and some threats from the Radicals followed, and it was finally agreed to defer the final consideration of the rules till Monday, May 29th. I was merely a spectator of all this, and came away sad. No union with such men as the leaders of the existing clubs is possible. They seek for confusion, and want only the countenance of the wealthy to enable them to produce it.

June 5th. About three in the afternoon we had intelligence by Express of the passing of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords. Flags were hoisted, huzzas uttered, and the bells set a-ringing, and

firearms and cannon were discharged in all parts of the town. . . . Tea with Mr. Riley at Mr. Grime's. We read some pages Blackstone—much bad English—and talked of the effects of the Reform Bill and staid till past twelve. . . . Some pages "Athenæum," ditto Gibbon's "Memoirs."

June 10th, Sunday. Did not rise till 11 o'clock. How foolish to destroy the morning by staying up so late as I have done for some time! And yet the quiet seclusion of midnight adds to the enjoyment of an interesting volume, and it is no small luxury to get into bed so exhausted that you have just time to be conscious of the pleasure of stretching out your limbs on the cool elastic surface of the bed and then are asleep. Still, the price of this enjoyment is more than it is worth. . . . Continued the "Foreign Quarterly Review."

August 9th. Went with Edward to the Crescent to look at the procession in honour of the passing of the Reform Bills. Pretty, but not equal to that of the Coronation.

CHAPTER III

THE BOROUGH MEMBERS

(DECEMBER 12, 1832 TO MAY 2, 1835)

Candidates for the Borough of Manchester—A dinner to the sitting members—Death of his father-in-law—Mr. Mark Philips—The Ten Hours Bill—Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Potter—He speaks at a public dinner to the members—Anonymous abuse—Haymaking at Rose Hill—Lyme Hall—The dismissal of Lord Melbourne—Radical obstruction—The South Lancashire Reform Association—Mr. and Mrs. Sichel—The re-election of Mr. Thomson—His speech at a dinner to Mr. Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham).

December 12th. The nomination of the candidates for the borough of Manchester took place to-day in St. Ann's Square. Philips, Cobbett, Hope, Thomson, and Loyd were nominated. The Cobbett mob hissed and hooted a good deal, but the whole passed off without disturbance.

December 27th. Went at 5 o'clock to the dinner given to our Borough Members, Mark Philips and C. P. Thomson. Staid till one in the morning. Thomson, who has a sepulchral voice and an awkward manner, made a very interesting speech which lasted two hours. Only about a third of the toasts were gone through, and Richard Potter, Dr. Kay, myself, etc., had to carry home our speeches to be delivered at a more convenient season.

December 30th. My wife's father died, about ten minutes past six this evening, aged 75 years. He has suffered much during the last three weeks. Thus we have lost a kind-hearted, affectionate relative. We never know the value of such persons till they are gone. God grant that I may properly value those that remain.

1833. *January 3rd.* Attended the funeral of old Mr. Makinson.

January 9th. Dined with Mr. Mark Philips at the Park. There were present Messrs. Harbottle, D. Holt, Prentice, Winder, Bunting, Liebert, Hampson, etc., etc. We had an excellent dinner, but little conversation.

January 14th. Went to Northen. Much exhilarated and pleased with my walk thither. The air had a delicious freshness which made life enjoyment. I found all progressing at Rose Hill, and hope to make it a pretty place.

February 6th. Attended the meeting of the Library Committee. . . . "A Brief View of the Medical Evidence on the Factory Question." This book was put into my hands by a deputation of the operatives, and affected me very much. The factory system is abominable.

February 7th. Went with Mr. Leese, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Higginbottom to the Borough-reeve and Constables to present a requisition for a public meeting on the Factory Question. Our requisition was acceded to. . . . Some pages "Quarterly Review."

February 10th. Occupied in drawing up a petition in favour of the Ten Hours Bill. . . . Some pages Dr. Kay's pamphlet on "The Conditions of

the Working Classes." Mr. Grime spent the evening with me.

February 11th. Attended the preparatory meeting of the requisitionists on the Ten Hours Bill. My petitions and resolutions adopted by a very thin meeting.

February 13th. Attended the final preparatory meeting of the requisitionists of the Ten Hours Bill. All arranged, but no help to be got from the very rich. They do not like to come forward on this occasion.

February 14th. Attended the public meeting in the Exchange Dining Room on the Ten Hours Bill. All our resolutions, and the petition, passed unanimously. The meeting was not numerous. I acted as clerk to the Borough-reeve, who was in the chair, and moved the third resolution. I spoke too fast, and was deeply convinced of the necessity for careful preparation. Mr. Oastler, who was present all the time, spoke after the meeting, eloquently.

March 22nd. Went with W. Makinson to take the preparatory steps for a meeting on the Factory Question. We met Messrs. Hampson, Rewes and Oram, and agreed as to time, etc., of meeting.

April 1st. Attended the public meeting on the Factory Question in Salford, and made a speech. . . . Some pages "Don Juan."

April 15th. Called on Mr. Hornby, the curate, about the bit of glebe land at the bottom of the orchard. He received me very politely, and went with me to Mr. Davy, the churchwarden. At their suggestion, I wrote to Mr. Clarke of Ashley on the subject. He is the agent of the rector,

Dr. Ainger. Mr. Hornby tells me that the parish of Northen extends about 5 miles, and that the population in 1831 was 1,420. . . . I remained all night at Northen.

Note.—"Northen" was the local name for the village of Northenden.

July 19th. Went to Northen and saw Mr. Sumner, who agreed to let me have a road through his field. Returned to Manchester. Went to Mr. Thomas Potter's, where I dined with Mr. Davies, Mr. Beard, and Miss and Mr. John and Mr. Thomas Potter, junior. We had a good dinner—ice, fruit, etc.—and a hearty welcome. . . . We went round Mr. Potter's garden and grounds, which are pretty. He is a most industrious man, and justly pleased with the wealth he has acquired, but every state has its vexations, and I can see that he has his.

October 7th. Spent the day at Rose Hill, having with me Mr. Jones, the landscape gardener. We decided on the general plan for laying out my little plot.

December 19th. We had a good dinner (public dinner to Philips and Thomson, Members for Manchester), but the room was crowded and distressingly hot. It was past 11 before I was called upon to speak. When I got upon the bench I would gladly have been away. I was tired, as were all the company; my head ached and my thoughts were confused. When I rose, the company applauded for some time. I was thus able to collect myself. I began, uttered a few sentences, and was stopped by applause; proceeded, had the earnest attention of all present, became

perfectly collected, delivered my speech with additions, and when I sat down the whole of the company rose and cheered repeatedly. All appeared convinced of the necessity of giving Poor Laws to Ireland. Many came to me to express their approbation.

December 20th. Went at one o'clock to Mr. Richard Potter's to lunch with the Members. There was a large party. Thomson and Philips both complimented me on my speech.

December 21st. Had a great many compliments on my speech, which appears to have set all those who heard, or have read it, a-thinking about the necessity of giving Poor Laws to Ireland.

December 26th. Dined at Mr. Potter's warehouse with C. Hindley and John Wood, the late Member for Preston.

December 27th. Wrote an address to the feoffees of the Manchester Free School, urging an application of their funds to the education of the poor.

1834. *January 3rd.* The meeting at our house. Read my paper on Poor Laws. Mr. Kershaw was re-elected a member of the Club. To-day an abusive anonymous placard was posted on the walls reflecting on me and my speech at the dinner.

January 24th. Attended the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society and heard a paper in defence of Locke by Dr. Charles Henry. At the Society, George William Wood came and sat by me, and expressed a wish to have some conversation with me about the Poor Laws.

February 16th. Employed in collecting materials for a speech on the *right* of the unfortunate to relief from the community.

February 18th. Attended the meeting of the Literary Society, and opened the question as to the *right* of the poor to relief.

April 25th. Wrote a paper, the first of three which I intend to write, giving an account of the history of the Club. Went to Manchester in the afternoon. The members of the Club should have all assembled at Mr. Greaves' to accompany me to Northen, but Davies, Greaves and Jervis were the only members who came. We left Manchester at half-past five in Winder's carriage and got to Northen, by crossing the ford, in about an hour. Mordacque came with Edward afterwards. This was the first meeting of the Club at my house in Northen. I read my paper on the history of the Club. My friends staid till past eleven, and we spent a very pleasant evening.

April 27th, Sunday. Joseph Makinson, his son Alexander, and Mr. Taylor dined and spent the day with us. Joseph's deafness increases, and his paralytic affection gives a strange cast to his features. I am glad when he comes to see us, as it evidently does him good, but I wish to avoid company, in general, on Sunday. Rest and reflection ought to distinguish the Sabbath.

May 29th. Mr. and Mrs. Medcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Headley, Mr. and Mrs. William Makinson, Joseph Makinson and his daughter Elizabeth, John Watkin and Miss Brierley, spent the day with us. A hurrying and agreeable time. About 11 o'clock they began to load the hay. I got the joiner, bricklayer and labourer into the fields with Darbyshire, his three sons, Battersby, the two Whittles, Tommy Whittle and Mrs. Hewitt. They

worked and drank heartily, and at half-past nine the hay was all in the "hay-shade." They drank a parting pint, and shouted, or rather "whooped," three times, and then proclaimed aloud that Mr. Watkin of Rose Hill "had gotten his hay bout rain." They then "whooped" again, and the children in the village caught the sound and "whooped" in return. . . . Several pages "Tristram Shandy."

July 18th. At Manchester till half-past eleven, and then came home per sociable with Joseph Makinson. Went in the evening, in a coach, with my wife and daughter to Mr. Whitelegg's. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Ablett, with ourselves and the family of Mr. Whitelegg, made the party. All was done with good taste, and Miss W. discovered considerable ability in entertaining her visitors. . . . I found Mr. William Whitelegg conversable.

September 25th. Walked to Manchester, and went thence per chaise with Davies and Jervis to Hayfield, in Derbyshire. We got there about 10 at night, and put up at the George Inn. . . . The beds were clean and dry, and we slept well till 4 in the morning, when we were roused by Mr. Jervis, who came to tell us that we might remain in bed, as it was raining very hard, and the ascent of Kinder Scout would be impracticable. We were going to sleep again when the sound of a strange disagreeable musical instrument, accompanied by the announcement of the hour, recalled us to consciousness. It was an operator on a "cow's horn," who was going through the village to awaken the workpeople.

September 26th. We rose between seven and eight and walked about a mile to look at Park Hall, the seat of Mr. White. It is a pretty, small house, surrounded by a wood, and on the very edge of a moor. The approach near to the house is pretty. We breakfasted, and about 10 o'clock set out in a car, accompanied by Mr. Eyres of Hayfield, to go to Disley. It rained fast, and we were rather wet. We got out of the car at New Mills, and went to look at the Tors. These are abrupt rocks on the side of the river, something like the Tors at Matlock. We got to Disley about 12, took a little refreshment, and proceeded in a chaise to Lyme Hall. Mr. Eyres and Mr. Hancock of Disley went with us. Arriving at the Hall, we summoned Lavanchy, the Swiss major-domo of Mr. Legh, and proceeded to look at the house. It is a noble quadrangular building, the square inner court of which is surrounded by a piazza. The house contains 70 rooms, and is kept in very good order. Mr. Legh resides at present in Hampshire. In the entrance hall we saw the armour worn at Cressy by Sir Piers Legh, the founder of the family, who is said to have received the estate of Lyme as the reward of his valour on that occasion. There is a portrait of the old warrior, sufficiently bearded, and the long two-handed sword with which he cut off the arm of a French banner-bearer. The banner he took to the Black Prince, and the crest of the family is an arm and banner to this day, but with the addition of a ram's head. There are several fine rooms. The hall, the Black Prince's room, the saloon, the dining-room, the library and the state bedrooms

are of this description. There are several fine pictures, including several portraits by Vandyke. There is a portrait, said to be an original, in crayons, of Mary Queen of Scots. It is a lovely face, and the dress is singular but elegant. Two of the bedrooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing the story of Hero and Leander. It is the finest I ever saw. Some other rooms are tapestried, but none equal to these. There are several fine engravings in the galleries and some antiques. The kitchen is spacious and admirably convenient. The house is warmed by hot air.

October 8th. Dined at Mr. Headley's in company with Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Mellor, Mr. Brewis, Mr. Medcalfe and Mr. Thomas Headley. Joseph Makinson went to Rose Hill at night with us. To-night I gave a supper at the Boat House (Inn) to 13 of the men who have worked for me since I began my alterations at Rose Hill. At 8 o'clock Joseph and I and the boys went down to the Boat House. We staid an hour and a half, made each of us, Joseph and I, a little speech, and then returned. . . . Several pages Surtees' "Thirty Years in the Rifle Brigade."

November 10th. Attended at the Infirmary, as one of the Visitors of that institution and the Lunatic Asylum. We spent about two hours in going through, and saw much to praise in the general management.

November 17th. News that the King had suddenly dismissed Lord Melbourne and the other Ministers.

November 18th. Attended a meeting at Mr. Potter's on the dissolution of the Ministry.

November 20th. Wrote a resolution, and an address to the King, for the intended public meeting.

November 25th. Attended the meeting of the committee appointed to prepare for the public meeting.

November 27th. Attended the public meeting in the Manor Court Room on the change of Ministers. I staid about an hour, and got much heated by the crowd. The Radicals, assisted by the Tories, succeeded in carrying an adjournment to Stevenson Square, and there carried resolutions of their own, thanking the King for having turned out the Whigs. I did not go to Stevenson Square, but walked to Northen, reflecting on the state of affairs and resolving to be quiet and to mind my own business, unless circumstances should *demand* the exertion of all honest men.

December 23rd. Heard Lord Francis Egerton speak in the Exchange Dining Room. A pleasant speaker, but not graceful. . . . Several pages "Journal of a West Indian Proprietor," by Monk Lewis.

1835. *January 7th.* (*Æt.* 48.) To-day the candidates for the borough of Manchester, Philips, Thomson, Braidley and Sir C. Wolseley, were nominated in St. Ann's Square. . . . Several pages Dr. Garth's "Poems." Some good lines.

January 23rd. Attended a meeting preparatory to the establishment of a Reform Association for securing the return of Liberal Members in South Lancashire. This project has arisen from the return of Egerton and Bootle Wilbraham for the county.

January 29th. Attended the meeting of the

committee appointed to draw up the rules of the South Lancashire Reform Association. Attended Mr. Buckingham's lecture. . . . Some pages Buckingham's "Travels in Mesopotamia."

January 30th. Attended the meeting of the Club at Davies's. The whole Club went from Davies's to Mr. Buckingham's lecture. It was a good one. From the ancient prosperity of Palmyra he deduced the advantages of Free Trade, and concluded by exhorting his hearers to avoid the errors of antiquity, to cherish free institutions, and to extend education accompanied by moral and religious instruction, to labour to make the mass of the people happy, and *individually* to determine to do *something* to preserve and increase the greatness and happiness of our great and happy country. After the lecture I introduced John and Edward to Mr. Buckingham. . . . Continued Scott's "Napoleon."

February 13th. Dined with Mr. Sichell. There were present Dr. Hardy, Mr. Evans, Mr. Magnus, Mr. Jervis, Mr. Horrewitz from Odessa, Mr. Captivat from Cadiz, and another gentleman. We spent a pleasant time. Mrs. Sichell is an interesting woman.

April 2nd. Returned home by the omnibus at 4 o'clock. As I went down the lane from Mr. Birley's, I found Gisbourne standing at his garden gate. He asked me to go in and look at his trees. I did so. Just as we entered, there was a peal of thunder in the west. His garden is beautiful, the walls covered with peach and nectarine trees in full blossom, the ground skilfully laid out, and all in high order. In the greenhouse were some

splendid hyacinths, geraniums, etc., and in the hothouse an abundance of young grapes. While I was admiring these, the distant thunder became louder, and before I had reached the end of the wood which extends from the termination of the kitchen garden almost to the ford, and is prettily intersected by walks, the rain was heavy, and the storm at hand. All the way to the boat I had rain, thunder and lightning. I crossed the river, the storm increasing. In the churchyard the lightning appeared to descend into the old yew-tree. From the churchyard to our house the storm was terrific. Lightning almost unintermitted, thunder incessant, heavy rain, violent hail, and unusual darkness. I was soon wet through from the shoulders downwards, in spite of my umbrella. When I got home I found the lower part of the house abandoned. My wife, John, Alfred, etc., etc., were all together in my daughter's bedroom in great alarm. In about half an hour the storm passed away.

April 6th. At home all day. Met Mr. Worthington about a tree which his man, Perkin, accuses us of having planted too near the hedge, and a ditch which he says Battersby has ditched unfairly. We settled both these things satisfactorily, much, I think, to the disappointment of Perkin. . . . A few pages Tucker. Worked more than an hour in the garden. Rode, on the mare which I am about to buy from Mr. Hornby, to Sharston Green and back by the Carr Lane. Mr. and Mrs. Alcock here at night. Several pages Scott's "Napoleon."

April 8th. Went to Manchester in the sociable early in the morning, and was present at the

marriage of my cousin John Watkin with Miss Mary Brierley. After the wedding I went with Mr. Stowell, the officiating minister, Mr. John Pearson, Mr. Fuller, etc., and the bride and bridegroom, to the house of her mother at the Crescent, where we breakfasted.

April 28th. This day the polling for the election of a Member of Parliament, occasioned by Mr. C. P. Thomson having accepted office, was commenced. Edward acted as "Check Clerk" for Mr. Thomson for districts 7 and 12. At the close of the day's polling the numbers were: Thomson 2,670, Braidley 1,547.

April 29th. The election terminated to-day: Thomson was elected by a majority of 1,366. Dined at 6 in the evening at Hayward's Hotel with a large number of friends of Mr. Thomson. Mr. Harbottle in the chair. Thomson was present, as were Mark Philips, Gisbourne, the Member for North Derbyshire, George W. Wood, etc., etc. We had two good speeches from Thomson, but the best speech delivered while I staid was that of Gisbourne. I staid till eleven o'clock, and a little before I left I had to introduce the sentiment "National Education." I was exhausted by the heat, the cheering, and the great excitement. I was also unprepared. However, I got on the table and *talked*, but not well, for about five minutes. I escaped disapprobation and was even applauded, but I will never, if I can avoid it, speak again in public without careful preparation. . . . Several pages "Quarterly Review."

May 2nd. I have heard my speech at the dinner praised to-day. The papers also speak

of it in high terms. Thus the "Guardian" calls it "a truly eloquent address" and the "Times" "a very excellent speech, full of sound, comprehensive and enlightened views." Now, the real truth is that with the exception of a very few sentences it was a poor, commonplace, indifferently expressed effusion, unworthy of the subject, the place, or the occasion; but I have acquired a sort of reputation for speaking, and my want of preparation has escaped rebuke.

CHAPTER IV

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM

(JULY 31, 1835 TO AUGUST 15, 1837)

His daughter's birthday—The Manchester Corporation Reform Bill—A Sunday at Rose Hill—He consults a London surgeon—The appearance of William IV—Richmond—The Haymarket Theatre—The Swedenborgians—The origin of the Manchester Athenæum—The opening of the Athenæum—Mr. Cobden at the Literary Society—Russia and Turkey—Mr. R. H. Greg—Mr. Wyse, M.P.—Rhuddlan Castle—A coach accident—He becomes a director of the Athenæum—He writes an address to the young Queen Victoria—Mr. Gladstone defeated—The ordeal of a surgical operation.

July 31st. My daughter's birthday. We had at tea Mr. Headley, Isherwood and Joseph Makinson, three of the children of Mr. Alcock, and the Misses Sumner and Hannah Makinson. They amused themselves till about 8 o'clock in the garden and amongst the new-mown clover. Joseph, Hannah and I walked home with the Misses Sumner, and returned by Sharston Hall and the Carr Lane. The evening was beautiful, a rich glowing western sky, the moon a week old, and the sky without a cloud. The air, too, was cool, refreshing and fragrant, bringing the scent of the recent hay. Our walk was very pleasant. Joseph kept exclaiming "Beautiful!" and Hannah declared that to breathe such air on such a night was indeed to

live and to be happy. When we got back to our house, we went to the seat at the rock-work, and sat some time conversing with Joseph. . . . Some pages "Othello."

August 5th. Spent all the forenoon with Mr. W. Allen and H. Render in examining witnesses in the matter in dispute between H. Tunstill and R. Smith. In the afternoon, called upon to write a petition to the Lords in favour of the Corporation Reform Bill. Wrote it. It was a little altered by the meeting and then adopted. I staid to correct the press, and then walked home.

August 9th, Sunday. Rose late. Did not go to church. Enjoyed very much the beauty of the day and the quietness while all were at church. Walked after tea with the boys. We went to the Carr Lane, turned into the wood leading to Baxter's meadow, passed through the hill-side plantation, crossed the brook, proceeded nearly to Gatley, then turned to the left and ascended to the top of a high pasture field. We returned through the meadows by the river-side. In the shady walk by the brook-side I found the Enchanter's Nightshade. When we got to the river-side Northen bells began to ring, and rendered one of the most lovely evenings I ever saw still more agreeable. When we got home I found Mr. and Mrs. Alcock, Mrs. Palmer and Miss Aspland, etc., in the garden. They sat some time looking at my botanical books, and left us just as the moon rose above the hills. The night was clear and beautiful, at once moonlight and starlight. It is now, in fact, the commencement of autumn. The corn is nearly ripe. The dahlias, hollyhocks, monkshood, golden-rod, etc., are in

flower. The birch and the lime-trees have begun to fade, the robin is heard and the skies are blue, the mornings sometimes misty and the sunsets rich. . . . Some pages Cowper's "Letters."

September 7th. Made my will and got it witnessed. . . . At six in the evening, it being beautifully fine, my daughter and I left Rose Hill. We took leave of her mother and Mrs. Shuttleworth at the top of the Carr Lane and were driven by Battersby in the sociable to Bullock's Smithy. We waited a short time for the Bee Hive, and proceeded in it for London. Our fellow-travellers were the Rev. William Gadsby and a woman with a child. We got through the night tolerably well, although to sit still for so long is far from being pleasant.

September 8th. Breakfasted about 10 at Stony Stratford, and then proceeded on our journey, and got into London about 3 o'clock.

September 9th. Called on Mr. F. Salmon (the surgeon), whom I came to London to consult. Went with my daughter to the Coliseum, and spent a good deal of time in walking about.

September 10th. Went in the morning to Mr. Brotherton's. He had kindly procured for us tickets of admission to the Royal Gallery, to see the King proceed to the House of Lords to prorogue the Parliament. While we waited for the time of going thither, we went and looked at Westminster Abbey. Returned to Mr. B.'s, and then accompanied him first to the House of Commons, of which he showed us every part, new and old. Then, after putting Elizabeth into the Speaker's chair, he showed us into the Royal Gallery and left us.

The Royal Gallery is the passage by which the King, after leaving his carriage, proceeds in state to the House of Lords. It is a beautiful place, and we had a very good sight of the King and the procession, there being few persons as spectators in the gallery. The King is a healthy-looking, red-faced old man. He was dressed in the uniform of a naval officer, and looked like a bluff old sea-captain.

September 13th. Went per omnibus to Kew Bridge. Walked through Kew Gardens. Saw the Pagoda. Went on to Richmond. Climbed the Hill. Saw the view from the Terrace and from the entrance to the Park. It is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Gray might well say that there was nothing in Italy superior to it.

September 14th. Called on Mr. Salmon.

September 20th. Went to St. Paul's and heard part of the service, and again admired the monument of Nelson. It is worthy of the hero.

September 21st. Went to the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide Street. Much interested. Dined. Went after dinner to the Haymarket Theatre and saw "Clari, or the Maid of Milan" and "Separation and Reparation." Much amused. Mr. Farren and Mrs. Humby performed admirably. We only *saw* the first act of "Clari," there being a disturbance in the theatre on account of the non-performance of "Hamlet," which prevented the performers from being heard.

September 22nd. Called on Mr. Salmon and then rode with my daughter to Oxford Street. Made a few purchases; looked at Burlington Arcade, etc. Dined, paid our bill, and left London in the Comet for Liverpool at 5 in the afternoon.

We had an uneasy ride, and several cross accidents during the night.

October 18th, Sunday. Went in the sociable to Manchester. Attended the morning service at the Swedenborgian Chapel in Bolton Street, Salford. Heard a good discourse from Mr. Haworth, the minister, formerly a shoemaker, about the spiritual meaning of the statement that the children of Israel departed from the Lord, set up idols, even calves of gold, and planted groves, and worshipped Baal. I was much struck with the voice of one of the female singers. It was extremely sweet and powerful. Returned to Rose Hill to dinner. Much pleased with the place.

October 24th. Applied to, to move a resolution at a public meeting to be held next Wednesday at Hayward's Hotel, to promote the establishment of a Literary Institution to be called the "Athenæum."

October 27th. Attempted to write a speech with which to introduce the resolution which I have been desired to propose at a meeting to establish a Literary and Scientific Institution to be called the Athenæum, which meeting is to be held at Hayward's Hotel on Wednesday next.

October 28th. At home near till 2 o'clock neglecting my business, and occupied in the composition of my speech. Walked to Manchester. The walk did me good. At 6 o'clock went to Hayward's Hotel. There was a numerous meeting, no good speaking, but entire unanimity.

December 4th. Attended the meeting of the Club at Davies's. A pleasant evening. Davies had invited Mr. Cobden, who could not come.

“What!” said Mordacque, aside to me, “is Mr. Cobden to be coaxed into becoming a member?”

1836. *January 11th.* At half-past 7 went to the meeting to celebrate the opening of the Athenæum, which was held in the theatre of the Royal Institution. Mr. James Heywood took the chair and read an address. G. W. Wood then took the chair, and M. Philips moved, and Richard Birley seconded, a vote of thanks to Mr. Heywood. Then Richard Potter proposed, and I seconded, a vote of thanks to the Directors. I delivered about half of what I had written. It was well received. I got home about half-past eleven, tired.

January 15th. When I rose I found a considerable flood. As we sat at breakfast about 8 o'clock, the sun rose splendidly over the distant hills, while the upper part of the sky was covered with black clouds. After a while the wind rose. A violent storm of hail and rain came on, yet for some time the sun shone out brilliantly and his rays streamed over the waters of the flood, while the snow and rain were seen with minute accuracy as they were driven by the wind across his disk. I have seldom seen a finer sight than this strong contrast of brightness and glory with darkness and the fury of the storm, the whole heightened by the reflected rays of the sun spread out upon the waters of the flood.

March 29th. Dined at the annual dinner of the Literary Society, which was eaten this year at the Blackfriars Inn. Mr. Eckersley was in the chair and Mr. Cobden vice-president. We had an excellent dinner. I left at half-past 9, after having spoken to the sentiment “The Spirit of

Chivalry : may it animate our race as long as innocence requires protection or injury calls for redress."

April 1st. Walked to Gatley in the afternoon with my wife. . . . Some pages Æschylus, ditto "Memoirs of Oberlin" in the "Quarterly Review," ditto Hazlitt's "Plain Speaking."

April 3rd, Sunday. At home all day. Mr. Hornby at tea with us. Made some notes for a speech on the subject of "Russia and Turkey." Mr. Mordacque came at night.

May 15th. In the afternoon there was an annular eclipse of the sun. We spent some time in observing it. Went afterwards with John to Mr. R. H. Greg's house at Styal. After tea Mr. Greg showed us his garden and grounds, which are beautiful. The situation is a miniature Matlock. We saw a very fine Nepal Rhododendron in full flower. Our walk home was pleasant, the night being beautifully starlight.

May 25th. Attended the dinner given to Mr. Simpson, the Lecturer on Education. Mr. Wyse, M.P. for Waterford, was in the chair. A very pleasant evening. Mr. Wyse is really eloquent. I had to propose the health of Lord Brougham and was heard with applause.

June 24th. Mr. Grime, Mr. Cobden and Mr. W. Evans, with Miss Soulby and Frances Watkin, dined and spent the day with us. A very agreeable time. . . . Several pages "Memoirs" of Goethe.

September 16th. Went with Edward, Alfred, Miss Betsy and Miss Rachel Halliley, my daughter and Elizabeth Makinson to Denbigh. Much pleased with the ride and the country, with the remains

of Rhuddlan Castle and of Denbigh Castle. The view from the castle hill is beautiful. I was surprised to observe that the evergreens did not thrive. We dined merrily, and then set out for St. Asaph. The country beautiful and the day very fine. We stopped at St. Asaph to look at the Cathedral. It is small but beautiful, and accurately clean. I was much affected by the tablets to the memory of Mrs. Hemans, her mother and her two relations (Browns). We got to Rhyl about 7 o'clock. We had again music, and a Welsh harper, distinguished in his profession, an old man who had won a silver harp in 1824, was with us for an hour and played several Welsh airs. I was pleased with "The Noble Race of Shenkin" and "Sweet Richard," with variations, the latter being the tune by playing which he won the silver harp. I could not help thinking of "The Last Minstrel" as the old man played. The harp of Wales is still heard; that of the north is silent.

November 11th. At home till 11 o'clock, then went to Manchester, and at 2 o'clock left in the Umpire for Lancaster. Mr. Gill, the Independent minister of Turton, got into the coach at Pendleton, and with him I had a good deal of interesting talk, although I had never seen him before. He and I were the only passengers till we got to Bolton, when we had two more, a young man and woman. Mr. Gill left us at Turton, but his place was filled soon after by a lusty man, one of the surveyors of the road. At Darwen we stopped some time to have one of the lamps glazed. Then we proceeded, and were going not improperly fast when, about half a mile from Darwen, the coach suddenly swung

round on the side on which I sat, and the next moment came to the ground, smashing the window and the lamp on that side, and throwing the coachman, the outside passengers and the luggage that was on the top of the coach violently to the ground. We, in the inside, lay very quietly at my request, till we had ascertained that the horses were quiet, and then, one by one, cautiously extricated ourselves so as not to tread upon and hurt one another. I sustained no injury, although undermost, except a few slight cuts on my finger and a bruise on the shoulder, of which latter I was not conscious till I lay down upon it in bed the night after. The coachman had been thrown on the back of his head, which was cut, and the passengers were all much dirtied by the thick mud of the road, and several of them were more or less bruised, but nobody was dangerously hurt. As the coach was so much damaged as to be incapable of being moved, one of the horses was detached and a passenger went on it to Blackburn to get another coach. I, and the lady who had fallen with us inside, and three male passengers, walked on to Blackburn, which we reached, after a long, tiresome walk through the mud, about 8 o'clock. I ordered tea, and in about three-quarters of an hour the coachman with the rest of the passengers arrived in an old lumbering omnibus, the only conveyance that it had been possible to procure. In this thing we all went on slowly and with difficulty to Preston. It was too late to get any further, and there I remained all night.

1837. *January 11th.* I find that I have been proposed as a director of the Athenæum by two

subscribers who are not known to me even by name.

January 25th. Employed in preparing a speech to be delivered at the first annual meeting of the subscribers to the Athenæum. Delivered my speech, was applauded, and returned home.

June 20th. William 4th died this morning at Windsor.

June 23rd. Wrote most part of an address to our young Queen Victoria for the Borough-reeve of Salford.

June 24th. Finished my address to the Queen. This evening we began to mow my clover. The crop is very heavy.

June 27th. To-day I am 50 years old. Attended the meeting of Mr. Philips' Election Committee.

July 27th. Went to Manchester with Hannah Makinson, who returns to Broughton after having been with us more than three weeks, and my son John. The election for Manchester took place to-day. I voted as usual for Philips and Thomson, who were returned by a large majority, although the Tories worked hard for Gladstone.

August 5th. A few pages "Life of Archbishop Usher." At 4 o'clock Mr. Jordan and Mr. Occleston came. The examination was painful. . . . An operation is to be performed next Thursday.

August 6th, Sunday. At home in the forenoon; enjoyed the garden. At church in the afternoon. Never did the service affect me so much as on this occasion. The state of my health, the uncertainty of the future, my sense of God's mercy and of my own unworthiness, all combined to produce an unusual impression and to convince

me more than ever of the necessity of religious consolation in times of affliction. One verse in the 32nd Psalm, which happened to be the first of the Psalms appointed for the evening service, particularly struck me: "Great plagues remain for the ungodly; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, *mercy embraceth him on every side.*" . . . The roses are now almost over, but the dahlias and hollyhocks are coming to supply their place. The weather is beautiful, and I have enjoyed the day, although the boys trouble me by their violence, rather, however, from thoughtlessness than bad intentions.

August 10th. Rose at 7. Asked for help from Heaven, and felt deeply the words "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." God grant that I may never lose the purposes and feelings of this hour. Wrote a codicil to my will, and got it witnessed. It is now 10 o'clock, and at 4 the operation will be performed. May my Creator and Preserver be with me, enable me to bear it, and bless the result; and if my life should be continued with renewed health, may He enable me to devote the residue of my days honestly and heartily to His service by the regular discharge of all my duties to all to whom I owe them.

Two o'clock: I have been round the garden. The trees grow, the flowers bloom, the fruit invites the hand. I have lived 50 years which have been crowned with mercies, and in life or in death I will exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." . . . Mr. Jordan,

having waited for Dr. Phillips, did not get here till near 5 o'clock. As soon as they arrived the Dr. examined me, and concurred with Mr. Jordan as to the nature of the complaint and the operation to be performed. . . .

August 14th. My meadows were mown to-day. William Makinson kindly staid all day with me. Wrote to Thomas Haworth, John Thornber, Mr. Salmon (the London surgeon) and Mr. Grime. Extremely weak, yet managed to walk to the rock-work and back. William Makinson read to me the Book of Ruth. I slept very well.

August 15th. Mr. Grime spent the day with me. Very weak. . . . Mr. Smith, of Hill End, came with the boys and staid all night. The night was one of the most beautiful I ever saw. A splendid full moon and the air deliciously soft and refreshing. I walked once or twice along the terrace walk with much enjoyment. To bed at 11, and slept tolerably well.

CHAPTER V

MR. COBDEN

(SEPTEMBER 8, 1837 TO JULY 5, 1838)

He dines with Mr. Cobden—Mr. Cobden and the local Press—A National Education Meeting—Mr. Cobden and democracy—The Commercial Clerks' Society—Lord Francis Egerton—A presentation to Mr. Marsland and Mr. Cobden—Daniel O'Connell—Mr. Cobden and National Education—Mr. Cobden and the incorporation of the Borough of Manchester—A Christmas party—An arbitration—His services in request—An Athenæum presentation—An interrupted meeting—The Manchester Zoological Gardens—A severe storm.

September 8th. Dined at Mr. Cobden's. Mr. Grime also there. We had a good dinner and a kind reception and talked agreeably. Mr. Cobden, who was in Egypt a few months ago, is of opinion that the condition of the Irish peasantry in Connaught is worse than that of the Fellahs under the rule of Mohamet Ali. He thinks also that the agricultural labourers of France are better off than ours. Speaking of Mr. S. J. Loyd and his unsuccessful attempt to get into Parliament for Manchester, notwithstanding his abilities and the influence of his wealth, Mr. Cobden, adverting to the prejudice against Mr. Loyd which had been produced by the questioning of Mr. Prentice, observed, "Prentice should have been bought over. Not," he added,

“that I mean to say that our friend is on sale, but he should have been won over—such things are to be done—*he should have been consulted; that would have been enough.*” A glance from Mr. Grime told me that he, as well as myself, had noticed this remark, and not long after Mr. Cobden’s man entered the room and told his master that a person from Mr. Prentice wished to speak to Mr. Cobden about a paper. Mr. C. apologized for leaving us, and went to him. Now, Prentice eulogizes Mr. Cobden in the “Times,” and, I have no doubt, *has been consulted.* In this manner reputation is maintained, and the way to distinction is smoothed. . . . Mr. Cobden showed us a number of skulls which he took out of a tomb at Memphis. . . . When I got home I found a letter which Edward had left—a sensible and well written letter which gave me real pleasure.

September 17th, Sunday. Read after breakfast the excellent farewell address of the Rev. E. Stanley, now Bishop of Norwich, to his late parishioners at Alderley. . . . Some pages “Mirror of Justice,” some pages “Life of Bishop Watson.”

September 23rd. Concluded “Waverley.” I did not like it so much as I did 20 years ago. There are several improbabilities, and there is much *heavy* writing with occasional incorrectness.

October 16th. We saw this afternoon from the garden the great Vauxhall balloon, which ascended at 5 o’clock from the Salford Gas Yard with two persons in the car.

October 20th. Attended the meeting of the committee to arrange the meeting to be held next

Thursday in the Theatre Royal on the subject of National Education.

October 26th. At 4 o'clock, in a very indifferent state of health, I went in the sociable with my wife and daughter to Manchester. I went to the meeting in the theatre at half past 6, and contrary to my wishes was placed at the President's table with Mr. Philips, G. W. Wood, Brotherton, Ainsworth, Wyse, E. G. Stanley, Dr. Gerrard, Mr. Matthieson and Mr. Wilderspin. The theatre was crowded, above 4,000 persons being present, including several hundred ladies. Mr. Wilderspin, Mr. Wood and Mr. Wyse addressed the meeting at great length, and then at 11 o'clock I proposed "The ladies who have honoured us with their presence on this occasion, and may the importance of that early education for which we are indebted to females be duly appreciated." I spoke for about 10 minutes, and was followed by Dr. Gerrard, Mr. Matthieson, Mr. James Heywood and Mr. Simpson. The speech of ——— was an ebullition of mortified vanity at having been called upon so late, and was accompanied by some very improper advice, "Agitate! agitate!" addressed to the working classes. Mr. Mark Philips left the chair at a quarter past 12, and we got home at about 2 in the morning.

October 31st. Attended the meeting of the Literary Society. The question "Is a democratic government most conducive to the happiness of the people?" was pleasantly discussed. Mr. Cobden made an excellent speech in favour of democracy. . . . Several pages Cowper's "Elements of Political Economy." Some pages Cicero "De Oratore."

November 1st. At 4 o'clock went with Mr. Berry and Mr. Mountain to Mr. R. C. Sharpe's to meet Lord Francis Egerton about the Commercial Clerks' Society. We were shown into Mr. Sharpe's drawing-room—a large room, occupying the whole of the front of the house upstairs, with pictures covering the walls, and such a profusion of chairs, settees and tables covered with knick-knacks that it looked like a curiosity shop. Lord Francis had not arrived when we got there, but came soon afterwards, and was greeted by Mrs. Sharpe, who was in the room. He then turned to us. He is tall and rather well made, with dark hair and whiskers carefully adjusted. He stoops a little, and has an agreeable rather than a dignified appearance. We conversed with him for about 10 minutes, and then left him, to proceed to the dinner at Ladyman's Hotel, at which he was to preside. We sat down to dinner at about 6 o'clock. There was a numerous attendance, for the most part Tories. With Lord Francis sat Mr. Foster, Mr. Elsdale, Major Cruttenden, Mr. Mark Philips, etc. Lord Francis presided ably and judiciously, avoiding all political disquisitions and advocating the interests of the Society. He is considered to be a good speaker, but he stoops too much, and this action is ungraceful, or more properly speaking it is not quite graceful. Then he is not methodical, and sometimes entangles himself in a long sentence. These faults were all most apparent in his first address of any length, which was in giving "The Lancashire Commercial Clerks' Society." I had to acknowledge this toast, and although unwell I spoke with ease, and even by the Tories was heard with attention

and with hearty applause. Mr. Crossley, the attorney, made a very humorous speech in responding to the "Lancashire Witches." A subscription amounting to £200 was made during the meeting.

November 13th. Went at 6 o'clock with Mr. Alcock to Stockport to be present at the dinner and presentation of plate to H. Marsland and Cobden. Two thousand five hundred persons were crammed into a huge tent pitched in a field belonging to Mr. Orrell. O'Connell and his son Morgan were present. A tolerable cold dinner was eaten with much difficulty and crowding. There was singing, speaking, and shouting in abundance, and we did not leave till one in the morning. I heard O'Connell for the first time at this meeting, having never even seen him before. He is a man of large size, with a broad, vulgar, cunning Irish countenance, and is a clever, cool, slow speaker, just fit to lead a mob.

November 16th. Attended a meeting to form a "Society for Promoting National Education," which was held at the York Hotel. The meeting was numerous. I was desired to second the first resolution, which was moved by Mr. Thomas Ashton, and I did it badly. I was also requested to move the vote of thanks to the chairman, Mr. William Nield, and I did that very indifferently. Some very good little speeches were made, and there were so many excellent and able men present that I felt ashamed and abased at being put forward, from a deep consciousness of my own relative worthlessness.

November 17th. Went with Alfred to Mr. Whitelegg's. He and I conferred about a sub-

scription for presenting a testimonial of respect to Mr. Hornby, who, having been presented to the living of Walton, is leaving Northenden.

November 20th. Returned to Northen at half-past one, and went with Redfern to solicit contributions for the testimonial to Mr. Hornby . . . Whatever may be the good qualities of my neighbours, that of liberality is certainly not conspicuous.

November 23rd. Attended the meeting of the Committee of the Manchester Society for Promoting National Education. The petition to the House of Commons which I had drawn up was approved by the Committee, but at my request referred to a sub-committee. Mr. Cobden, Mr. Graves and myself were appointed as the sub-committee. . . . Continued and concluded "The Life of the Earl of Strafford." No book that I have read for many years has interested me more than this. It is a vivid picture of a man of mighty mind pursuing a great, bad purpose with unflinching energy.

December 5th. Read Mr. Cobden's "Address" to the reformers of Manchester on the Incorporation of the Borough.

1838. *January 7th, Sunday.* At church in the afternoon. Heard our new curate, Mr. Swainson, preach a useful sermon.

January 11th. Our Christmas party in the evening. We had Mr. and Mrs. Louis and Henri Mordacque, Mr. and Mrs. Davy, Mr. Harrop, Mr. and Mrs. Occleston, Mr. and Miss Johnson, Mr., Mrs., Miss M. and Miss F. Sumner, Mr. John Alcock, Mr. James and Mr. William Whitelegg, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Murray, Hannah, Elizabeth and Alice Makinson, and Miss Thomson, in addi-

tion to our own family. We had dancing for the young and cards for the old, and supper, which all took when they liked, and the evening ended about 3 in the morning, all appearing to have gone off well.

February 13th. Dined at William Medcalfe's. It was a wedding party in honour of the union of Mr. Mellor with Miss Brewis—Mr., Mrs., and F. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Heelis, two daughters of Mr. John Johnson, the bride and the bridegroom, Mr. Brewis with our host and hostess, forming the party. We had an excellent dinner and some pleasant talk, but I was depressed and gauche.

April 16th. Attended in the afternoon at the New Quay, with Hewitson Dearman as my co-arbitrator and Mr. Grime as umpire, to the investigation of the matters in dispute between Horsefield, Fildes and McKinnel and their late cashier. We listened to evidence, etc., for five long hours, and I fear injured Mr. Grime, who had gathered strength when at our house, by keeping him so long.

April 26th. Called on Mr. Atkinson about Mr. Grime's will. . . . He spoke of human life as an inexplicable mystery. He said that we were certainly not sent here to enjoy life, and that he would not live his life over again if it were in his power to do so—yet he has been a successful man. In the afternoon, until nearly 7 o'clock, I attended to the arbitration of Horsefield, Fildes & Co. It was a laborious investigation, and it tired and harassed me much.

April 28th. Applied to, by Mr. Langton, to move a resolution at the meeting of the Provident Society. By Mr. T. Townend, to do so at the public

meeting on the Immediate Abolition of Slavery which is to be held in the Town Hall next Thursday. By Mr. Hobbs, to be arbitrator for Mr. Adam, a Scotch merchant, in a matter in dispute between him and John Brooks. These are all gratifying proofs of general esteem, but alas! I am deeply conscious of my own unworthiness. May God enable me to act wisely!

May 1st. Mr. Grime sent for me about his will, and I had to go to his house and attend to him for so long that it was again very late when I got home, and I was too tired to make any preparation for the speech I have to deliver to-morrow at the Athenæum.

May 2nd. It was not till near 4 in the afternoon that I could attend to my speech. I made some notes of about half of that which I intended to say, and went at 7 o'clock with my wife and daughter to the meeting to present the testimonial to Mr. Worthington. It was held in the room of the Choral Society in the Royal Institution. About 300 ladies and gentlemen were present. We had tea and coffee. At half-past 8 Mr. Thomas Potter was called to the chair. I was then desired to present the salver, inkstand and a purse of 100 sovereigns to Mr. Worthington. I was tired and unprepared. So long as I had my notes to rely upon I did tolerably well, but when I began to speak without knowing what I was going to say I made sad work of it. The audience was, however, good-natured. Mr. Worthington replied with plain good sense. We had music, glees and little speeches, sang "God save the Queen," and all was over at half-past 10.

May 3rd. Attended the meeting in the Town Hall on the Negro Apprenticeship Abolition. A numerous meeting, many ladies. I should have moved the second resolution, but the Radicals, headed by that impudent rascal Nightingale, moved a long rigmarole about white-slave weavers and the new Poor Law, and kept us in a state of *battle* for more than an hour. At last the Borough-reeve, Mr. Brown, refused to put Nightingale's resolution, and our motions were put *en masse* and carried, and the meeting ended, the only speakers being Mr. James Wood, Mr. Coombs and Mr. Scobell. The last-named spoke long and well.

May 14th. Employed in the afternoon in the garden. When the twilight came on, I walked round the garden and orchard, which are now beautifully green and blooming, and thought how much I had to enjoy, and how little I deserved, and felt really but not sufficiently thankful.

May 31st. Went to Manchester and thence to the Zoological Gardens. A large company, excellent music, and lovely weather and scenery. The *breakfast* did not begin till near 2 o'clock. It was eaten in a marquee, 120 feet by 40 and 45 high. Mr. Moore in the chair. Dr. Holme, Mr. Fletcher, Col. Chatterton, etc., etc., and a great number of ladies. I spoke to the sentiment "The Manchester Zoological Gardens: may they long be distinguished as a source of rational recreation and instruction to all classes of the inhabitants of this populous district." I spoke about 15 minutes, easily, and with applause.

June 2nd. The newspapers all praise my speech. The "Guardian" calls it "admirable and eloquent,"

and the others are equally laudatory. Now I have got over the *bungle* of the presentation to Mr. Worthington, and am again known to be capable of speaking to the purpose, I will be quiet and mind my business unless some occasion of real importance should require an effort. . . . Some pages "Arabian Nights."

June 28th. The Coronation of Victoria.

July 1st. Distributed the medals to the scholars after the morning service at the church. Mrs. Soulby and Frances Watkin still here. Obligated to employ some hours in writing.

July 4th. To-day there has been a violent storm and a great flood at Bury, Bolton, Rochdale and Haslingden. The brooks and rivers rose with extreme rapidity. Bridges, cottages, dye-works and mills have been washed down and several lives lost. The damage that has been done is estimated at nearly £80,000. The hail which fell during the storm was of unusual size, and the number of windows broken is astonishing.

July 5th. Attended the meeting of the committee to prepare an Inscription for the Athenæum.

CHAPTER VI

THE CHARTISTS: THE GATHERING STORM

(JANUARY 28, 1839 TO MARCH 1, 1842)

One of the first magistrates for the Incorporated Borough—The Anti-Corn Law Association—The first session of the Borough Magistrates—His love of flowers—The threats of the Chartists—The urgency of Reform—He loses a valued friend—The church at Bromley—The Athenæum Building—His dislike of the waltz—He draws up an address to the Queen on her marriage—Mr. Prentice and the Corn Laws—A conscientious magistrate—The Literary Society—The trustees of the Athenæum—The Commercial Bank of England—The eloquence of Daniel O'Connell—Sir Thomas Potter—Mr. Samuel Greg—A school prize-giving—The Corn Laws and the Chartists.

1839. *January 28th.* (*Æt.* 52.) At the Zoological Gardens' office with the other auditors all the afternoon. Attended the meeting of the Directors of the Athenæum at night. The report which I had drawn up for the annual meeting was adopted.

January 30th. Attended the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Athenæum. My report was read, and I moved a resolution to admit ladies as subscribers at 20s. a year. My speech, laudatory of the ladies, had but a remote connection with my motion, but it pleased, and was applauded. I got home at half-past 12 and slept soundly.

February 11th. My appointment to the magistracy will bring with it more labour.

February 14th. Attended the meeting of the Council of the Anti-Corn-Law Association.

March 5th. Attended the meeting of the Anti-Corn-Law Association in the Corn Exchange. Above 3,000 persons present. I moved a vote of thanks to the delegates. The resolution, no thanks to me, passed by acclamation.

April 4th. Attended at the Manor Court Room at a Special Sessions (the first we have had) as one of the borough magistrates. We appointed Overseers of the poor for the townships within the borough. The county magistrates at the New Bailey (that is, two of them, Garnett and Smith, for the majority thought otherwise) question our jurisdiction and appointed others. Thus the two benches are in collision by our first act.

April 21st. Much delighted by the opening buds and flowers. Alfred brought in a handful of polyanthus and I read some of the spirit-stirring poetry which I have copied into the "Perennial Kalendar," and I felt as if I were again young, and as if the flowers and the buds and the poetry, and even life itself, had all the freshness of my first youthful impressions. It is certainly gratifying to be still capable of such delightful feelings.

May 4th. Attended two meetings of the magistrates of the borough to consider what measures may be necessary in order to preserve the peace, which is threatened by the arming and the training of the Chartists.

May 11th. Employed in the afternoon in writing an Address to the Queen, praying her to appoint

only such Ministers as will advance the career of reform. This I did at the request of the corporation of Manchester, and afterwards I prepared another, a little varied in phrase, for the authorities of Salford. These Addresses were hastily got up in consequence of Sir R. Peel having refused to take office unless the Queen would dismiss *all* the ladies of her household.

May 13th. My address has not been adopted by the corporation.

May 20th. Employed, at intervals, during the day in writing, for the committee of Mr. Brotherton in Salford, a letter to that gentleman on the conduct he ought to pursue in the present state of affairs. He had written for their opinion.

June 21st. Went to London with my daughter by railway.

June 24th. At the Haymarket Theatre at night. Saw "The Way to Keep Him." In London I was struck by the sharp dryness of the air and by the healthy appearance of the generality of people. In this visit I have seen the British Museum, the National Gallery, Greenwich Hospital, the Coliseum, St. Paul's, the Opera, etc., etc.

July 1st. Left London at 8 at night.

July 2nd. Got to Manchester about 7 in the morning.

July 15th. Mr. Grime came to spend the day with us.

July 16th. Mr. Grime, being comfortable, consented to remain a few days

July 25th. Mr. G. so unwell that Mr. Lacy staid till very late.

July 26th. Mr. Grime dying. Alas!

July 27th. Mr. Grime died at our house about 5 o'clock this morning.

August 12th. The day announced by the Chartists as the first of the National Holiday. At the Borough Court all the forenoon. Several Chartists committed. In the evening with Mr. Kershaw at the Allum Street Station. Went with him to disperse a meeting at the waterworks. Luckily the people ran away and nobody was hurt.

October 11th. Went, by railway, to London at 7 in the evening. Mr. Worthington of Sharston and Mr. Taylor were passengers in the same carriage.

October 13th, Sunday. A beautiful autumnal day. Went with Elizabeth to Bromley, in Kent. We had a very pleasant ride. The increase in the buildings between London and Bromley is astonishing, and the alterations in Bromley itself are very great. Many houses have been rebuilt, roads altered, etc. We went to the church, and joined in worship with a large and well-dressed congregation. The Bishop of Rochester was at church with his wife and daughter. His Lordship, from his pew, pronounced the blessing after the sermon, but took no other part of the service. After the service we looked at the churchyard, and gathered some berries from the old yew-trees I have so often climbed when a boy. I went to look for my old home on Wigmore Green, but a road had been carried that way, and all was so altered that I could not find it, and probably it has been pulled down. After tea we returned to London, on the whole better for the day.

I was struck with one advantage of a form of prayer, recollecting as I did in Bromley Church that my family at Northen, and multitudes everywhere, were engaged in the *same* service.

October 28th. The new Athenæum was opened by celebrating the fourth anniversary of the Institution in the hall of the new building. About 700 ladies and gentlemen partook of a dessert, and the evening passed off pleasantly, although the speeches were but poor. I proposed the Mechanics' and other Institutions, and had a reasonable share of applause.

October 31st. Miss Barber and Miss Soulby left for London in order to proceed (in the "Globe") to Sydney, New South Wales.

Attended, with my wife and Alice Makinson, the Soirée given by the Essay and Discussion Society in the new Athenæum. My wife was one of the six lady patronesses, and 520 ladies and gentlemen were present. A paper was read in the lecture theatre by Mr. Franklin on the question "Has popular credulity diminished in proportion to the advance of civilization?" A discussion followed in which I was the first to speak. The discussion over, the company adjourned to the Library and Concert room. Horrobin's band began to play, and quadrilles and waltzes were kept up till 3 in the morning. It was a pleasant scene, but I dislike the waltz more than ever. It is ugly and indecent. We left about half-past 11, stopped half an hour at Mordacque's, and got home about half-past one. . . . I spoke very easily on this occasion, and could not but observe that the

more I was excited the more active my imagination became, and that my oratorical ability was thereby increased.

December 5th. Dined with the Mayor at his warehouse. There were six at dinner, and our fare was an excellent potato pie, some good cheese, and toast and water. After dinner a few glasses of good wine. I have seldom dined so much to my own satisfaction.

1840. *January 13th.* (*Æt.* 53.) Dined as one of the Vice-presidents at the Anti-Corn-Law Banquet. There were nearly 5,000 persons present, but the speeches were not worthy of the occasion. I staid till near 12, and was much tired.

January 27th. Dined at Acres Field (Mr. James Heywood) with the Directors of the Athenæum. A pleasant time.

February 13th. Wrote, for the corporation of Manchester, an Address to the Queen on her marriage. . . . Continued Herschell's "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy" and the "Life of Pym."

February 24th. At the Court several hours. I had to examine 50 beggars, about a score of drunkards, and several Sabbath-breakers. The beggars exhibited such a variety of distress and destitution that I gave to the most pitiable of these unhappy creatures all the silver that I had in my pocket. . . . I wrote some notes on Shakespeare.

March 5th. Mr. Archibald Prentice and Mr. Alcock had tea with us. Afterwards we went to Gatley, where Mr. P. delivered a lecture on the Corn Laws and Edward made an effective little speech. Mr. Prentice staid all night with us.

March 16th. At the Court from half-past ten till three. I had 47 disorderlies. Much tired. Returned with Mr. Prentice to Rose Hill about half-past 4. At 7 we went to Cheadle, where he delivered an excellent lecture on the Corn Laws to about 200 persons. After the lecture, an association was formed. I walked home. The night beautiful with a full moon.

March 29th, Sunday. At church in the afternoon. Mr. Swainson preached a good sermon from "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Change, he observed, was necessary to *man*. He could not otherwise improve or advance.

April 9th. Sent for in a hurry to the Court, there being no magistrate. Among the cases which were brought before me was that of an Irishman who, in a fit of drunken jealousy, had struck violently the man of whom he was jealous, and threatened to shoot his wife. Mr. Maude had remanded the case to inquire into the man's sanity. Ollier, the surgeon, deposed that he was perfectly sane, and his wife said that he was a very quiet man when sober. While she was giving her evidence, the Mayor came in, and a sort of jumble ensued between his examination and mine, and finally he desired me to decide. Hastily, as I now think, I merely bound over the offender in £10 for 3 months at his own recognizance. On reflection, I felt that the period was too short and the security too little. I will never again decide on a partial hearing of the case, nor without some deliberation. This affair has made me really uneasy.

April 27th. At the Court in the forenoon.

About 50 cases. Two of extreme and hopeless destitution, a boy and a girl. Alas! how defective are the laws of this Christian country in Christian charity!

April 28th. Attended the annual dinner of the Literary Society. It was at the Clarence Hotel. A pleasant party. The members present were Molyneux, Spencer, myself, Cobden, Edward, William Evans, Henderson, Newall, R. and W. Nicholson, Turner, Herford, F. Spencer and Shawcross. Our Society was renewed in 1826, and it is only a few days since that the first death occurred amongst those who are, or have been, members of the Society. On April 20th we lost Mr. George Gill.

April 30th. A list of the trustees of the Athenæum: James Heywood, Thomas Potter, Joseph Smith Grafton, Richard Cobden, S. D. Derbyshire, Thomas Townend, Absalom Watkin, G. F. Barbour, David Ainsworth, Samuel Stocks, jun., James Dugdale, Edward Worthington.

May 4th. Attended a meeting of the "friends of Lyceums" which was held in the lecture theatre of the Athenæum. Dr. Birkbeck, the originator of Mechanics' Institutions, was present and gave a very pleasing address. Dr. Dalton, Colonel Wemyss, Maude, Cobden, C. Walker, etc., were present. I seconded a resolution and the meeting ended about a quarter before 10.

April 20th. Wrote a speech about the Corn Laws and Mr. Prentice. Attended the dinner given to Mr. Prentice at Cheadle. I proposed his health, and made a speech which those to whom it was addressed called eloquent.

May 26th. Read Edward's "Letter to Sir Robert Peel on the Corn Laws." It is a fair and conclusive reply to a very artful, shuffling speech, and does great credit to Edward's industry and argumentative powers.

June 27th. The Commercial Bank of England stopped payment to-day. . . . This is my 53rd birthday. May the residue of my days be spent innocently, gratefully and usefully.

July 3rd. Attended a special meeting of the shareholders of the Zoological Gardens. We are in debt and losing money. I supported a motion for opening the gardens on Sunday evening, which was carried by a show of hands but lost by ballot, the opponents of the measure having canvassed for, and obtained, a number of proxies.

August 4th. Met some shareholders of the Commercial Bank at Horsefield and Fildes' warehouse, and agreed to move for a Committee of Investigation.

August 5th. Attended a meeting of the shareholders of the Commercial Bank. Moved a resolution for a Committee of Investigation and was appointed on the Committee.

August 6th. All day at the Commercial Bank. It will be a bad business. Much fatigued by close application to the accounts of the bank.

August 12th. At the bank till noon. Drew up a report to be presented to the meeting of shareholders. Attended the public meeting, which lasted till 4 o'clock. The report read, approved. I was appointed, with Mr. D. Price, W. Young and James Fildes, to assist in winding up the concern, and was treated with much consideration and a declara-

tion of confidence by the meeting. After the meeting, the Directors, etc., returned to the bank, and Mr. Fildes, Price, Young and myself were elected Directors of the Manchester Board.

August 20th. At the bank 5 hours and a half. It was a meeting of the Central Board, and we prevailed after a long struggle. Our election as Directors was confirmed, and thus we are committed to a laborious and anxious undertaking.

August 23rd, Sunday. In the afternoon at church. Heard Mr. Stowell preach a charity sermon for our new school at Northenden. He preached very well.

August 26th. Went to the meeting for arranging the proceedings of the public meeting for the formation of the "Northern Central British India Society." At this preparatory meeting I was introduced to Daniel O'Connell. I met also George Thompson, the lecturer. At 5 o'clock I attended the public meeting at the Corn Exchange. It was very numerous, and the room extremely hot. I moved the second resolution and made a very poor speech. O'Connell and Thompson, the former especially, spoke eloquently.

December 10th. Attended the dinner to Sir Thomas Potter in the Corn Exchange. About 800 persons were present. There was no really good speaking, and much awkward gesture. None of the speakers had the free use of his limbs or stood on his legs properly. Mark Philips, Greg, Gisbourne, Milner-Gibson, and Brotherton spoke. The dinner went off well. I proposed the Corporation of Manchester and the principle of Self-Government. I was greeted by applause, but

did not speak with energy, and the hearers had been talked to so long before that they were inattentive.

December 12th. To my surprise, I find my speech characterized in the "Guardian" as full of eloquence and good sense, and in the "Times" as "distinguished by that beautiful and yet vigorous style which always characterizes Mr. Watkin's addresses." Kershaw, whom I saw in the afternoon, declared it to be the best speech that was delivered. The Tory papers, who made sad sport with the dinner and some of the speeches, say nothing about mine. So much for my speech!

December 13th. Read Mr. Samuel Greg's "Two Letters on the Improvement of the Factory Population." They contain a very interesting account of his proceedings at Bollington.

1841. *January 24th.* (*Æt.* 54.) Completed my report on the affairs of the Bank. Some pages "Pliny's Letters." I find that the question of the ballot was agitated in Rome in Pliny's time.

May 31st. Went to the Oxford Road Factory School at 1 o'clock, and distributed the prizes to the scholars (all girls) after an examination which was very creditable to them, and I then delivered my address. I was glad when it was over, and left between 4 and 5 with a light heart.

June 2nd. The meeting on the Corn Laws in Stevenson Square. Edward and John took a prominent part. Several heads were broken in a scuffle between the Irish Repealers and the Chartists.

June 22nd. Dined with the Mayor of Manchester at the dinner given by him at Mayfield to the

Magistrates and Town Council. There were more than 60 persons present, and the dinner was sumptuous. The dining-room was a temporary building, profusely adorned with flowering shrubs and flowers, with flags, crowns, armorial bearings and letters in gas. Two large looking-glasses were fixed above the sideboard. I had to speak, much to my annoyance, but thanks to the Town Clerk, I did pretty well.

July 9th. Went to Stockport to give my vote for North Cheshire. I voted for Stanley, but Egerton and Wilbraham were returned.

October 15th. Went with Joseph Makinson to Mr. Braid, the surgeon, whom Joseph wished to consult about his deafness. Mr. B. explained to me his mode of operating for talipes, or club-foot, by dividing the tendons and in some cases excising a portion.

Several pages "Medical and Surgical Journal," particularly a paper by Mr. Braid.

October 19th. Went, with Alfred, to the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society. I have not been for some years, and was much gratified, as was Alfred. "Pickwick Papers."

October 31st, Sunday. At church in the forenoon and heard a good sermon on the tares and the wheat by Mr. Barlow. While I was at home alone in the afternoon, a poor Irishman, the picture of famine, came into the stable-yard. He told me that he came from County Mayo, that he had been in the "fin country," that he had "tuk the ague" and "had been laid on his back" three weeks, and was still very ill and "had not a farthing." These are the real evils of life, and to assist those

who suffer from them is one of our first duties. Several pages "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson."

November 7th, Sunday. Guizot's "History of Civilization," Palgrave's "Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth," Chesterfield's "Letters." . . . The master of Sharston school had tea with us. His account of the life of a country schoolmaster is by no means encouraging. Much unhealthy labour, and mean remuneration.

1842. *January 14th.* The meeting of the Club. All present. I read my paper on "Magna Charta." Much struck with the *aged* appearance of the members.

March 1st. Attended the meeting at the York Hotel on the subject of the Corn Laws. In the evening I presided at the dinner of the Cambrian Society in the exhibition room over the Exchange Arcade. About 90 persons sat down to dinner. I made but a poor chairman, but all were disposed to be pleased, and the harper was skilful.

CHAPTER VII

THE CHARTISTS : THE STORM BREAKS

(MARCH 12, 1842 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1842)

Feergus O'Connor and his son Edward—"A mob of 5,000"—The workers "turned out" by the mob—The apathy at first of the police and the military—The temporary absence of the Mayor—Mills and workshops attacked—He demands a meeting of Magistrates—Arrival of the Mayor—Sir Charles Shaw—Mr. Callender to the rescue—The timely arrival of troops in Salford—He draws up a notice to warn the rioters—Special constables sworn in—In command at the gasworks—The disturbances spread—"The Charter or no return to labour"—The attitude of the surrounding districts—Help asked from the Government—Arrival of the Grenadier Guards—Assists in drawing up the Magistrates' Proclamation—A Proclamation from the Queen—No return to work and more special constables—The presence of Feergus O'Connor on the anniversary of "Peterloo"—A projected procession and the sequel—Strong measures successful—No return to work, but no more pillage—A gradual return to work.

March 12th. Assiduous at the warehouse, but much vexed by Edward's inattention. He is accused by F. O'Connor in the "Northern Star" of having incited the Irish to attack the Chartists last Tuesday night at the Hall of Science. Several persons were then badly hurt, and the furniture of the place was destroyed.

March 17th. Several pages Pope's "Letters." They seem to me extremely artificial and are full of complaints. Certainly people in general have

very little gratitude for the common blessings of life.

April 26th. Edward left Manchester to proceed to Italy with Mr. Wall.

May 16th. Mr. Gladstone has bought Forth's house and grounds at Withington. There are 14 acres (statute) of land.

May 29th. Doddington's "Diary." The old times of George II and his son were quite as bad as the present. As Grime used to say, "the animal is bad."

June 11th. Edward arrived from Naples.

June 28th. Attended the Section of Mathematics and Physical Sciences of the British Association. I saw Bessel, Herschell, Brewster, etc., etc. In the evening I went to the Soirée and heard part of a lecture on the geology of Russia by Mr. Murchison. He speaks well, and is a graceful man in his attitudes and action. His self-possession is remarkable.

August 9th. A mob of about 5,000 persons came from Hyde and Ashton to Manchester, and turned out the people of several mills and workshops. The police and military were rather observers than anything else. The Borough magistrates were not assembled. The Mayor is in London. The boldness of the mob was increased by their apparent impunity. They attacked Birley's, and the Oxford Road Mills, and Stirling and Beckton's. Birley and S. and B. resisted. Windows were broken and the doors injured, and it was not until the soldiers appeared and cleared the streets that the mob ceased their violence. I saw Mr. Kershaw, who at first was disinclined to act. Then I sent

to Mr. Higson to say that I thought the magistrates ought to be called together. He answered that it should be done in the morning. Kershaw and Armitage went up to Cooke's Mill at night.

August 10th. Met the Mayor and magistrates at the Town Hall at 10. The Mayor had only arrived from London at 6, and was evidently fatigued. The outrages of the mob continue. Those who have been turned out joined with them, and shops have been plundered and are being plundered in the town, and money extorted. Message after message arrives for assistance. I am sent with Mr. Stuart and Mr. Higson to confer with Sir Charles Shaw. We found him at Kennedy's Mill (which is at work), with about 150 or 200 policemen, and nearly as many soldiers, taking, as he says, a military view of the matter, and concentrating his force to be ready to move where it may be urgently wanted: the usual patrols are withdrawn from the streets and all left exposed. He objects to scatter his force. We return. Colonel Wemyss objects to scatter the military and refuses to supply us with Dragoons for patrol. In the meantime the gasworks are attacked, and the police stationed there are beaten. A police station in the neighbourhood is pulled down. Mr. Callender goes with some Dragoons and Rifles, disperses the mob, and occupies the gasworks in force. While this was going on, the mob proceeded in different parts of the town to turn out the hands at mills and workshops, and in some cases to help themselves to bread, etc., from the shops. In Salford they did the same. They attempted to stop Wilson's Print Works, but were fired at, and three persons were

wounded. If, however, the soldiers had not fortunately arrived, the consequences would have been disastrous. As it was, the hands left work. At 1 o'clock I drew up a notice in the name of the Mayor and magistrates, warning the people of the illegality of their proceedings and threatening punishment. It was printed and posted throughout the town, as were notices that the Riot Act had been read. A requisition was sent to some of the respectable inhabitants, calling upon them to attend at the Town Hall to be sworn in as special constables, as the police force is altogether insufficient. At 4 in the afternoon I was sent to the gasworks to relieve Mr. Callender. I sat in Mr. Hampshire's parlour, the windows of which had been beaten in with stones, and even the looking-glass over the chimney-piece was broken. The floor was littered with stones, some of them very large. However, as the shutters were put up and as they brought some wine and biscuits, the officers of the Rifles and Dragoons who were there with Edward and myself had no reason to complain of their quarters. I staid till 10 o'clock, when I was relieved.

August 11th. At the Town Hall all day. The disturbances continue, and have spread further into the country. We continue to swear in special constables, and mobs are dispersed as far as possible, but all is unquiet and unsafe. John, who is acting as a special constable, has received some bruises from stones, and some of the police have been seriously injured.

August 12th. The disturbances extend in every direction and become very alarming. With our

very inadequate force we keep the town tolerably quiet, and go on swearing in and organizing special constables, who are immediately sent on duty and are very useful. The heat and confinement and close application make it very hard work for the magistrates; and the soldiers, police and "specials" are much harassed.

August 13th. The disturbances continue to extend over the northern and midland counties, and are now assuming a more determined political character. "The Charter or no return to labour" is the general cry, although to this there are some objectors. They now stop all trades except farmers and millers, and bands of people are wandering about the country *demanding* charity and ordering all trades to turn out. The explosion has been so sudden that there has been no force adequate to the occasion with which to meet the mob, and there is an increasing fear and timidity on the part of the well disposed. In our quiet village (Northenden) this is strikingly apparent. Tradesmen have taken down their signs, fearing that their shops would be plundered, and no idea seems to be entertained in Northen and the neighbourhood that any resistance can be offered. Indeed, many of the workers appear to think that a revolution accompanied by the putting down of the rich would not be at all an evil. The man who delivered our coal to-day told Elizabeth that they should bring no more, and that they would now have the Charter, that the soldiers dare not fire, and that we should see what they would do at Manchester next Tuesday, August 16th, as they meant to attack it from all quarters. I really

believe the fools think that they are now undisputed masters, and this belief may lead to great excesses. No troops have yet reached Manchester, and our situation is by no means agreeable. The deputation of magistrates who were sent last night to London will, we hope, induce the Government to take immediate steps to send forward the military. The news from all parts of the country to-night is bad.

August 14th, Sunday. At Manchester till 1 o'clock. The Grenadier Guards and some artillery came into Manchester this morning. I was very glad to see this fine body of men march down King Street as I stood with the Mayor at the windows of the Town Hall. The Borough and County magistrates had a conference this morning. A proclamation was drawn up by a committee of 6—Foster, the Mayor, G. W. Wood, Wanklyn, James Burt, Maude and myself. It was adopted by the whole company of Borough and County magistrates and ordered to be printed and posted in all directions. It declared all meetings illegal *under present circumstances*, and that we will disperse all meetings or processions and, "*if need be, forcibly put down the same.*" It is accompanied by a Proclamation from the Queen, denouncing those who have taken part in the late proceedings and offering a reward of £50 for the conviction of any of the principal offenders. These proclamations and the measures consequent upon them—now that we can enforce them—will, I hope, arrest the progress of this dangerous outbreak.

Returned to Rose Hill and spent a pleasant evening.

August 15th. At the Town Hall most of the day. The people show no disposition to return to work, and there is much excitement. We go on swearing in special constables and preparing for the worst.

August 16th. To-day we expected an outbreak owing to Feargus O'Connor being here and a procession to Hunt's monument being intended. However, the procession was abandoned, but a tea party was held! We had excellent arrangements, and the knowledge of our force, and the declared determination to use it, seems to have kept all tolerably quiet, any little manifestation being immediately put down. I was busy all day at the Town Hall, in Hulme, in Quay Street, and in Chorlton, administering the oath to special constables, of whom we have now several thousand.

August 16th-31st. From this day to the end of the month most of the hands (spinners, power-loom weavers, etc.) in Manchester have remained out of work, and here and elsewhere there has been more or less of apprehension and disturbance. In some places the soldiers have fired, and some lives have been lost, and in the Potteries some houses have been burnt, but in Manchester there has been no firing by the soldiers—nobody has been killed, no house burnt and no damage done to property since the first day or two, except the breaking of some windows in factories.

September 1st-30th. We have continued during most of this month in an uneasy condition both in Manchester and in most of the districts in which the disturbances have taken place. However, the people have gradually, and some reluctantly, returned to work both here and elsewhere.

The imminent peril has passed, and it now remains to prepare for the future, of which the prospect is gloomy and uncertain. During the month I have been harassed and a part of the time unwell. I have continued *idly* my usual reading.

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON AND MANCHESTER

(NOVEMBER 1, 1842 TO NOVEMBER 20, 1845)

Soirée at the Manchester Athenæum—End of the Manchester Zoological Gardens—Drury Lane Theatre—Clara Novello and Macready—Chelsea—The new Houses of Parliament—Windsor and Eton—The Horticultural Society—The claims of the Protestant Church—His pleasure in Rose Hill—The “beggarliness” of the Potteries—Alton Towers—Charles Dickens and D’Israeli—His son John and Holy Orders—Some leaders of the Cotton Industry—The Haymarket Theatre—The “Christmas Carol” at the Adelphi—The case of Brooks versus Sowler—The New Bailey prison at Manchester—The South Lancashire Election—The “Club”—Lord Francis Egerton—D’Israeli as a speaker—Charles Kemble—His son Edward’s intended marriage—Death of Sir Thomas Potter—Douglas Jerrold’s “new comedy” and other London entertainments—The “express train” from London to Manchester—The marriage of Edward Watkin and Mary Mellor—Douglas Jerrold and John Bright at the Athenæum.

November 1st. Attended the meeting of the Literary Society. The question “Has the working of the American Constitution justified the expectations of its founders?” was discussed with much animation, the ladies being present.

November 22nd. News of the conclusion of peace with China on very favourable terms, and of the success of our troops in Afghanistan. At the Literary Society at night. Continued De Tocqueville.

December 5th. At the Bank, and at the Court in the forenoon. I sent five persons to prison for being drunk and disorderly, and felt sad when I had done so. Alas! human justice is very imperfect. Read the "Athenæum," etc.

December 7th. Attended the dinner given by Mr. Kershaw, the Mayor, to the Town Council and the Borough Justices. It was the most expensive and *scientific* dinner I ever sat down to. The evening was pleasant, and I made a speech at near midnight, having been previously most extravagantly lauded by Mr. Kershaw.

1843. *February 8th.* In the evening I presided at the Soirée of the Essay and Discussion Society at the Athenæum. It was attended by a numerous assemblage of both sexes, elegantly dressed and disposed to be pleased. The arrangements were very good. My daughter was particularly struck by the circumstance that every official personage was distinguished, not, as is common, by a rosette of ribbon, but by a beautiful white camellia tied with silver thread. After coffee a paper was read by Mr. Berlyn on the question "Is an advocate morally justified in defending a criminal whom he knows to be guilty?" A discussion followed, and when that terminated, dancing began. There was a good band, and the young people kept it up till 2 or 3 in the morning.

March 15th. Attended the final meeting of the Zoological Gardens Company and moved the resolution of dissolution. All the money is lost, and we are glad to get rid of the excessive chief-rent by giving up all the fixed property. . . . At home in the afternoon directing the formation

of a rockery in front of the house. Continued Alison's "History of Europe."

April 9th, Sunday. Read the history of Joseph in the Book of Genesis. How beautiful! How true to nature!

April 25th. The annual dinner of the Literary Society at the Adelphi. Mr. Newall in the chair. A good dinner and a pleasant, quiet time.

May 3rd. Left Rose Hill at 20 minutes before 8. Got to the Birmingham and Manchester Railway station at 9, and set off for London. A pleasant journey. Arrived in London a little before 6 in the evening.

May 5th. In the evening to Drury Lane Theatre, where we saw "Acis and Galatea" and "Comus." I was not so much pleased with "Acis and Galatea" as when I was last here. There was a change in the performers. Miss P. Horton was no longer "Acis," but a man of middle age took that part, and a German was Polyphemus. Miss Clara Novello was Galatea. A bad actress, but a very good singer. Macready was "Comus." I was astonished to hear an Irish accent in a performer so celebrated.

May 6th. Looked into Guildhall and found Baron Gurney sitting in the Exchequer Court. Heard part of an action for damages brought against the master of a brig for running down a schooner.

May 9th. Went in the morning to see Mr. Brotherton. In the afternoon to Chelsea, where I saw, for the first time, the Chapel and the Hall in which the eagles and standards of different nations are suspended. I think there are four

eagles which have in letters of gold on one side the words "L'empereur Napoléon au . . . Régiment de la ligne," and on the other side the names of the battles in which the regiment had borne a distinguished part.

May 10th. Went in the forenoon to see Mr. Brotherton, who took us to the Reform Club House, and then to the present Houses of Parliament, and lastly to the new Houses now in progress of erection. He spent two hours with us, showed us everything, and was most unaffectedly courteous.

May 11th. Went to Windsor by the 10 o'clock train. Saw the Castle, walked in the Park, looked once more at Herne's Oak. Looked over Eton. The boys had a half-holiday, and the Thames was alive with their beautiful light boats, and the grounds were filled with groups playing at cricket, etc. I observed one angling in a secluded nook. We walked to Slough, and went thence to London by the train. John and my wife spent the evening at Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition. I went with Mr. Brigham to the lobby of the House of Commons.

May 12th. In the afternoon we went with Mrs. Stubbs, Miss Ward and Mr. Brigham to the Temple Church. It is splendid. Selden was buried in it, and amongst the monuments there is one of a man who has recorded that he was the executor of "the great Selden."

May 13th. Saw the museum of the East India Company. Curious, but insignificant when compared to the British Museum. The autograph answer of Oliver Cromwell to the petition of the *then* East India Company is really curious. After leaving the museum we went and had

a "snack," and then proceeded to Chiswick to the Garden of the Horticultural Society. It was the first exhibition for the year. About 5,000 persons were present, and I never saw finer men and women or more splendid and elegant dresses, and never at one time so many of both. The day was very fine, and the azaleas, geraniums . . . were superb. . . . Against the wall was a wisteria, the stem as thick as a man's thigh and the branches covered with flowers extending more than 30 yards each way. . . .

May 23rd. Several pages "Edinburgh Review," especially the review of Sewell's "Christian Morals," which sets forth on behalf of the "Church" such claims as in the darkest ages were made by "the Popish Church." God help the people of England if such absurdities are to be maintained by Protestants!

May 28th, Sunday. Read a good deal of "Past and Present," by Carlyle. There are many truths in this book told in a strange manner, but perhaps on that account more likely to be read.

June 23rd. At the Court in the forenoon. The Mayor and I convicted X, the apothecary, in the mitigated penalty of £12 10s. (one fourth) for selling half a pint of spirits of wine, value 1s. 10d. The Club dined with me. We were all in good humour, and happily we began to read Wordsworth. Several of his little pieces and his sonnets were read, to our great gratification.

June 27th. To-day I am 56. I am in better health and spirits than usual, and I mean to work cheerfully. May God support and strengthen me.

July 1st. At the Court most of the forenoon.

Not satisfied with one of my decisions, although it was recommended by Mr. Page. Thought of it all day painfully.

July 3rd. Attended a meeting of the ladies to form a committee for the Athenæum bazaar.

July 5th. Read several pages O'Connell's "Ireland." Certainly the country has been barbarously used.

July 7th. Went to Manchester with my wife and daughter, and took a coach to Jervis's new house, "Sycamore House," where we dined. A large party, including Edmund Buckley, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, etc., etc. We had an excellent dinner, made better by the kind attention of the host and hostess, and a lively conversation during all the time. We got home between 12 and 1.

August 15th. Much pleased with the place (Rose Hill), although the neighbourhood of so much flooded land, and the thick wood on the low grounds, and indeed all around, are certainly not favourable to health. Yet I have good health in spite of my late hours, and my wife is almost always well. I like the place on account of its apparent loneliness—the depth of wood in front, which shuts all view of road or dwelling, gives our house and garden the appearance of having been formed by clearing a little bit out of the forest. The growth of the trees which were planted 9 or 10 years ago is surprising.

August 30th. Went in the morning to Stockport, and thence with Higson and Parker, the solicitor, to Whitmore by railway. From Whitmore we took a coach and proceeded through the Potteries to Cheadle. The day was fine, but no weather

could make the Potteries or their population look well. A sort of *beggarliness*, an untidiness, a neglect is stamped upon everything. The ground is broken up, the trees are sickly, and every object is smoked.

August 31st. We set out, as we had determined overnight, to visit the gardens at Alton Towers. We had an open carriage, and our drive of five miles, partly by a new road through woods, down a rather steep descent of a mile or two, and then ascending to Farley, was very pleasant. We put up at the inn, and proceeded to the gardens. They are vast and wonderful, and, seen from the Swiss Cottage, present rather the idea of a scene in a fairy tale or in the "Arabian Nights" than any reality of which I have a conception. Then the separate trees, etc., are all beautiful, well-grown and healthy. I did not see a weed. . . . The house is a stately, irregular building. The lower windows were guarded externally by thick iron bars. I suppose these have been placed there in consequence of the disturbances which took place last year in the adjacent district. They give a very prisonlike air to the place, and I was sorry to see them, although such precautions may be very necessary, especially considering the amount of wealth, etc., that must be accumulated within these walls. . . . We returned to the inn and dined very agreeably; indeed, during our whole journey there was no lack of quiet, agreeable conversation. We returned to Cheadle and proceeded by a coach to Newcastle, a hot ride, with another view of the dirty, dismal Potteries and their somewhat ill-favoured population. At Newcastle

we got a one-horse coach and went to Whitmore, which we reached in good time for the train to Manchester, and a comfortable roomy carriage enabled us to stretch our legs and take a nap. I left the train at Stockport about a quarter to 10, procured a coach, and got to Northenden soon after 11.

September 10th, Sunday. Berlyn, Borella and Harling, three "children of the Athenæum" dined with us.

September 17th, Sunday. At church in the forenoon, and heard a good sermon from Mr. Barlow. The weather for more than three weeks has been unusually hot and singularly beautiful. Nothing could have happened more opportunely. It is a national blessing and should be acknowledged by National Thanksgiving. The harvest has ripened well and been gathered in good condition.

October 5th. Went at night with my wife and daughter, Miss Wilson, John and Alfred to the Soirée of the members of the Athenæum and their friends. It was held in the Free Trade Hall. There were at least 1,600 persons present, half of whom, or more, were ladies. Charles Dickens, the author of "Nicholas Nickleby," was in the chair, and the younger D'Israeli, Milner-Gibson, etc., were present.

November 4th. To-day, the giving of a half-holiday on Saturdays to people employed in warehouses, etc., was commenced. About 500 warehouses were closed at 1, 2 or 3 o'clock.

November 30th. Went with my wife, daughter and Alfred to the Athenæum at 8 in the evening, to hear Mr. Henry Philips, the celebrated singer,

give his entertainment "Varied Hours." It consisted of songs accompanied by himself on the piano, each song prefaced by spoken prefatory remarks. Mr. Philips has a wonderful voice, which he uses with consummate skill. His playing is masterly and his speaking very agreeable. Then he stands, sits, and looks gracefully, never distorting his face, even when exerting his voice to the utmost and pouring out a volume of sound. We were all much pleased, but my daughter particularly.

1844. *January 18th.* John, who had been to Chester to see Mr. Barlow, unexpectedly asked my consent to his leaving the business and giving himself up to study, in order to go to College and to become a clergyman.

January 31st. The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Athenæum. I had to preside. Dr. Vaughan made an excellent speech.

February 6th. I called on Mr. Barlow with John.

February 8th. Spent nearly all the day with the Rector, Captain Barlow and Mrs. Dashwood. We looked through the Oxford Road Mill and Potter's Warehouse, and dined with Sir Thomas. Then we went to Mayfield, and were shown by young Nield through the works. After this, I left them to the care of John, who took them to Louis Schwabe's Embroidery and Silk Mill in Portland Street.

February 17th. Subpœnaed to go to London to give evidence in the action brought by John Brooks against Sowler for libel.

February 20th. At the Court in the Guildhall. At night went with my wife to the Haymarket Theatre. We saw "The Little Devil," "Used Up," and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks."

Pleased with the acting of Mathews and Mme. Vestris. The theatre excessively cold.

February 21st. In the Court in the morning. My wife went to a Concert at the Adelaide Gallery. I spent the evening with B. Braidley, Sale, the Attorney, Mc Clure, and a Mr. Wood. Braidley was director of the proceedings. . . . After dessert we partook of a jug of claret and afterwards of two bottles of "peculiar port" (10s. a bottle). Then we had tea and coffee, and at midnight I left them. Braidley talked a great deal, and he told me that in New York, at the Astor, he had drunk port and madeira at \$6 a bottle. House and warehouse rent, he says, are higher there than in Manchester or London. He mentioned a warehouse under the Astor, let at 9 guineas the square yard. He talks well and sensibly on almost all subjects.

February 23rd. In the Court nearly all day, expecting that our cause would be called. Again disappointed. Went in the evening to the Adelphi Theatre and saw "The Christmas Carol," a dramatized version of Dickens's book. I was much pleased.

February 24th. At last our cause, Brooks *v.* Sowler, was called. Only 10 special jurors could be found. Sir T. Wilde for Brooks and Sir F. Pollock for Sowler. Pollock, of his own will and contrary to Sowler's wish, rose and recommended an amicable adjustment of the whole affair. The Judge—Tyndall, C.J.—approved of the suggestion, and Sowler left the Court in a passion. I went to Covent Garden Market, and then in the afternoon I went to the Park, looked at the ugly statue of Nelson on

the pillar in Trafalgar Square, and at the new Houses of Parliament.

March 7th. Attended the meeting of Justices to consider two clauses in the intended new Police Act by which the Town Council aim to deprive us of the power of paying our clerk or disposing of the fees of our Court. I was appointed with Mr. Maude, Dr. Fleming and Mr. Consterdine to confer with the Committee for General Purposes of the Town Council.

March 8th. Went in the afternoon with Mr. Joseph Adshead, Mr. Borella and Edward to look through the New Bailey Prison. Mr. Bolt, the Governor, went round with us. We saw everything from the receiving-room to the solitary cells. There is evident good management, but from the want of sufficient superintendence, after the hours of labour in the yards and day-rooms, all the evils of intercourse, of forming acquaintances, and of after-recognition and association must infallibly ensue. . . . Mr. Bolt told me that the New Bailey was one of the healthiest gaols in the kingdom. From a remark which he made, that he had just ordered 2,000 pairs of stockings, I found that hitherto stockings had either been dispensed with or supplied by the friends of the prisoners.

March 24th. At church in the forenoon. I do not like the chanting which Mr. Johnson has introduced. He has also put some stained glass into some of the windows, and I felt pleased with this, especially when a gleam of sunshine sent the coloured lights into the church.

May 8th. Heard H. Philips at night, my wife, my daughter, Alfred and Miss Whitelegg being

there. Philips is a delightful singer of ballads, and to hear him was a great treat. He gave some account of the Hebrew sacred music, which was very interesting.

May 11th. Dined at the Stamford Arms, Altrincham, with the Literary Society. There were 23 of us, including Mr. Spencer. We had a very good dinner and spent a pleasant evening. Perhaps there was a little too much raillery, and perhaps we drank a very little too much, but there was no intoxication—no ill-nature.

May 27th. The day of election for South Lancashire. A tough contest between Brown, the Free Trader, and Entwistle, the Tory. No decided advantage obtained by either party.

May 28th. The election for South Lancashire terminated this afternoon. Entwistle elected by a majority of 587 votes.

June 8th. Read most of the last two volumes of D'Israeli's "Coningsby; or The New Generation." This novel exhibits the opinions of "Young England."

June 9th, Sunday. At church in the afternoon. Read several pages "Statutes of the Realm," *temp.* Elizabeth. I bought a copy, ten volumes, for £4 10s. in London from Petheram's catalogue, and find that it was Southey's. In the volume I looked at to-day I found two letterbacks, one from Sir R. Englis and one from Lord Heytesbury, addressed to Southey, upon both of which S. had noted the pages in which Statutes are to be found, passages in which he had marked, and obviously intended to refer to.

July 26th. Went at 6 o'clock to a meeting of

the Club at Greaves'. We had at length a full meeting, Jervis coming in last. He has been to the Lakes and visited Wordsworth. Our meeting was pleasant, and I returned home in good spirits and with my head full of a new set of ideas. How much have I owed during my life to the influence of the Club!

July 31st. Went to Failsworth to breakfast with the relations and friends of Miss Mellor, who was this day married to William Dean of Haslingden. A large party, a handsome breakfast. Edward and I left about half-past 12 and went to Manchester. We returned at 4 and dined at Mr. Mellor's. A sumptuous dinner. Mr. Thomas Mellor read very well some humorous pieces.

August 8th. Attended the public meeting on the subject of Public Walks and Gardens in Manchester. I was introduced by the Mayor to Lord Francis Egerton. I omitted to thank him for the pleasure, a great and enduring pleasure, which I have derived from his translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." I recollected this just after I left him, and am still vexed. Lord Francis, Canon Clifton, and Mark Philips were the leading speakers. There was no eloquence, but £7,000 was nevertheless subscribed in the room.

August 16th. Attended in the forenoon a meeting of Justices to consider the Clerk's salary and the new powers given to us by the recent Police Act.

September 2nd. William Dean, his wife, and swarms of the Mellors dined with us.

October 3rd. The Annual Soirée of the Athenæum held in the Free Trade Hall. D'Israeli in the chair. Lord John Manners and the Hon.

G. F. P. S. Smythe were amongst the speakers. D'Israeli gave a good address, but there was no good *speaking*, and none of the speakers knew what to do with their hands.

October 8th. Continued "Memoirs of the Earl of Malmesbury." He gives a dismal picture of the courts of Berlin and Petersburg—of the *great* Frederick and the *great* Catherine. Miserable, depraved wretches! Alas! to what vile hands are at times the destinies of the human race committed!

October 10th. Attended Charles Kemble's reading of Shakespeare, the play "Much Ado About Nothing." He reads well, and is at seventy a wonderfully good actor.

November 8th. Miss Mary Mellor came to our house with Edward, to stay a few days, it being understood that in due time they will marry.

1845. *March 5th.* Went in the evening, with my daughter and Alfred, to the meeting of the League in the Free Trade Hall. Much pleased with the speeches of Fox and G. Thompson, especially the former.

March 27th. Attended the funeral of Sir Thomas Potter in the Ardwick Cemetery. Nearly 80 carriages. A great concourse of people attended in spite of the rain. Poor Sir Thomas! He was in his 71st year, and died in harness, literally worn out.

May 2nd. Went with my daughter and looked at the New Royal Exchange, the statue of Wellington, and that of King William. Also to St. Paul's. In the evening we went to the Haymarket, and

saw Douglas Jerrold's new comedy "Time Works Wonders," excellently well performed. Farren, Mathews, Strickland, Stuart, Mme. Vestris, Mrs. Humby, Miss Fortescue and my old preceptress (she who first caused me to perceive the beauty of good speaking), the veteran Mrs. Glover, took the principal parts, and all, especially Miss Fortescue, performed well. The play was succeeded by the burlesque of "The Golden Fleece," which is clever and laughable. Strickland, who performed "Professor Truffles" this evening in the comedy, and who continued to perform for some days afterwards, and who appeared when we saw him to be in excellent health, died on the 18th May. What shadows we are!

May 3rd. In the afternoon I walked to Mr. Petheram's bookshop in Chancery Lane. In the evening I went to the Lyceum and saw "Our New Governess" and part of "Whittington and His Cat."

May 4th, Sunday. In the forenoon we attended divine service at St. Saviour's Church and in the afternoon at the Temple Church. In the evening I had a long walk.

May 5th. In the evening went to the French play at St. James's Theatre. We saw Ravel and Cartigny. They are clever, but the pieces are mere exhibitions of intrigue . . . wretched stuff!

May 7th. Went to the Coliseum. It has been renovated. The conservatory, the grotto, the view of Mont Blanc, are all admirable, but the Sculpture Gallery is the gem of the exhibition.

May 8th. In the evening we went to the Opera, and saw "Don Giovanni," part of the "Ballet of

Ondine," "The Bacchante," and the dancers—children—from Vienna. We were much pleased. The Queen was present and the house was full.

May 17th. Left London, with regret, at 4 in the afternoon, and came in the Express Train in 5 hours and 40 minutes to Manchester. We had in the same carriage Mr. Smith, of the Bank of Manchester. I had a good deal of talk with Mr. Smith. He told me he was going to Jamaica to reside on his estates, to prove that free labour was cheaper than slave cultivation. He said that this was quite clear to him, and that it had been proved on the Jamaica Railway, of which he is the largest shareholder. He said he could get 10 cubic yards of earth removed in a day by a negro for \$2. He told me that he had known Fornasari as a private personage travelling in Havana, and that he was then remarkably handsome, and used to sing only to amuse his friends.

Mr. Smith's father was, I am told, Attorney-General of Jamaica. We reached Rose Hill by 11 o'clock.

June 13th. John returned late at night from Oxford. He has passed his examination.

June 15th, Sunday. Read several pages Water-ton's "Essays on Natural History" with much pleasure. It is evening as I write this . . . a fine evening . . . the birds are singing and the sweet bells are ringing. I feel all the value of such a peaceful home to an *old* man. I have thanked God for it.

September 1st. Assiduous at the warehouse; Alfred out with his gun and Edward absorbed by other affairs. Went with my wife and daughter

to the concert in the Free Trade Hall. Heard Mme. Castellan, Miss Hawes, Miss Dolby, Fornasari, etc.

September 3rd. Rose at 4 o'clock, and set off at half past 5 with my wife and daughter and Alfred to Failsworth. Got there at half-past 7. Soon after 8, we and the other wedding people proceeded in four carriages, with postilions in red jackets and on grey horses, to Oldham, a continuous ascent of nearly 4 miles. There, Edward and Mary Mellor were married, Mr. Mellor giving her away. After the breakfast, Edward and Mary left for Chester. Later, we dined pleasantly and I enjoyed it. After dinner we went to look at Edward's house, which is spacious and well furnished. We then went into the garden of Mr. H——, his landlord, who lives in a very large house near by. I never saw a large and well arranged garden in such a state of neglect. The whole is overrun with weeds, the growth of years. The fruit trees are quite wild, the glass has been sold from one of the grape-houses and is all shattered in the other. Both are falling to pieces from neglect; the vines hang as they may. The old man, with two sons and an old woman servant, live in one or two rooms of the large house, in the style of Jacques Ferrard, spending about 20s. a week. Here is a character for romance!

September 11th. Edward and Mary returned.

September 12th. Edward began his work at the "Trent Valley" office.

September 14th, Sunday. Edward, Thomas and Jonathan Mellor, Hester and Harriet Mellor, with Edward and Mary, spent the day with us, all going to church in the forenoon in wedding costume.

James Whitelegg also dined with us. It was rather pleasant.

September 15th. Edward and Mary, who had staid from Saturday, left this morning. We were all well and cheerful. Mr. Atherton, on behalf of H. Newbury, applied to me to become a Director of the Oxford, Newbury, Andover, Manchester and Southampton Railway. Consulted Edward.

October 23rd. Went with my wife and daughter and Alfred, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Miss Whitelegg and Mrs. Harrop to the Soirée of the Athenæum, which was held in the Free Trade Hall under the presidency of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. Douglas Jerrold, Mark Philips, John Bright, etc., etc., were all present, and about 3,600 people. I was most unexpectedly called upon to second the vote of thanks to Mr. Talfourd.

November 20th. Attended the public meeting in the Town Hall (on the subject of opening the Ports) and moved the third resolution. All the resolutions passed unanimously. R. H. Greg, Alexander Kay and Mark Philips spoke well.

CHAPTER IX

THE SUPPRESSION OF DISORDER

(JUNE 27, 1846 TO DECEMBER 21, 1848)

His fifty-ninth birthday—Fleetwood in 1846—The Juvenile Refuge : the Archbishop of Dublin and other speakers—A soirée at the Athenæum—He proposes the nomination of Mr. John Bright—He is attacked by the " Manchester Guardian "—Mr. Cobbett and the game laws—To London via the Trent Valley Railway—The Adelphi Theatre—The Horticultural Society—By water to Greenwich—Sadler's Wells—Verry's in Regent Street—Formal opening of the Trent Valley Railway—The speech of Sir Robert Peel—He seconds Mr. Bright's nomination—Sir Elkanah Armitage—Mr. Alexander Henry and South Lancashire—An address on Peter the Hermit—Mr. Cobden's praise—The French Revolution of 1848—Its effect in England—Manchester prepared for disturbances—He writes an address for the Mayor—The mob held in check—Increase of the Manchester police—He draws up an address to the public—Jenny Lind.

1846. *June 27th.* My birthday. 59. Went with my wife and Hester Mellor to the top of Northen Church tower. The view is very pretty ; Macclesfield to the south, and the vale of Cheshire westward. There is a great deal of wood everywhere. . . . *I am old.*

July 2nd. Attended the *last* meeting of the League in the forenoon. Much pleased with Cobden's speech.

August 3rd. A close, wet August day, such

as that I so well remember in August 1821, on which I went with Grime and Philip Wood to look at the land on which we afterwards built in Broughton. A few pages "Life of Frederick" nicknamed "the Great." He ended as he deserved to end, *miserably*. I rode a little further than Mr. Sumner's on Elizabeth's pony "Nut." To my surprise I was quite timid, and could not canter. My nerves are obviously out of order. I read too much and sleep too little. I must look to my health.

August 10th. Went to Knutsford in a White-chapel, having been summoned on the jury. Got there after a pleasant ride of two hours. The country beautiful. Had a second breakfast, and then went into the Court. I appealed to the Chairman, and, on the ground of my being a magistrate and by the interposition of E. J. Loyd, I was excused from further attendance. Leaving the Court, I walked some time in Tatton Park, and then returned home.

August 14th. Consulted Mr. Smith, the surgeon, at the desire of Edward. He tells me what I knew, that I want rest, and advises relaxation and sea air.

August 15th. Left with Edward by the rail for Fleetwood. A pleasant journey of 3 hours and a half. He had engaged a very pleasant sitting-room and bedroom for me at the North Euston Hotel. Fleetwood exceeded my expectation. It is well situated, and has the air of a thriving, well built and well planned seaport. It is not large, but lively, and yet not disagreeably noisy. The walk along the shore is pleasant, and the sea breeze

dry and agreeable. We walked a good deal, read Boswell's "Johnson," and were in bed by 11. I slept well and did not awake till between 7 and 8, nor did I rise till after 8.

October 13th. Edward and Mary and their son, who have been here a fortnight, left us this morning. It is surprising to see how fond of the child his grandmother has become. Even *I* feel attached to him, and felt some pain when he was taken away. The dawn of intelligence in this child of 7 weeks old has interested me. . . . Some pages Guizot's "History of Civilization."

October 22nd. Attended the breakfast at the Albion Hotel given by the Directors of the Athenæum to the guests invited to the Soirée. I was one of the vice-presidents, Mr. James Crossley being the other, and Mark Philips was in the chair. The meeting was interesting, and only broke up about 12 o'clock, so as to allow of our proceeding to the Town Hall to engage in the meeting to promote the establishment of the Juvenile Refuge. This meeting continued nearly three hours, the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. Stowell, G. Dawson, W. Chambers, etc., etc., being the speakers. . . . Alfred, James Whitelegg, my wife and daughter proceeded with me to the Free Trade Hall about 7 o'clock to attend the Soirée. We had good seats at the front of the platform, and heard well all the speakers who were audible. Lord Morpeth presided. The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately), Lord Ebrington, Dawson, Chambers, W. Brown, McGregor and Mark Philips were the principal speakers. The oratory ended and the dancing began about 11. We left at twelve, and got home

between 2 and 3. The excitement and the scene, for the hall was filled by about 5,000 persons, made me feel much better at the close than I had been at the beginning of the day.

October 24th. Wrote part of a letter to "Punch" about the speakers at the Soirée.

November 17th. This evening there was a beautiful manifestation of the Aurora Borealis, but without any streaming, ascending rays. It was so light that I could discern the hour by my watch. I wrote, after I came home, part of a speech to be delivered to-morrow at the Free Trade Hall, when I am desired to second the nomination of John Bright as the representative of Manchester in Parliament.

November 18th. At the Bank all day. At noon the committee sent word that I should have to propose John Bright, instead of seconding the nomination. I sat down to add to what I had written, and brought it to a close at 6 in the evening. I then went to the Free Trade Hall. There I delivered, with tolerable assurance, as much as I could remember of what I had written, and nominated Mr. Bright. Alderman Baid seconded the nomination. The meeting unani- mously concurred. We were sent to bring him upon the platform. His appearance drew forth repeated applause. He made a good speech, and there was more applause. About 10 o'clock I left the Hall, tired and hungry.

November 21st. The "Guardian" has attacked my speech.

November 22nd, Sunday. Wrote a letter to the "Guardian" in reply to the attack, but did not

like it. A few pages Malthus on "Population," ditto Rumford's "Essays."

November 24th. Much talk on 'Change to-day about the "Guardian's" attack upon me. I heard myself warmly assailed, and as warmly defended. In the evening to the meeting of the Literary Society.

November 26th. Too much occupied by the preparation and correction of my reply to the "Guardian." I wished that I had never meddled with the election of Mr. Bright.

November 28th. The "Guardian" has taken a clever advantage of my reply, coolly observing that it will be seen that Mr. Watkin does not attempt to deny that he intended to allude to the noble Lord. The scamp charged me before with mimicry, mockery and insult. Very sleepy when I came home, and rather vexed by the "Guardian."

December 17th. Attended the meeting of Mr. Bright's committee at Hayward's Hotel, and made a speech.

December 19th. I find "The Courier" has attacked me for my speech on Thursday evening.

December 20th, Sunday. Wrote a short, *sharp* letter to the Editor of "The Courier."

December 22nd. Attended the meeting of the Literary Society. Mr. Cobbett's question "Are laws for the protection of game justifiable?" was pleasantly discussed.

1847. *February 10th.* The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Commercial Bank of England held at the Queen's Hotel. We passed all our resolutions, and were praised. After discussion the sum of £2,000 was voted to the Directors—

£750 to Mr. Fildes and £750 to myself, the remaining £500 to the others. As wages this is very inadequate, as an *acknowledgment* it is gratifying.

May 5th. Left Rose Hill at 5 in the morning, and went with my wife to Stockport, thence by railway to Stafford, where we breakfasted. Then on the Trent Valley line to Lichfield, a pretty, quiet, rather elevated place. We saw the statue of Dr. Johnson in the market-place—a poor thing; and the cathedral, with which we were pleased. Leaving Lichfield, we proceeded on the Trent line to Rugby, and proceeded to London by the London and Birmingham. It was between 8 and 9 when I, my wife, Edward and Mary arrived.

May 7th. We called on Mrs. John Mellor and staid some time, and then took Hester Mellor with us to the Pantheon in Regent Street. In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's. In the evening we went to the Adelphi. We saw "The Flowers of the Forest" and "Jenny Lind at Last," both very well performed.

May 8th. My wife, Mary, and Hester Mellor went with me to the Exhibition of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick. Splendid, as it always is; but the rain kept many people away. . . . After dinner to the Italian Opera at Covent Garden. The piece "Maria de Rohan"; not very good. Mdlle. Albani sang well, but the Ballet was poor and the whole very dear at the price of "a guinea apiece."

May 13th. Went with Mary and my wife by water to Greenwich. We looked at the pictures in the Painted Hall, and saw the coat and waistcoat in which Nelson was killed at Trafalgar.

We saw also the statues of Lord Exmouth and Sir Sydney Smith, which have been recently placed in the Hall. Then we looked at the beautiful chapel, and returned by the railway to London. In the evening I went with Mary to Sadler's Wells and saw "The Tempest." Phelps was "Prospero" and played the part ably. The "Caliban" of Mr. [omission] is much praised, but appeared to me very indifferent. The scenery was beautiful.

May 15th. Went in the forenoon to Regent Street with my wife and Mary. We had some coffee, ice and liqueurs at Verry's, the confectioner in Regent Street, and made some purchases of various things. At half-past four we left London by the Express Train and reached Stockport at half-past ten.

June 26th. Left Rose Hill early in the morning for Stockport, and thence by rail to Tamworth, along the Trent Valley line, to be present at the celebration of the opening. About 500 persons sat down at 2 o'clock to a splendid *déjeûner* in a large building run up for the purpose, and hung with pink and white calico and ornamented with evergreens and flags. We had also a military band. Lord Sandon, Lord Ingestre and a number of distinguished persons, including Hudson, the railway king, many ladies and some of the clergy were present. Edward Tootal was in the chair. The great attraction was Sir Robert Peel, and his speech was, of course, *the* speech of the day. I never saw or heard him until this day, and I was much pleased. He has a gentle, manly bearing, and carries his head well; his features are good, the mouth being

well-formed and the eye not bright, yet not dull. He seems to smile habitually, but the lines of care, and as I thought of cunning, are very visible in his countenance. His voice is good, his utterance extremely distinct, and his sentences well formed. I was told by Mr. Tootal that he (Sir R. P.) had had some days' notice, and that he made a few notes, so that his speech could not be called unpremeditated, and that the allusions he made to the ancient state of Tamworth and to Ethëlfreda, the sister of Alfred, as well as his closing eulogy of the Queen, all seemed to have been pre-arranged. It must always be so, if justice is to be done to any subject. His action was not good; though he stood well, and, while his hands were loosely clasped before him, also looked well, he soon placed one hand behind him under his coat-tail, and when he threw out his right hand, it was not the opened hand, but two fingers extended, and the others were doubled in as if he were about to poke somebody. Neither of his hands was ever held out with the fingers open. Hudson, a greasy-butcher-looking fellow, with a tremendous bump of self-esteem, made an attempt at a speech and behaved very badly, talking frequently while others were speaking. We left Tamworth about five and reached Manchester at nine. I enjoyed this day very much.

July 25th, Sunday. A letter from Bright's Committee requesting me to second his nomination next Thursday. . . . Some pages Thiers.

July 29th. Rose in good time and went to Manchester to second the nomination of John Bright, who was proposed by George Wilson on

the hustings in St. Ann's Square. There was a large assemblage, and some of the people were very noisy. I delivered what I had written, but very little of it was heard except by those immediately near me. Also I spoke too fast, and when I had finished I began as usual to doubt the fitness and propriety of what I had written, and to wish it unsaid. Instead of the well-considered speech of a man, it appeared to me to be the declamation of a schoolboy. I wait to learn what will be thought of it when it is printed. In the evening I went with Mrs. Davies (Hannah Makinson) and my daughter to have tea with Edward. I was pleased with his house, and sad to hear that he thinks of leaving it.

August 19th. . . . I closed this very pleasant day as I had begun it—with thankfulness. When I awoke this morning, and was repeating slowly the Lord's Prayer, I was struck, as I have often been, with its great comprehensiveness. It is full of *mighty* truths.

August 22nd. Yesterday I had the mortification to discover that my potatoes, hitherto so good, had been attacked by the disease. Hume's "England," reign of Charles I—Petition of Right.

August 27th. Dined at the Mayor's (Elkanah Armitage) with the Recorder and the Magistrates. A good dinner, well served, and on the part of the Mayor, attention without ostentation.

November 3rd. Mary and little Alfred, W. H. and Hester Mellor dined with us, this being the thirty-third anniversary of our wedding-day.

November 22nd. In the afternoon attended a

meeting in the League Rooms. A communication was read from Mr. Villiers, declining to sit for South Lancashire. Cobden proposed Mr. Alexander Henry as a substitute, and I moved the appointment of a deputation to wait upon him, in which my own name was afterwards included. The deputation proceeded to his warehouse. He was prepared to receive us, and read his address, which we altered a little and sent forthwith to be printed.

November 23rd. In the evening attended the committee meeting of Mr. Henry's friends. He was there, and spoke briefly. Report was made by the secretary (Duffield) that about 7,000 circulars had been sent to so many electors of Liberal principles, and that 15,000 would be sent by the end of the week.

December 21st. At the Literary Society at night. Mr. Cobden unexpectedly present. A very full meeting. I had to open the question, "Which has the better title to the admiration of mankind, the 'Great Frederick of Prussia' or 'Peter the Hermit,' the author of the First Crusade?" The influenza had rendered it impossible for me to prepare as I intended, and I had not written anything, not even the slightest outline. Dependent, therefore, entirely on my recollection, and my deep conviction of the merits of Peter, I rose to speak, and to my own surprise, in a fluent address of an hour conveyed my opinion and its reasons so clearly as to secure a unanimous vote. Cobden praised my "accurate knowledge of facts" and my "beautiful vocabulary," and others "the interesting manner in which I had brought the

subject before the meeting." All were pleased, and even Alfred thought I had done well.

1848. *January 16th, Sunday.* Went to Cheadle with W. H. Mellor, and spent an hour with Edward and Mary. Edward has had a very panegyric vote of thanks from the Directors of the London and North Western Railway Company.

January 30th, Sunday. Edward and Mary and W. H. Mellor dined with us and heard John preach and "do duty" at Northen Church.

February 5th. John left us to return to his curacy at Long Benton.

February 28th. The papers confirm the astounding fact that Louis Philippe, who this day week was King of France, and apparently secure upon his throne, has been in three days, by a tumultuous rising in Paris, compelled to abdicate, and is now, with his family, a fugitive. The monarchy is abolished and France is a Republic!!! Can this last?

March 4th. Continued St. Pierre's "Wishes of a Recluse." Much pretty and taking writing, but as *politics* the most childish nonsense. It is clear that the French are far behind us in political science. I do not think so merely from the silliness of much of this book, but from what the papers state of the conduct of the Provisional Government. They have already abolished all titular distinctions, extinguished both the Chambers and the regal office, and promised to find work and living wages for *all* the operatives!! They cannot do this, and they will fall, or a new Reign of Terror must ensue.

March 10th. No business, and disturbances in

Manchester effectually put down by the police. Attended a meeting of the Magistrates. Special constables sworn in. A conference with Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, the General of the district. We have troops enough, and need not fear.

March 14th. The French Revolution is producing its effects: bankruptcies, disappearance of specie, absurd claims of the rabble, and fears of those who have something to lose. God help us. At home, too, there is excitement, and a foolish sympathy with France. In London, Glasgow, etc., there have been disturbances.

March 16th. Attended a meeting of Magistrates. It is apprehended that we may have a row, as to-morrow is St. Patrick's Day, and the Repealers and the Chartists (whom God confound!) are to hold a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall. From Dublin we had a letter informing us that Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow would be set on fire to-morrow by these gentry. Captain Willis says that he has no reason to fear any such thing. However, more constables are to be sworn in, and we are well prepared.

March 20th. At the Town Hall two hours, with the Mayor, etc. Mark Philips came in, said the French were unprincipled, offered his young men and himself as special constables, and *hoped* we should have no disturbances. We are very quiet, and apparently shall be so—and we are well prepared.

March 31st. At the Court all the forenoon at the meeting of magistrates to appoint two inspectors of Weights and Measures. There were 157 candidates. Mrs. Mordacque, who has just returned

from France, here at night. She says that in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, where she has been, a factory was burnt down by the operatives of another town, but the people generally in France, meaning those who have something to lose, do not approve of the measures of the Provisional Government.

April 5th. At the Town Hall in the forenoon. We are swearing in special constables and preparing for the threatened outbreak of the Chartists next Monday.

April 11th. At the Town Hall twice. I concluded the Address for the Mayor, which was approved by the Justices and ordered to be printed.

April 12th. Went with my wife to Failsworth to compliment Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mellor on their marriage. . . . Several pages "Edinburgh Review," the last No.

April 15th. I see by the "Guardian" that my Address for the Mayor is generally approved. Alfred tells me the same, and that people ask, "Who wrote it?"

May 30th. Disturbances are probable. Attended two meetings of magistrates on the state of affairs. It was determined not to permit a meeting of Chartists and Repealers, advertised to be held to-morrow in Stevenson Square, for the purpose of "sympathizing" with the Irish demagogue John Mitchell, who has been sentenced to 14 years' transportation for his infamous incentives to sedition and rebellion.

May 31st. At the Town Hall from 9 in the morning, and mostly there till 9 at night. A deputation of Finnigan, Donovan, Hoyle and

Cropper Clarke came to expostulate with the magistrates about the stoppage of their "legal and peaceable meeting." They were told that it was illegal, and would be stopped, and that if they attended it, they must take the consequences. Between 10 and 11 we had information that the people about Oldham were turning out the mills and were advancing upon Manchester. Thereupon the military and police were ordered to their several pre-arranged stations, and Stevenson Square was occupied by a strong force of police and specials. In this way the Oldham people were kept out, or at least could only enter the town in small numbers, and nobody was allowed to remain in the Square. The town mob was a little troublesome, and one of the mounted "specials," the son of Mr. A. Henry, was cut in the face with a stone and his horse stabbed with a pike. Some others had blows from stones, but the scamps had the worst of it, and some were apprehended with their weapons. The Oldhamites, as they could not meet in Manchester, declared they would hold a meeting in Failsworth, and went off there with some of the Manchester people. General Arbuthnot, hearing this, went after them with the Hussars and two county magistrates, but the rain had damped their zeal and no meeting was held. The General, his aide-de-corps, and the magistrates returned to the Town Hall, drenched with rain, which the old soldier treated lightly, but his attendants were glad of some wine. A little before 5 o'clock all was reported quiet, and the troops, police and specials, all miserably wet, were mostly recalled or relieved and the troops sent to barracks. I left in order

to meet the Literary Society at Mr. Pollock's, but while I was there, people began to crowd round Stevenson Square. A mounted policeman galloped off for reinforcements. A strong body of police with cutlasses and a company of the Town Hall Guard came in quick time up the street, and there was a clearing of all the streets up to Ancoats Lane. I went back to the Town Hall, and found that new commotions had arisen near New Cross, and that part of the pavement had been pulled up. The harassed troops were recalled. Maude, Trafford, John Potter and afterwards Watkins, went on with successive bodies, and a company was placed in the Town Hall, as nearly all the police and specials had been sent to the scene of commotion. There the streets were cleared, and the pullers-up of pavements well beaten and a few apprehended. Then the military and civil force confronted the mob, keeping the streets open, and the mob, mostly, I suppose, idle and curious spectators, stood looking at the authorities but doing no serious mischief, till they were tired. Then, a shower coming on, all was quiet about 10 o'clock.

June 1st. At the Court a short time in the forenoon. Some commotions took place at night, but the police soon put them down. . . . Some pages Sir G. Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians."

June 9th. At a meeting of magistrates it was determined to forbid and prevent the meeting which the Chartists have advertised to be held in Stevenson Square next Monday.

June 12th. At the Town Hall at intervals till half-past 8 at night. The town unusually quiet.

The Chartists made no attempt to meet in Stevenson Square, but issued an abusive placard adjourning the meeting to the Hall of Science at 7 o'clock and calling on the people to attend "in their thousands." The call was ineffectual, the hall only about two-thirds full, and the speaking, except for abuse of the magistrates and middle classes, very tame. There was not even the usual amount of noise in the streets.

June 19th. I made one of a deputation to the Bishop of Manchester from the Lancashire School Association.

June 22nd. Alfred told me that he had written to Mr. Mellor to propose marriage in due time with Hester Anne Mellor.

June 24th. At the warehouse till 2 o'clock. Had, when there, a long conversation with old Mr. Rawson about the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Edward and Mary came in the evening to stay a day or two before they remove to London.

June 26th. News of direful tumults in Paris and great slaughter. Alas! the madness of human beings!

June 30th. Edward and Mary left us this morning to go to London. Little Alfred remains some time with us.

July 9th, Sunday. In the afternoon at church John preached a tolerable *part* of a sermon, and read the prayers well, but too fast.

July 24th. There is no business to be done, and the state of Ireland, which is on the verge of rebellion, has thrown quite a gloom over the markets, and, after a fortnight of apparent revival, we are again in a state of doubt as to the future.

Edward returned to London this morning, taking with him little Alfred, much to the sorrow of his grandmother.

July 26th. Attended the meeting of the magistrates at the Town Hall on the state of the town. We agreed to recommend an addition of 200 men to the police and to issue an Address to the people. I spent some time after the meeting in preparing the Address.

July 27th. At the Town Hall most of the day, where my proclamation was shortened, agreed to, and ordered to be printed.

July 28th. The proclamation is extensively posted.

September 7th. We had to dinner old Mr. John Mellor of Leicester, Mr. John Mellor of London, his wife and their eldest son and daughter, Mr. Mellor of Oldham and Mrs. Mellor, Miss Mellor, Hester Mellor and W. H. Mellor. We had some music and dancing. W. H. Mellor and Hester remained.

Note.—"Mr. John Mellor of London" became in course of time a Judge of the High Court and a Privy Councillor. He was one of the judges before whom was tried the celebrated Tichborne case, and also, together with Mr. Justice Blackburn, was appointed to the Special Commission of Assize set up in connection with the Fenian outrages in Manchester, which resulted in the condemnation and execution of the "Manchester Martyrs"—Allan, Gould and Larkin. His family, so well known in the legal world, are still associated

with Manchester owing to the fact that his youngest son—His Honour Judge Francis Hamilton Mellor, C.B.E., K.C.—was in 1911 appointed Judge of the Manchester County Court.

October 25th. Going to look for a volume I wanted, I was confronted by the sight of all my books. What an endless store of employment and pleasure! While I keep them I cannot be long unhappy. . . .

November 16th. Attended the meeting of the Directors of the Assurance Company. My first attendance. In the evening I went with my wife, Alfred and Hester to the Soirée of the Manchester Athenæum. Lord Mahon in the chair. It was held in the Town Hall and was very agreeable.

December 21st. Went with my wife at night to the Jenny Lind concert in the Free Trade Hall for the benefit of the Infirmary. Jenny has an extraordinary voice, but I have been more gratified by inferior singers. I have no ear for *mere* music, and only when it is associated with such poetry as I like am I really pleased. I must have ideas.

CHAPTER X

PEACE AND PROSPERITY

(JANUARY 31, 1849 TO MAY 29, 1853)

The final abolition of the Corn Laws—The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway—His son John as a preacher—A “sumptuous” dinner—Another railway meeting—Lord Shrewsbury’s “gorgeous” church—His distress at a harsh sentence—A general improvement in public speaking—The new Borough Gaol—His cousins at Ashbottle—Bath Abbey—With his son Edward in London—A dinner to Mr. Glyn (afterwards Lord Wolverton)—From Fleetwood to Belfast—The Giant’s Causeway—The marriage of Alfred Watkin and Hester Mellor—He dines at the Mansion House—The Peel statue in Manchester—Edward Watkin visits America—Queen Victoria at Manchester—Louis Kossuth—The dangers of procrastination—A deputation to Lord John Russell—Ludlow Castle and “Comus”—Ashbourne—His sixty-fifth birthday—Mr. Bright and Mr. Milner Gibson—A banquet at the Athenæum—Charles Dickens—W. M. Thackeray—Mr. Bright denounces Protection—The Manchester Royal Institution—Days in London—A visit to Dover—A period of prosperity in England.

1849. *January 31st.* Went at 5 o’clock to Manchester, and attended the Banquet in honour of the final abolition of the Corn Laws, which expire to-morrow. It began at 7, and was kept up till half-past 12. The speaking by Villiers, Bright, Cobden, Colonel Thompson, Milner-Gibson, etc., was mediocre, but the Free Trade Hall was filled and all were unanimous in applause.

March 7th. Attended the meeting of the Lanca-

shire and Yorkshire Railway Company in the Palatine Riding School. It lasted $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and it was dismally cold. I spoke, and carried a resolution forbidding the issue of the remaining 6 per cent. preference shares. I also declined to be an auditor.

March 18th. John took the whole service at Northen Church, and preached two useful sermons to attentive congregations.

April 12th. Dined at the Mayor's at Buile Hill with Lord Cathcart, his son and staff, and the Borough Justices. A sumptuous dinner and a hospitable reception. For the first time in my life I ate ice pudding. It is compounded of ice and the cherries of cherry brandy.

May 21st. Sat for my portrait to Mr. Evans, by Edward's desire.

May 24th. Went to Lancaster, and arrived there at half-past 10. Had some soup, and then took a walk to the castle and through the churchyard to the Quay. Returned to the inn, had a chop and a cup of coffee, and then went to the meeting of the Lancashire and Preston Railway, which I had made this journey to attend. It was a long, tiresome meeting of $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, ending in the unconditional adoption of the proposed amalgamation with the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Company.

June 20th. Mr. Evans, who has completed my portrait, began that of little Alfred. Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, their son and daughter, Mr. Ellis and his daughter dined with us. Little Alfred enjoyed it hugely and all were pleased.

June 27th. My 62nd birthday. I went to Booth Hall with F. Robinson, Dr. Ogden and W. F.

Johnson. At Cheadle I saw the Catholic Church, lately erected by the Earl of Shrewsbury. It is small, but the most gorgeous place of worship I ever saw. The Temple Church in London is nothing to it.

August 3rd. The "Dublin Review" and one of my neck handkerchiefs were stolen from the sociable after I left it in Northenden in broad daylight.

August 8th. Went to Stockport to appear against the lad who stole my book and handkerchief from the sociable. Poor creature! No father. His mother an abandoned woman who has deserted him. I was prevailed upon by Mr. Newton to send him to Knutsford, in the hope that he might be admitted into the Government Penitentiary. I returned home from Stockport to receive the members of the Literary Society, who were to spend the evening with us. Thirteen of them came, and all passed off pleasantly.

August 13th. I went to Knutsford to appear against the boy who stole the "Dublin Review" and a neckcloth from the sociable on the 3rd. I was induced to go in consequence of the hope, held out by Mr. Newton, the magistrate, that this poor deserted child of 12 years old would be admitted into the Government Penitentiary. We were, however, disappointed, and old — sentenced him to two months' imprisonment and a severe whipping!!—*of course*, only to be turned out to do worse. I left the Court sad.

September 5th. My second crop of hay was stacked. I attended the half-yearly meeting of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. It was

held in the upper room of the Exchange, lasted five hours, was insufferably hot and very unsatisfactory. I was struck by the amount of ability in speaking displayed by most of those who took part in the discussions of the meeting and with the *tact* of the chairman. In ability, especially ability to speak in public, there has been a wonderful progress since 1830.

September 10th. Went, at 2 o'clock, with the Mayor and the Justices to examine the Borough Gaol, which is nearly completed. A large sum has been spent and a large pile erected, and there is much contrivance for separation, safety and defence. I thought the ventilation bad in the cells. . . . "The Athenæum" and "The Spectator" for this week.

September 19th. Went by railway to Birmingham, where I met Edward. With him I went on to Cheltenham. Cheltenham is a large and handsome place, but it appears, like most watering-places, to be overbuilt. There is a wide and long street with a double row of trees on each side.

September 20th. Rose in good time, breakfasted in haste, and set off by rail through Gloucester and Bristol to Wellington. From Wellington we set off in a chaise to Ashbrittle. We had a pleasant up and down ride, and went direct to Culverwell's. We saw him and a younger sister of my cousin (his wife), and his little son, John Sayer Culverwell. I left for him an illustrated New Testament which I had brought for the purpose, and after a little chat we bade them good-bye, and set off on our return to Wellington. We found a good dinner, including some "clouded cream," quite ready,

and then once more on the railway we proceeded to Bath. We went into the Abbey Church about 7 o'clock. There was a good congregation, and we heard a well delivered sermon about Jonah. The walls are literally covered with marble tablets. There are about 500, and as I looked around upon these records of mortality, I thought of Sir Lucius O'Trigger's consolatory remark to Bob Acres, "There's snug lying in the Abbey."

1850. *May 10th.* News from Edward of the birth of a daughter at half-past four this morning.

June 13th. I went with Elizabeth to London. We got there about 5 o'clock and went to Edward's in Guildford Street. Edward and I went to see the panorama of the overland route to India, with which we were much pleased.

June 15th. In the evening at the Haymarket. We saw "The Catspaw" and "None but the Brave deserve the Fair."

June 18th. In the evening I went with Edward to Blackwall, to the dinner given by the railway staff to Mr. Glyn. The Lord Mayor of London, the Mayors of Dublin and Manchester, etc., Lords Lonsdale and Powis, etc., Sir James Graham and other notabilities were present. The dinner, including whitebait, was good, the speaking but so-so, the speeches of Glyn and Sir James Graham being the best. We left about 10 o'clock after a pleasant evening.

August 28th. At Manchester in the afternoon at the meeting of the committee for the Peel monument. Several pages Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

September 4th. Was for a few minutes at the

meeting of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Co. Left at 5 o'clock by rail for Fleetwood. Mr. and Mrs. Brotherton and Langworthy, the Mayor of Salford, were in the same carriage. I had a good deal of talk with Mrs. Brotherton. At Preston we were joined by W. Pilkington, and on our arrival at Fleetwood he and I went on board the steamer for Belfast. The night was calm and beautifully starlight, and we went on without accident or inconvenience. I turned in about 11, and slept fitfully till 5 o'clock. Then I went on deck and saw the sun rise, and about 9 we landed on the quay of Belfast. We went to the Imperial and had a good breakfast.

September 6th. I woke at 4, and at a quarter to 6 we were off by rail to Carrickfergus. Thence we proceeded along the coast to the Giant's Causeway. We got to the Causeway Hotel between 8 and 9. I did not sleep well, my bed being too short.

September 7th. At 7 in the morning we took a boat with four rowers and a guide, and sailed along the whole line of the Causeway, went into the several bays and the two caves, landed on the lower part of the Causeway, examined the formations, and then went to breakfast with excellent appetites. Immediately after this we set off on our return, and travelled by car to Ballymena, and thence by rail to Belfast, and were just in time to hasten on board the steamer for Fleetwood. We had a quiet passage, with some tossings as we rounded the Isle of Man.

September 11th. A little frost in the morning. The day beautiful. At six in the morning my wife,

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Miss Walker and I set out for Oldham. We called to meet Alexander Makinson and went on with him and little Alfred in the four wedding chaises to Oldham. All along the roads the grey horses and scarlet jackets of the postilions stopped work and caused smiles. We stopped at Failsworth for Thomas Mellor, and the gatherings of smiling faces increased as we went on. Alexander said a benevolent man would wish to be married, as the thing produced so much general good-humour. At Oldham we found the people in the agony of preparation. At last Mrs. Smith, Alfred, Alexander and I walked to the church, and in due time the others followed in the chaises. John performed the ceremony, but not so impressively as Mr. Lowe, who married Edward and Mary. Hester was given away by her uncle, John Mellor of Leicester. We returned to a profuse wedding breakfast, after which Alfred and his bride set off on their wedding trip. My wife, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, John and little Alfred did not reach Rose Hill till late, and little Alfred was unwell.

November 6th. I left Rose Hill at eight o'clock, and went by the express to London with little Alfred. Edward met us at Wolverton. We reached London at 4. We went to the Mansion House to dine at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor to Railway Directors and others, in the Egyptian Hall.

1851. *January 11th.* I attended a meeting of the Peel Statue Committee in the Royal Institution. We sat for an hour and a half in the room in which were the seventeen models, and arranged the

manner of deciding upon the best. Continued Lamartine's "French Revolution" of 1848.

January 17th. Attended the meeting of the Committee for the Peel Statue. We reduced the seventeen models to eight, the work of five artists. The meeting of the Club at W. Makinson's. I was the only member present except M. and suffered severely from toothache. I staid up very late, and read several pages Pausanias' "Description of Greece."

January 24th. I spent three hours at the meeting of the Committee on the Peel Statue, which was held in the Royal Institution. Our final decision was made contrary to my opinion, but in deference to that of the Bishop. We divided eleven to nine. Mr. W. Calder Marshall is the successful artist.

February 10th. At the Bank in the forenoon. In the evening I took the chair at a meeting of the National Public School Association in the Corn Exchange. Rylands, W. J. Fox, Walker of Oldham and McKerrow were the speakers. The meeting lasted till 11 o'clock, and it was 1 in the morning before I got home.

February 12th. The annual meeting of the Commercial Bank of England. All went off well. The Directors lunched together after the meeting. Continued Martineau's "History" and read several pages "Letters of Pope, Swift," etc. These men had little principle and no love for mankind, and were all *unhappy*.

February 22nd. Went to and returned from Manchester by the railway from Sale. The walk in the morning to Sale was very pleasant. W. Makinson here in the evening. He told us that

Joseph Makinson was ill-treated and that an attempt had been made to rob him at the bottom of Fairy Hill Lane at half-past 7 last night. Continued Macaulay's "History of England" from the succession of James II.

April 16th. I went at 5 to William Nield's at High Lawn, Bowdon, and dined there with the Mayor and Justices. A fine place, with extensive views. A pleasant time.

May 14th. Spent the day at Oldham at the marriage of Mr. Worsley to Mrs. Dean (*née* Mellor).

July 14th. I attended a meeting of the Committee to prepare resolutions for the public meeting on behalf of Kossuth and his companions in exile. . . . "The Athenæum" and "The Spectator."

July 16th. Attended the meeting at the Town Hall in favour of Kossuth and his companions. I moved the first resolution. Dr. Vaughan, J. J. Tayler and Mr. Beard spoke well. Mesuros, the Hungarian ex-Minister of War, was present and spoke well in imperfect English.

August 16th. After breakfast Mr. Edwards and I, with Edward, drove to the Waterloo Goods Station of the L. and N.W. Company. Poole took us through the offices, and then we went to St. George's Pier. Thence to the "Asia," and on the way Edward was introduced to Captain Judkins of the "Asia," in which he is going to New York. The Captain took us over the "Asia," a magnificent steamer, and then gave us some soda-water and brandy with ice. At noon I left the "Asia," then about to proceed. I returned by rail. I saw Kershaw and Bazley at the station, and reached home between 5 and 6.

October 7th. Edward returned from America.

October 10th. Having breakfasted, we all went—my wife, Alfred and Hester—to the Exchange, having tickets of admission. We waited about two hours, and then the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, the Duke of Wellington, etc., etc., entered the room which had been prepared to receive Her Majesty. The National Anthem was sung. The Corporation in their new robes, the Mayor in his jewelled collar, the Recorder in his wig, all looked very hot. The Recorder read the Address, not well. The Queen replied in a clear, distinct and sweet voice. The Mayor, Nield and Shuttleworth, the mover and seconder of the Address, kneeled on the steps of the throne and kissed Her Majesty's hand. Then the Mayor was knighted by two slight blows with the sword, one on each shoulder, and then the Royal party retired amid the loud cheers of all present, and the clang of martial music. The Queen was in mourning and dressed very plainly, as were the children. They all appeared to take the affair as so much *work*, discovering no emotion. After dinner James Whitelegg, Alfred and I walked through the principal streets, which were all crowded, to observe the decorations and the preparations for illuminating. About 7 o'clock we all went out. James Whitelegg and Alfred took Hester between them, and I followed with my wife. We went along Piccadilly, down Portland Street, and by York Street into Mosley Street. The crowd was great and the pressure severe, but people were very good-humoured, and we got on tolerably well as far as the Portico. The Infirmary

with its three fountains, Westhead's warehouse, Houldsworth's, Thornton & Co.'s with the American stars and the motto "E Pluribus Unum" in gaslight, Fletcher's and Potter's warehouses, were most to be admired, and the wide space and the reflection of the scene in the Infirmary pond made a beautiful and dazzling *tout ensemble*. In Mosley Street, Dr. Grant's house, the Portico, the Club House, etc., etc., and the great number of flags, made a fine display. In York Street, Charles Townend's and Wright and Lee's were the most beautiful. We went down into King Street, and here the Club House, the Bank of England and the Town Hall and John Hall's shop were splendid. We went into St. Ann's Square, observing the Triumphal Arch and the Exchange. At the entrance of Exchange Street from the Square the crowd was great. We forced our way about half-way up to look at Agnew's and Ollivant's shops, but then were jammed in between two streams of people, one from the market-place and the other from the Square, and were excessively squeezed, and should hardly have got out but for the strength and stature of James Whitelegg. We found that Hester's pocket had been cut and her purse stolen. We succeeded in reaching home by midnight. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the returning groups in all sorts of conveyances and on foot amused us by their loyalty, good-humour and hilarity. And so ended the most brilliant day that Manchester ever beheld, and no doubt a day of the greatest and purest happiness to the numbers of people who were congregated in this one place. "God save the Queen!"

October 25th. John Mellor of London called and talked of his recent tour in Germany and Switzerland. He thinks that Scotland is equal to Switzerland, except for the snow-covered peaks of the Alps, which, when lighted up by the sun, glow like molten gold.

November 11th. Attended the meeting in the Free Trade Hall to present an Address to Louis Kossuth. The hall was filled, the speaking good and the enthusiasm great. I seconded a resolution, but made no speech.

November 12th. I went to Alexander Henry's at the Woodlands, Crumpsall, to see Kossuth. There were about 150 persons to breakfast. Kossuth made an excellent speech, and then left for Birmingham.

November 13th. At the Assurance Board. I had here a warning as to the evils of delay. S., an agent of the Company, was directed by M. & Sons to alter their assurance as they had added a building. He said he would do it, and would hold them assured. He neglected to do so, and did not even pay the assurance. A fire took place, their policy was vitiated, their loss £2,000. We agreed to give them £1,200 as a favour, and S. no longer to be an agent for the office.

1852. *January 1st.* The Gatley band roused us almost as soon as it was light and played "Hail, smiling morn," "Auld Lang Syne," "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia" in capital style. I went to Manchester about Edward's book [on his American journey] and returned by the train to Sale.

January 5th. Went to London by the express.

I had for companions Dr. McKerrow, Dr. Davidson and Heylend, the Quaker, all going to London on the deputation of the National Education Society to Lord John Russell.

May 21st. . . . We then proceeded to the Castle [Ludlow]. This is a fine ruin. Built by Roger de Montgomery in the reign of William the Norman robber, and successively rebuilt by others, Edward IV and his unfortunate son, Edward V, Prince Arthur and Catherine of Aragon, Queen Elizabeth and Sidney, the Earl of Bridgwater, Milton, Charles I in his flight when unable to get any food, Buller, the author of "Hudibras," and Henry Lawes, with many others, have known residence, state or shelter within its walls—many, captivity in its dungeons and death on the Green. The situation is delightful and the prospect from the tower is extensive. The outer court is large. At the door of the inner court is a remarkably fine echo; this *possibly* gave Milton the idea of the echo song in "Comus," and has no doubt often responded to that song from the lips of Lawes and his pupils, the Egertons. The great Hall in which "Comus" is supposed to have been performed is like all the rest of the building—the walls only remain. The original church or chapel, a round church on the model, it is said, of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, has the walls entire. We rambled over the ruins and went into the dungeon under the Governor's room, from which room there are openings in the floor to let down the prisoners. But there is also a flight of stone steps leading to the dungeon, and also to the Confessional. The Confessional adjoins

the dungeon and opens into it, I suppose in order to prepare for death those who had so to suffer. Certainly these ruins are highly suggestive of reflections on the mutability of human affairs. . . .

June 26th. I went with my wife to Ashbourne in Derbyshire. We intended to have seen Dovedale, but had not the time. We arrived at Ashbourne about 1 o'clock. We called on T. J. Mountfort, looked at his garden, tasted his rhubarb wine, and then left him and his family to look at the church, with the monuments of the Cockaynes and Boothbys, and at a tablet to the memory of Melville Horne, who died here at the age of 80. Then we walked about in the walk in the churchyard, shaded on each side by lime-trees, which I saw once before in 1817, in company with Grime and Andrew, both of whom have been dead many years. We left at half-past 6, but did not reach Stockport till past 10. It was 11 before we were at home, and we were exceedingly tired. I bought some rose-trees at Ashbourne.

June 27th, Sunday. I am to-day 65. In tolerable health. My blessings are many and great. My life has been on the whole so happy that I would gladly live it over again. I might have done much more had I been true to myself. I have had no steady industry except that which has been forced upon me. It was necessary to work, and so I worked, and Providence opened a way for me, while many abler and better men have failed. It only remains to make the best use I can of the few remaining years. May God assist me.

July 6th. John and [his wife] Priscilla came to Rose Hill. . . . Continued Herodotus.

July 7th. Another hot day. The nomination of members for Manchester took place in St. Ann's Square, which was filled with people. Gibson and Bright, our Members in the late Parliament, were opposed by Captain Denman, the son of the late Chief-Justice, and Mr. Loch, the agent of the Earl of Ellesmere. The show of hands was decidedly in favour of Gibson and Bright. There was much noise, but no tumult.

August 31st. Dined at the banquet given to the Members of the Guild of Literature in the Athenæum. I responded to the toast "The Manchester Athenæum," which was proposed by Dickens. Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens were the principal speakers.

September 1st. I went with Hester and J. J. Mellor to the performance in the Free Trade Hall by Dickens and the other Amateurs of the Guild of Literature. The Hall was very hot, but we were much pleased.

September 2nd. I went with Hester to the opening of the Manchester Free Library. The room was filled, and there were many ladies. Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir James Stephen, the Bishop of Manchester and W. M. Thackeray ("Vanity Fair") all spoke, and most of them well, but the best speech was that of Sir James Stephen. Thackeray actually broke down. The whole was admirable as a lesson to those who are willing to learn either the art of speaking or the signs of the times.

September 14th. To-day the Duke of Wellington died.

September 28th. In the evening I went with my daughter to hear W. M. Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair," lecture "on the humorous characters of the last century." He employed the whole of a lecture of an hour upon the life and character of Swift. It was well done, but one-sided.

September 30th. Attended Thackeray's lecture at night. Congreve, whose plays he censured for their bad tendency, and Addison, whom he praised in a superlative degree, were the subjects of the lecture.

October 28th. My wife returned from Styxwold. [His son John had been presented to this living.]

November 2nd. Attended the Free Trade banquet in the Free Trade Hall. Bright spoke well. The meeting was large, and unanimous in denouncing a Protectionist Ministry. . . . Several pages Gibbon's "Miscellaneous Works."

November 6th. Went to Manchester and saw the collection of paintings in the Royal Institution. There are several good portraits, particularly those of Leo Schuster, Jonas Smith and Thomas Bazley. Of the pictures, I was pleased with "Breaking the Ice," "The Letter from the Colonies," "The Young Sailor narrating the Perils of his First Long Cruise."

November 18th. To-day Wellington was buried.

December 13th. The birds were singing as I walked to Sale this morning. The walk was very pleasant, and as I went on I felt an elasticity of feeling and of step which made existence and exertion delightful.

1853. *January 24th.* I attended the meeting of the Wellington Statue Committee, which sat for two hours and a half.

March 17th. Went to London by the express train from Stockport with my daughter. At Stockport we were joined by Mrs. Davies. We had a very cold ride to London, which we reached at 5 p.m. We went to the Prince's Theatre in the evening and saw "The Corsican Brothers."

March 18th. In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's and descended into the crypt, where we saw not the tomb of Nelson and the coffin of Wellington, but the wooden case in which they were concealed. In the evening I dined with Edward.

March 19th. In the evening I dined with Edward at the Reform Club, and we went afterwards to the Prince's Theatre and saw "St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune." In the afternoon I had examined some of the bookshops.

March 22nd. Went with Elizabeth and Mrs. Davies in the morning to the National Gallery. I left them there, and walked through Covent Garden, where I bought a bouquet which I took to Mary. Then I went to the British Museum. In the afternoon I went with Mary to look at the house, 18, Tavistock Square, which Edward has bought, and to which they are about to remove.

March 24th. I went by the South-Eastern and Dover Railway to Dover. Passing Sydenham, I saw at a distance the New Crystal Palace. We had a cold ride to Dover. When we got to Tunbridge we found the ground covered to some depth with snow. I reached Dover about half-past one, paddled through the wet snow, and ordered some dinner, which I greatly enjoyed. I went to the Marine Parade and found Mr. and Mrs. Spencer,

and staid more than two hours very pleasantly. All was exceedingly winterly as I rode to the railway, the heights covered with snow and the wind cold. Edward met me at Sydenham.

March 25th. We left London by the 10 o'clock express after much trouble in getting tickets, as there was an excursion train linked somehow with ours. We arrived home about 5 o'clock.

May 21st. This is the last day of the Whitsun week, and the people of Manchester have never enjoyed it more, nor have I ever seen clearer evidences of general well-being. Our country is, no doubt, in a most happy and prosperous state. Free trade, peace, freedom. Oh, happy England! Mayest thou know and deserve thy happiness!

May 29th, Sunday. All the Spring flowers with the varied tints of the young foliage render the scene before me as I sit at the east-end window exceedingly beautiful. I look out upon it, and up to the glowing evening sky, with delight, and I hope with thankfulness to Him who has given us all. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

CHAPTER XI

WAR

(JUNE 2, 1853 TO OCTOBER 12, 1854)

Lord John Russell and a deputation—A County Magistrate—He considers war with Russia inevitable—Winchester—He presides at a "Turkish" meeting—His opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe—The National Public School Association—"Reform in representation, and Turkey and Russia"—The Manchester Infirmary—A presentation to Edward Watkin in London—The Crystal Palace—A noisy political meeting: his resolution is carried—The Grand Jury at Liverpool Assizes—St. George's Hall, Liverpool—The reported fall of Sebastopol—Pendle Hill.

June 2nd. Left by the express for London with Dr. McKerrow and Mr. Smiles, the Secretary of the Public School Association. We had a pleasant journey, with agreeable conversation, and got to the Euston Station at 20 minutes to 11.

June 3rd. I went first to Morley's Hotel to meet the deputation. We arranged the order of our proceedings, and drove in four or five cabs to the residence of Lord John Russell in Chesham Place. As we arrived at his door, he returned from a ride. Milner-Gibson was the introducer of the deputation, and we had the countenance of James Heywood, Cobden, Gardner, Brown, Sir Joshua Walmsley and Ricardo, M.P.'s. In the absence of Mr. Bazley, I had to begin the statement, and was

desired to state the objects of the Association, and to defend it against the charge of irreligion ; also to claim the right of independent administration of the money to be raised by local rates. This I did with some trepidation. I was followed by McKerrow, Swaine, Lucas, Tucker, Baynes of Leeds, and at last by Dr. Watts. They all spoke to the purpose, and Watts remarkably well. Lord John was evidently perplexed, and found he could not answer. He praised us, and in a good many words, delivered hesitatingly, said as little as possible, and requested that a summary of what we had said should be sent to him.

July 4th. I attended at the New Bailey and took the oath and my seat as a County Magistrate.

August 9th. There is a bad market, owing to the dispute between Russia and Turkey. I think *we* shall have to fight those barbarians, the Russians.

September 20th. Went by the South-Western Railway to Winchester, and got there about 1 p.m. We strolled through the principal streets, and saw the Cross and the Cathedral, and then, being tired and hungry, we found an inn. Being refreshed, we walked more than a mile, through the Cathedral Close and the King's Gate, to the village of Holy Cross. Turning to the left from the highroad, we came to the outer gate of the Hospital of the Holy Cross. This is a foundation for the maintenance and lodging of a certain number of old men who are called the Brethren. It was founded by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester and uncle of King Stephen. The revenues are large. In the time of William of Wykeham they had fallen into dishonest hands, but the estates were rescued

and the hospital rebuilt by Wykeham. We passed the outer court and entered the inner, and there, at the porter's lodge, required the horn of ale and the slice of bread to which every visitor is entitled by the will of the founder. It was given to us, and we drank to the health of William of Wykeham. Then we walked around the inner court, which is surrounded by the lodgings of the Brethren, having flower gardens in front. One of the Brethren sat at his door. He was a hale-looking old man, wearing a blue cloth gown having a silver cross on the breast. Returning to Winchester, we went to the Cathedral, and to our mortification we found the service concluded and the doors about to be closed. In this dilemma I made an appeal to the verger, and he consented to show us the Cathedral. We saw the whole of this beautiful building, its roof, its pillars, its tombs, etc.—of course, only superficially. We then walked to the station. In about half an hour the train came up from Portsmouth, and in it we returned to London, arriving there about half-past 10, a little tired but much pleased.

November 1st–30th. The whole of this month the weather has been variable, alternately wet and frosty. On the 16th, I presided at a meeting to express sympathy with Turkey, which was held in the Corn Exchange, and at which Sir Charles Napier and Mr. David Urquhart attended and took part. The meeting was noisy, but unanimous.

December 20th. Read a great many pages of the "Life" of Sir Hudson Lowe. Poor fellow! He did his duty, and was not either rewarded or defended. At the Literary Society, I heard part

of Cobbett's opening speech asserting that poverty increases population.

1854. *January 18th.* Went to Manchester and took the chair at a meeting of the National Public School Association. The meeting was crowded. Peter Rylands, the Mayor of Warrington, T. Milner Gibson, John Bright, D. C. Gillman of Connecticut, Cobden, McKerrow, Dr. Watts were the chief speakers; and *all* spoke well. At the end Bazley took the chair, and Alexander Henry moved, and Gibson seconded, a vote of thanks to me as chairman. I said little, but to have been placed in the chair on this occasion, after my appearance as chairman of the Turkish meeting, in which I had condemned the lukewarmness of all the persons who were actively present this evening, was to me an unexpected personal gratification, and I do really believe that my decided and independent course in the Turkish matter has brought me consideration, even with my opponents. I left the meeting, but after starting home the horse cast a shoe in St. Peter's Street. We could get no blacksmith, and I was forced to leave the sociable and horse in Manchester, to take a cab to the 5th milestone, and to walk thence home over the meadows. We did not get home till half-past 12.

January 24th. I went at 6 o'clock to the Albion Hotel to attend the Social Soirée of the Liberal Members of Parliament and their friends. There was a large muster, and Wilson, Gibson and Cobden made long speeches on Reform in representation, Turkey and Russia, etc., which were listened to, generally, with approval. I staid three hours, and then returned home. I staid up till

3 in the morning reading the "Quarterly Review" and several pages Lamartine's "History of the Constituent Assembly."

February 6th. I attended at the Infirmary as one of the House Visitors for the week. Looking through all the wards, and on many painful cases, I saw few faces which had an expression of much suffering, and I had reason to be much gratified by the general appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

February 12th, Sunday. I concluded the second volume of De Quincey's "Selections." Pleasant, from the account they give of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth and their families. What strange people Wordsworth and Coleridge were! Not apparently very lovable. Southey, a real man and thoroughly lovable. The book is gossiping, but enticing.

April 3rd. With my wife set off for London by the express train. Our purpose in visiting London is to be present at the giving of the testimonial to Edward.

April 4th. In the morning I went with my wife and called upon Mary at the Euston Hotel. In the afternoon I had my hair cut and dressed, and at 6 I went with John to attend the dinner. Sir Cussac Roney was in the chair, supported by Mr. Geach, M.P., Mr. Peto, M.P., Mr. John Mellor, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wise and a large party. The chairman was able and ready, and the presentation was made very neatly. Mary, my wife, Lady Roney, Hester, Mrs. Walrond and others were in a gallery. The dinner was good. Edward did not speak very well. My health, and that of

John, were given, and we each said a few words in acknowledgment. I left with the chairman about 11.

April 5th. In the morning I went with my wife to St. Paul's and saw the tomb of Nelson and the coffin of Wellington. We also looked at the cap and bonnet shops.

April 6th. In the forenoon I went with my wife to call on Dr. Fraser, and at 2 o'clock we left London by the Brighton Railway to go to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace. At Sydenham station we discovered that we were a mile and a quarter from the Palace, and we had a toilsome, dusty march uphill to the entrance. At the Palace we were joined by John, and we spent about three hours in a very imperfect examination of this wonderful building. When finished, the beauty of the site and the assemblage of rare objects within and without must render it particularly attractive.

April 19th. Went to Manchester to attend the meeting, in the Corn Exchange, called by David Urquhart to condemn the Ministers and pray for the recall of our Fleet and Army from Constantinople. I got there at half-past 7 and staid till half-past 10. It was dreadfully hot, crammed with people and very noisy. Abel Heywood took the chair, and filled it well. The *tail* of Mr. Urquhart consisted of an Irish attorney, Conyngham, who libelled Prince Albert, a dissipated-looking, bearded stout man who was called Captain Roland, another Irishman called Pare or Pares, and a Mr. Hart. I thought some of these people had been hired, perhaps all. Colonel Chesney, of the Euphrates Expedition, was also present, and spoke, but dis-

claimed any participation in the resolutions proposed by Urquhart. About 10 o'clock I moved as an amendment to the 2nd resolution, which affirmed that the people were indifferent to our foreign relations and ought to be so no longer, the following: "That this meeting, concurring in opinion with the great majority of the British people that the war with Russia in defence of Turkey is just and necessary (applause), desires to express its earnest wish that the war may be carried on with the utmost vigour, and continued until the dangerous power of Russia shall be reduced within such limits as will be consistent with the peace and safety of the world. That in furtherance of this view, the restoration of Poland, Hungary and Italy to the state of independent nations having free institutions is greatly to be desired" (applause). I here copy the resolution, and the "(applause)" from "The Guardian." I spoke only a few sentences which were scarcely audible, and left at half-past 10, but my amendment, put as a resolution, was carried.

July 13th. I received a letter from Richard Fort, the High Sheriff [of Lancashire], inviting me to be on the Grand Jury at the coming Liverpool Assizes, which commence on the 10th August. I do not know Mr. Fort, and am ignorant as to whether I owe this to the intervention of some friend.

August 10th. I went by the 9 o'clock express to Liverpool as one of the Grand Jury. I got there at half-past 10, and went to the Court, but was put off an hour. I returned to the Queen's Hotel and had some refreshment. The judges

did not arrive till nearly 2. They went to church, and I walked about. At 3 we assembled, were sworn in and proceeded to business. We continued till 7 o'clock, William Brown, M.P., being the foreman. At 8 we went to dine with Fort, the High Sheriff, at the Adelphi. A good dinner, no toasts, turtle soup, etc., little conversation, little drinking. We left at 11.

August 11th. At the Court till 12 at noon. Then went with the Mayor of Liverpool (Loyd) and the rest of the jury, first to take a glass of sherry in his parlour at the Town Hall, and then to look through St. George's Hall. He very obligingly showed us the Hall from top to bottom. The great hall for music, etc., is very splendid. The brass gates, of which there are four, pleased me much, but I was surprised to see upon them the letters SPQR, proper only to the Romans. I was told by B. that they were copies from the antique, and therefore had these letters!!!

The various marbles in this hall and the tiled pavement pleased me. The fine organ, which is in course of erection, has the bellows worked by steam. The builder played a few notes, and then the Mayor of Manchester, Nicholls, played the Old 100th Psalm in very good style. We saw the two Courts, which are said not to be well contrived, the library, the Town Council room, and an immense number of rooms for various purposes, and we were shown the apparatus for warming and ventilating the Hall. We spent an hour and a half in this examination, and I was tired. I went to the Queen's Hotel, intending to dine with the Judge, who had invited us.

September 2nd. At home all day, employed in observing and directing the men. Much pleased with the place and the progress of the operations. At night I gave them a supper of roast beef, apple pies, cheese and ale. I believe all were pleased, and none were intoxicated.

September 11th. Alfred and Hester set off for the Channel Islands.

October 1st, Sunday. At church in the afternoon. The day of Thanksgiving for the Harvest. The evening extremely beautiful.

October 2nd. News of the victory of the Allies at Alma in the Crimea over the Russians.

October 3rd. News of our success in the Crimea, and the reported fall of Sebastopol. Manchester all in a flutter with exultation at the news from the Crimea. Flags hoisted, and congratulations on all hands. Some pages Clarke's "Travels," relating to the Crimea.

October 7th. Sebastopol has not fallen.

October 11th. About 10 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Fanny, my wife and I set out in two carriages to go to Pendle Hill. We called at Captain Harrison's and took up Mrs. B., a young dark-eyed, very talkative American, who is separated from her husband and has a daughter 19 years old, she herself being only 36. While we were at the captain's we had a heavy shower, and my wife exchanged her velvet mantle and new bonnet for an old black bonnet and cloak. Then we proceeded, passing through Marsden, New Church, and Barley to the foot of Pendle Hill. The road was often steep, and we sometimes had to get out and walk. At the farmhouse at the foot of

Pendle we put up the horses and refreshed ourselves with lamb and tarts, etc. After this, we began the ascent of Pendle, and at last got to the top. We all sat down below an enclosure which had been used for the Trigonometrical Survey. We sat awhile looking at the extensive prospect, and then began our descent. Fanny was the first to reach the farmhouse. We had another meal, and I smoked a cigar. Then we began our return. Mrs. B., Fanny and I took the footpath through the fields to Barley. We were about a quarter of an hour later than the carriages. The ride to Hill End was pleasant, as the evening was fine. We had a capital meal, much laughter, and a rubber of whist.

October 12th. We walked, Mrs. Smith, my wife and I, to the house of Mrs. Thomas Thornber. We spent a short time with her and then returned in the phaeton to Hill End. Colne is much altered since I was familiar with it 40 years ago.

CHAPTER XII

MR. BRIGHT

(OCTOBER 26, 1854 TO FEBRUARY 3, 1856)

The Patriotic Fund—He writes “an answer to Mr. Bright’s letter on the injustice of the War”—The public reception of his letter to Mr. Bright—A prize-giving—He leads the movement against Mr. Bright—Liverpool Assizes—The Bishop of Chester—An historic public meeting on the war—Both sides claim a majority—His letter in the “New York Times”—Mr. Edmund Buckley, M.P.—His son Alfred—The reconstruction of Poland—The Crystal Palace—The (Roebuck) Committee of Inquiry—Admiral Dundas—Lord Hardinge—His sixty-eighth birthday—His grandson Alfred—Mr Worsley—Mr. and Mrs. Spencer—At Hill End—Mr. and Mrs. William Ecroyd—Mr. Bright’s visit to Rose Hill—Mr. Bright’s speech on that occasion—The High Sheriff of Cheshire—Mr. Bright more friendly—An attack of paralysis—A happy party—The death of a grandson—“Some friendly talk.”

October 26th. I attended the meeting relating to the Patriotic Fund in the Mayor’s parlour. It was resolved to hold a public meeting next Thursday.

November 2nd. At the meeting in the Town Hall to promote the subscription to the Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widows and children of the sailors and soldiers who may fall in the present war. I was put on the Committee. Some pages Vattel and Martens on “The Law of Nations.”

November 5th, Sunday. I began to write an

answer to Mr. Bright's letter on the injustice of the war.

November 6th. Perplexed after I got home by considering my reply to Mr. Bright, fearing to do it badly. Looked over Mackintosh's "Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations."

November 11th. Employed some time in my letter to Mr. Bright. In the paper of to-day I was obliged to announce its postponement.

November 17th. I finished my letter and had it copied at the warehouse. By an accident the copy got mixed, and I had to go to the "Examiner" office to put it right, and afterwards to correct the press. (See Appendix.)

November 18th. My letter to Mr. Bright appeared in "The Examiner."

November 22nd. Went with my wife to Flixton to see Mrs. Thomas Watkin, who is unwell. We went on to Manchester afterwards. I find my letter to Mr. Bright is printed in "The Guardian" of to-day.

November 23rd. I have received many compliments and congratulations on my letter.

November 25th. This morning I had a letter from Mr. Fort, the High Sheriff, inviting me to be on the Grand Jury at the next Assizes, which commence on the 12th December, and congratulating me on my letter. All the week I have been "famous"! The editor of the "Durham Advertiser" sends me a paper containing a laudatory leading article, and Mr. Thomas Atkinson tells me that the Hereford paper, mistaking me for W. B. Watkins, will have it that I am their "respected fellow-citizen." Cowper was quite right

when he said that *one* talent kept bright by frequent use does more for a man in the "*world*" than twenty virtues.

November 29th. Went to Manchester to the Soirée to commemorate the Polish insurrection of November 29th, 1830. It was held in the library of the Athenæum. About 60 or 70 persons were present, including four or five ladies, and there were perhaps 35 Poles. As Abel Heywood was ill, I was called to the chair. We spent a pleasant evening.

December 1st. I went to the luncheon given by Mr. Turner at his house in Mosley Street on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Pine Street School of Medicine. The party was large. Brotherton, Hindley, the Mayors of Manchester and Salford, several of the ex-Mayors, several clergymen and doctors were present. I had a great many compliments on my letter to Mr. Bright, my "*glorious*" letter as it was termed by Alderman Barnes. The luncheon was plentiful and all proceeded to the distribution of the prizes at the Town Hall. At the Hall, the Mayor took the chair and the prizes were given. I seconded the second resolution. The Bishop of Manchester spoke. . . . I attended the meeting of the Club at George Wall's, the first at his house. George Wall read an account of a tour in Ceylon; interesting, and illustrated by drawings.

December 7th. I drew up a requisition to the Mayor of Manchester requesting him to call a public meeting to declare the dissent of the Citizens from the opinions of Mr. Bright, and our approval of the War. I also spent some time in getting

signatures. Read several pages "Progress and Position of Russia in the East."

December 14th. The Address presented to the Mayor, who fixed the day of meeting for Monday next in the Town Hall.

I went to Liverpool by the 2 p.m. express train. I went to Derby Buildings, but was too late for the meeting. I returned to the Queen's Hotel, dressed, and drove amid heavy rain to the Town Hall, where I dined with the Mayor [of Liverpool], the Judges, the High Sheriff, the Bishop of Chester, the Members of the Grand Jury, etc., etc. The dinner was good, and I had the fortune to sit next to a well-informed and conversible stranger, who had travelled. We had music between the toasts, and speeches. The Bishop of Chester was the only speaker above mediocrity. I spent a pleasant evening, and left at half-past 11.

December 15th. I went into the Court in St. George's Hall, and heard part of a trial for manslaughter. At 11.30 I returned by the express to Manchester.

December 18th. I attended the meeting in the Town Hall to approve of the War. The League had mustered all their forces—all the blackguards whom they have in their pay—and on the other side Dr. Hudson had intimated to the Protestant Association that their presence was desirable. The consequence was that the Town Hall was filled long before the hour of meeting, and the people were most uncomfortably hot. At 11 o'clock, the Mayor, Mr. Nicholls, took the chair amidst great noise. On his right were the principal friends of Mr. Bright, including Dr. Halley, Dr.

McKerrow, Davidson, W. Shuttleworth, A. Henry, James Watts, W. B. Watkins, etc., etc. On his left were the originators of the requisition, Entwistle, Ross, Dorrington, Harter, Nield, J. A. Turner, W. R. Wood, myself, etc., etc.

We were all comfortably seated on the platform, with the reporters at our feet and a row of policemen seated behind them, keeping the space immediately in front of the platform clear. The crowd in the body of the Hall, being closely packed and thrust upon from behind, were in a state of [illegible], and very noisy. The Mayor could not procure silence for a long time, and then only very imperfectly. At last the requisition was read, and W. Raynor Wood rose to move the first resolution. Immediately cheers, groans, hisses, plaudits and all sorts of noises drowned his voice, and although the reporters came just under him, he was heard *by them* only partially, by the meeting not at all. I seconded the resolution with little more success. Then W. B. Watkins moved a resolution approving of Bright's conduct as to the War and condemning the requisitionists. Alexander Henry seconded the amendment. Both were inaudible except to the reporters. Entwistle rose to reply, spoke well, and having a powerful voice, was better heard than any other speaker. Bright, being called for by his friends, rose, but the noise was so deafening, the mingled storm of applause and reprobation was so great, that he stood for more than 10 minutes before he even attempted to speak. At last he uttered a few sentences, only audible to the reporters who were close to him, and then sat down. With much difficulty and amidst great clamour, the

amendment and the original motion were put. The numbers were so nearly equal that, after *five* several attempts, the Mayor declared "on his conscience" that he could not decide which had the majority, and he thereupon dissolved the meeting.

Both sides claimed the majority, and the Mayor was told by Alexander Henry that the next time they, the Bright party, would provide him with a pair of spectacles. I shook hands with Mr. Bright before he left the meeting. There was a large concourse outside, and he was cheered and hooted all the way to the League Room. There the mob tried to ascend the stairs, and being resisted and some stones being thrown upon them, a sort of battle ensued in which S. P. Robinson had his spectacles broken.

December 24th, Sunday. I received a letter from my old friend Thomas Hallworth, from Rivershead, Long Island. I thought he had been dead. He is in his 76th year. I owe his renewed correspondence to my letters to Mr. Bright, which have, he says, appeared in the "New York Times."

1855. *January 2nd.* I attended the meeting of the Literary Society. The question which I had to open, "Is the war of the Allied Powers against Russia a just war?" was discussed in a very full meeting in a very lively manner. Jacob Bright, Simpson, a visitor, W. Evans and E. Shawcross maintained the negative. I, Cobbett, and Saunders, who spoke with unusual ability, the affirmative. The question was adjourned for a month.

January 15th. I went to the Clarence Hotel

to dine with Mr. Edmund Buckley. He had invited Edward, Grey, the solicitor of the Sheffield Railway, Ross, the secretary, and Smith, the [?]. Also W. B. Watkins, Taylor, the son of Colonel Taylor of Moston, who is his solicitor, and Samuel Lees, a Director of the Sheffield Railway.

Buckley is an excellent host and tells a story well. Watkins is also a good narrator. Buckley told several stories, all droll, some witty. He is 75, and Watkins nearly 70, but both have uncommonly good health.

January 16th. Alfred gave a dinner to Smith of Hill End, his son, Dewhurst, Midgley, Halstead, Jonathan and J. J. Mellor, Edward and myself, to commemorate his becoming a partner in our business. I left about 11, taking Smith and his son to our house.

February 19th. Employed most of the day in the arbitration between Ridgway and George Wall. Mr. Tootal and myself appointed Malcolm Ross umpire. We read John Ridgway's statement, but deferred any decision until we had seen George Wall's reply.

March 5th. I attended the meeting, in the Town Hall, to advocate the reconstitution of Poland as an independent nation, and seconded the first resolution, which was proposed by James Aspinall Turner. The meeting was crowded. Dr. Vaughan made a long and very able speech, asserting the justice of the war of the Allies against Russia. To my surprise, Joseph Adshead took part in the proceedings. All the resolutions were passed unanimously.

March 11th, Sunday. Joseph Makinson died about half-past 8 this morning, not painfully.

March 14th. Joseph Makinson was buried at St. John's, Manchester.

March 15th. I sat to Mr. Stewart for my portrait at Edward's request. It was my third sitting, and the thing begins to be ruefully like the original.

April 27th. I wrote to Mr. Brotherton, and to Mr. Bright announcing my intention of assailing the peacemongers.

May 4th. I went with Mary, Mr. Stokes, Mrs. and Miss Lees, little Alfred and Harriet to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We had a pleasant ride by rail, and the whole day was pleasant. The Crystal Palace, although not even yet finished, is so far completed as to present a wonderful triumph of art and mechanical skill. The flowers and trees within the building are surprisingly beautiful, and the artificial climate, nowhere less than the temperature of Italy, and in one part that of Egypt and Assyria, was to me most soothing. I strayed from place to place till I was glad to rest. Returning to London, we arrived in the midst of a heavy shower. We dined at John Mellor's.

May 7th. At Richmond, I rose early, and looked out at "the silver winding Thames" and the beautiful landscape, more beautiful in the slight mist and the dew and the fresh morning air. We breakfasted, and then left for London by the rail at 8 o'clock. Coming into London by the Waterloo Bridge, I went along the Strand, and by Covent Garden to the Victoria Hotel. . . . I went to the Committee Room, and heard a little of the

evidence on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway. Edward was examined, and gave his evidence clearly and well. I had luncheon in the Gallery, and then went by the rail to Sydenham. I remained in the Crystal Palace till it was about to close, and examined the statues with some attention. I thought the ancient orators with one arm muffled in their gowns did not look graceful, and was hurt by the ugly faces of so many of the great men. By this time the band began to play and the effect of this was to make me cheerful, and even to wish *a little* that I deserved to have my ugly face added to the collection.

May 8th. In the evening I went to the Adelphi Theatre, saw part of "Paul Pry" and part of "Mother Goose," the Adelphi pantomime, and was moderately pleased.

May 9th. Spent the forenoon idly in walking about. Went into the Committee Room of the Committee for enquiring into the state, etc., of the Army before Sebastopol. I heard a part of the examination of Admiral Dundas, who appeared to give his evidence in a straightforward, sailor-like manner. I staid till the room was cleared. In the afternoon I went with Mary, the children, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Cuthbert to see Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc." The views are pretty. As a mimic, he is clever. His volubility is remarkable, but he did not move me to much laughter. I came away convinced that to risk one's life merely to get to the top of a very high mountain, and this with no scientific object in view—indeed, merely to be able to say that you have done it—was a very silly affair, and one that,

as it imperilled the lives of the guides also, could be justified neither prudentially nor morally. In the evening I called on Mrs. Cuthbert, and also took a glass of wine with old General Bunbury and his son, Captain Bunbury.

May 19th. In the morning I went to the exhibition of paintings of the Royal Academy. I did not think there were any remarkable productions. Afterwards I proceeded to the House of Commons, to the Sebastopol Committee Room. I heard for two hours the examination of Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief, which he gave with much clearness and ability. Then I lunched in the Lobby, and as I went back a thunderstorm broke over the building, and rain and hail rattled against the windows, and lightning flashed across the Lobby, and the thunder pealed magnificently. At Shadwell a church was struck and some damage done, but no one was hurt, although a Confirmation was going on at the time. When I got into the Committee Room Dr. Mapleton was under examination. I stayed till the Committee adjourned. Then I went down into Westminster Hall, and stayed nearly three-quarters of an hour before I could get a cab.

June 27th. My 68th birthday. Edward and Mary, Alfred and Hester, Jonathan Mellor and his wife, Fanny Smith, Lucy Paxton, and little Alfred dined with us in honour of the day. Towards the close of the day, little Alfred brought out the three cannon which had lain upstairs for many years, and which he had spent a day or two in cleaning. Edward, Alfred and Jonathan, at his

request, loaded these pieces and discharged them on the Terrace, making a great noise, and he enjoyed the fun very much.

July 26th. I went with my wife, Alfred and Hester by the East Lancashire Railway to Accrington, to dine with Mr. Worsley, of "The Laund." There was a party of 20. A good dinner, and a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Worsley. We stayed all night, and the house, which has been recently almost rebuilt, has the walls by no means dry. I took cold, although everything had been done to make us comfortable.

Note.—Mr. Worsley, his host on this occasion, was the father of Sir Henry Worsley-Taylor, Bart., K.C., who married his grand-daughter Harriet Sayer, the only daughter of Sir Edward Watkin. Sir Henry Worsley-Taylor assumed the additional surname of Taylor on inheriting from Miss Pilling Taylor the estate of Moreton, near Whalley, in Lancashire.

July 27th. We remained at "The Laund" till 4 o'clock, and occupied ourselves in looking at the garden of this very pretty place. We got back to Rose Hill about 8.

August 10th. At the meeting of the Club at Mr. Greaves'. Mr. Grindon, lecturer on Botany, was present. Greaves read a paper on the War.

August 17th. This morning Hester was safely delivered of a fine boy. My wife and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer at their house at Eccles. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Bindloss, Mr. Withington, just returned from China, Francis

Spencer and Mrs. Francis, who was before her marriage a Miss Withington.

Mr. Spencer and his son occupy two houses, their own, under one roof. They are built of common bricks, in the most unpretending style, in the middle of a large piece of garden ground which is prettily laid out.

September 13th. The day of the christening of Alfred's child. The ceremony was performed at Northen Church by Mr. Woolnough. Edward and James Whitelegg were the godfathers and Mrs. Worsley (the second wife of Mr. Worsley, of "The Laund," and a sister of Mary and Hester Watkin) was the godmother. The boy was called Edward William. Afterwards, Alfred and Hester, Mrs. Jonathan Mellor, Mrs. Worsley, Edward, James Whitelegg and Mr. Woolnough lunched at our house. My wife and I and Miss Thompson went later to Alfred's, where we dined, having also John, Daniel and Jonathan Mellor and Thomas and Mrs. Thomas Mellor and Mrs. Daniel Mellor and Edward Mellor. In all we were nineteen. We had a good dinner, good wishes, some jokes and some speeches.

September 20th. My wife and I went by rail to Hill End. The party comprised Mr. Hoole, the clergyman and his lady, Captain Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Ecroyd, Mr. John Massey and Miss Stickney. We had a pleasant time and some agreeable talk about books. Also a little discussion about the War, Mr. Ecroyd being a semi-Quaker and a believer in John Bright.

September 21st. After breakfast we went in Mr. Smith's phaeton to Spring Cottage, to call

upon Mrs. Ecroyd. She has a fine garden, and she and Mr. Ecroyd are literary, and both talk well.

October 10th. We had to dinner Mr. Woolnough, Mr. John Aitkin, Shawcross, Molyneux, Cobbett, Spring, Captain Lane with Alfred, Miss Thompson and my wife. We had a constant flow of agreeable talk.

November 22nd. At the Assurance Board, then returned for our dinner. As guests, we had John Bright, M.P., James Pilkington, M.P., Alderman Watkins, William Ecroyd of Spring Cottage, Alexander Ireland, Edward and Alfred, Mary and Hester, and our visitors—T. T. Smith, F. Ellis and F. Robinson. We had a good dinner, and it passed off tolerably well. Mr. Bright and I had agreed not to talk of the War, but somebody started the subject, and he went off, maintaining the, as I think, fallacy that the whole expense of the War was borne by the commercial classes. I kept to my engagement. I proposed, and they drank, the health of the Queen, and then I gave the health of John Bright. I told them that we differed, and must differ; that we looked at different sides of the shield; that we had been opponents, and might be so again; that we were both pugnacious and both sincere; that I esteemed Mr. Bright's sincerity and appreciated his abilities. I reminded them that I had kept my promise not to speak of the War. Then they drank his health. He did not pointedly reply, but said he could perceive how sincere men might differ, and that he had made that remark to Sir Harry Inglis. He spoke of no Member of Parliament with much respect except Gladstone, of whom he said that he spoke

well and reasoned well, but sometimes so refinedly that he, Mr. Bright, could not follow him. He declared Palmerston to be a humbug. . . . Of Clarendon, he said . . . and that Lansdowne. . . . Also of Charles Villiers he spoke in the same terms. Indeed, in listening to him, I could see that he thought himself superior on the whole to anyone else. I observed also that he was considered an oracle by Pilkington, Ecroyd, Ireland and Watkins.

November 27th. I went by special train with Edward, Jonathan Mellor and others to Hill End, near Mottram, to dine with Mr. Chapman, the High Sheriff of Cheshire. We had a large party, and a capital dinner served by the sheriff's men in liveries. Everything was done with quiet exactitude, and our reception was hearty. We left early. The larger part of the company remained later, and even while we stayed the sheriff's turtle, champagne and port of 1841 began to produce their natural effects. Several songs were sung. Mr. James Andrew sang two very good, very pleasing and very unexceptionable songs, "A thousand a year" and "The Pilot." Mr. Bagshaw then sang another of the same kind. . . . I got home about half-past twelve, not at all the worse for my "outing."

November 28th. Alfred having left for Southampton last night, I was at the warehouse till near five o'clock. I went to Bowdon to dine with Mr. Ireland. Quite unexpectedly I found there John Bright, and also H. Rawson and H. B. Peacock, Professor Morell and Count?—one of the Roman triumvirate of 1848. We spent a pleasant evening,

Mr. Bright being rather less dictatorial and more opposed, especially by Morell and Rawson. He dwelt on what he asserted to be the fact that we were paying in taxes £70,000,000 a year more than the United States, said that we had of necessity to compete with them, and triumphantly asked me if we must not be beaten. He questioned our social improvement as a nation, and dwelt upon the immorality of our public name. He had much talk with the Count, who said that he believed Radetsky was as good a man as, in his situation, he could be. Of the King of Sardinia he spoke rather slightly, shrugging his shoulders and saying, "A good Sergeant, not a General." Mr. Bright apologized for having, at my house, talked of the War, and was altogether more fair and friendly than I expected—told me that he believed that I wished the real good of our countrymen as much as he did.

December 10th. Mr. Smith, the surgeon, was brought here by Edward at noon. He examined me carefully, and told me what I knew before, that it was a clear case of paralysis, and that I must keep warm and be very quiet, etc., etc.

December 13th. Fanny Smith wrote some letters at my dictation.

December 14th. At our dinner party we had Mr. and Mrs. Kershaw, Francis Spencer and his mother, Alfred and Hester, Edward and Mary, John, Mrs. Smith and Fanny, with my wife and myself. I was especially gratified by the presence of Mrs. Kershaw, who came in defiance of indisposition and who looked interesting and even young, although she is the mother of 15 children, and also

by the presence of Mrs. Spencer. They all seemed to enjoy themselves, and we parted with great good feeling. I went to bed tired, but pleased and satisfied.

December 30th, Sunday. About noon, Edward and Alfred came unexpectedly ; Edward came in first, told me that he had bad news, that Alfred's little boy was very ill,—that he was dead ! Alfred came in, dreadfully dejected. We were all much affected. Only on Christmas Day I had seen him full of life, smiling and cooing, and trying to talk. When he went to bed last night he was apparently quite well. This morning at 8 he died.

December 31st. I went with my wife and daughter to Alfred's house " Holly Bank." We saw little Edward. He seemed asleep.

1856. *January 3rd.* At noon to-day little Edward was buried at the foot of the tower, on the south side of the church, just under the window next to our pew. John performed the service. Farewell, beloved child !

January 17th. Had tea at Alfred's with W. H. Mellor. He had just returned from Messina. He thinks more highly of England. At Messina he witnessed an execution by the guillotine of an assassin.

February 3rd, Sunday. Edward, Mary and their children came to tea. Mr. Greaves unexpectedly came just before and staid. We had some friendly talk.

Note.—The entries from now onwards are no longer in the clear handwriting characteristic of the diaries, since they were begun

in 1811, owing to the fact that the onset of paralysis made writing at first difficult, and finally almost impossible. The paralysis gradually increased, and on the 16th December 1861 Absalom Watkin died at Rose Hill. He was buried, as have been some of those who came after him, in the churchyard at Northenden, and within the church on the south wall a memorial, simple and dignified, was put up to his memory. The Rose Hill estate, which in the time of his eldest son was greatly increased both by building and by the addition of land, was eventually sold, with the exception of some outlying farms, by Alfred Mellor Watkin, second baronet—the “little Alfred” of the diaries, soon after the death of his father in 1901. Rose Hill is one of the many houses which are being used in these present times for institutional purposes.

APPENDIX

MR. WATKIN'S REPLY TO MR. BRIGHT'S LETTER ON THE WAR

“When once a state has given proofs of injustice, rapacity, pride, ambition, or an imperious thirst of rule, she becomes an object of suspicion to her neighbours, whose duty it is to stand on their guard against her. They may come upon her at the moment when she is on the point of acquiring a formidable accession of power; may demand securities; and, if she hesitates to give them, may prevent her designs by force of arms.”—VATTEL: “Law of Nations,” Book 3rd, Chapter 3rd, Section 44.

“It is still easier to prove that, should that formidable power betray an unjust and ambitious disposition, by doing the least injustice to another, all nations may avail themselves of the occasion, and, by joining the injured party, thus form a coalition of strength, in order to humble that ambitious potentate, and disable him from so easily oppressing his neighbours, or keeping them in continual awe and fear. *For an injury gives us a right to provide for our future safety by depriving the unjust aggressor of the means of injuring us; and it is lawful, and even praiseworthy, to assist those who are oppressed or unjustly attacked.*”—VATTEL: “Law of Nations,” Book 3rd, Chapter 3rd, Section 45.

ROSE HILL,
November 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I assented to your request that my hasty note should accompany your elaborate reply, I earnestly entreated that you would delay the publication till the 11th, lest the influence of your name should prejudice the subscription to the Patriotic Fund. As you had assigned your unwillingness to check the flow of liberality

as your reason for not appearing at the meeting, and as the subject of the war is not likely to lose its interest, I depended upon your willing compliance with so reasonable a request. But I find I was mistaken. At whatever cost to the wives and children of those whose sufferings you so pathetically deplore, you have hastened to declare that you "will have no part in this terrible crime," and have charged, not me only, but a vast majority of your fellow-countrymen, with the guilt of commencing and supporting an unjust and unnecessary war, "as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interests of the country." I pass by the epithets with which you have heightened your picture, and have endeavoured to degrade at once the understanding and humanity of those to whom you are opposed. Such flowers of rhetoric are merely the adornment of your victim. To these I say nothing; but to the charge of complicity in the bloodguiltiness of an unjust war, I indignantly reply, for my country, not less than for myself—NOT GUILTY.

Your indictment against your country (for it is she who is the great criminal whom you arraign, inasmuch as she, speaking by the tongues and from the hearts of the vast majority of her sons, has sanctioned the war) is drawn with consummate skill. No crown lawyer of the most arbitrary times of our most arbitrary kings ever took more pains to involve some obnoxious individual in the meshes of constructive treason, than you have employed to fasten upon your country the complicated guilt of hypocrisy, injustice, and unnecessary bloodshed. Nor did ever a well-fed Old Bailey practitioner labour harder to save some notorious offender from a deserved hanging, than you have done, *without a fee*, to represent the most aggressive and wily monarch in the world as a pattern of fair dealing and a lover of peace.

When, in answer to your assertion of the wickedness of the war, I appealed to the law of nations, my appeal was to that code by which the nations of Christendom

have agreed to regulate their affairs, embodying the recognized system of national morality to which statesmen would unanimously refer, and by which they would judge. I referred to Vattel, not as the author, but as the expositor of that law ; to his book as one popularly known, and readily consulted ; and to his decisions as being, on all important points, in accordance with those of the highest authorities. When, therefore, I found in Vattel passages such as those I have placed at the head of this letter, so clear in statement, and so strong in reason—so evidently condemning Russia, and so fully justifying the conduct of England and France, I felt that according to the law of nations the question was settled.

The continued aggressions of the Czar being universally admitted, it was the obvious duty of all civilized nations, *and had long been their duty*, to repress his further advances.

Great, therefore, was my surprise when you disclaimed the authority of the law of nations ; but my surprise rose to astonishment at the hardihood of your assertion, that this law, which is founded on the highest and purest morality, as established and expounded by some of the ablest and best of men, is “ a code full of confusion and contradictions, having its foundation on custom, and not on a higher morality, and on custom which has always been determined by the will of the strongest,”—an assertion so palpably at variance with the fact, that I hesitate whether to ascribe it to want of knowledge or want of candour ; but in which certainly no one will find it possible to concur who takes the slightest pains to inform himself on the subject. The law of nations partakes *necessarily* of that imperfection which attaches to all human science ; but it is still a science, the foundations of which are laid in the nature and situation of man, and the relation of individuals and communities to each other. By this law the war is clearly justifiable ; but not merely by this law. We may safely indulge you by quitting for a time the domain of positive law, and ascending to principle. You refer to a “ higher morality,” but do not state what it is, or where its precepts are to

be found. Now, the highest morality is contained in that law of the gospel which commands us to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us." This is the rule for nations, not less than for individuals. It cannot be fulfilled by either, except by the maintenance of justice and the practice of humanity. It requires the punishment of crime, the defence of those who are weak against the injustice of the strong, and the efficient repression of everything which is a violation of individual or national rights. In pursuance of this duty, England and France are now engaged in war. The precept which commands the duty sanctions and hallows its performance; and the war is as clearly right, according to the highest morality, as it is by the law of nations.

I shall merely refer to those parts of your letter in which, by an accumulation of particulars, you have sought to distract the attention of your readers from the real question, which is "the justice or injustice of the war." Whatever we may think of the American war, or of that with France, of the affair of Don Pacifico, or of the conduct of the English Ministry or the French Emperor; even if we adopt your opinion as to the tortuous negotiation which arose out of the Menschikoff demands, and compel ourselves to believe that the wily autocrat, "more aggressive in peace than in war," was at the moment, and for his own purposes, willing to accept the note of the four Powers, and to save us from the "terrible crime" into which we were hurried by the Turks, who understood the diplomacy of your client so much better than we—still that great question remains, and has been decided, as we have seen, by the law of nations and the morality of the gospel, both of which enjoin upon us the duty of resisting oppression and restraining injustice.

Your doctrine of non-intervention, grounded on your assertion that "we were not attacked, and were not even insulted in any way," compels me to remind you that the conduct of Russia towards Great Britain during the last twenty years has been marked by such insolence

and ill faith, that nothing but the actual weakness of our Government has kept us from war. Assailed on one side by the delusive dogmas of the Peace Society, and badgered on the other by the sages of the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" school, who displayed their knowledge of arithmetic in pompous calculations of the great saving which would accrue to the nation from the reduction of our means of defence to some obsolete standard—the Ministry was emasculated; and Russia took advantage of the favourable opportunity for more open aggression. In that part of the world, "three thousand miles away from us," which is the seat of war, she stopped and visited our merchant vessels by force, subjected them to illegal exactions, interfered with the tracking path of the Danube, and obstructed its navigation by allowing the sand to accumulate at the entrance of the river, which she had bound herself by treaty to keep open. Each of these acts was an infraction of the public law of Europe, and a justifiable ground of hostility. They excited attention at the time, and spirited speeches were pronounced in the House; but, as no efficient means of repression were adopted, and the polite notes of Count Nesselrode were accepted as satisfactory explanations, this result served only to augment the insolent domination of Russia. She ventured to confiscate an English vessel, the "Vixen," for attempting to land a cargo of salt in Circassia; and at length compelled the Sultan to forbid the entrance of ships of war into the Black Sea, and to declare himself incompetent, either in peace or war, to invite them to do so. She thus made herself supreme in that sea, and by means of the fleet which she kept in it, and the forces she could accumulate at Sebastopol and Odessa, was in a position to dictate her own terms to the unfortunate Turks. All this our Government passed over with the passive submission so much admired by the Peace Society, but which, if the spirit of Chatham had existed in the Cabinet, would not have been endured. Could you wish your country to be further insulted?

Descriptions of the suffering unavoidably attendant upon war have always a powerful effect, as they appeal to the most amiable feelings of our nature, and have the greatest influence on the most estimable persons. You are aware of this fact, and have made use of it in order to increase the aversion which is naturally felt to deeds of cruelty, and you endeavour to transfer, as far as possible, this feeling to those whom you accuse as the authors of the war. You lead your readers to the heights of Alma, to the field after the battle, and paint in strong colours the horrors of the scene.

Your rhetoric is clever and effective ; but why, except for the purpose of criminating your country, did you confine yourself to Alma ? Why was not the massacre of Sinope depicted with equal force, except that it was the work of the Czar, and would have counteracted the impression you wished to produce in his favour ? In all this splendid piece of rhetorical exaggeration you have acted as a partisan of the monarch whose unholy ambition has been the real cause of the horrors you deplore ; and not of those only, but of all the succeeding scenes of frightful slaughter which have occurred up to the time at which I write. You should not stop at Alma, but add to the horrors of that battlefield the still greater horrors of Sebastopol and Balaklava. You should point to the thousands of Russians and Turks, of English and French, who have fallen in the recent battles, and whose torn and mutilated bodies appeal to the justice of Heaven against the author of so dreadful a sacrifice. I believe with you that the time for " the inquisition for blood " will come, but God forbid that I should believe, as you do, that the guilt of this " terrible crime " will be imputed to us. We have taken up arms in defence of the weak against a mighty oppressor ;—for the security of our own country, and for the preservation of those things which are in our just estimation to be " prized above all price " ;—for liberty and its attendant blessings, for civilization and progress, for justice and for truth. Our battle is for the welfare of the whole human race, and

our trust is in the righteousness of our cause, and in His aid who has called us to this glorious work.

The guilt of all the bloodshed and suffering, the misery and sorrow, the broken hearts and desolated homes which must necessarily accompany this awful contest, will lie at his door whose crimes have rendered it necessary, and upon those who have aided and abetted him in his unholy course; upon the mercenary leaders who have sold themselves to lead his ignorant serfs; but yet more heavily upon those perverters of truth and right, the unprincipled diplomatic sophists, who have supplied pretexts, and lying evasions, and pretences, to glaze over the enormities of his unprincipled aggressions.

If there be a deeper dye of complicity, it is in my conscientious opinion that of the man who, being the citizen of a free country, and a member of her legislature, claiming to be an ardent lover of liberty, of knowledge, of progress, and the general welfare of mankind, from some unaccountable wrongheadedness prostitutes the ability which was given him for the noblest purposes, to become the apologist of one of the most flagitious despots whose existence ever cursed the earth. To such a man we may warrantably apply the words you have employed, and tell him that "his utmost generosity to the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers will, in our opinion, make but a wretched return for the misery *he* has assisted to bring upon hundreds of families."

When I think of those brave and devoted men who have fallen so heroically at the bidding of their country, I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes fill with involuntary tears of mingled admiration and sorrow. I admire their gallantry, I mourn for their loss, but I do not pity them for the manner of their deaths; for no man can be an object of pity, or be accounted "miserable," who dies in the performance of his duty. The memory of these true sons of this great country will be embalmed in her grateful remembrance, and held up to the emulation of succeeding times. Impartial history will testify to their unrivalled valour, and account them

worthy of their ancestors, by whom our liberties were won in many a bloody field. It is impossible not to exult in the valour of our countrymen, or to avoid a feeling of contempt for those who, from whatever motive, would seek to lessen its merit, or to deprive it of any portion of the admiration it so entirely deserves.

But you tell me, with a crowd of depreciating epithets, which, by the way, you are rather too apt to use towards your opponents, that "our love for civilization is a sham," our "sacrifices for freedom a pitiful imposture, and our whole Eastern policy is based on a false foundation, because we aim at the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all despotisms,"—that of Turkey. When you wrote this abusive character of the government of the Sultan, it is clear that you did not remember the existence of the despotism of Russia. But I cannot allow you to forget either its existence or its character. Call to mind its history from the time of that energetic savage, Peter the First, to whom the epithet of "great" was applied by the philosophic parasites of the infamous Catherine; recollect his beastly drunkenness, his gross licentiousness, his devilish cruelties; remember that he is charged with the murder of his own son; and that, in founding St. Petersburg, he immolated nearly a hundred thousand of his unhappy subjects. The two women, his immediate successors, were feeble copies of his conduct; and then came the bloodstained and abandoned Catherine, the grandmother, I believe, of the present autocrat; that creature whom Byron has "damned to everlasting fame" in a well-known line in his "Don Juan,"

As greatest of all sovereigns and wh—s.

Probably there never existed upon earth a despotism more emphatically immoral, cruel and filthy than that of Russia. It is a libel on the Sultan and his subjects to compare his government with that of the house of Romanoff. But even if it were possible to admit that the one despotism was as bad as the other, what then? It would still be true that we were fighting for civilization

and liberty in maintaining the rule of the Sultan in preference to that of his invader. Turkey is no longer an aggressive Power, she attacks no one, and desires only to repose. Of her own accord she has endeavoured to amend her institutions and to satisfy the just wishes of her Christian subjects. In her hands the capital of Constantine and the possession of the Straits are no subject of alarm to the nations of the West. They will derive benefit from her improvement, and may carry on a beneficial commerce with the subjects of her extensive and fertile territories. The very reverse of all this is true of Russia. If that domineering and insolent Power were seated at Constantinople, and had possession of the seaports and islands now belonging to Turkey, instant alarm would seize upon all Christendom, and instant and immense preparations would have to be made and kept up to meet an expected irruption of barbarians into the heart of Europe. The expenses of peace would exceed those of war; and a continued state of anxiety and apprehension would have to be purchased by an immense outlay, and with a commerce restricted by all the artifices of Russian competition, ever watchful and ever unscrupulous. The termination of this state of things would be war, at such time as suited the convenience of Russia,—and war *not* “three thousand miles away,” but on our own shores, or in the adjacent seas. Probably single-handed, but certainly under all the disadvantages to which the immensely increased power of Russia, arising out of our fatal supineness, would have subjected us.

I must stop here; not because I have said all that I intended (for many things remain to which I may hereafter advert), but because the press can wait no longer. Perhaps my letter will be thought to be already too long; but I could not make it shorter unless I had been able to devote more time to its composition and correction.

Believe me, dear sir, sincerely yours,

ABSALOM WATKIN.

JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., M.P.

THE FIRST LETTERS

MANCHESTER,
October 27th.

DEAR SIR,

In the few words which I exchanged with you in the street a short time ago, you declared the present war to be one of the wickedest things that this country had ever engaged in. I believ^e those were your words, or, at least, to that effect. Now, as I have a sincere respect for your well-considered opinion, and as I have come to a very opposite conclusion, your dictum sent me to such books as I possess on the law of nations, especially to *Vattel*, and, oddly enough, I found that more than a quarter of a century ago I had consulted his pages as to the justice or otherwise of the first crusade. My reading has confirmed my first opinion; and, as Manchester will meet next Thursday to commence a subscription for the widows and orphans of those who fall in the contest, and as the members for Manchester ought to be there, I shall be exceedingly pleased if you will then state the conclusive reasons for your condemnation of the war, and enable us to determine either to give it our hearty support, or then and there to petition for peace.

Believe me to be, with esteem and respect, yours truly,

ABSALOM WATKIN.

JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., M.P.

RHYI, NORTH WALES,
October 29th.

MY DEAR SIR,

I think, on further consideration, you will perceive that the meeting on Thursday next would be a most improper occasion for a discussion as to the justice of the war. Just or unjust, the war is a fact, and the

men whose lives are miserably thrown away in it have clearly a claim upon the country, and especially upon those who, by the expression of opinions favourable to the war, have made themselves responsible for it. I cannot therefore for a moment appear to discourage the liberality of those who believe the war to be just, and whose utmost generosity, in my opinion, will make but a wretched return for the ruin they have brought upon hundreds of families.

With regard to the war itself, I am not surprised at the difference between your opinion and mine, if you decide a question of this nature by an appeal to *Vattel*. The "law of nations" is not my law, and at best it is a code full of confusion and contradictions, having its foundation on custom, and not on a higher morality; and on custom which has always been determined by the will of the strongest. It may be a question of some interest whether the first crusade was in accordance with the law and principles of *Vattel*; but whether the first crusade was just, and whether the policy of the crusades was a wise policy, is a totally different question. I have no doubt that the American war was a just war according to the principles laid down by the writers on the "law of nations," and yet no man in his senses in this country will now say that the policy of George III towards the American colonies was a wise policy, or that war a righteous war. The French war, too, was doubtless just according to the same authorities; for there were fears and anticipated dangers to be combated, and law and order to be sustained in Europe; and yet few intelligent men now believe the French war to have been either necessary or just. You must excuse me if I refuse altogether to pin my faith upon *Vattel*. There have been writers on international law who have attempted to show that private assassination and the poisoning of wells were justifiable in war; and perhaps it would be difficult to demonstrate wherein these horrors differ from some of the practices which are now in vogue. I will not ask you to mould your opinion on these points

by such writers, nor shall I submit my judgment to that of *Vattel*.

The question of this present war is in two parts—first, was it necessary for us to interfere by arms in a dispute between the Russians and the Turks; and, secondly, having determined to interfere, under certain circumstances, why was not the whole question terminated when Russia accepted the Vienna note? The seat of war is 3,000 miles away from us. We had not been attacked—not even insulted in any way. Two independent Governments had a dispute, and we thrust ourselves into the quarrel. That there was some ground for the dispute is admitted by the four Powers in the proposition of the Vienna note. But for the English Minister at Constantinople and the Cabinet at home the dispute would have settled itself, and the last note of Prince Menschikoff would have been accepted, and no human being can point out any material difference between that note and the Vienna note, afterwards agreed upon and recommended by the Governments of England, France, Austria, and Prussia. But our Government would not allow the dispute to be settled. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe held private interviews with the Sultan, did his utmost to alarm him, insisted on his rejection of all terms of accommodation with Russia, and promised him the armed assistance of England if war should arise.

The Turks rejected the Russian note, and the Russians crossed the Pruth, occupying the Principalities as a “material guarantee.” I do not defend this act of Russia; it has always appeared to me impolitic and immoral; but I think it likely it could be well defended out of *Vattel*, and it is at least as justifiable as the conduct of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston in 1850, when they sent ten or twelve ships of war to the Piræus, menacing the town with a bombardment if the dishonest pecuniary claim made by Don Pacifico were not at once satisfied.

But the passage of the Pruth was declared by England

and France and Turkey not to be a *casus belli*. Negotiations were commenced at Vienna, and the celebrated Vienna note was drawn up. This note had its origin in Paris, was agreed to by the Conference at Vienna, ratified and approved by the Cabinets of Paris and London, and pronounced by all these authorities to be such as would satisfy the honour of Russia, and at the same time be compatible with the "independence and integrity of Turkey and the honour of the Sultan." Russia accepted this note at once—accepted it, I believe, by telegraph, even before the precise words of it had been received in St. Petersburg. Everybody thought the question now settled; a Cabinet Minister assured me we should never hear another word about it; "the whole thing is at an end," he said, and so it appeared for a moment. But the Turk refused the note which had been drawn up by his own arbitrators, and which Russia had accepted. And what did the Ministers say then, and what did their organ, "The Times," say? They said it was merely a difference about words: it was a pity the Turk made any difficulty, but it would soon be settled. But it was not settled, and why not? It is said that the Russian Government put an improper construction on the Vienna note. But it is unfortunate for those who say this that the Turks placed precisely the same construction upon it; and further, it is upon record that the French Government advised the Russian Government to accept it, on the ground that "its general sense differed in nothing from the sense of the proposition of Prince Menschikoff." It is, however, easy to see why the Russian Government should, when the Turks refused the award of their own arbitrators, re-state its original claim, that it might not be damaged by whatever concession it had made in accepting the award; and this is evidently the explanation of the document issued by Count Nesselrode, and about which so much has been said. But, after this the Emperor of Russia spoke to Lord Westmoreland on the subject at Olmutz, and expressed his readiness to accept the Vienna note, with

any clause that the Conference might add to it, explaining and restricting its meaning; and he urged that this should be done at once, as he was anxious that his troops should re-cross the Pruth before winter. It was in this very week that the Turks summoned a grand council, and, contrary to the advice of England and France, determined on a declaration of war.

Now, observe the course taken by our Government. They agreed to the Vienna note; not fewer than five members of this Cabinet have filled the office of Foreign Secretary, and therefore may be supposed capable of comprehending its meaning; it was a note drawn up by the friends of Turkey, and by arbitrators self-constituted on behalf of Turkey; they urged its acceptance on the Russian Government, and the Russian Government accepted it; there was then a dispute about its precise meaning, and Russia agreed, and even proposed that the arbitrators of Vienna should amend it, by explaining it, and limiting its meaning, so that no question of its intention should henceforth exist. But, the Turks having rejected it, our Government turned round, and declared the Vienna note, their own note, entirely inadmissible, and defended the conduct of the Turks in having rejected it. The Turks declared war, against the advice of the English and French Governments—so, at least, it appears from the blue-books, but the moment war was declared by Turkey our Government openly applauded it. England, then, was committed to the war. She had promised armed assistance to Turkey—a country without government, and whose administration was at the mercy of contending factions, and, incapable of fixing a policy for herself, she allowed herself to be dragged on by the current of events at Constantinople. She “drifted,” as Lord Clarendon said, exactly describing his own position, into the war, apparently without rudder and without compass.

The whole policy of our Government in this matter is marked with an imbecility perhaps without example. I will not say they intended a war from the first, though

there are not wanting many evidences that war was the object of at least a section of the Cabinet. A distinguished member of the House of Commons said to a friend of mine, immediately after the accession of the present Government to office, "You have a war Ministry, and you will have a war." But I leave this question to point out the disgraceful feebleness of the Cabinet, if I am to absolve them from the guilt of having sought occasion for war. They promised the Turk armed assistance on conditions, or without conditions. They, in concert with France, Austria, and Prussia, took the original dispute out of the hands of Russia and Turkey, and formed themselves into a court of arbitration in the interests of Turkey; they made an award, which they declared to be safe and honourable for both parties; this award was accepted by Russia and rejected by Turkey; and they then turned round upon their own award, declared it to be "totally inadmissible," and made war upon the very country whose Government, at their suggestion and urgent recommendation, had frankly accepted it. At this moment England is engaged in a murderous warfare with Russia, although the Russian Government accepted her own terms of peace, and has been willing to accept them in the sense of England's own interpretation of them ever since they were offered; and at the same time England is allied with Turkey, whose Government rejected the award of England, and who entered into the war in opposition to the advice of England. Surely, when the Vienna note was accepted by Russia, the Turks should have been prevented from going to war, or should have been allowed to go to war at their own risk.

I have said nothing here of the fact that all these troubles have sprung out of demands made by France upon the Turkish Government, and urged in language more insulting than any which has been shown to have been used by Prince Menschikoff. I have said nothing of the diplomatic war which has been raging for many years past in Constantinople, and in which England has

been behind no other Power in attempting to subject the Porte to foreign influences. I have said nothing of the abundant evidence there is that we are not only at war with Russia, but with all the Christian population of the Turkish Empire, and that we are building up our Eastern policy on a false foundation—namely, on the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all despotisms over one of the fairest portions of the earth which it has desolated, and over a population it has degraded but has not been able to destroy. I have said nothing of the wretched delusion that we are fighting for civilization in supporting the Turk against the Russian and against the subject Christian population of Turkey. I have said nothing about our pretended sacrifices for freedom in this war ; in which one great and now dominant ally is a monarch who, last in Europe, struck down a free constitution, and dispersed by military violence a national Representative Assembly.

My doctrine would have been non-intervention in this case. The danger of the Russian power was a phantom ; the necessity of permanently upholding the Mahometan rule in Europe is an absurdity. Our love for civilization, when we subject the Greeks and Christians to the Turks, is a sham ; and our sacrifices for freedom, when working out the behests of the Emperor of the French and coaxing Austria to help us, is a pitiful imposture. The evils of non-intervention were remote and vague, and could neither be weighed nor described in any accurate terms. The good we can judge something of already, by estimating the cost of a contrary policy. And what is that cost ? War in the north and south of Europe, threatening to involve every country of Europe. Many, perhaps fifty, millions sterling, in the course of expenditure by this country alone, to be raised from the taxes of a people whose extrication from ignorance and poverty can only be hoped for from the continuance of peace. The disturbance of trade throughout the world, the derangement of monetary affairs, and difficulties and ruin to thousands of families. Another year of high prices of food, not-

withstanding a full harvest in England, chiefly because war interferes with imports, and we have declared our principal foreign food-growers to be our enemies. The loss of human life to an enormous extent. Many thousands of our own countrymen have already perished of pestilence and in the field; and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of English families will be plunged into sorrow, as a part of the penalty to be paid for the folly of the nation and its ruler.

When time comes for the "inquisition for blood," who shall answer for these things? You have read the tidings from the Crimea; you have perhaps shuddered at the slaughter; you remember the terrific picture—I speak not of the battle, and the charge, and the tumultuous excitement of the conflict, but of the field after the battle—Russians in their frenzy, or their terror, shooting Englishmen who would have offered them water to quench their agony of thirst; Englishmen, in crowds, rifling the pockets of the men they had slain or wounded, taking their few shillings or roubles, and discovering among the plunder of the stiffening corpses images of the "Virgin and the Child." You have read this, and your imagination has followed the fearful details. This is war—every crime which human nature can commit or imagine, every horror it can perpetrate or suffer; and this it is which our Christian Government recklessly plunges into, and which so many of our countrymen at this moment think it patriotic to applaud! You must excuse me if I cannot go with you. I will have no part in this terrible crime. My hands shall be unstained with the blood which is being shed. The necessity of maintaining themselves in office may influence an Administration; delusions may mislead a people; *Vattel* may afford you a law and a defence; but no respect for men who form a Government, no regard I have for "going with the stream," and no fear of being deemed wanting in patriotism, shall influence me in favour of a policy which, in my conscience, I believe to be as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interest of my country.

I have only to ask you to forgive me for writing so long a letter. You have forced it from me, and I would not have written it did I not so much appreciate your sincerity and your good intentions towards me.

Believe me to be very sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

ABSALOM WATKIN, Esq.,
Manchester.

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