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ERRATA.

Page 62, line 16, for "on," read "in."

„ 97, last line, for "it," read "them."

„ 103, penultimate line, for "was," read "were."

„ 109, line 19, for "descendants," read "occupants."

„ 127, „ 1, for "they," read "her works."

„ 144, „ 17 from below, for "adopted" read "universally adopted."

„ 150, „ 3, for "that," read "those."

„ 201, „ 12, for "art," read "actors."

„ 410, „ 10, for "tatooed," read "tabooed."

„ 415, „ 10, for "Le," read "Je."

"Whom Men call Lord Houghton, but the Gods Monckton Milnes."

Vide p. 255.

GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY

PERSONAL AND TRADITIONAL MEMORIES—

SOCIAL LITERARY ARTISTIC &c.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

"FLEMISH INTERIORS," "DE OMNIBUS REBUS," &c.

"If any one were to form a book of what he has seen and heard, it must, in whatever hands, form a most useful and entertaining record."—Gray (quoted by Horace Walpole)

VOL. I.

New York:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1892.

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PREFACE.

> "But while I mused, came Memory with sad eyes,
> Holding the folded annals of my youth."

THERE can be few among us who are not stirred by a feeling of sympathetic interest in the times immediately preceding ours—few who would not willingly know something of those whose lives, occupying part of the same century—grazed as it were our own, and whose personal acquaintance we just missed.

In trying to fathom the nearer past and, so to speak, to connect ourselves with it, research seems more hopeful if we address ourselves to contemporary sources and seek our information regarding recently departed celebrities from those to whom they were personally known. The generation that can yet give us any authentic details of our immediate predecessors, is itself rapidly passing away, and as each patriarch drops out of its thinning ranks we begin to realize to ourselves the worth of our neglected chances, and to remember how much valuable testimony we have already failed to secure from those whose voice is now evermore silent, and whose knowledge is buried with them in the stillness of the tomb.

The word gossip conveys *primâ facie*, a frivolous idea;

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and is generally associated in our minds with what is supposed to be a congenial pastime of the more talkative if not the more reflective sex; but *all* gossip is not necessarily frivolous, nor need it be malicious—though "*Méchant comme une chronique*" has passed into a French proverb. History owes most of what little truth it contains, to the gossip of diarists and annotators as well as to the intimate confidences of friendly correspondence, and notwithstanding the necessarily trifling details of these private effusions and the *banalités* with which they often abound, the sidelights of such records have become invaluable to the groping student of past times, and of departed humanity; nor can we possess too many such chronicles; the value of each being proportioned to the subject of which it treats. Trifles cease to be trifles when Boswell is relating them of Johnson; besides, experience shows that while one observer collects one class of information, another applies himself to another; one will have been drawn to men of certain tastes and pursuits, another has been led to cultivate those of an altogether different type, and even where our Boswells have met in a common pursuit, we shall find they have been respectively struck by, and have dwelt upon, different characteristics in the same individual so that the notes of one form a valuable, not to say an indispensable, supplement to those of another. Contemporary memoirs will therefore always be, as they always have been, attractive, whether from their picturesque detail and often *naïves* descriptions, or from their unconscious revelations of private life and character, and the solution they often afford of family mysteries and historic secrets; into these, from more or less excusable motives, we all like to plunge, and many of them can become known to us only from the traditions of the passing generation. As of celebrated persons, so also of places whose every stone has its history—and so likewise of

customs already become obsolete ; the detail of such lures us back into a past that we have missed—a past which is additionally fascinating because it *is* past ; naturally, therefore, we welcome the living testimony which yet, but not for long, survives it.

Are there any who can take a retrospective view of their past years and not experience with unavailing self-reproach a melancholy consciousness of inexplicable neglect as they recall one by one the formidable catalogue of priceless opportunities and discover for the first time how recklessly they wasted them ?

Full of youth and its illusions, we glanced down the lengthening perspective of the future, of which we neither saw, nor sought to see, the end ; we regarded life as a long summer's day during which the flowers that surrounded us should always be in bloom ; and we had a vague idea that we could pick them at *any* time.

Who of those now approaching the close of life will not say with me, "What a tale I *might* have had to tell ! What a volume I might have been able to write, had I but taken advantage of the chances that *now* seem to have *put themselves* in my way ! " But there is a period in our lives when our eyes seem to be holden, and we must have *lived*, to learn the force of the exclamation, "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait !*"

My endeavour in the following pages,—while drawing upon family traditions to add to such personal remembrance of of men, manners, and localities, as seem to be of broad and universal interest,—has been to exclude as much as possible in a transcript of this nature, the yet inevitable *ego*. If, as Pascal says, "*le moi est haïssable*," the more unobtrusive that "*moi*" can be made, the better : I have therefore limited as much as possible my own part in these pages to that of a witness or giver of evidence ; unfortunately, such a

witness in recording his testimony as to persons and events, is compelled to manifest a certain individuality; should I therefore seem, at any time, to slide insensibly into prominence, I can only beg my readers to attribute it to the force of circumstances, and to regard the narrator simply as the harmless, necessary channel of communication.

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COURT GOSSIP.

"... undâ scilicet omnibus,
Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,
Enavigandâ, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni."

HORACE, *Carm.* ii. 14.

GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

COURT GOSSIP.

"Behold how men do run to see a King go by."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Les erreurs des rois sont des secrets d'état."—CARD. DUBOIS.

King George IV.

I REMEMBER being taken by my father one morning, in the year 1829, to Constitution Hill, in order to profit by the rare occasion of King George IV.'s driving out in London, to obtain a sight of His Majesty. The King was not only seriously out of health for some time before his death, but his personal appearance was so visibly affected by the complicated diseases, to which he had become a victim, that he showed himself as little as possible in public. It was not often, therefore, that he was to be seen, and apparently the intimation my father had received was a private one, for the locality was entirely deserted.

As we strolled along the road, we suddenly heard the clatter of hoofs, and two royal outriders in undress livery came galloping along at full speed, followed at a short distance by an open barouche and four, with two postilions; two more outriders bringing up the rear.

The Duke of Cumberland.

Leaning back in the carriage and nearly covered by the leather apron, were two gentlemen enveloped in fur-lined coats; for, beside the King, sat the unpopular Duke of Cumberland, his countenance strikingly unprepossessing,

and his defective eye * plainly discernible. The King's face, though bloated, wore a pleasant expression, and he bowed courteously, with a bland smile, when my father lifted his hat. Both Princes were muffled up in those wonderful rolls of neck-cloth, having the effect of bandages round the throat, and apparently requiring throats of peculiar length to suit them ; but the fur collars in this case concealed a good part of this now antiquated attire.

The carriage drove past at a rapid pace, and that is all I ever saw of George IV., who was taken seriously ill the following year, and died on the 25th of June, 1830.

We were then at Brighton, where, alone, the King had remained popular; for since the year 1782, when he had taken a fancy to the place, building his Pavilion there in 1784, he had been a constant visitor to this *Parc aux cerfs*, where his vagaries were winked at, in consideration of his partiality for the place. Having been the cause of its prosperity, Brighton might well dread the day when its royal patron would be removed, and no wonder bulletins from Windsor, where the King lay dying, were industriously posted up and circulated all over the place, as fresh information arrived; knots of eager inhabitants might be seen grouped round these ominous notices, scanning the intelligence they brought and discussing the probable ultimate result, about which there could now be little doubt.

* Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke's son, was also blind, and probably many would attribute this misfortune to heredity, for George III., as is well known, became blind, and George IV. partially lost his sight towards the end of his life. The commencement of the blindness of Prince George is mentioned by Princess de Lieven in one of her letters to Lord Grey, when referring to "the sudden trouble that had come upon the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland by the discovery that their little son, Prince George, could no longer see." One eye had been injured by an accident when he was quite young, and the sight was gone; the other may have become affected from sympathetic action: the Princess writes. "The poor child sees absolutely nothing; they turn his face to the sun and he cannot perceive the light." I have often seen the two little Princes George (of Cumberland and of Cambridge), who were of the same age, and also of the age of "Princess Victoria," ride past our windows in Great Cumberland Place on small ponies, their grooms following in undress liveries.

A Sussex yokel spelling out one of these bulletins—"Last night, the King slept at intervals"—was much scandalized, that they should have ventured to move him to "Intervals, wherever that might be," when he was in so precarious a state. The last time the King drove out was on the 25th of April, and one of his doctors had already given him over then, though two others thought he might be saved for a little while, but he himself had no idea how serious was his condition.

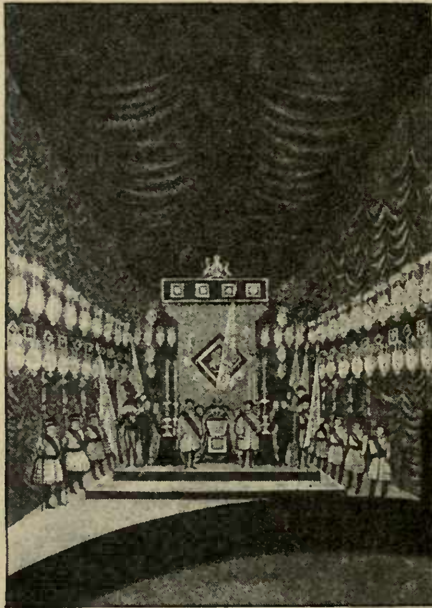
In May, the Duke of Wellington advised the Bishop of Winchester to break the news to His Majesty, whose state had then become much worse, for he would lose his head every now and then, sometimes for hours, and obstinately clung to many delusions; among them, to one under which he had often laboured previously, viz., that he had been present at Waterloo and had gained the battle: indeed, one day at a dinner, some time previously, he had not only re-asserted this, but had appealed to the Duke of Wellington to confirm his statement. The Duke discreetly replied—"I have heard your Majesty say so before."

It was not until the 8th of June that the King was informed of the hopelessness of his case; he received the intimation with surprising firmness, and died on the 25th of that month. The Duke of Wellington, alluding to the event, remarked, "He died like a man; I always said he would." It is curious that at the moment of the King's death there was no one in the room with him but two valets. Sir Thomas Hammond declared the physicians were not present, though they said they were.

A curious revelation of some points of the King's character appeared in a discovery made after his death: though his ways were utterly reckless and unscrupulously extravagant, he had for years been in the habit of hoarding in the most miserly way all his cast-off clothes, which were found preserved in excellent order in his wardrobe; moreover, he clung to them with such tenacity that he kept in his head

an accurate catalogue of all this *défroque*, and knew so well the exact spot in which each item was to be found, that he would now and then ask for some particular coat, hat, or boots, describing it unmistakably.

His habits of gallantry were so notorious that people were scarcely surprised to find that he had had sixteen accredited mistresses, and the packets of *billet-doux*, gloves, garters, locks of hair, faded flowers, &c., found stowed away, bore their testimony to the multiplicity of his adven-



LYING IN STATE OF GEORGE IV.

tures in the "*pays du tendre*." More than fifty pocket-books were scattered among his private belongings, each containing money in smaller or larger amounts, apparently laid by and forgotten; still when all these sums were collected, they formed an aggregate of £10,000! Sir Thomas Hammond seems to have been aware of this hoarding propensity of the King's, and used to relate, in proof of his keeping large sums stored up, that, one day going out with him for a walk, the King, with a small key which he

wore, unlocked a secret drawer, and, taking out bank notes of various values to the amount of £3,000, selected a small note which he put in his pocket, restoring the rest to its place. Sir Thomas's conviction was that he must have saved up at least £600,000 during his reign.

I remember hearing all about the lying in state, which was at Windsor, and a gloomy affair it must have been; the concourse was so tremendous that it was difficult even for ticket-holders to see anything; the room was spacious, but densely crowded, even though only a certain number were admitted at a time, and the spectators were passed through so quickly that it was difficult for any to take in the scene; the walls being hung with black and the windows darkened, the only light was from the dull and uncertain flames of the tall wax candles that surrounded the state bed, so that the impression left even on those who saw it best, was a confused one.

George IV. was generally unpopular during his life, and his memory was not honoured. The year's mourning, therefore, that followed his demise must have been conformed to, out of loyalty to the principle, and not to the monarch, for whom no one entertained any personal affection, scarcely even any respect. It is singular that, openly disapproved and disliked as was George IV., his life was only twice attempted—once in 1817, when he was fired at, and the ball lodged in the lining of the carriage; and once by an Irishman named Piercey, who bribed the officers of the kitchen to poison him. The plot was nipped in the bud, Piercey was seized, tried, and condemned to death; but at the King's desire the punishment was commuted to five years' imprisonment. We hear so much of the untoward characteristics of this monarch that we are surprised to learn he was very tender-hearted when sentences of a capital, or even of a severe, nature were passed on condemned criminals, regretting the Draconian severity of the English criminal laws. In the

case of a boy of thirteen, Henry Newbury, condemned to transportation for life, the Royal prerogative was again exercised, the King writing from Brighton to Sir Robert Peel to obtain a commutation to a term of confinement in the House of Correction. Perhaps this Prince's greatest mistake was in choosing friends of more than equivocal character; but if he recklessly admitted to his intimacy persons who had the bad taste to take advantage of the freedom he allowed them, he was not slow to resent a liberty; he liked to be amused, but did not choose to pay too dearly for the society of those who amused him.

One of these was John Wilson Croker, to whom he gave a well-merited lesson. Croker, though he had a serious side to his character, was a joker, and so long as his witticisms were kept within limits, the King delighted in them; but occasionally he abused the Royal favour, forgetting the laws of good breeding as well as of prudence.

Once when the Court was at the Pavilion, and Croker was in attendance, the company being scattered about in groups, on a Sunday evening after dinner, Croker happened to find himself in that of which the Duke of Clarence was the centre. The Duke was criticizing the management of the Admiralty, especially directing his sarcasms against Croker (at that time Secretary to the First Lord, and derisively styled by naval men "the whole board of the the Admiralty"). Among these remarks the Duke said—

"When I'm King, I'll be my own 'First Lord,' * and depend on it John Wilson Croker won't be my Secretary."

* When the Duke came to the throne as William IV., he had no desire to be "First Lord," and very shortly after his accession the Right Hon. Sir James Graham replaced Lord Melville in that office. Indeed, the King had had enough of it during the previous reign, and found the duties while they fell to his lot, so irksome, and the responsibility they entailed so onerous, that the anxiety affected his health somewhat seriously, and his son, the Earl of Munster, discerning the inadequacy of his own influence, begged Sir Astley Cooper to advise him to resign.

"Does your Royal Highness remember," replied Croker, "what English king was his own First Lord?"

"No, I can't say I do," answered the Duke.

"Well, it was James II.," said Croker, and, not unnaturally, the reply caused a general laugh among those near enough to catch it.

The King, who was pacing up and down the room, hearing this expression of mirth, called out—

"What's the joke? One of your good things, Croker, no doubt?"

JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQ., M.P.
(Secretary of the Admiralty.)

"No, indeed, your Majesty; but your royal brother is telling us what he means to do in the navy when he comes to the throne," replied Croker, with most uncourtier-like absence of mind.

The King did not reply, but withdrew. Next morning, however, Croker received the King's command to attend him in his bedroom. He found His Majesty very serious, who remarked to him with a certain severity of tone—

"I was annoyed at your exposing my brother's nonsense

under my roof last night; and, in the next place, your repeating what he said he should do when I am no longer king; let me request there may be no recurrence of similar utterances. Do not believe I am offended; but it is distasteful to me."

The King's features then relaxed a little, and he held out his hand for the Secretary to kiss, dismissing him to ponder on the ugly predicament into which he had been betrayed.

Although when among the King's chosen companions, Croker may have occasionally forgotten himself, he was a man of an altogether different stamp from the Brummels and others who toadied to Royalty. His social status, his education, and his mental ability were of a very much higher order, and he proved himself a speaker and a writer of no mean parts.

Croker's powers of satire were keen, and he could be brilliantly witty,* but too often at the expense of others, and without any consideration for their feelings.

The first publication which called attention to his capabilities was his *Intercepted Letter from China,* written in a spirit all the more daring that it was published anonymously; also he found great amusement in hearing it talked of and admired in his presence by those who had no suspicion that he was its author.

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* The following may serve to indicate that Mr. Croker's wit was not *always* either ready or brilliant. He had been asked for a contribution to Lady Blessington's album, and this is his answer:—

"ADMIRALTY, *May* 6, 1820.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have received from Lord Blessington your commands for the third time. I beg pardon for having been so tardy; but the enclosed will show you that I have at last literally and implicitly obeyed you.

"I have the honour to be,
"Dear Lady Blessington,
"Your very faithful servant,
"J. W. CROKER.

"You've asked me three times,
For four lines with two rhymes;
Too long I've delayed,
But at last you're obeyed!"

Croker's subtle and able defence of the Duke of York against the imputations of Colonel Wardle, which entirely defeated the latter, brought him into favourable notice, and he made some stir in the political world as M.P. for Downpatrick, as Q.C. at the Irish bar, and also as a writer, though in the latter capacity he laid himself open to well-merited criticism. His political gossip and his amusing conversation procured him frequent invitations to the Prince Regent's table; but he was well known to have as little feeling as principle, and to take a singular pleasure in malicious criticisms, especially of authors; not sparing even his intimate friends and those from whom he had received favours. It was said that he established the *Quarterly Review* for the sake of having at command an influential organ, by the help of which he could draw attention to the shortcomings of other writers. There were no pains he would not take to discover and expose whatsoever he thought would be of disadvantage to another, especially if an author; and he has been severely censured by Macaulay and others for putting himself to great trouble to be able to publish to the world the fact that Fanny Burney was nearer twenty-seven than "seventeen," as she tried to make people believe, when she wrote her *Evelina:* true, she gave herself so many airs about this book, which it is plain she thought the finest specimen of literature ever produced, that she deserved "taking down." At the same time the proverb about "glass houses" may be applied to John Wilson Croker, whose singular errors in his edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (as pointed out by Macaulay), hold him up to posterity as little short of a literary humbug.* The most creditable episode in his life was his secretaryship to the Admiralty, and he also deserves praise for the excellent and successful idea of founding the Athenæum Club.

* See Macvey Napier's *Correspondence*.

If the King reprimanded the Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker for an unbecoming freedom, he also knew how to overlook a snub when it came from a different quarter, and when he could not but admit its justice.

A story told by Colonel Jones of the Guards, nicknamed "Buffer Jones," shows how, on one occasion, the Duke of Wellington, with his blunt, straightforward sense of duty, felt himself obliged to evade the King's orders, when, according to his own knowledge of what was right, it would have been mischievous to obey them.

The command of a regiment having fallen vacant, George IV. said to Wellington, who was on a visit at Windsor, "Arthur, there is a regiment vacant; gazette Lord —— to the vacancy."

"It is impossible, please your Majesty; there are generals who have seen much service, now advanced in life, whose turn should be first served."

"Never mind that, Arthur, gazette Lord ——."

The Duke bowed, and, *splendidè mendax*, went straight up to town and gazetted Sir Ronald Fergusson, whose services entitled him to the vacancy. The King had the discretion to wink at this disobedience on the part of Wellington, and made no further allusion to the matter.*

* During the reign of George III. a matter of this kind was managed differently. A situation of some importance in the Government having become vacant, the King heedlessly promised it to an individual he wished to oblige; but the Cabinet had other views, and resolved these should be carried out. Accordingly, a blank form was drawn up with the intention of paying His Majesty the empty compliment of asking what name should be inserted in the commission. Drawing up the form, however, was one thing, braving the royal displeasure was another, and the members of the Cabinet were all so unwilling to undertake making the application, that they at last agreed to decide the question by lot. The task fell to the witty Lord Chesterfield, who boldly entered the royal closet with the blank commission in one hand, and a pen in the other, respectfully soliciting His Majesty's pleasure. After some discussion on the King's choice, which the noble lord delicately, but firmly demonstrated to His Majesty could not be complied with, the King angrily turned from him, saying, "Then give it to the Devil." Chesterfield hereupon made as if about to fill up the blank, but suddenly paused to inquire—"Would your

The King's wishes were baffled in a somewhat similar way when, on the death of the Duke of York, he had set his mind on being Commander-in-chief, and having consulted no one, nor taken any one into his confidence but Sir Herbert Taylor, he thought he had arranged the whole matter. His plan was to have "a secretary who could give directions in his name," "Taylor was to be Adjutant-General," and "some provision was to be made for Torrens."

Sir Herbert listened respectfully, but unhesitatingly told His Majesty the thing was quite impossible.

Peel, as soon as he heard of the project, wrote earnestly to the Duke of Wellington, conjuring him to co-operate with him in frustrating a scheme which would give, not to the King, but to those who could influence him, the powers of Commander-in-chief, so that the idea could not be entertained for an instant.

The King at last sent for Peel, who was not slow to make his Majesty understand that Wellington alone could assume the vacant office: the King probably recognized the justice of the argument, for he acquiesced, and was perfectly satisfied: the Duke accepted, and the matter was set at rest; in this as on all other occasions, Wellington had no thought for himself, his desire was always to act so as to be most useful to the country. He has been most justly described, as, in whatever capacity, true to the high standard he had set before himself, exhibiting a noble example of the purest disinterestedness, and commanding universal respect by his perfect and undeviating good faith, inflexible justice, scrupulous honesty, and invariable truthfulness.

In November, 1812, a curious accident which one of my uncles happened to witness, and which might have been attended with serious consequences, befell the Prince Regent.

Majesty please that this commission should follow the usual form—'To our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the Devil'?" At this the King could not resist a smile, and the Cabinet carried the day.

His Royal Highness went in State to open the new parliament on that day. It was a great occasion, for eight years had passed since the King had attended Parliament, and applications for tickets poured in from every quarter: there was to be a great show of royalty; the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary, with the little Princess Charlotte of Wales, were escorted to the House by the Duke of Cumberland.

As the State coach had been long out of use, and the eight cream-coloured horses had never worked together in harness before, a groom, wearing State livery, was appointed to hold the bridle of each horse, under special instructions to be particularly careful in turning the corner of Cleveland Row into Stable Yard. The coachman, perhaps from over anxiety, took too great a sweep at this critical point, and the off-hind wheel came into collision with the post at the corner of the pavement leading to Stafford House, smashed up the kerb-stone for some distance, and, breaking away the bar, threw the State coachman off the box. The man fell between the wheels, but fortunately was able to rise again so quickly, that with the help of two of the grooms, he was extricated before he had sustained any injury; in fact, he did not even drop the reins, and was able to mount again instantly. The Prince looked out of the carriage window, asked what had happened, and before proceeding, ascertained the fact of the coachman's safety. Later in life he did not often indulge in this kind of consideration for others; but, surrounded as he was, it is wonderful there was any good left in him; it is not to be supposed he ever heard the truth from any one, nor did he perhaps care to hear it.

Princess Charlotte.

The Princess Charlotte, though so young, seems, on the other hand, to have had much good sense; frankness was an integral feature in her own character, and she greatly valued it in others.

A certain Italian professor having been engaged to instruct her in playing and singing, was asked to remain near the

piano on the occasion of a large party at Warwick House, at which she was to perform. The young Princess was of course vehemently applauded; but perfectly conscious of having failed, when the company had left, she appealed to the master to give her his opinion. He at once replied that "Her Royal Highness had sung divinely and played charmingly." The royal pupil made no observation, but when the Signor next came to give his lesson, she ordered one of the servants to pay him what was due, and to let him know that "she wished to discontinue his instructions in future," adding that "she was disappointed in a professor who could imagine she would prefer being flattered to being corrected, and who would encourage her in exposing herself to ridicule."

There seems to have been a curious neglect of education as at present understood, at this Court, and according to many passages in chronicles and correspondence of the time, correctness of speech held a secondary place in royal estimation. In Fanny Burney's diary, under date August 3, 1788, where she speaks of a dangerous epidemic styled "influenza," as pervading the country, she mentions its having attacked herself when in attendance on the Queen. The King having been informed by Her Majesty, at once requested the attendance of Mr. Clerk, the apothecary, who was at the moment with one of the Princesses. When Clerk appeared, on hearing the King say, "Here's another patient for you, Mr. Clerk," he took it into his head that it was the Queen who required his services, and remained bowing and waiting for Her Majesty to speak, the good old King standing by and enjoying the joke. When it became evident that there was no question of the Queen, the poor man, becoming more and more embarrassed, turned to the Princess Augusta who at once exclaimed, "Oh! no, thank God, it's not *me!*"

The Princess Elizabeth stood near, and the poor apothecary made sure that in addressing Her Royal Highness, he

must at last be right: but no! the King, "regardless of grammar," intervened with "No, doctor, it's not *her*." Of course it was now explained that the "new patient" was "the authoress of *Evelina*," as that self-centred lady loved to call herself; but if I have given this extract it is to suggest the probability that the Queen and Princesses really needed the services of—to quote Lady Anne Hamilton—"a very clever and scientific gentleman who resided in London, and was appointed by Her Majesty to teach herself and the six Princesses geography, astronomy, arithmetic, and (not 'the use of the globes'; but) a much more practical science, *the nature of the funds*." (!) "Besides this, he was asked as a favour to settle the very deranged accounts of the Princesses: —evidently they needed financial coaching. His expenses were considerable in attending the Royal Family, as he was always obliged to go full-dressed, in a bag-wig and silk stockings, to hire carriages for the journey to Windsor, to live at an inn, and to sleep there if they chose to take lessons on two following days, by which he was obliged to neglect and disoblige his private scholars."

Lady Anne goes on to assert that "for all this he received *no remuneration whatever:*" perhaps the honour of instructing a crowned Queen and six grown-up Princesses, in the three "R's," and in the mysteries of the *funds*, was considered sufficient compensation; but Lady Anne's statements respecting the Court must always be taken *cum grano*.

George IV. was by no means without cultivation, and proved himself a liberal as well as a competent, patron of art and a skilled connoisseur in articles of *virtù*, of which he had one of the finest collections ever made by one individual, nor was he a bad judge of pictures. All the Royal Family were musical, and the King was no mean performer on several instruments. He had a fairly good bass voice, and sang with feeling, taste, and finish; he was also a clever mimic, and we have it on the authority of Lord Brougham, that H.M. too often displayed

this dangerous gift. Seguier (Keeper of the King's pictures) bore his testimony to the rare ability of His Majesty in this accomplishment, which, at all events, showed his shrewd appreciation of character. Lord Holland was equally proficient in the art of mimicry, and the King and he would often amuse themselves in turning public men into ridicule. They succeeded particularly well as regarded Lord Thurlow and Lord Loughborough; but Lord Erskine's imitation of Lord Mansfield was even better. Lord Erskine indeed had a great reputation for humour of all kinds and he uttered and wrote many witticisms.

George IV. was called by some the "first blackguard," while styled by others the "first gentleman," in Europe. Apparently there was in him a good deal of the one and a little of the other, and we ought to be glad that we can resuscitate some of the few forgotten traits which tend to redeem his much abused, but perhaps not maligned, character: no doubt he made many enemies by firmly refusing to gratify the ambition of the incompetent sharers of his pleasures, by appointing them to any position, however remote, in the Government.

I remember in my youth hearing of the following incident indicative of the King's courtesy:

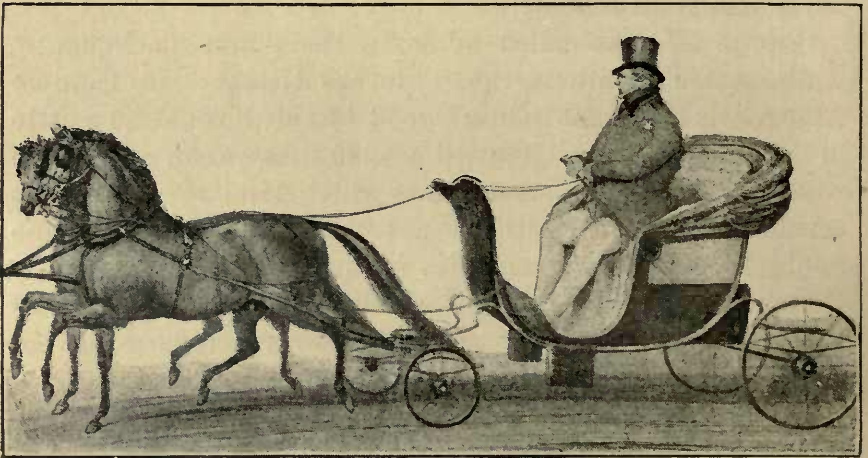
Driving one day through the Avenue in Windsor Park, he met a coarse, blustering fellow, one of those who entertained no admiration for Royalty; on being told by a companion who sat beside him, that the King's phaeton was approaching and that he must uncover, he replied with an oath, and loud enough to be heard by His Majesty, "I won't take my hat off to anybody."

The King drew up, lifted his own hat, and said with a smile worthy of "Prince Florizel," "I would take off mine to the meanest of my subjects." The man was dumbfounded, but by the time he had sufficiently recovered himself to return the salute, the King had driven on.

A somewhat similar anecdote illustrative of better

qualities in his nature than tradition is wont to credit him with, is the following:

The King was taking an airing on the Downs near Brighton, in the spring of 1820, accompanied by Sir B. Bloomfield, when a farmer rode up to, and addressed the latter, respectfully observing that the horses, in diverging from the usual track, had got upon land where seed was sown, the trampling of which would do him injury. The Sovereign bowed, signified his approbation of the notice thus given, and the horses were instantly guided to the high road.



THE KING.

Among instances of the social forbearance of which the King was capable on occasion, is one recorded in an anecdote of the father of Assheton Smith, the great huntsman, who, like his son, was remarkable for his doggedness when once he had taken a determination, even after he was made aware of its unreasonableness.

It has been said that the difference between firmness and obstinacy consists in the fact that the former is a strong *will*, and the latter a strong *won't*: Mr. Smith's inflexibility was of the latter description, and he once played it off upon the King. George IV., on his return journey from Ireland, was

the guest of the Marquis of Anglesey, at Plas Newydd, and it had been arranged at a public meeting at Carnarvon (Mr. Smith in the chair), that during the Royal visit, an address should be presented to His Majesty, a deputation of twelve leading men being appointed to go up with it to Plas Newydd. In the course of the proceedings, a question was raised as to how the committee should be costumed to enter the Royal presence. Some suggested Court suits; some, uniforms or official dress; the chairman, at that moment attired as a county squire in early morning *déshabillé*, was wearing a cutaway coat with breeches and leather gaiters, and said that whatever others might do, he should make no change in the clothes he was wearing. He was as good as his word too; for when the deputation met at his place, Vaenol, to proceed to the Marquis's house, they were not a little surprised to find their chairman habited in the very same suit he had worn at Carnarvon.

On their introduction to the King, Mr. Smith as Chairman was first in order; His Majesty received him with the most cordial welcome, taking both his hands in his own, and, addressing him with the greatest kindness, without appearing to notice his uncourtly appearance, said, "Mr. Smith, do you know your son Tom accompanied me in his yacht to and from Holyhead." Smith, who had all the instincts of a man of birth, notwithstanding his occasionally perverse temper, felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, but was frank and honourable enough to acknowledge that he had been overcome by the generosity of the King, of which he always spoke afterwards with admiration.

Byron, having met the Prince Regent at a party, was by His Royal Highness's own desire presented to him. Mr. Dallas says, "The Regent expressed to him his admiration of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and continued a conversation which so fascinated the poet that had it not been for the accidental postponement of the next levée, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete

courtier." Dallas goes on to relate how, happening to call on Byron on the morning fixed for the levée, he found him in a full dress Court suit, with his fine black hair powdered, which by no means suited his countenance; he was surprised, as Byron had stated he had no intention of attending, and it seemed as if he thought it necessary to apologise for the alteration of his resolve, for he observed "he could not decently avoid it, as the Prince Regent had done him the honour to say he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House."

Byron was not above the weakness of feeling highly flattered at the notice taken of him by the Prince, and wrote detailed accounts of the interview to various friends: in that addressed to Scott, and in informing that writer of the warmly laudatory allusions made by the Prince to Scott's literary eminence, he says—"It may give you pleasure to hear they were conveyed in language which would only suffer by passing through my transcription, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of the Prince's abilities and accomplishments which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*."

Moreover, as Byron did not, after all, attend the levée, on account of its unexpected postponement, he made capital of the incident, intimating that he had never intended to go to Court.

An evidence of latent refinement in the King's character was brought to light on the occasion of his visit to Dublin, August 11, 1821. At a Court held there, Lord Kingsale (or Kinsale) thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege * of remaining covered when before the

* This was John, twenty-sixth Baron from the ancestor who, for great services he had rendered to the country under Henry II., was created a peer of Ireland, under the title of Earl of Ulster, and was "the first Englishman," says Burke, "ever thus *dignified*." The history of the family is picturesque. The Peer representing this rank under King John was a man not only of colossal stature, but of enormous wealth and consideration. But his great prosperity made him many

Sovereign. George IV., whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer, said to him—

"My Lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your King, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies."

A trait testifying to a practical sense of honour on the part of the King is worth recording of one, the worst side of whose character history and tradition have exhibited to

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enemies. Among these was Hugh de Lacie, whose jealousy of his universal prosperity was so desperate that he determined to bring about his ruin, and by gross treachery and unscrupulous misrepresentation, so incensed the King against him, that he had him seized and thrown into prison, and confiscated his extensive estates and large property.

Not long after this, a fierce dispute arose between Philip Augustus of France and the King of England with regard to the Duchy of Normandy, and by common consent it was agreed that the quarrel should be settled by single combat, a champion to be chosen on either side.

Philip Augustus it was, who made this proposition, having, as he believed, a champion ready to his hand whom no one could vanquish, and King John incautiously acquisced in the arrangement, only discovering afterwards that he had not at his command an individual to oppose to his French adversary with any chance of success. At last he remembered the stalwart bearing and formidable proportions of De Courcy, and sent for him out of prison to make the suggestion to him. Mounted on a magnificent charger, the great Baron entered the lists, surrounded by eager and excited spectators, among whom were conspicuous the Kings of England, France, and Spain. The French champion now appeared, but no sooner had he set eyes on his terrific English opponent, than with commendable prudence and extraordinary celerity he made his horse turn tail, and galloped away as fast as the beast would carry him.

The French King, curious to test the warlike strength and skill of De Courcy, begged him to give him a proof of the same, and was greatly astonished to see him split a massive helmet in two with one blow of an axe.

King John was delighted at the prowess of his matchless champion, and restored to him his royal favour together with his liberty and all his lands and goods. Moreover, he undertook to grant him any favour he was pleased to ask.

De Courcy replied that of estates and gold he had as much as he wanted, the only favour, therefore, that he would ask of the King was that from that time forward, and for ever, he and his descendants should enjoy the privilege of (after obeisance made) remaining covered before the sovereign. The Baron who last died, it appears, never availed himself of the royal grant, but his grandfather (twenty-fifth Baron) insisted on retaining his hat when presented to George III., and his father (twenty-sixth), on the occasion above cited, again practically enforced his ancient right.

the world, and, alas! not without much justification. When His Majesty was only Prince of Wales, the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*) paid a visit to this country, before the Revolution, and lent the Heir Apparent, who was always short of money —it is a way Heirs Apparent have—various sums, amounting it would appear to some millions of *livres*. The transaction seems to have been forgotten during the subsequent troubles, and as the rules of etiquette admitted of no documentary proofs, the debt remained, in fact, unknown to any one. When the Regent came to the throne, one of

"Prince Florizel."

his first acts was to refund the sum in question to his deceased creditor's son (afterwards Louis Philippe), who, finding himself by this unexpected revelation in possession of so large an inheritance, employed it in the speculative purchase of forests and woodlands in France (just then much depreciated), to the amount of five million *francs*, and of course subsequently this property rose immensely in value.

Of His Majesty's ill-advised connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the inevitable and ceaseless shufflings to which it gave rise, the less, perhaps, that is said the better. However, notwithstanding his abandonment of her, and his

frequent disclaimers of a continued affection for her, there appears very good evidence that he desired to be, and was, buried with Cosway's miniature of her, set in brilliants, round his neck: not but what, during all the time he was separated from her, he scrupled not to cultivate the society of other ladies; his Queen, of course, went for nothing.

It has always been said that, when young, George IV.,

like Louis XV., was a perfect model of grace and beauty, and promised so hopefully that both were at that age adored by their future subjects.

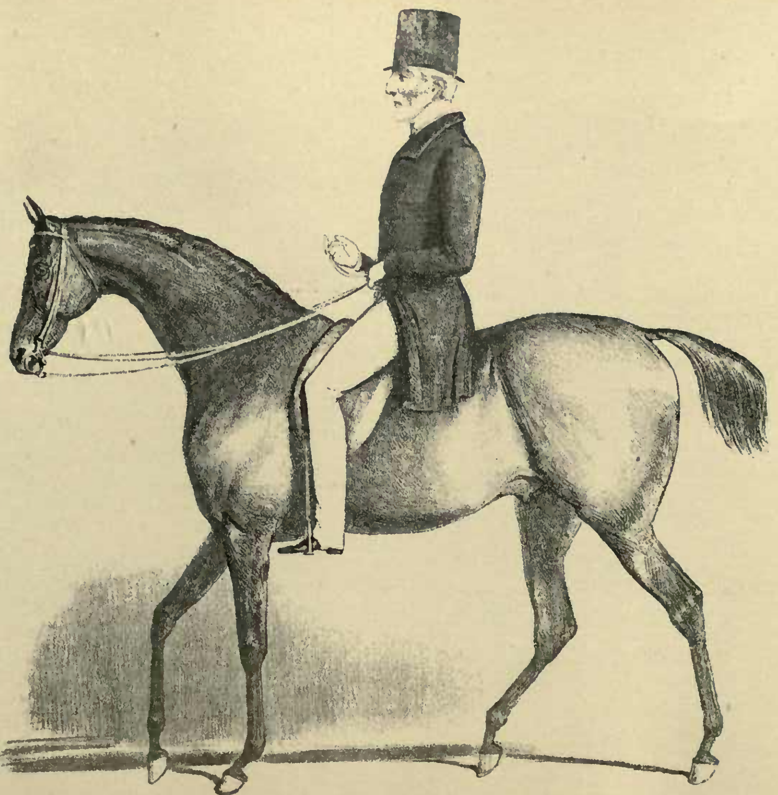
It was in the power of both these princes to retain respectively this affectionate loyalty—unhappily, lost in selfish pleasures and sensual vices, they set no store by the generous confidence, and naturally came to be execrated by those whose expectations they had betrayed.

In the company of his boon companions the King was coarse in his language, unrefined in his manners, and by an undue and unwise familiarity, laid himself open to impertinences inconsistent with the royal dignity it was his duty to maintain. But he very well knew how to assume a princely bearing on occasion, and could demean himself at Court with a loftiness and elegance of manner which entitled him to his reputation for courtesy and graciousness. An attractive instance is related by Moore of the King's considerateness. When Sir Walter Scott attended the levée he made an attempt to kneel; His Majesty observing the difficulty occasioned by his lameness, hastened to say—"My dear Walter, don't kneel; I am delighted to see you without putting you to that inconvenience." Unhappily the notorious profligacy of many whom he allowed to frequent the palace was such as almost to justify the scandalous pages of Lady Anne Hamilton's "Secret History" of that demoralized Court.

Queen Caroline.

That writer takes upon herself to whitewash Queen Caroline, with whom she was on very intimate terms; yet, whatever opinions there may have been in favour of that Princess, it is impossible to read the report of her disgraceful trial and not to believe that there must have been a considerable amount of fire to account for so much smoke.

It is difficult to understand the enthusiastic pitch attained by the popular sympathy, of which this most unattractive and thoroughly German Princess became the object. London seems to have gone mad over her, and the lower orders were unanimous in the blind favour with which they viewed her case. The period during which her trial lasted was marked by a succession of riots; the streets were daily thronged by the populace as she drove to and from the House of Lords, their object being not merely to see and to "cheer" her as she passed, but to await the departure and dispersion of the Peers in order to proclaim their opinion of



The Duke of Wellington. By "H. B."

the views these gentlemen had been expressing in the House, and not one was allowed to drive or ride by without some demonstration from the mob.

My father used to talk of having seen the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesey riding side by side to and from the House, and as it was known they shared the same opinions, they were uniformly met by unsuppressed cries of execration, the mob pressing more particularly round the Duke, and shouting—

"The Queen! the Queen! We want the Queen! We must have the Queen, my Lord!" adding, "No foul play, my Lord!" Others crying out, "The Queen for ever! The Queen and the Army for ever, my Lord!"

His Grace would ride on, apparently unconscious of the surrounding hubbub; occasionally he smiled if the crowd pressed so closely as to touch his horse or himself, and said no more than, "Yes, yes," in answer to the most pertinacious who continued to roar out, "Long live the Queen!"

The Marquis on one occasion did not succeed so well in commanding his temper; he spurred his horse, anxious to rid himself of the crowd, and finally the Duke, quickening his pace as they neared the Horse Guards, both passed through together and the gates were closed upon the mob.

This scene took place every day. One day when thus pursued by the marks of disapprobation of the populace, the Duke as usual was taking it quite coolly, merely smiling benignly when the yells were at their loudest, but the Marquis became irritated, and showed his indignation by frequently turning round with an angry expression. This increased the insolence of the crowd, so that when the two heroes passed as usual, through the Horse Guards into the Park, they were followed by a general rush of the rabble. Here they assumed a livelier pace, and the Duke rode away; but the Marquis lingered behind, and at length making a sudden stop, he veered round and demanded of his persecutors,

whom this movement seemed at once to have awed, "Why do you hiss me?" The answer came in the form of loud shouts, "The Queen! the Queen!" But the Marquis exclaimed, "If you want me to vote against my conscience, I must tell you I had rather you ran me through the body!" This brave answer produced loud cheers from the crowd, but the next moment the cry of "The Queen!" was taken up, and the gallant Marquis, finding there was nothing to be done with the pig-headed mob, spurred his horse to a gallop, and left them yelling behind.

The following from Haydon's diary affords a full confirmation of this statement:—

"19*th August*, 1820.—To the House of Lords to-day to see Queen Caroline, and witnessed the self-disgracing conduct of an English mob who hooted Wellington. . . . As the Duke and Lord Anglesey rode slowly away the mob howled and hooted at them furiously: Wellington took it with great good humour and seemed as he turned from side to side, amused at their noises.

"Directly after one fellow had roared himself hoarse, he turned round to me and said, '*Who is it?*' 'Who is it!' I replied, with undisguised disgust and contempt. 'Who is it?—why it is the Duke of Wellington.' 'The Duke!' said he, 'What a shame!'

"The fury of the people in favour of Queen Caroline," he continues, "is not from any love of her, but rather from that innate propensity to seize on any opportunity for thwarting, annoying, and mortifying those who, from their talents or station, enforce obedience. . . . The enthusiasm of the sex for her is a tremendous symptom of the secret vices of the time."

During the trial, the office of *The Morning Post* (then at 333 in the Strand) became the object of a furious attack by the mob, who collected in front of it, yelling like savages; they drew up before the façade a huge cart

The Marquis of Anglesey.

filled with stones and brickbats with which they smashed all the windows they could reach and battered the walls. I have been told by Mr. Wm. Pitt Byrne (whose father, Mr. Nicholas Byrne, well known for his Tory principles, was then sole proprietor of that journal), that he himself was in the office on the first floor, where everything was smashed, and was compelled to retreat into an office on the north side of the building for the protection of his life. One of the clerks received one of these missiles with some force on the shoulder, and was seriously injured.

Whatever may have been the conduct of the Queen,* that of her husband was unquestionably disgraceful; yet it was while this persecution of a suspected wife by a faithless husband was scandalizing the country and the world, that the King had the folly and the bad taste to issue "a proclamation against vice and immorality," which, by Royal order, was to be read from every pulpit in England on a given Sunday. Dr. Parr having to read this proclamation to his congregation, eased his conscience by prefacing it as follows: "My beloved brethren, you must not be deceived in anything. I am going to read you the King's proclamation against vice and immorality. You will take notice that it is not issued in His Majesty's private character, but in that of a ruler and a king. It has nothing to do with His Majesty as a private individual."

To various causes has been attributed the coolness which supervened in the once close intimacy between George IV. when Prince of Wales and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

When the "delicate investigation," as it was called, had to be entered into, the King, who had alienated from himself all sympathy, requiring the advice and support of the most able and intelligent of his friends, bethought him of Sheridan: accordingly, one morning, after he had finished

* In Queen Caroline's will was found the expression of her desire that nothing should be inscribed upon her tomb but—"Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England."

his toilet, he despatched a confidential messenger to fetch him. Sheridan came immediately; and as soon as His Royal Highness saw him, he said, with much agitation, "How is this, Sheridan; you surely do not mean to desert me on this most trying occasion?"

Sheridan bowed, acknowledged the honour done him, but intimated that, whether an accused woman were in the wrong or in the right, he would never take part against her. That Canning was also of this way of thinking is well known, as he resigned on that account.

The respect George IV. entertained for learning in women showed him to have been more advanced than his times. In days when Court etiquette was more punctilious than at present, we are suprised to find that when Madame de Staël came to England she refused to appear at Court till the Regent had personally visited her at her lodgings in George Street, and the King humoured her by presenting himself there. It is true she gave the Princess of Wales the cold shoulder, but she did not altogether please His Royal Highness by her treatment of himself. The reception she gave him seems to have been in very bad taste, and, though adulatory, far from complimentary. She made no allusion to either the glory of England, or even its literature or literary celebrities; nor did she converse with him as if she respected, or even believed in, the powers of his *understanding*, unless that can be inferred from the admiration she expressed for the beautiful shape of his *legs!*—a shape he perhaps did well to make the most of while it lasted.

Carlton House.

Just before Carlton House was pulled down, but after it was surrounded by the extensive hoarding, I passed it one day with my father, who lifted me up to an opening between the boards, showing the palace as it still stood. I can now recall only a dream-like image of a vast, deserted-looking building, remarkable for a number of fluted columns along the terraced front.

The grounds must have been of considerable extent, and,

according to contemporary descriptions, there must have been valuable timber on the property. The building, about a century old, offered some traditional interest, having been assigned to Frederick Prince of Wales, the unoffending subject of the well-known satirical epitaph.

The son of "Prince Fred," afterwards George III., passed his childhood there; very large sums had been spent on the gardens, the arrangement of which was entrusted to the gardener of the Earl of Cork. Nevertheless, when George IV., while Prince of Wales, made Carlton House his residence, it was nearly rebuilt, and the grounds were newly laid out for him at considerable expense—an excellent "job," no doubt—for some one, but not for the nation. The design for the house was by Henry Holland, who added the portico, supported by those famous fluted Corinthian columns, which were destined to meet with scant welcome wherever they might be applied.

It is no credit to any one concerned in these costly transactions that, notwithstanding all the expense to which the nation had been put, the result was to be but an ephemeral one, and that another caprice was destined to exact its destruction. When it came to be demolished, shortly after its expensive "restoration," the hapless columns cropped up again, and having been laid aside for future use, were thrust upon the architect of the National Gallery, who, when making his design, was required to bring them, as best he could, into his elevation. When this building stood out to view, with its pepper-box turrets—after all, the addition which really spoils the effect—it gave almost universal dissatisfaction, and the architect availed himself of the fact that he had been compelled to use up the columns, as an excuse for the *fiasco*, alleging that their dimensions had obliged him to dwarf his *façade*. The pillars, thus tabooed, became the subject of caricatures, puns, and pasquinades. An anecdote, quoted by Southey as containing a *bon mot* of Lord North's, while they were still

supporting Carlton House, tells that this nobleman, being blind, asked some one to describe to him the respective residences of the Prince Regent and of his brother, the Duke of York. When the narrator came to an end, Lord North replied, "It seems to me that one brother has got into the round-house and the other into the pillory." York House, I must add, was remarkable for its fine circular, domed vestibule or entrance-court.

Bonomi.

Bonomi's ludicrous distich on this vexed subject was remembered, repeated, and universally endorsed :—

"Care colonne ! che fate quà ?
Non lo sapiamo, in verità."

(*Translated.*)

"Dear little columns, all of a row !
What do you there ? Indeed we don't know."

Bonomi was well known as an archæologist and man of taste; he had won a deserved reputation by his studious and energetic pursuit of recondite lore, and was one of the few Egyptologists of his day. His favourite occupation was studying the ancient Egyptian buildings, sculptures, and hieroglyphics ; but he was also an expert draughtsman. He once hit off a pencil likeness of Livingstone—the only one there was of him at that time, and long after ; it is now in the National Gallery. Bonomi was curator of Sir John Soane's Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and lived till 1878.

The King took an interest in architectural works, and when Buckingham Palace was to be erected in 1827, on the site of Buckingham House, which had been pulled down two years previously, the King was one day very busy in consultation over the plans and elevation with Seguier. "Here," said His Majesty marking the spot, "is the entrance and road for people who come in hackney-coaches ; here is the entrance for Ministers and Ambassadors ; this is the one for the Royal Family ; and this," he continued with some hesitation, ". . . is for Us, on great occasions."

I have a recollection of the Duke of York, who had a fine commanding figure and a handsome, pleasant face, with a somewhat bald forehead. I also remember being taken to the view, previous to their sale, of the Duke's goods and chattels, after his death. The plate was thickly spread over the large dining-table, and also covered a massive side-

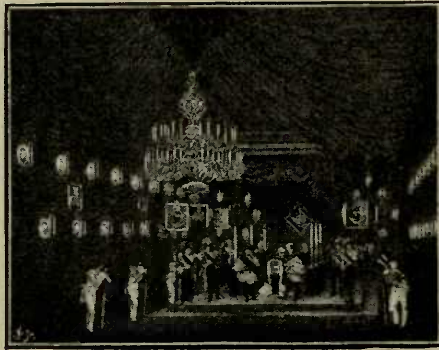
The Duke of York.

"Last Shooting Excursion of H.R.H. the Duke of York."

board in the dining-room in Audley Square, making a gorgeous show, as most of it was gilt. Of course I took it all for gold; but my father showed me two comparatively small circular waiters, which he told me were the only pieces of solid gold plate, the rest being silver gilt. Some of the Duke's plate had belonged to the Bourbons, and had been purchased by him.

The sale took place shortly after this popular Duke's death, in January, 1827. Colonel Wardle, who made himself universally obnoxious by his attack on the Duke, survived His Royal Highness six years, dying in Florence (whither he had escaped from England), in 1833. Mrs. Clarke died at Boulogne in 1852. It was said she bought at the Duke's sale, that portion of the plate that had belonged to one of the Bourbon Princes.

The Duke's death was lamented all over the country, calling forth demonstrations of loyal grief, and there was a general mourning. Though residing in Audley



THE GREAT CHAMBER AT ST. JAMES' PALACE.
(The Duke of York Lying in State.)

Square, the Duke (being on a visit to the Duke of Rutland) died at Rutland House, whence the body was carried to St. James's Palace, where it lay in state, the black drapery being disposed so as to form a tent, in character with his military calling; gold stripes relieved the extreme blackness, but did not diminish the solemnity of the scene, which the flickering tapers round the couch seemed to render even more gloomy. The funeral service was at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and took place by night.* All

* It was said that 20,000 persons passed through the room on the first day, all behaving in the most decorous manner, amid solemn and respectful silence. The venerable Lord Stowell was the first who entered the lugubrious chamber of death.

the shops, both in that locality and in London, were closed.

The Duke had been a great favourite with the army, and his administration of the duties connected with the Horse Guards had won him universal praise: his obsequies were attended by all the ministers and statesmen of the day and a large military contingent, and the King's gentlemen-at-arms were in attendance, as if for the funeral of a Sovereign. The weather was cold and damp, and so prejudicial to the health of those present that many deaths followed the function; indeed, the stone flags of the chapel were so chilling, that Lord Eldon considered that Canning saved his life by suggesting to him to stand on his hat; and the Duke of Cambridge took the precaution of getting his feet on to the velvet mantle of the Duke of Sussex, who stood in front of him. George Canning himself never recovered the effects of a severe cold he took on the occasion, and died not long after, at Chiswick; his death took place (in the same room as that of Charles James Fox) on August 8, 1827.

Funeral sermons were preached on the following Sunday at all the principal churches in London. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, a strange mistake was made by the curate, the Rev. J. Hoole, in the anthem which was to follow the discourse. The one proposed by the rector, the Rev. W. Beresford, consisted of the fifth, sixth, and seventh verses of the 62nd Psalm (Tate and Brady's metrical version):—

> "But thou, my soul, on God rely,
> On Him alone Thy trust repose;
> My Rock will health and strength supply
> To bear the shock of all my foes," &c.

The rector, it would seem, was not very strong in his autograph, and formed his figures so indistinctly, that the Rev. J. Hoole, whose duty it was to write down the order and transmit it to the clerk, mistook the "6" for a "5," and it was the three verses of the 52nd Psalm that went up to the

organ loft; when, therefore, the moment arrived, the choir started, at the top of their voices, with—

> "God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
> And snatch thee soon away;
> Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
> Nor in the world to stay;"

the other verses following, to the consternation of the rector, the astonishment of the congregation, and the subsequent discomfiture of the curate.

H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearn, K.G., K.T., K.S.P., &c., &c.

The Duke of Kent.

We seem to know less of the good Duke of Kent (although the father of our Queen) than of any of the other royal dukes. He was a remarkably tall, well-made man, and the expression of his face told of kindliness and sympathy; the Duke was hospitable, simple, and courteous; he could talk well on a variety of subjects, and while affable in his manner and winning the goodwill of all about him, he never lost sight of his self-respect, and those he admitted to his intimacy would never have thought of taking liberties with

him. He was a brave soldier, and extremely beloved by his subordinates: his domestic virtues were known to, and admired by, all who were admitted into his society, and he was highly approved for the upright and sensible course he pursued in living on a scale proportioned to his means, and finding his happiness in the tranquil joys of domestic life.

A Welsh judge, by name George Hardinge, who was particularly favoured by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and was frequently an invited guest to their house, gives a very curious account of its *intérieur*, well worth recording at the present day: The Duke, with, as I have said, commendable prudence, was living as simply as was compatible with his rank; but—"the servants," says this gentleman, "though I could not reconcile myself to the number of them, were models of attention, propriety, and respect; their eyes seemed as if they had been made expressly and only for us! Their apparel always gave the impression of clothes perfectly new, their hair was uncommonly well-dressed and powdered. . . . It was the custom," he continues, "that, at a certain hour daily, every male servant should appear before his master, and show himself perfectly well-dressed and clean, with his hair dressed and powdered by the household barber. Besides this 'law of the Medes,' every man has a niche to fill, so that he is never unoccupied, except at his meals, but is always engaged in some duty or other, and is amenable to a sudden visit into the bargain. I can assure you the result is that, in this complicated machine of souls and bodies, the genius of attention, cleanliness, and smart appearance is the order of the day." Would we could go back to the ways of those good old times!

Domestic subordination, apparently, had been maintained with similar strictness at the Palace; for George III., having one day found a hair * on his plate, forthwith ordered that

* Peter Pindar does not allow that what the King saw on his plate *was* a hair, still less a hare—though he represents it as a living animal. So serious, however, were the consequences, that *that* hair, or whatever it may have been, *may* be said to have had its "shadow."

every scullion in the royal kitchen should have his head shaved, and that the practice should be retained in that department of the household ever after.

In February, 1820, the Duke of Kent, with the Duchess and the infant Princess Victoria, then nine months' old, was staying at Woodbrook Cottage, Sidmouth. The weather had been very rainy, and taking advantage of a fine day, the Duke went out for a long walk with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Conroy. On their return, the latter remarking that the ground had been very wet, advised the Duke at once to change his *chaussure*, adding that he should not lose a

THE INFANT PRINCESS.

minute before following that course himself; the Duke acquiesced, and was leaving the room with that intention, when the little Princess was brought in: her father, who doted on her, could not resist the enjoyment of playing with the child, and forgot all about his wet feet, so that he only put on dry shoes and stockings when he dressed for dinner. In the evening his throat was very much affected, although he had a splendid constitution and perhaps counted too much upon it. Dr. Wilson ordered him a draught, consisting of calomel and James's powder, but His Royal Highness, who never drugged himself, considered it needless, and took no remedy. As he was very feverish in the morning the

doctors held a consultation, and unanimously agreed to have recourse to the barbarous treatment of the day, so set to work and bled the poor Prince with all their might.

When the lancet had done its work, cups were brought in, and 120oz. of blood altogether were taken! *We* are not surprised, though *they* appear to have been astonished, to find the patient becoming weaker and less able to resist the malady, and finally succumbing to this illogical course. "*Oui, Messieurs*," as the French medical lecturer's *refrain* ran, "*et après tout cela*, le malade *mourut!*"

This Prince was of a finer physical mould, as well as of a finer character, than his royal brothers; all were fine men, but he was the tallest. The Duke's coffin had to be of abnormal dimensions, the length of the outer one being 7ft. 5in. It is a curious and hardly credible fact that although this exceptional measurement could not possibly have escaped those concerned in the funeral arrangements, they should have entirely neglected to make a corresponding provision in the size of the entrance to the vault. A difficulty, unseemly even at a pauper interment, therefore, occurred at the solemn moment when the body was being lowered into the grave, and at that most pathetic incident in the function, matters came to a deplorable stand-still till masons could be procured to remedy the simple mechanical error.

The amiable Prince, whose happy, tranquil, and respected life was so unexpectedly cut short, though, at first, disposed to believe in his recovering power, yet, with a due thoughtfulness for his Duchess and their child, resolved to prepare for the possible eventuality, contemplating the contingency with courageous equanimity. His Royal Highness's will, though made at such a moment, is drawn up with remarkable brevity, clearness, and conciseness, appointing the Duchess and Mr. Conroy his executors, and consigning his only child—the Princess Alexandrina Victoria—to the sole care and guardianship of her mother. The following day

the little Princess, unconscious of her irreparable loss, was fatherless. The will was proved March 21, 1820, and the personalty was sworn under £80,000, the probate duty amounting to £1,050.

The Duke left but few debts, his chief, if not only, creditors being Lord Fitzwilliam, fifth Earl, and that nobleman's kinsman, Lord Dundas; these obligations were piously cleared off by Her Majesty's filial care in the spring of 1838, very shortly after her accession; the payments being respectively accompanied with a handsome expression of her sense of the friendship that had existed between these noblemen and her father, and the presentation of an elegant piece of plate to each, as a souvenir.

Lord Fitzwilliam is described in Lady Clementina Davies's Memoirs,* as "remarkable for his delightful manners, so gentle and so polite; . . . there is," she says, "a divine expression on his countenance; shy and reserved on first acquaintance, but not to such a degree as to make him disagreeable. Lord Hardwicke is a very good sort of man, but he is not so pleasant as Lord Fitzwilliam." The Dundas barony is now merged in the earldom of Zetland.

The Duke of Clarence.

The Duke of Clarence on becoming William IV. began his reign under promising auspices. It was evident the nation had a much better opinion of the sailor-Prince than of the "First Gentleman," and both the new King and his Queen were popular; every one therefore hoped for many improvements at Court, if not throughout the country. His Majesty carried in his benevolent face, and indeed in his whole appearance, the attributes of a "jolly good fellow," and gave many proofs of the excellence of his heart.

Those who heard of his generosity to Lord Denman could

* These Memoirs were written by Mrs. Challis; Lady Clementina simply supplied the materials.

but admire the frankness of his disposition and the largeness of his mind. When this gentleman was expecting to be made a judge, and the King's consent had to be obtained, those who had heard and remembered the bad taste with which, in a recent speech, he had permitted himself to allude to His Majesty, were fully prepared for the King's opposition to his promotion; so far from this, when, on giving the Royal consent he had been reminded of it, he answered at once, in his blunt, simple way—"Oh! that need not make any difference; don't interfere with his appointment; let him be made a judge, by all means; I forgave that long ago, and had almost forgotten it." Yet, like all the Royal Family, he had a wonderful memory. If occasionally lacking in dignity (like the other princes), he was as considerate and kind as he was just and honest, and his good humour was seldom at fault.

As an officer he was intrepid and energetic, and Nelson, from whom he acquired his enthusiasm for his profession, always spoke in the highest terms of his aptitude for its duties.*

In January, 1780, he was on board the *Prince George*

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* Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, and afterwards William IV. (born in 1765), entered the service in 1779, and became a lieutenant in 1785, a post-captain in 1786, a rear-admiral in 1790, a vice-admiral in 1794, an admiral in 1799, and an admiral of the fleet in 1811. As a midshipman he served in the *Prince George*, 98, flag of Rear-Admiral Digby, witnessing Rodney's relief of Gibraltar, and taking part in the defeat of Don Juan de Langara on the 16th of January, 1780. He was present also at the capture of the *Prothée*, 64, and then again shared in one of the many reliefs of Gibraltar. He next served on the North American Station, both in the flagship and in the *Warwick*, 50, and subsequently in the West Indies, in the *Barfleur*, 98, flagship of Lord Hood; but his stay as a midshipman in the West Indies was rather a tour of pleasure than a cruise on service. As a lieutenant the Prince served successively in the *Hebe*, 40, and *Pegasus*, 28; but at the age of 21 was made post-captain and appointed to the command of the latter vessel, in which he sailed to North America, and thence to the West Indies. On the station he made the acquaintance and was for a time under the orders, of Nelson, whose high esteem he seems to have acquired. He afterwards commanded the *Andromeda*, 32, and the *Valiant*, 74. As an admiral he flew his flag only on two or three occasions, and then for very short periods.

being part of the squadron commanded by Admiral Rodney, when that officer took the whole of a Spanish convoy. Among their ships was a sixty-four gun, which was afterwards named the "Prince William," out of compliment to the young Prince. When the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, who was taken prisoner, was brought on board the *Prince George*, he observed one of the middies actively engaged in his duties, which he was performing with so conscientious an air that he asked who he was, and being informed that he was the son of the King of England, he replied :—

"Well may England be mistress of the sea when the sons of her Kings take such earnest part in her naval service."

In 1827 the Duke of Clarence was appointed Lord High Admiral, but did not long retain that office. The Duke of Wellington, then Premier, having complained of the inevitable expenses of the Royal progresses, His Royal Highness resigned in 1829. When he came to the throne in 1830 he expressed his perfect satisfaction with the Duke's administration of public affairs.

William IV.

William IV. possessed considerably more diplomatic tact than appears to have been generally supposed; his reign, though brief, was not unfertile in incidents of importance. Louis Philippe being called to the throne of France in the year of his own accession, he at once acquiesced in his election, and maintained well-balanced relations with France, with a view to repressing the aggressions of Russia; nor was his policy in Belgian affairs in 1831 without its wisdom. Other marking events of this short reign were the change in the Irish *régime*, the passing of the Reform Bill, and the abolition of slavery.

When Louis Philippe came to the throne, and Talleyrand was appointed Ambassador from the French Court to that of England, the Prince's first interview with William IV. produced an impression which is thus noted in the diary of that statesman :—

"William IV. had been in the navy, and had retained the tone and manners which that service generally gives. He was an honest man, rather narrow-minded, and whom the Whig party had always counted in its ranks; nevertheless, since his recent accession to the throne, June 26, 1830, he had retained the Tory ministry of his brother and predecessor, George IV. He received me very kindly, stammered a few friendly phrases in incorrect French about King Louis Philippe, and expressed his pleasure at the closing in Paris of the *Sociétés Populaires.* During the four years I was in London," he continues, "I have nothing but praise to record of the behaviour of the King and Queen of England, who eagerly took every opportunity of making themselves pleasant both to me and to my niece, the Duchesse de Dino."

William IV. had a great command of language, and without being eloquent, was yet a fluent speaker. Sir Astley Cooper has mentioned in his diary, a dinner at Sir Hutton Cooper's, where the Duke of Clarence was present; and on His Royal Highness's health being drunk, he spoke, and spoke well, for nearly a quarter of an hour. Sir Astley, alluding to this speech one day, the Duke replied, "Oh! but the Duke of Kent was the best after-dinner speaker I ever heard."

Cooper attended Lord Munster for a compound fracture, sustained by a fall from his horse. Pring had originally taken the case, but complications supervened, and he called in Sir Astley. During the whole time the patient was ill, the Duke of Clarence used to visit his son daily, and on these occasions must have taken note of the surgeon's characteristics, for when he afterwards needed a surgical operation himself, it was Sir Astley whom he selected to perform it. The Duke's considerate nature was manifested on this occasion; before submitting to it he begged he might have time to write to his Duchess, urging—

"It is now eleven in the morning, and I shall not see her before six this evening, so it would be right to calm her apprehensions."

Sir Astley was often sent for to Bushey, and speaks of Queen Adelaide as "simple and elegant, but without any pretensions ; always affable and thoughtful."

When the Council of the Royal Society waited on William IV. and Queen Adelaide, His Majesty made them a very eloquent speech, and gave them good practical advice, enjoining them to fraternize with philosophers and men of science in all parts of the globe, to consider themselves servants not of England alone, but of the whole civilized world. The Queen asked to see a list, from the beginning, of members and their autographs, and was particularly interested in that of Sir Isaac Newton.

If King William and Queen Adelaide were readily accepted by the nation in general, no locality can be said to have testified its loyalty to the new Sovereigns more zealously than Brighton. The reception of the Royal pair in that then fashionable marine town was enthusiastic, for Brighton was flattered at being chosen for a first visit at so early a period of the reign. The inhabitants grudged no expense that would aid in expressing their frantic delight, in interpreting which there was perhaps a little too much demonstrativeness, excusable only in the first burst of loyalty, but the local enthusiasm continued to froth over, long after the triumphal arches were crumpled up, their laurels withered, and the sailor boys, of whom they may be said to have been built, had resumed their normal occupation—yes, long after the Roman candles had burnt themselves out, the red fire had gone off in smoke, and the Catherine wheels had whirled themselves into ugly, shapeless skeletons. All this, with the regattas and illuminations over and gone, Brighton so far forgot the laws of good breeding, as literally to mob the Royal carriages whenever they appeared in the streets; the forbearance with which the Royal pair tolerated the super-amiable attentions of their marine subjects, failed to be understood by the gushing population, who took such undue advantage of the Royal

indulgence that it was no uncommon mistake to throw petitions into the Royal carriage during its daily drive along the King's Road. The King was so kind-hearted that it became necessary to advise him to pay no heed to such addresses, and the police were instructed to increase their vigilance and put a stop to these unseemly proceedings.*

Queen Adelaide is described by Princess de Lieven in her Correspondence, not only as "of a most amiable disposition," but as being "endowed with singular tact and sense, and as possessing a great deal more character than any one gave her credit for."

A curious incident took place at Court early in the reign. The honour of knighthood was to be conferred on the Mayor of Liverpool; and Mr. Ewart, M.P., heading a deputation from the corporation of that city, to present an address to the King on the occasion, approached and dropped on one knee before His Majesty. The King, taking him for the Mayor, seized the royal sword, and was about to inflict knighthood on him, when Ewart, seeing the irreparable blunder on the point of being committed, was just in time to exclaim somewhat unceremoniously in his haste, "Not me; *please* don't knight me." "Where is the Mayor, then?" said the King, also startled from his propriety. That functionary, who had remained modestly in the background, was at once brought forward, placed in the required position, and received the honour intended for him.

As "the King can do no wrong," had the ceremony gone through, Mr. Ewart would necessarily have been irrevocably knighted; but as the King would have addressed him, "Rise up, Sir Timothy Timkins" (or whatever that mayor's nomenclature may have been) how would Mr. W. Ewart,

* When King George III. and his Consort were at Cheltenham, in 1788, they seem, with similar forbearance, to have conformed to the whim of the inhabitants. His Majesty observing good-humouredly to the Queen: "We must walk about and show ourselves for two or three days to please these good people, and after that we will walk about to please ourselves."

M.P., have been designated for the remaining term of his natural life? It is doubtful whether the Pope himself could have un-Timkinsed him! *

Although the King was not remarkable for brilliancy, and some one about the Court is said to have observed, "What can you expect of a fellow who has got a head shaped like a pineapple?"—William IV. became a favourite with all parties; the honesty and conscientiousness of his nature and his continual manifestation of consideration for others, won all those about him. In his religious belief and consistent practice there was an almost childlike simplicity and fervour, and no deathbed could be more edifying than was his. The last days of his life, during which he was fully conscious of his approaching end, testified to a calm and dignified acquiescence in his fate, and notwithstanding the distressing effects of his illness, which was pulmonary, he saw his ministers and transacted business to the very last. The Archbishop of Canterbury remained at the palace and read parts of the liturgy to him several times in the day, besides administering the holy sacrament. The King always dismissed him with—"A thousand, thousand thanks," very cordially uttered. When near the end, it was thought desirable to move him into another room, to assist his breathing by changing the air: as it happened, this was the room in which George IV. expired, and there William IV. died also.

William IV. was not without a sense of humour, and

* An accident similar to this, actually happened in 1788, on the occasion of the law promotion of Mr. Scott and Mr. Archibald Macdonald to the honours of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General respectively. When they went up to kiss hands, Macdonald, being first in order, the King dubbed him a knight; but when the officer in waiting was directed to bring up Mr. Scott to undergo the ceremony, he begged leave to decline that honour. His Majesty, however, was peremptory exclaiming, "Pooh! pooh! nonsense! I will serve them both alike." As the Royal command admitted of no reply, Scott had no choice but to comply, so knelt, received the accolade, and rose up "Sir John!" It is hardly worth while to mention the O'Flanigan case.

could tell an amusing story now and then, in a way which showed how fully he relished the joke.

One day, at a dinner given by George IV., at "The Cottage," Windsor Park, in 1827, he related with much drollery the following personal anecdote.

"I had been riding one day," said His Royal Highness, "unattended by a groom, between Teddington and Hampton Wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm.

"'Nice pony that of your'n, old gen'leman,' said he.

"'Pretty fair,' I answered.

"'Mine's a good un, too,' was his rejoinder; and he added, 'I'll wager you a pot o' beer, old man, you don't trot to Hampton Wick quicker nor me.'

"I declined the match," continued the Duke, "and the butcher's boy, as he struck his single spur into his nag's side, turned back and called out with a contemptuous sneer, 'I knowed you was only a muff.'"

The "single spur" savours of the yokel, but according to *Hudibras*, is not so senseless as it seems, the cavalier described by Butler, wore

> "but one spur,
> As wisely knowing could he stir
> To active trot one side of his horse,
> The other would not hang."

If William IV. did not inherit his father's habit of triple repetition (which, however, ran in the family), he employed certain forms of speech peculiar to himself. Among them was one he always used when any question was brought before him on which he was not prepared to pronounce; thus, when the good and amiable king was on his deathbed, and was watching through the open window the sun sinking below the horizon, he said reflectively to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who stood near—

"Ah! my friend, I shall not see another sun set."

"We don't know that, Sire," answered the prelate, "and

I pray heartily that your Majesty may yet see many more."

"*That's another matter*," replied the King, falling into his habitual idiom.

As an instance of the kindness of heart of William IV., Mrs. Adolphus—now aged 95—tells me that one of the maids of honour of Queen Adelaide being her first cousin, one day, when she went to see this lady at Windsor, the latter took her into Her Majesty's private drawing-room. The Queen, who was of a most affable disposition, noticed her, and talked to her in the pleasantest way, and the King, happening to come in, was equally agreeable and amiable; when she was leaving, the King said, "She mustn't go away without a remembrance," and looking about, he fixed on an elegant little *étagère*, and desired it might be put into the carriage that she might take it home. It stands in her drawing-room still, and the old lady sets great store by it.

Queen Victoria.

Popularity is apt to be shortlived, but not necessarily by the fault of the object of it. In the case of William IV., who was immediately succeeded by a young Queen, round whom circumstances had thrown a halo of universal interest, it was scarcely to be expected that even his virtues should be long remembered in the brilliant prospects of the new reign begun under the auspices of a Sovereign who presented herself with all the prestige of youth and sex. There had been a long succession of kings of very full age, and a chivalrous enthusiasm was at once kindled when the proclamation was heralded in the novel form of "*Le Roi est mort. Vive la Reine*," and that Queen, a child—a girl in her teens. There must be many now living who remember the coronation of the girl-Queen with all its attendant pomp and its special interest—the long summer day, the universal stir throughout the length and breadth of the land; the flocking to London of all who could afford the expedition, and the extortion of London hotel and lodging-house-

keepers who naturally sought to make a harvest out of so rare an occasion. Not only were they beset with endless applications from country sightseers, but even London house-owners and residents, at a distance from the Abbey, migrated for the night, and we were among those who deemed it preferable to pay a fabulous price for a night's lodging in Parliament Street to the chance of being mobbed and perhaps trampled on *in transitu* if we had tried to make our way from Cumberland Gate to the Abbey, in the morning.

Those who did not, or could not, accomplish the distance over night, started, even from localities within a couple of miles, at five or six o'clock in the morning; already at that early hour the streets were thronged, and it was all that the police could do to keep order. As it was, but only as is usual on such occasions, there were numerous accidents—many fatal—in all parts of the town; whether from the overwhelming mass of persons trying to force their way in the same direction at the same time, or from swell-mobsmen doing their utmost to create confusion and to take advantage of it. At night the illuminations proved another source of many disasters, and I think it was on this occasion (or perhaps that of the Royal wedding) that little Lady Caroline Barrington fell out of the carriage and was killed.

It has been remarked that although the population of London was so much more dense at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, and although increased facilities of locomotion brought so many more people to the metropolis for the later event, order was so much more effectually kept by the police, that the casualties were incomparably fewer: indeed, the public fair celebrated for three days in honour of the coronation, and for which Hyde Park was unreservedly handed over to the mob, was far more prolific in accidents and offences, than the streets, to say nothing of the serious damage to the trees, the rails, and the turf: this latter

was completely and entirely trodden away, so that it required years to restore it to its previous condition; but it was essentially the people's holiday, and they took that as a matter of course.

A curious sight it was, on that memorable 28th of June, and one eminently suggestive to the philosophic mind, to witness the eager and determined rush, all in one direction, of ever and ever increasing masses of people, gathering as they approached the chosen spot, all attired, as if by common consent, in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, all possessed by one idea, all absorbed by one object, and all acting on the principle of "every one for himself, and chance for us all," each seeking to outrun the others and to push himself into the best place attainable, at the expense of his neighbour, while all seemed to have made up their minds that no accident of any kind would, or could, interfere with their enjoyment of the show.

Day dawn was ushered in by the boom of a salvo of artillery, but Nature seemed unmoved by the solemn appeal, and the morning broke gloomily; even a smart shower, aided, perhaps, by the guns, fell about eight o'clock. So absorbing, however, was the general pre-occupation, that although it fortunately damped the dust of the roads, it failed to damp the irrepressible ardour of the eager population, and an earthquake might, as at Thrasimene, have "rolled unheededly away."

On rushed, bravely pushing their way, resolute Cockneys, followed by country cousins (whom they would probably have gladly seen several times removed), so steadily bent on the prospective pageant, that the condition of the atmosphere became a scorned consideration.*

It is a curious fact that though the morning had remained persistently dull, there was a sudden and unexpected

* The Chancellor of the Exchequer reckoned that £200,000 had been paid for seats alone; and the number of persons who flocked into London for the occasion was estimated at 500,000.

change, exactly at the supreme moment when the diadem was placed on the brow of the youthful sovereign; the skies all at once smiled, and a bright gleam of sunshine burst through the Abbey window and shed its radiance on her anointed head. We may therefore date "Queen's weather," now become proverbial, from that auspicious moment; the remainder of the day was all that a June day and a coronation-day ought to be.

All London had risen so early, and those who were able to pay for seats had been forced to make their way to them at so uncouth an hour that the time they had to wait before an incident could occur, proved sadly wearisome, and any break in the monotony of the slowly passing hours was welcome, especially to those seated on the temporary stands; the spectators at the windows were not very much better off, few caring to vacate their places lest any one else should take a fancy to them in their absence; they probably remembered the schooldays' proverb, "*Qui va à la chasse, perd sa place,*" when the action generally followed the word.

The proverbial dog had created his usual sensation, had been started, cheered and hooted as he pursued his terrified course between the compact human hedges which skirted the road on either side: another long pause and then another wave of human voices came floating on the air from distance to distance along the ranks. What could it be? Every individual eagerly pressed forward, and then those who in their turn, saw, took up the cheers with renewed spirit; a striking group had come in sight—only a "horse and his rider"; but what a horse! What a rider! Each perfect after his kind, and both apparently conscious of their individual splendour and of their fitness for each other. The horse, proudly and gracefully arching his neck under his handsome caparisons, curvetted and caracoled, but like the Holy Dancers in the Echternach procession, who dance two steps forward and one step back, naturally made but small

advance; both he, however, and the rider who sat him with unparalleled grace and ease, seemed by no means unwilling to linger under the eyes of the admiring thousands, who applauded to the echo the prancing of the charger and the admirable horsemanship of the cavalier.

This part of the programme was no doubt the happy result of careful practice, and the time it occupied must have been a matter of calculation, for Lord Alfred Paget (worthy to be the young Queen's Equerry) was the har-

Marshal Soult.

binger of the approaching procession, foremost in which appeared the commanding and venerable figure of Marshal Soult—a martial personality, and every inch a soldier—representing the King of the French. Loud and enthusiastic cheers interpreted the admiration of all beholders, and told him how cordial was the welcome offered him by the people of England.

Marshal Soult.

The Marshal's carriage was a grand historical relic, and had belonged to the *Grand Condé;* if antique, it was also picturesque in form, and gorgeous in its trappings, and the

richly bedizened horses who drew it, contributed to render it a not-to-be-forgotten feature in the pageant. No doubt this officer intended to impress the British public, and he unquestionably succeeded.*

Soult's appearance within the Abbey, preceded by heralds and ushers, was a signal for a universal cheer, which was renewed when, arrived at the end of the nave, he entered the chancel.

He walked alone, with the martial bearing of a warrior, and his suite followed him at a distance, which made his entry very effective; whether on account of his age, or from political rather than personal consideration, the respect shown him was plainly, greater than that with which other ambassadors were received.

Croker's malicious article, assuming an insulting tone towards him, and purposely timed to appear in the *Quarterly*, had not the effect he intended, of unpopularizing the veteran soldier, for his reception, not only at the coronation, but everywhere during his stay in England, was strikingly enthusiastic. The course followed by the Duke of Wellington, whose goodness of heart and refined delicacy led him to defer the publication of the tenth volume of *Despatches*, because he thought those relating to the battle of Toulouse would be felt to be uncomplimentary to the Marshal, shows the difference, whether in taste or feeling, between the two men.

Strange to say, Soult and Wellington had never met till that day, and the first conversation they ever had together was in the great hall of Apsley House, where the Duke received the Marshal on his arrival there, for the banquet given by His Grace on that great occasion.

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* While on the subject of the coronation, it may be worth noting that in May, 1820, when occurred the death of the Hon. Louis Dymoke, the championship of England which had been held by him as a right appurtenant to the manor of Scrivelsby, devolved upon a clergyman, "whose duty," says the writer of the obituary notice, "it will become, to ride into Westminster Hall on a charger at the next coronation and challenge any man who denies the title to the crown, of the new King or Queen." The Dymoke motto is *Pro rege dimico*.

Soult's attention, it is said, was, immediately on his entrance, arrested by Canova's marble statue of Napoleon, and he expressed his admiration of this fine work of art. On the Duke's remarking that it always struck him the globe represented in the Emperor's hand was too small for the size of the figure, Soult replied with ready wit and diplomatic courtesy—"C'est, voyez vous, Duc, que l'Angleterre n'y est pas comprise."

In a letter from Madame Mohl to her husband (to whom she was then not yet married) we find a singular description of the coronation pageant, written in an invidious spirit, with the assumption of a *nil admirari* tone which may proceed from malice, affectation, ignorance, or frivolity, but dwelling on trifles, and making not one single remark such as so unique an occasion ought to have suggested.

After describing the appearance of the Queen, giving an account of Her Majesty's train (she does not mention the royal robes) and her eight train-bearers and *their* trains, she falls into somewhat of a bathos by winding up with, "I never saw anything so *pretty;*" and yet, with the experience of forty-five years upon her head, she might be expected to view such a sight with more seriousness and to speak of it with more dignity than is displayed throughout this letter. She alludes also to the "trains" of the peeresses, the "trains" of the ladies-in-waiting, and others, and adds, "in short, trains played the principal part in the ceremony;" —it is to be regretted she did not manage to introduce a railway train—finally, she allows that "the music was splendid, and *the whole thing very amusing.*"

Yet the scene presented by the interior of the Abbey was of such extreme brilliancy that the Turkish ambassador—albeit accustomed to the gorgeousness of Oriental pageants—stood so entranced at the magnificence of the *coup d'œil* as he entered, that it was necessary to arouse him to a sense of the occasion; even some moments elapsed before he could be marshalled to his allotted place.

Madame Mohl's account, though dated June 29th, the very next day after the event, gives none of those details which might be expected from a person of observant mind and one occupying a literary and social position such as hers; it is therefore in vain to seek there for the corroboration of a vague recollection of my own that during the function, there occurred an accident which I have never seen mentioned in print, and so many of the spectators have now joined the majority that it would be difficult, after this long interval, to substantiate the fact: it relates to the royal crown of England borne on a crimson velvet cushion by the Lord High Steward—the crown of St. Edward.*

I recently asked Mrs. Leycester Adolphus, who was within the Abbey and is now aged ninety-five, whether she had any recollection of the circumstance that the noble functionary had, by treading on the train of his velvet mantle, as he approached Her Majesty, disturbed the equilibrium of his sacred charge, so that it tottered nearly to the ground. She immediately replied, "No, it was as he was retreating backwards down the steps;" and it seemed satisfactory to receive this corroboration of my own recollection.

Supposing the occurrence to have taken place, it is perfectly natural that it should have remained unrecorded, for even in enlightened England there are probably a sufficient number of superstitious people to have seen in it an untoward omen, of which happily there has never been any realization.

Whether the crown had or had not a fall on the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation, there is no reason to doubt the fact of a subsequent accident. On the 9th of August, 1845,

* The crown used for the actual coronation of Queen Victoria was made under Her Majesty's special direction and after a design supplied by herself. It has been stated on Sir T. Hammond's authority that the crown used at George IV.'s coronation was hired of Rundell and Bridge for £7,000, with three or four thousand pounds more, by way of interest, because of the delay in the payment. Had it been purchased, the cost would have been £70,000, an expense which Lord Liverpool refused to sanction.

Her Majesty went in State to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament in person. The crown was carried on a velvet cushion by the Duke of Argyll * (Lord High Steward). As the Duke was receding from the throne after the ceremony, he forgot the two steps behind him, by which the floor of the throne was raised from the ground, and when he reached them, stumbled, so that the crown fell from its cushion on to the ground, and several of the stones dropped out. The Queen graciously expressed her hopes that the venerable Duke was not hurt, and begged him not to be troubled at the mishap.

As soon as the Royal party had left, the "House"-keeper appeared and requested those present not to approach till the stones had been collected uninjured.

It is curious to note that the accident was the subject of some comment in the House that day, and that the Duke of Wellington appeared much concerned about it. Immediately after the function was over, the Queen and Prince Albert started for their trip to the Continent, and no mishap of any kind is on record in connection with the uncanny incident.

There was a thunder of applause, and tears of emotion might be seen on many faces when the aged Duke of Wellington knelt to offer his homage to the Royal child who, no doubt, was herself more moved than any spectator of the suggestive incident. The marked alteration in the Duke's countenance and gait, the increased stoop in his figure, the snowy whiteness of his hair, and other indications of age and advancing infirmity, produced a painful impression on all present. The signs of breaking which were beginning to tell on the Duke's appearance seem to have been first observed at the time of the Queen's coronation; in all the reports and accounts of this grand function, the remark occurs in a more or less pronounced form.

* Seventh Duke, b. 1777.

When the venerable Lord Rolle, aged ninety-five, who had already slipped on the steps of the throne, came in his turn to do homage, the young Queen, in whose heart a spontaneously benevolent respect for age surmounted the dry dictates of Court etiquette, turning to those about her, said with lovable naïveté, "May I not get up to meet him?" and without waiting for permission, rose and advanced down two or three steps to spare the aged peer the risk of another fall.* That simple act, in an instant, touched every heart, and won the loyal affection of all present: the expression of this feeling on their part burst forth unchecked, echoing through the vast building, and the incident will live in the pages of history after all those whose sympathies it drew have ceased to remember it.

Lord Rolle.

The dignity of the Queen's manner, which has been admired in her, through life, was maintained even in that departure from prescribed form, and struck all who saw it by its supreme grace. Charles Greville says that "the different actors in the function were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them." One can hardly be surprised at that, when one sees how utterly ignorant of ceremonial people always are at the most ordinary weddings, baptisms, or funerals.

* The anecdotes that might be collected of Lord Rolle, "the great Devonian peer," would fill a volume. His marriage with Lady Trefusis, which he hoped would result in giving him an heir to his vast wealth, was neither happy nor productive, and in the matter of eccentricities there was not much to choose between the pair, except that those of his lordship were not unamiable. His fondness, among all that was Devonian, for *squab pie*, was remarkable, but it was also remarkable that though he would not sit down to dinner unless this dish were on the table, he constantly proceeded *ab ovo usque ad mala* without remembering its presence.

Lord Rolle, among his countless other peculiarities, was remarkable for his provincialisms, and all who knew him greatly enjoyed the recurrent "this 'eres" and "that theres" in his conversation. At his death some wag chalked up the following, in which is also introduced a reference to the liberal scale on which his extremities were built:

"Here lies John Lord Rolle, of hand and foot so rare,
Who's left 'this 'ere' to go and try 'that there.'"

Lord John Thynne told him that "*no one* knew what was to be done but the Archbishop and himself (who *had* rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington; consequently there was continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next."

It seems there was a blunder as to the moment for Her Majesty's leaving her chair to enter St. Edward's Chapel, and this put out the Archbishop very much. Her Majesty was even compelled to address Lord John Thynne in a whisper every now and then, with, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know;" and when the orb was put into her hand she had to ask what she was to do with it!

"Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please," said Lord John.

"Am I?" said the little Queen; "it is very heavy."

There was a (surely unpardonable) mistake in the size of the ruby ring, which had been made to fit the fifth, instead of the fourth finger, and the Archbishop was obliged to force it on; but it was so tight that as soon as the ceremony was over the Queen had to call for iced water to enable her to remove it.

It is probable that, throughout the busy programme of this eventful day, of the thousands who were spectators of the various details and the thousands of others who read of them, only a small minority reflected on the difficult part—a part from which there was no escape—that fell to the lot of the young and inexperienced girl who had been made the nucleus and centre of it all.

I remember hearing a thoughtless young woman exclaim, "Shouldn't I just like to be in her place!"

That crude remark has often recurred to me since, and at the time it convinced me that if a satisfactory proof had been wanted of the absolute unfitness of that person for the office she coveted, it existed in the exclamation itself: besides this, it seemed startlingly to reveal all the difficulties,

all the apprehensions, all the embarrassments of the young Queen's new and unrehearsable position—the wish to do right, the fear of going wrong, of committing any breach of prescribed order and etiquette in so solemn and so public a ceremonial, in which a single blunder might suddenly bring together the sublime and the ridiculous; for had the smallest irregularity been perceived it must have been fatal and irreparable; whatever happened on that day was to pass into history.

Instead of this, how did the youthful Sovereign conduct herself under the trying ordeal? No one could have detected an instant's departure from the modest and graceful bearing, the noble self-possession, the unflagging courage and calm dignity with which Her Majesty fulfilled her allotted part; standing, so to speak, alone—the supremest personage in the whole world, and with the eyes of all civilized nations, present and to come, throughout the entire globe fixed upon her. Statesmen, not of England alone, but of all the Courts of Europe, must have been watching, some with earnest, some with critical interest, every incident of the day, seeing in every act a crucial test of the young and untried monarch's capacity for the arduous duties of her future reign, and doubtless their surprise was great.

Perhaps when history comes to deal with the reign of Queen Victoria as that of a departed Sovereign, due credit will be given to the unique attributes of her early character, and justice will be done to the tact, the bravery, and the conscientiousness which, from the earliest hour of her sovereignty, won the respect and admiration of the observant and the thoughtful, who must have seen in the dawn of these admirable qualities an earnest of the prosperity and glory of England under the sceptre of Queen Victoria.

There are in contemporaneous history many anecdotes of the young Queen, showing the natural wit, shrewdness, and intelligence, and, above all, the independence—so valuable to one in Her Majesty's position—which she already

possessed at the early age which saw her called to the throne.*

Among the most interesting, is one narrated by Major Cumming Bruce at the Conservative dinner given to him and Mr. McKenzie, jun., of Seatwell, at Forres, in September, 1837, he pledging his word for its truth.

"Lord Melbourne, in his character of Premier, had to wait upon Her Majesty at Windsor upon State business. When it was concluded the noble lord begged to be allowed to address the Queen on a subject which he felt it to be his duty to press on Her Majesty's attention, viz., 'Would Her Majesty graciously inform him whether there was any individual for whom she felt such a preference that she would wish to have him associated with her in the cares of the sovereignty.' The Queen no doubt felt a little surprised at such an inquiry, but sagely requested to know whether his lordship made it as a Minister of the Crown, and whether he intended she should regard it as a matter of State policy, if so she would endeavour to answer it.

"Lord Melbourne replied that under no other circumstances would he have presumed to address such a question to Her Majesty.

"'Then,' said the Queen, 'I must admit there *is* an individual for whom I entertain a decided preference, and that individual is the Duke of Wellington.'

"'Gentlemen,' concluded Major Cumming Bruce, 'I leave you to figure to yourselves the length of the noble lord's face!'"

It may be remarked to the credit of the Queen's good sense and appreciation of character while yet very young,

* At the time of the Queen's accession, the Whig Ministry still remaining in, the following epigram was found scratched on the window of an inn at Huddersfield:

"The Queen is with us," Whigs insulting say,
"For when she found us in, she let us stay."
"It may be so, but give me leave to doubt,
"How long she'll keep you when she's found you *out*."

that, however successfully the intriguing Princess de Lieven may have managed Lord Grey * and others, the diplomatic reserve with which Her Majesty received that insidious Russian agent, showed with what perspicacity she had taken her measure.

Of localities which found themselves in altered circumstances under the new reign, Brighton woke up one morning to the consciousness that however prosperous her future was to be, she would owe no more advancement to royalty. Brighton had been the spoiled child of two successive Sovereigns, but there its Court favour was to end. There were manifest reasons why the place should be distasteful to the Queen, and for one of these the inhabitants had only themselves to thank; they began on the occasion of the Queen's early visit to the place the same vulgar system of mobbing which they had practised on William IV., and literally drove Her Majesty to seek a marine residence elsewhere. No one was surprised at this, nor yet that Her Majesty was not attracted by a marine palace which commanded no view of the sea, and had besides, at least, during the reign of George IV., been turned to questionable account.

The Moorish elevation of this Occidental seraglio had never pleased any one but the whimsical King, whose caprices were always humoured, and independently of its *bizarre* external aspect, the interior was inconvenient and comfortless; yet the King had been so enamoured of this residence that he had had a "royal road" to it, cut through Gatton Park by means of which, with four fleet horses, he could reach his Caprœa by a three hours' drive. What would he say to the present accessibility of his beloved Brighton!

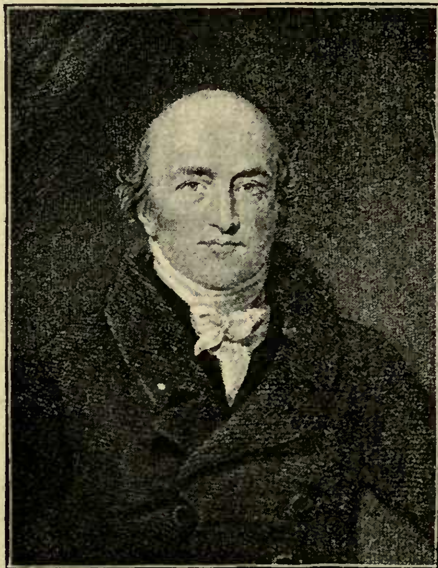
George Canning.

At this time, there were necessarily, many more or less noble dwellings required in Brighton; for the King, when

* It has been remarked that "the great defect in Lord Grey's character was want of decision; that he was a vain man easily flattered . . . that his accessibility, his tenderness of heart, his truthfulness, his consistency, were contrasted by weaknesses which almost rendered them negations."

there, liked to have his Court and his ministers at hand. One such mansion was that at Kemp Town, built for George Canning; I retain a recollection of it, because some little time after that statesman's death, my father thought of buying it, and took me with him when he went over it: but wisely reflecting that progress is apt to move westward, he bought one of those, then building, on Brunswick Terrace,* instead.

In George Canning's house I remember a subterranean



GEORGE CANNING.

passage, leading from his study to the beach, where, it was said, that after the example of another great orator, he was wont to rehearse his speeches when the sea was at its roughest, trying which voice should out-top the other; but this was not all; his elocutional training was the object of

* Brunswick Terrace was at that time the *Ultima Thule* of the town; in fact, it was not Brighton at all, but "Hove," though now, about the central point of the sea road. The house he bought was therefore a carcase, was finished to his own order, and was the first house in Brighton which had plate-glass windows in one pane, soon approved and copied in other houses.

much forethought and care: however, he also knew that *ars est celare artem*, and those who listened breathlessly to his graceful oratory, which seemed to flow with the exhaustless spontaneity of a mountain stream, were probably far from supposing that patient and painstaking hours were passed in rehearsing (not as Lord Dufferin suggests "before a"—perhaps treacherous—"newspaper reporter," but) before a full-length, silent, mirror, in a closely-shut room, those brilliant speeches which were to be the envy and admiration of his fellow statesmen and of the world.

I have not forgotten this room, which was of an octagon form; it was thickly padded, and lined with green baize, and the door closed as hermetically as a door can be made to close; there was one window which looked out on the beach, and at high water, the sea came up to the wall: entire privacy was thus secured, and the occupant of the room could exercise his lungs to any extent he pleased, in full confidence that he would never be overheard.

Some years ago, being in Kemp Town, I tried to obtain another sight of George Canning's padded room; but found the house occupied as a school for young ladies; alas! how evanescent are all things! the fad of the subterranean passage and the pad of the spouting-room, which might have been called his "*oratory*," had disappeared even from the memory of the oldest inhabitant!

Had it been made into a *boys'* school, the muffled chamber might have proved exceedingly useful for birching purposes; but it is curious that these highly educated damsels, fortified, no doubt, with all the ologies, should never have heard so much as a tradition that the roof under which they studied so profitably, had once sheltered that distinguished orator, the powerful gush of whose eloquence had influenced the condition of the civilized world.

Charles Greville's appreciation of George Canning was more favourable to that statesman than that of Sydney Smith, who spoke of him with so much rancour that one is

led to suppose there must have been some personal pique sheathed in his remarks. Canning was not only a fluent speaker, but a rapid thinker, and he was oftentimes his own amanuensis, simply because of the irritation he experienced, when dictating, at what always seemed to him the slowness of his secretaries.

However, at times, the gout in his hand forbade his employing it, and then he was forced to have recourse to the assistance of others. Greville describes him as on one occasion dictating two important despatches simultaneously —the one on Greek affairs to George Bentinck, and the other on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could. At the period of his death, Canning was the greatest orator of his time, and if his forensic eloquence had less power than Brougham's, it was the only thing on which he could be considered inferior to him.

Canning's external appearance formed a striking contrast to that of Fox, his dress was always neat though plain, and his knee-breeches and well-drawn-up silk stockings imparted to it a certain style.* His countenance was indicative of the firmness of his purpose, but was overspread with a benevolent expression, and his baldness became him, for his high forehead betokened both genius and vigour. When he spoke, his action was perfectly natural, and there was no appearance of affectation either in his attitude or his intonation, this, probably from careful cultivation, was clear and powerful.

It is worth noting that notwithstanding all his splendid talents and lofty aspirations, the domain of art seemed to be a closed world to Canning: he understood nothing of painting, and derived no gratification from the sight of a fine picture.

* Fox was notorious for the untidiness of his dress. I have seen a paragraph quoted from a morning paper of his day, remarking, as a matter of information, and without any indication of satire, that—"Mr. Fox came to the House last night wearing a clean waistcoat."

Among family friends residing at Brighton, were the Basevis whom we often saw, as they were near neighbours, living in Brunswick Square. Miss Basevi—Maria, daughter of Joshua and sister of George, Basevi, it will be remembered, married, in 1802, Isaac d'Israeli, and became the mother of Lord Beaconsfield; George Basevi had two sons, one of whom, educated at Dr. Burney's famous school, followed the profession of architect, and being engaged on the restoration of Ely Cathedral, was one day standing on a platform of the scaffolding, and so busily interested in surveying some portion of the work, that he stepped back further than he intended, lost his footing, and fell through a shaft of the depth of forty feet; the opening through which he passed was, it appears, so narrow that, had he possessed the presence of mind to spread his arms, he might have saved himself with the greatest ease; as it was, he was picked up dead; an archæological friend of his, a Cambridge chum of my brother's, was standing beside him at the moment, and had just addressed him a question, to which receiving no answer, he turned round, but only in time to see his friend disappear!

Mr. and Mrs. Basevi.

In Brunswick Square there lived also at this time, some old family friends of ours, by name Haweis, grandparents of the popular and eccentric preacher of that name.

The Haweis Family.

The Duchess of St. Albans became a Brighton *habituée*, and purchased a mansion close to Regency Square, thereafter known as St. Albans House. In a place no larger than was the Brighton of those days—before even the Bedford Hotel was built—Her Grace was naturally the subject of many *can-cans*. The first time she came to Brighton for the season, she occupied one of the large houses, close to ours, on Brunswick Terrace; and though it afforded two-and-twenty beds, it used to be said that nineteen of the servants had to be provided with sleeping accommodation outside. Another story among many of a similar character indicative of her fabulous wealth, and seriously told, was that the Duchess' hair was curled in papillotes of bank-

The Duchess of St. Albans.

notes. Her equipages were handsome and well appointed, making a feature in the fashionable drive along the front, as, very often, she would be driven *à la Daumont*.

Lady Byron.

Lady Byron and her daughter were also frequenters of this lively sea-side resort, and likewise chose Brunswick Terrace for their residence.

The Countess of Aldborough.

Among Brighton celebrities may be reckoned the famous, not to say notorious, Countess of Aldborough, though Paris was the principal scene of her social career. Her *bons mots* were witty, and *tranchants* in the extreme, the more easily made, perhaps, that there was no reserve in their pro-

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

duction. She had, however, excellent points in her character, and in Paris, where a certain amount of Bohemianism passes, the *camaraderie* of her manners found sympathizers and even admirers.

My recollection of her, is of the time at which she occupied the house next door to my father's on Brunswick Terrace, and as she was at that date a curious specimen of rejuvenized antiquity, her appearance was such as to make, and to leave an impression on the mind of a child. Mysterious stories were whispered about her, and, in truth, she had a witch-like semblance, and her wig, her rouge, her false teeth, short petticoats, ramshackle finery, and altogether

unsuitable style of dress and manner, seemed to justify the description she acquired from our old nurse of "an old ewe dressed lamb fashion."

Lady Aldborough lived to a great age, and no doubt her energetic disposition and high spirits did much to maintain her in health. She once fell ill in London, at her house in Brook Street, and had to submit to a consultation of the Faculty; their verdict was unfavourable, and one of them had to break this opinion to her, by recommending her to send for her children. The patient was too shrewd not to understand what this meant.

"Ah!" said she, "I see you think I'm dying; but, my good sir, my own feelings tell me you are all mistaken; so be good enough to look at the case the other way, and make up your minds that I am going to recover: let me have all the remedies and the best treatment you can think of."

The patient proved more knowing than the doctors, for she not only recovered, but survived for many years.

Charles Greville speaks of this extraordinary woman as still living in 1843, and says he met her at Baden, and on the 9th of July, dined with her and Mrs. Murchison (wife of the geologist, afterwards Sir Roderick): it was at an hotel *table d'hôte*, where, he writes, "Lady A.'s screaming and strange gestures kept me in alarm lest she should come out with some of those extraordinary things which she does not scruple to say to almost anybody she talks to. She is eighty-seven," he continues, "but still vigorous, and has all her wits about her: only, her memory is gone, for she tells a story and, forgetting she has told it, repeats it almost directly after."

Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's house was on the east side of the Old Steine. This abnormal wife of George IV., among other privileges and concessions made to soften down the asperities of her false position, was allowed to sport the Royal liveries, so that her carriage with servants in scarlet was often to be seen standing about the Steine or

dashing along the drive. She died in that house on March 29, 1837, aged eighty. This once beautiful Miss Smythe had been able to fascinate three successive husbands; the last, the most important, though not the most reputable, personage in the world!

The Royal Dukes, George IV.'s brothers, also his cousin and brother-in-law, the Duke of Gloucester, all patronized Brighton. The brother whom I remember the most distinctly, but rather in London than at Brighton, was the Duke of Sussex, sometimes familiarly designated as "Uncle Buggin." He was long a well-known figure to the residents of Great Cumberland Place, the centre house in the Crescent, being occupied by the lady to whom he was secretly married, Lady Cecilia Underwood, widow of Sir George Buggin, and later, Duchess of Inverness. At her door the equipage of His Royal Highness was to be seen more or less frequently at all hours of the twenty-four. As this was but five doors from ours, it is easy to me to recall the Duke's large and somewhat unwieldy figure as he was assisted across the pavement from his carriage, by two tall, stalwart lacqueys with powdered hair on their uncovered heads, and wearing undress liveries.

The Duke of Sussex.

The Duke used to sport a black velvet skull-cap, thus showing the shape of his head, which resembled to some extent that of his royal brother, William IV.

The Duke's own residence was in Kensington Palace, and after his marriage with Lady Cecilia was made public, they both lived there. The title of Duchess of Inverness was not conferred on Lady Cecilia without Parliamentary hesitation, which occasioned its *travesti* into—"Duchess Nevertheless"—a parallel to the nickname given by the Parisian populace to the brother of Madame de Pompadour, who, having teased the King into creating him *Marquis de la Vandière*, had the mortification to hear the mushroom title turned by the populace into "*Marquis d'avant hier.*"

Mr. Adolphus once told me that during a visit he paid to the

Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace, among other interesting incidents was the entrance of Lady Cecilia Underwood, who came fortuitously into the room and was retiring, when the Duke called her back and introduced him to her; she remained a few minutes and when she was gone, the Duke took occasion to speak of her in terms of unbounded admiration and praise, adding significantly, "The world will hear more of her before long." No doubt *she* had then made up her mind she should be styled "Duchess," and "*Ce que femme veut* . . ," &c.!

All the sons of George III. appear to have borne their last illnesses with becoming fortitude, and to have gone out of the world with dignity; the Duke of Sussex, who was much beloved by those about him, just before his death, was considerate enough to order that all his servants should come to his bedside to take leave of him. With some he shook hands, others were allowed to kiss his hand, and all were much affected by this last act of thoughtfulness. He was buried by his own desire in the Kensal Green Cemetery, but with the addition of Royal honours, May, 1843.

The Duke of Cambridge.

Of the other Royal Dukes whom I remember, the Duke of Cambridge was perhaps, after the Duke of York, the most popular; though Lady Anne Hamilton * would have us believe there was not a Prince of the house of Hanover who was entitled to any kind of approval. The virulence, however, with which she attacks the successive Courts she describes, is so obvious that it defeats its own purpose. The Duke's *bonhomie* was proverbial, and was warmly responded to by the people. Wherever he might be, it was impossible for those at all within hearing to be unconscious of his presence: he always spoke in a loud key, and had inherited his royal father's habit of repeating three times—ingeniously described by Horace Walpole as "triptology"—any remarks it might occur to him to make, and sometimes

* *Secret History of the Courts of George III. and George IV.*

—for it was more like thinking aloud—he forgot how personal they were.

He constantly attended the Sunday morning services at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in the time of the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, and occasionally was pleased to express in an audible tone his approbation of the proceedings, and his opinion of the sermon. I remember on one occasion when the officiating clergyman pronounced the exhortation—"Let us pray"—the Duke bravely responded from his pew :—

"Aye, be sure; why not? let us pray, let us pray, let us pray!"

On another occasion, while the commandments were being read, I heard him remark—

"Steal! no, of course not; mustn't steal, mustn't steal, mustn't steal."

At the opera, this eccentric habit betrayed itself in a still more marked and frequent way. I remember once hearing him all across the house, exclaim, as he moved his opera-glass round the circles—

"Why, I declare there are not half a dozen pretty girls in the house; not half a dozen, not half a dozen, not half a dozen."

One night when a young pupil of Molique's, a mere boy, was playing in the orchestra from his master's desk, the Duke who was very observant and also had a keen ear for music, struck by his precocity, sent between the acts for the boy to come up to his box, which was opposite ours, and taking him on his knee entered into a lively conversation with him, the Duke's share in the dialogue being heard pretty well all over the house. All that generation of the Royal Family were in the habit of talking in what we will call a *cursory* way, employing expletives rather expressive than choice. "D—— you!" I once heard the Duke say to some one at the back of the box, "Can't you keep that door shut?"

The Duke died in July, 1850, leaving behind him a recollection of his kind-heartedness and amiable manners.

An instance of the "triptological" habits of George III. was once related to me by an old lady who had met the Royal Family at Lulworth, where, though the residence of an old and strict Catholic family, the King was very fond of staying. One evening, when, at a ball given there, Miss Weld, the daughter of the house, and a very handsome girl, was dancing, this lady heard him express his admiration in the characteristic form he had unconsciously adopted.

"Fine woman, fine woman, fine woman! Dances well, dances well, dances well."

It was when dining at Lulworth, that the King asked that immortalized question about the apple-dumplings.

The Duke of Cambridge, it appears, was an excellent judge of wine; an anecdote in proof of this tells us that one day at a public dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, he had no sooner put his glass to his lips than he discovered that there must be something wrong with that vintage.

"Why! what's this? what's this? what's this?" he exclaimed, holding his glass up to the light, and then carrying it to his nose.

"Eh?" he continued to the gentlemen near him, "what do you think? Hadn't we better get some from the other tables? This won't do, this won't do, this won't do."

Difficult as it may be to account for such a mishap, it turned out on inquiry that this was not the wine that had been intended for the Royal table. Possibly some wag had changed it!

The Duke of Brunswick.

A semi-royal personage, more or less about London during the earlier part of the century, was the Duke of Brunswick, brother of Queen Caroline and son of "Brunswick's fated chieftain," who so bravely at Waterloo—

"Rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell."

The son of this distinguished father, and scion of a long line

of remarkable ancestors was also remarkable, but in quite another way. He was remarkable for his follies, his eccentricities, his quarrelsome disposition and tyrannical temper, for his diamonds, and for a number of less admissible peculiarities. In London, he was necessarily a well-known personality wherever he might be, and that "wherever" extended pretty well to all fashionable places of resort—the Row, the Opera, the Clubs— . . . &c., &c., &c. A recognized *habitué* of the *conlisses*, he might generally be seen on subscription nights, glittering with brilliants, in and out of Fops' Alley.

In the "Row," too, he reckoned as one of the "Dandies" of the day, occupying a supreme place among that frivolous "set," and "made up" to a wonderful extent, as age and fast living began to tell upon his personal appearance, once so prepossessing.

His stables were a matter of great pride to him, and he affected a breed of roan horses, for which he paid fabulous prices, all he cared for being that no one else should ever own a horse of that special breed, and of the colour which had been arrived at only by a most elaborate system of crossing. Besides his horses, which might fairly be called his hobby, he availed himself of his privilege as millionaire to indulge in fads innumerable; and as he was never contradicted, he never had a chance of discovering how ludicrous he became. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, &c., was the rule of his life, and that life was well fitted to illustrate the results of such a principle. A more instructive, and certainly a more entertaining, biography could scarcely be offered to the student of human—especially *royal* human—nature. So incongruous a character is altogether abnormal, made up as it was of contraries. In it can be traced liberality and avarice, bravery and self-indulgence, shrewdness and folly, caution and rashness, trustfulness and suspicion, generosity and vindictiveness, self-assertion and credulity; he had not simply *les défauts de ses qualités*, but,

unhappily, his vices so far out-balanced his virtues, that the world has given him credit for none of the latter. His paternal affection for his only daughter by his short-lived and secret marriage — was it even a marriage? — with Lady Charlotte Colville, knew no limits, until "*la petite Comtesse*," as her father dotingly called her while indulging her to the most exaggerated extent, affronted him—a man of no religious principles or even religious sentiment—by allowing herself to be converted to Catholicism under the eloquent teaching of the great and irresistible Dominican, Père Lacordaire. After this event, his paternal vindictiveness was equally boundless, and though he made no opposition to her marriage, and was justly proud of her eldest son, the brave and gallant young Comte de Civry, he heartlessly refused, even after she became a widow, to pay the smallest heed to her touching appeals, ignored her reiterated representations of the straitened circumstances and hard struggles of her life, and preferred leaving her and her eight children penniless, to bestowing on those he chose to regard as perverts one *sou* out of the eighty million francs he bequeathed to the City of Geneva; bequeathing it in this insane way simply because he did not know what else to do with this fabulous wealth. No doubt there were evil influences at work to widen his alienation from his daughter and her children, in order to profit thereby, and those who brought about this criminal result must have been cruelly unscrupulous; for neither did they allow him, even in his will, to remember friends who had made great sacrifices for him, who had clung to him, despite his haughty and tyrannical treatment, and to whose services he had more than once owed his life. Indeed, the Duke's adventures are full of romance, and could supply materials, not for one, but for half a dozen novels. Many characteristic stories are told of this eccentric German prince, whose ideas of personal independence do not seem to have been shackled by any of the restraints of conventionality.

On the death, at Waterloo, of his father, while he was yet much under age, George IV., his first cousin, and afterwards his brother-in-law, had become his guardian: His Majesty being King of Hanover, and Count Münster, at this time Hanoverian Minister, the affairs of Brunswick fell under his jurisdiction: as soon as the young Duke came of age, he brought against George IV. and Count Münster charges of maladministration of his fortune, and occupied himself seriously in trying to magnify and to prove his allegations. In the meantime, so intense was his hatred of Count Münster ("*Le Monstre*," as he and his party styled him) that he vowed nothing would satisfy him but taking that minister's life. He had a wooden model made of the Count, and spent two hours daily in firing at it with a pistol, so that it was riddled with bullets. In the winter of 1827, he sent the Count a challenge, of which the latter took no notice: the Duke had selected for his second, Tattersall, the famous horse-dealer.

On the Duke's first arrival in England, being treated according to his rank as a distinguished foreigner, he had been handed over to the Duke of Sussex, who proceeded to initiate him into English social life, and to lionize him about the metropolis. Among other objects of his curiosity, the Prince intimated to His Royal Highness his great desire to witness an execution. As there happened to be one of these "functions" on the *tapis*, he was informed that his wish could be gratified two days on, at 8 a.m.

"So:" said he, "that *day* will suit me very well, but I must get your Royal Highness to have the *time* changed. Two hours later I could be quite ready; as I go to Almack's the previous night, I shall probably not get to bed before three or four in the morning."

It was delicately hinted that a matter of criminal law must needs take its course, and that, even for a Serene Highness, no alteration could be made in the Newgate arrangements, so that he was finally obliged to conform.

However, the exhibition did not prove so amusing as he had expected; for, on getting home, he went straight to bed, and had to remain there a couple of days to recover from the nervous shock.

This "grotesque Duke," as some French writer has styled him, made himself even more notorious in Paris than in London; he was, in fact, what might be called a "comedy Prince"—"*un Duc pour rire*"—though his title was a very ancient one, and his father and grandfather were heroes. The French have always taken advantage of every opportunity to make game of the grave, phlegmatic, self-dignifying Germans; having, therefore, got hold of one of Germany's aristocracy who laid himself open to so much ridicule, they availed themselves of the chance with more mirth than mercy. Rondos, lampoons, parodies of German songs, most of them exceedingly clever, were employed *ad libitum* to bring contempt on this *souverain déclassé*—deposed, from a sentiment of national dignity, by his own people—and, through him, on the country which had had the misfortune to give him birth; and really his mad freaks, his strange and lawless mode of life, and the extraordinary absurdity of his "get up" were such, that while the graver portion of the community could not look upon him without humiliation, the more humorous considered themselves privileged to laugh at him, even to his face. The detail of his unconventional practices and habits would require a volume to itself. As he passed for an eccentric, and was always calling attention to himself in public, it was not surprising he should become the subject of continual gossip, and no doubt the report of his actual vagaries were embellished before they reached the general public. The abnormal appearance he presented when, after rising at 3 o'clock p.m., and spending three hours on his toilet, he rode or drove in the park, or walked out into the streets, could scarcely be exaggerated. He possessed a collection of silk wigs of various hues, but all consisting of small *tire-bouchon* curls; his face was liberally

painted with both red and white, and his toilet was painstakingly elaborated, while diamonds of the finest water glittered upon his garments wherever they could possibly be applied.

Of course, when he wore evening dress he had a better opportunity for displaying these gems, of which he had the largest and finest collection in the world. It is said that one night in Paris, being at a fashionable *soirée*, the ladies crowded round him to an extent which at first flattered his vanity considerably; but at last their persistent curiosity and admiration became troublesome, and to one of the fair bevy who remarked, "Mais, mon Dieu, Monseigneur, vous en avez partout!" he replied, "Oui, madame, jusque sur mon caleçon; voulez vous que je vous les fasse voir?"

The Duke never put on the same pair of gloves twice, and all his clothes, discarded with similar recklessness, were of the costliest materials. As he was barely of middle height, he thought proper to wear heels inside, as well as outside, his boots, which made his walk rather peculiar. He would sometimes show himself in the balcony of his house in Paris habited in a rich Oriental costume, and smoking a long Eastern pipe, to the intense amusement of the gaping crowd below.

In London he occupied Brunswick House, but his Paris residence was planned, constructed, and worked on the most extraordinary principles: it might be said to be almost automatic. The Duke might have made a great reputation and a great fortune as an engineer; the various mechanisms he invented and applied in this wonderful Paris palace would have puzzled the heads of half the inventors in France. They were designed to enable him to carry on his existence in the most mysterious way; for he was suspicious of every one about him, and trusted nobody. He kept under his roof a mine of wealth in notes, specie, and jewels, and concealed them so cleverly, that no one could possibly obtain access to them but himself, the secret communica-

tion being masked by the most delicate satin furniture.* In order that he might never be betrayed, after he had designed his occult machinery, he made separate working-drawings of every portion, and had them executed in different parts of Europe, and in such a way that he could put them together himself, each separate portion having no intelligible meaning. A great many of these mechanical appliances were invented to enable him, as much as possible, to be independent of servants.

In continual dread of poison, he never ate at home, and the kitchen was employed solely for his household: he dined every day at a different restaurant, never giving previous notice of his coming; and as he was quite a *gourmet*, and frequented only first-class houses, he had to ring the changes on the few best.

The house was situated in one of the healthiest and most fashionable parts of Paris. We find, in a note to Arsène Houssaye's *Confessions*,† an elaborate description of the Quartier Beaujon, at one time the Promised Land of poets and artists, stage-players, students, and authors. It occupies a large space at the extremity of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and reaches, or rather reached, as far as the Barrière de l'Etoile. The park, of which the residence was the centre, was formerly the property of Nicolas Beaujon, a wealthy *parvenu*, hailing from the Bordelaisian vineyards, and who spent a great part of his fortune in founding the Hôpital Beaujon. This property no longer exists as it was in his time; it is cut up into blocks of superb hotels; "avenues" and boulevards traverse it, and villas, some of which are little short of palaces, are scattered over it; the one I speak of—larger and

* Notwithstanding all these cleverly-planned precautions, the Duke was the victim of two serious robberies, to say nothing of smaller and unperceived depredations. One of these took place in 1856; the other in 1863. The value of his diamonds was estimated at eight million francs, £320,000.

† Vol. iii. p. 350

more magnificent, and also more celebrated than the rest—has been rendered famous, first, by the fact that it was built by Lola Montés, and, secondly, that it became the palace of the eccentric Duke Charles of Brunswick. Monselet thus describes it:—

"... Un hôtel qu'on dirait bâti en pâte tendre, est celui de Monsieur le Duc de Brunswick, un des personnages les plus renommés par leur faste original, et bien plus connu à Paris que dans son royaume."

I have often passed this extraordinary dwelling; its imposing dimensions, and the fortress-like stone wall which surrounds it (surmounted by a revolving *chevaux de frise*, the slightest touch on any part of which started an alarum of chimes), give it a commanding appearance in the tranquil Rue du Bel-respiro, in which is one side of it, the others forming a long stretch in the Avenue Friedland and the Rue Beaujon respectively: five enormous double doors of massive iron, studded with nail-heads and painted bronze green, occurred in the walls and added to the solemnity of its character; but the interior decorations and furniture were those of an Oriental sybarite.

When the Duke drove or rode, whether in the streets or the *Bois*, attended by his *chasseur*, every head turned to see him pass, and well they might. His horses were magnificent, and his equipages of the most finished description; but though his chief object seemed to be the silly one of attracting attention, it never appeared to occur to him that he made himself an object of universal ridicule. His diet was as curious as the rest: he was remarkably sober with regard to wines and spirits; but consumed an enormous quantity of trash. It was wonderful how he would go into one confectioner's after another, if any sweet in the *étalage* took his fancy, and he would eat daintily, but plentifully, of *bonbons* and *petits fours* at any hour of the day. He was constantly to be seen at Tortoni's, where he would consume an unlimited number of ices, and when

there, instead of ordering up any specified confectionery, preferred lounging into the store-rooms and tasting here and there, often as much to kill time as to indulge his palate: yet notwithstanding these effeminate or, rather, childish caprices, he had given remarkable proofs of high spirit and consummate bravery, and in his futile attempts to recover the political position he had lost, and to regain his ancient principality, he had rather courted than shunned posts of danger, and had gone through some of the boldest feats and hairbreadth 'scapes that ever any hero survived. These warlike episodes in his life read more like fable than reality.

The Duke had generously and with great profuseness, also probably with an eye to the future, assisted Louis Napoleon when in prison, and probably without his succour that Prince would never have escaped from Ham. The two had also entered into a compact to stand by each other, and it was while in England struggling against his guardians and trustees whom he held responsible for the loss of his Duchy (really "Principality") of Brunswick, that he resolved to take advantage of this treaty and ally himself practically with Louis Napoleon, though his hatred of Napoleon I. and the vengeance he had sworn against him were readily to be accounted for.

The Duke of Brunswick is thus most accurately described by the writer of the *Diary of the Times of George IV.*: *

"The Duke just misses being a handsome man; his figure is light and graceful, and did he but carry his head better he would be a noble-looking creature. His eyes are deep sunk in his head, more so than I ever saw in any one, and his brows are remarkably prominent with shaggy eyebrows. This circumstance gives him a sombre expression, and indeed, the whole cast of his countenance is gloomy, but his features are regular: and when he smiles, there is a transitory sweetness which is very striking, by the contrast

* ? Lady Charlotte Bury—who may, be relied upon, *par exception*, in this.

with his usual severity of expression. In manner he is very reserved—stiff and Germanic. He remained some time conversing with his sister" (Queen Caroline) "in German, occasionally eyeing the lady in waiting, askance. He seemed glad to take his leave."

Further on this writer affirms that the Duke's sister, the Princess of Wales, did not seem on very cordial terms with him; she also says, "He is very silent, and appears somewhat of a misanthrope."

As I have often seen the Duke of Brunswick in London, though many years ago, I was at once struck with the very truthful picture of him I have quoted above. It is to be regretted that his wig, which was as remarkable as any other detail of his appearance, is not mentioned in the description: perhaps the period named was antecedent to that at which he employed this absurdity. Though he had silk wigs, of all hues, kept on stands on the shelves of a large wardrobe with glass doors, I never saw him in any but a black one; I do not know if he intended it to pass for human hair, but the tight corkscrew ringlets of which it consisted, as they hung down all round his head, from beneath his hat, produced a most unnatural effect, especially combined with the large allowance of red and white paint on his face. The make-up of his face and figure occupied himself and two valets rather more than three hours daily. Often when this elaborate process was completed, he would change his mind and ask for a wig of a different colour, when extensive alterations had to be made both in his toilet and in the make-up of his face to suit the fresh head-gear!

It was on the 31st of March, 1851, that the Duke of Brunswick, who had sworn he would never again set foot on a Channel steamer, but who considered the moment when matters seemed so favourable to Louis Napoleon's pretensions a suitable one for visiting France, started for that country in a balloon: he had, shortly before, made the attempt, but failed to carry it through; nothing daunted,

however, he decided on a fresh start, this time from Hastings, attended by Mr. Green the aeronaut. The hour at which the balloon was let loose was half-past one p.m., and she rose gallantly, the assembled spectators cheering lustily. As may be supposed, the adventurous machine was earnestly watched, and when about mid-channel was seen to descend to a much lower level, so that the occupants of the car could, by means of their speaking-trumpet, converse with some boatmen on the water. Shortly after, the heat of the atmosphere acting upon the gas, the balloon took a sudden upward movement and rose to about 4,000 feet. When within a few miles of the French coast, the travellers observed two men walking on the sands, which were very wide on account of the ebb-tide. One of these worthies foolishly caught hold of the guide-rope which was trailing behind the balloon, and was immediately dashed violently to the ground; the other, somehow, got his feet upon the rope and involuntarily performed an extemporised somersault in the air.

The Duke and his travelling companion were now sufficiently near to distinguish in the valley, a village *en fête*, from which, at sight of the balloon, issued forth a number of peasants; to these the Duke shouted through his speaking-trumpet, telling them how to act, and his instructions being intelligently carried out, the balloon touched the earth almost without a shock, and the travellers found themselves at Neufchâtel, about ten miles south-west of Boulogne and half a mile from a railway station, the voyage having occupied five hours.

The Duke got into a train for Paris, and Mr. Green returned to Boulogne with the apparatus. I have been told the Duke chartered two steamers, by way of precaution, to follow his movements.

The Duke of Brunswick's appearance was so singular, that he was often taken for one of those "*chevaliers*" who have their habitat in the vicinity of *Ley-ces-tère Sqvare*.

One night when out on a spree, he was run in by a constable, who carried him off to the station-house, and it was with some difficulty he proved his identity. It is said that Mr. Charles Dickens, hearing of the incident, remarked, that "that policeman deserves promotion."

In one of the scandalous periodicals of the time, occurs a story to the effect that the Duke was carrying on an intrigue with a married lady in Shropshire, and hearing that her husband was absent, he arranged to meet her at an hotel in Shrewsbury. On his arrival, he ordered a *souper fin* for two, but his strange appearance and his broken English raised suspicion in the mind of the waiter who had not much experience in foreign customers. A gentleman who was staying at the hotel, heard the orders given by the Duke, and observing the waiter's embarrassed air, looked more particularly at His Serene Highness: as soon as the latter had withdrawn, he advised the man to communicate with the landlord, before carrying out the instructions given him, as he thought the stranger had the appearance of an escaped French prisoner. The landlord took the alarm and, calling in the assistance of the police, had the Duke arrested.

As the errand on which he had come to Shrewsbury was not one in which his name could creditably appear, the Duke found himself in a most awkward predicament, and thought the safest way out of it would be to say he was an officer in the Duke of Brunswick's German legion. No one present, however, would accept this explanation, and after making a terrible splutter of words and oaths, half German, half-broken English, the Duke became so exasperated that he forgot his prudential reticence, and declared himself to be no other than the Duke himself. At this there was a universal guffaw, and the insults he received were the more humiliating that they were unconsciously applied.

"You a Duke!" said the landlord; "why you are more like a dancing-master."

"Or a perfumer," said another.

"No; you must be taken before a magistrate and be made to account for yourself."

While the dispute was at its height, fortunately for the Duke, Mr. Forrester, son-in-law to the Duke of Rutland, happened to arrive, and naturally inquired into what was going on: the landlord, who knew him, was only too glad to ask his advice, and learnt, at once, to his unmitigated terror, that it was the Queen's own brother whom he had been maltreating with so much freedom. Of course apologies and excuses of all kinds were offered, and as the Duke's object now was to get away without betraying his reasons for being there, furious as he was, he had no choice but to accept them. How he settled matters with the lady does not appear, but as no action in which he was "co-respondent" has been recorded, it is presumable they managed somehow to hush up the affair. The Duke's fabulous wealth, no doubt, served to get him out of many scrapes.*

Princess Victoria of Coorg.

To turn to a sprig of royalty of quite another stock, I was at an evening party in 1853 at the house of Colonel Pennefather in St. John's Wood, where I met the little Princess Gauramma, of whom he and Mrs. Pennefather had charge. She was the daughter of "His Highness Prince Vere Rajunder, ex-Rajah of Coorg." His dominions, it will be remembered, had been taken possession of by England somewhere about 1840, and the dethroned Sovereign had been delegated to a sort of State prison in Benares, where he had lived ever since, under the control of "John Company," with an allowance of £6,000 a year.

The little daughter in question was the child of a favourite wife who died in giving her birth, and her father showed a great predilection for her over his other ten sons and daughters. I don't remember on what occasion it was that she was brought to England, nor why the ex-Rajah

* The Duke of Brunswick was born in 1804, and died August 19, 1873.

consented to her being brought up in the Christian faith, nor yet how it was that he agreed to part with her and leave her to be educated in this country; but so it was, and the Queen had her at Court, and took great notice of her. She was baptized at Buckingham Palace in 1852, Her Majesty standing sponsor and giving her the name of Victoria: the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, and the godfather was Sir James Weir Hogg.

The little "Princess Victoria of Coorg," as she was afterwards called, was married at an early age, and died at the birth of her first child.

She was an interesting, but apparently not *very* intelligent young girl, nor had she, at the time I saw her, acquired any accomplishments beyond the three "R's" and an imperfect idea of the use of the needle. Her complexion was dark, and she had fine hair and eyes, but the latter wore the sleepy, melancholy expression typical of Oriental birth, and she moved in a languid, listless way, rather dragging, than lifting, her feet. Morally, she was described to me by her guardian and his wife, as gentle, docile, and affectionate.

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL CELEBRITIES.

"The greatest and best men have more impressed the world by their voice, accent, mien, and casual expressions—in fact, by their simple, unconscious presentment of themselves—than by set speeches. In a social circle, a man takes his place by what he says and does in the midst of it, from one moment to another."

TIMES (leader), 25*th December*, 1880.

"In these polished times a man's real character is seldom to be got at, from the general tenor of his conduct. The laws of the land and the laws of society have, together, the effect of rubbing down smooth, nearly all the prominent points of the disposition, those landmarks of the mind which separate one individual from another. A slight word, a look, an exclamation, will often let the seemingly careless auditor deeply into the secret."

Essays and Criticisms, by T. G. WAINWRIGHT, p. 50 (note).

CHAPTER II.

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL CELEBRITIES.

> "Life is a leaf of paper white
> On which each one of us may write
> His word or two—then comes the night!"
>
> J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

> "Les hommes se succedent, et ne se ressemblent pas."—CARNOT.

John Elwes "The Miser."

A REMARKABLE figure at the West-end of London towards the close of the last century—personally known (though not to myself) to my father who had many anecdotes to tell of him—was John Elwes, surnamed, and apparently not without reason, "The Miser," though, strange to say, like all misers, he was on occasion, munificent in his liberalities. His miserly proclivities were, however, so marked, and avarice was so inherent in his nature that, as he had inherited, so also he transmitted, to a certain extent, his deplorable peculiarities. His son was living in Portman Square within my recollection, and I once accompanied a common friend who was paying him a morning call; we were shown into his morning-room where he sat shivering for want of a fire, which he did not allow himself, though it was winter, and he was so poorly clad that he might easily have passed himself off as a pauper. He received us courteously, and talked pleasantly enough on subjects of the day, till my friend, who had been casting his eyes curiously round the room at the singular hangings — not tapestries — which

masked the walls, was about to address the owner on the subject, when he bravely anticipated the expression of this astonishment by remarking good-humouredly—

"Ah! I see, you are amused at the decoration of my room. I daresay it looks to you like an 'old clo' shop?"

"Well, it does, my dear fellow, and I must say I am curious to know what you can be intending to do with such a collection."

"Do with them?" answered he, "why upon my word that's more than I can tell you myself."

JOHN ELWES, "THE MISER."

"Then why on earth do you keep them there, I am sure none of them could be worn again, though they seem to be kept carefully brushed."

"Oh yes, they're brushed twice a week, though I've no intention of wearing them again; but, do you know, I *can't* part with them; it's strange, isn't it? and I can only account for it by the fact that I am the descendant of my ancestors." A case of "atavism" if ever there was one.

To the student of character, there is scarcely a life more

curiously interesting than that of John Elwes, the father of this gentleman, himself also now dead. Perhaps a nobler heart never beat, and yet his finer attributes were marred, overwhelmed, neutralized by the unfortunate habit of hoarding, which at last became an absolute mania, destroying the happiness of his own life as well as of those who held kinship with him, though it does not seem to have alienated the affection of his servants, who faithfully and uncomplainingly shared the hardships he imposed on himself and them. A very interesting biography of John Elwes, written by a relative of his, Mr. Edward Topham, if in a somewhat antiquated style, still bears upon it the stamp of sincerity, and appears to furnish a most impartial record of this singular being. The passion which disfigured John Elwes's otherwise fine disposition must be admitted to have been an hereditary moral disease; it was frightfully—not to say disgustingly—developed in his mother, Amy Elwes, who had married John Meggot—John Elwes (born Meggot) having assumed together with the inheritance, the patronymic of his maternal uncle Sir Hervey Elwes. This lady, though possessed at the time of her death of £100,000, allowed herself to die of starvation, and miserable stories survive illustrative of her sordid and degrading meanness.

Old John Elwes, like most of those who have attained a great age, had a thorough contempt for physicians: tradition has preserved an amusing instance of his sentiments on this subject:—

"One night, when out—owing to his penurious resolve that he would save the expense of a conveyance—he met with a rather serious accident. . . . The night was very dark, the street badly lighted, and while hurrying along, he came with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair which he did not see, that he cut both his shins to the bone; it would have been as contrary to his principles as it was to his practice to call in a doctor, but Colonel Pimms, at whose house he

was staying in Orchard Street, insisted on sending for surgical advice, and old Elwes at length submitted. The practitioner immediately began to expatiate on the condition of the wound, and the serious consequences of breaking the skin; on the good fortune of his having been sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the case, &c., &c. 'Very probably you are right,' said the patient; 'but, Mr. Sawbones, I have one thing to say to you; *I* do not consider myself much hurt; now *you* think I am; so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg and you shall have the other; you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine, and I will wager you the amount of your bill that my leg gets well first.' Elwes delighted in telling this story, and used to assert with triumphant glee that he 'beat the apothecary by a fortnight.'"

The many generous acts which marked the bizarre existence of this ingeniously close-fisted fellow should not be passed over in silence; they were, in fact, more noble in him than they would have been in a man of liberal habits.

If we except the niggardly way in which he provided for his household, we might say that he really was stingy only where he himself was concerned; and he seemed to take a real pleasure in personal privations, in contenting himself with food, clothing, and accommodation generally, of the worst description and the meanest quality; and yet with all this, when he considered the occasion an opportune one, we find him bestowing important sums, sometimes without even being asked, and on persons he knew but slightly.

He would, when riding out, scramble over dangerous banks and travel miles out of his way, making those who rode with him do the same, to save a turnpike toll; he would ride at a foot's pace in order that his horse might feed, as he went along, on hay caught in the hedges, asserting it was "not only nice hay, but you got it for nothing," at the same time that he was lending unsolicited £1,000 to a Captain Tempest, of whom he knew very little, to enable

him to purchase a vacancy in a Majority (which he needed as a means of livelihood), lest a wealthier man should obtain it over his head, while he was trying to raise the money. It is worthy of note that he never once alluded to this circumstance again; and though on Captain Tempest's death, the sum was refunded to him, this does not detract from the ready generosity and subsequent forbearance of this singular man, who certainly never thought of being reimbursed. On the same day on which he had performed another similarly generous act, he had dined on a mouldy crust he picked up on the road, alighting from his horse to secure it. Notwithstanding his love of money, his integrity was inviolable, and his principles were proof against any kind of direct or indirect corruption; for he was strictly honourable in his political as well as his financial dealings.

"His support of Lord North in Parliament," says Colonel Topham, "was most disinterested, for no man was materially a greater sufferer than he, by the madness of the American war: the large property he had in houses, and those chiefly among the new buildings in Marylebone, was much injured by the continuance of the war, and as no small proof of it, he had just then supplied the money to build a crescent at the end of Quebec Street, Portman Square, where he expended certainly not less than seven or eight thousand pounds, and which from the want of inhabitants at that time, was never finished. It has since fallen to Mr. Baker, the ground landlord, who will doubtless make the money which Mr. Elwes lost."

I think these few lines worth quoting from Colonel Topham's most interesting memoir, not only as illustrative of the character of John Elwes, but because they forcibly indicate the curious local change which circumstances have wrought in the district in which Elwes owned so much property, and his investment in it shows him to have possessed considerable foresight and shrewdness.

A millionaire then, he, or his representative, would have

been an archi-millionaire now. The idea of building a crescent of mansions on the spot (not very accurately described by Topham) selected by Elwes, was a very knowing one, and no doubt, but for the political circumstances of the moment, would have proved richly remunerative even in his own days, as the ground-rents on that land were at that time very small. Topham's prediction as to the "good thing" Mr. Baker and his heirs would make of it has been fully verified. So far from being "never finished," Great Cumberland Place was at the time I came into being, there, one of the most fashionable centres in London; my father bought and lived for fifty years in the first house overlooking Hyde Park, and the whole became the town-residences mostly of people of rank. The representatives of the ground landlord were at first Sir Edward Baker, and afterwards his trustees. The property, when that ground lease expired not long since, reverted to the Portman estate; it is therefore a few years more than a century since Elwes started this clever building-speculation which was to make such a fortune for aliens to his family—*Sic vos non vobis*, *&c.*! It must have been an irritating disappointment to the poor old man to see the unfinished carcases (which, on a change of political conditions, he had prudently abstained from completing) standing during the remainder of his life desolate and neglected behind a bill-stuck hoarding; but Elwes had considerable philosophy, and although he would lament over a dropped sixpence, he bore larger losses with surprising equanimity: this, however, is less anomalous than the generality of traits in the character of John Elwes.

Curious anecdotes illustrative of its singularities are not wanting, the following little story which I heard lately is not, I believe, in print. In Maiden Lane lived in the early part of the century a watchmaker, by name Ireland. One morning a very shabbily dressed old man entered his shop and asked to see some gold watches. Ireland looked at him with some suspicion of his being either a rogue or a lunatic,

and put before him some second-hand gold and silver watches, asking him if he did not mean the latter. "No," replied the customer simply; "no; I want the best watch you have in your shop, a chronometer for work, and solid and handsome in appearance." Having examined with some care one of those which the watchmaker assured him were of first-class quality, he selected the very best, and inquired the price. Being told it was eighty guineas, he asked if that were the lowest price. "It is," was the answer, on which banknotes to that amount were laid on the counter, and the purchaser left his card, desiring the watchmaker to let him have that watch as soon as he had duly regulated the movement. On the card was the name of John Elwes.

The career of this living paradox, presents, it will be seen, a tissue of the most startling contradictions, but it is by no means uninstructive, as showing how the finest attributes may be obscured by the pervading influence of one inordinate passion, and in John Elwes we see a type very much the reverse of Byron's *Corsair*, who left the record of a character—

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Elwes's aversion to matrimony prevented his leaving his wealth to a legitimate heir, but he divided all he could dispose of between his two natural sons, of whom he was very fond, and who were estimable men; the entailed estates descended collaterally.

John Horne Tooke.

Another well-remembered and remarkable character of whom I have heard much from my father, as among the wits and celebrities of that day, was John Horne Tooke, author of the *Diversions of Purley*. They worked together at his *Επεα πτερόεντα*, for both were scholars, and both were philologists: both also enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Kitchiner, frequenting together his literary and scientific gatherings. Tooke's name and attributes became familiar

to me from the circumstance that Tooke, having a clear and graceful, and also remarkably legible, handwriting, my father was wont to put before me as a model, when learning to write, one of his letters, of which he had kept many. This one was an invitation to a game of chess, for both were also chess-players.

Horne Tooke, though brought up at Eton, and extremely cultivated, was not a man of birth. So far from that, he was (much to his own disgust) the son of a poulterer in Leadenhall Market, John Horne; but he contrived to keep this fact dark, by neatly disguising it under the statement that his father was a "Turkey merchant."

The "Turkey merchant" had turned his business to good account, and having thereby realized considerable profits, he sent his son to Eton, where, by his agreeable and attractive manners he became so great a favourite that he had at his choice a number of useful and influential acquaintances, whom in after life he secured as friends. As might be expected, they were of higher rank than his own, but school-friendships are often sincere, and become proof against the exclusiveness of conventionality.

While still young, Horne had unreflectingly taken orders, but soon discovered the disastrous mistake he had made in his choice of a profession: it was in vain that he tried to wriggle out of the disadvantages it had brought him; they hampered his movements and marred his subsequent projects to the end of his days.

Though gifted with oratorical powers to an extent which, however, he somewhat exaggerated to himself, he was, to his great vexation, by his clerical antecedents, not only de-barred from proceeding to the bar, but excluded also from a parliamentary career.* Being, however, of a restless

* Lord Holland used to say that it was well known that in Mr. Horne Tooke's case a strange compromise between principle and indulgence was adopted by the House, for, notwithstanding his legal disabilities, he was allowed to sit during that session, while all deacons and priests but himself were declared to be ineligible.

disposition, he was throughout his life constantly airing his political views with so little measure or discretion as to be always getting himself into awkward predicaments, only too glad when he could make those views an excuse for public speeches.

In early life, Horne was tutor to the son of John Elwes the miser, and travelled abroad with him. On his return he made the acquaintance of Mr. Tooke, of Purley, and as he was personally extremely agreeable, that gentleman took a great fancy to him. Finding he had an unusually accurate knowledge of law (having studied it in the hope of being able to make the bar his profession), Mr. Tooke availed himself of it to consult him on the probable effect of the Enclosure Bill then before the House of Commons, apprehending that if passed as then worded, it would materially damage his Purley property.

After many conversations on the subject, John Horne, who had adopted Mr. Tooke's view of the matter, wrote an able paper in support of it, which he addressed to the *Public Advertiser*. While the Bill was under debate, Horne attended in the House to hear the discussion, and as an appeal was made to the writer of the remarks in the *Public Advertiser* to show himself, he was immediately pointed out in the gallery, and was summoned to the bar of the House. Placed there, he made so convincing a defence of the views he had already stated, that the opposing M.P.'s were astonished, if not converted, and the Bill underwent such modifications as completely satisfied Mr. Tooke. This gentleman was so

He observed with some truth, and with that love of point which distinguished his conversation, that "the candour of ministers consisted in this, that deacons and priests had sat in parliament for more than a century, but at last one cleric got in who opposed the minister of the day, and then Parliament determined that there never should be any deacons or priests admitted among them thereafter." Horne Tooke's right was contended for by Mr. Fox, whom, nevertheless, he had, at various periods, attacked with acrimony and rancour. Tooke recognized this generosity. "Mr. Fox," said he, "has taken a severe revenge, I have passed my life in attacking him, and he has now for the second time defended me nobly against the arm of power."

delighted with his brilliant and ingenious defender that he at once declared his intention of making him his heir.

By some misunderstanding, however, Horne got but a small portion of Mr. Tooke's fortune, the bulk of which went to Mr. Beazley. Still, Horne assumed his patron's name, and henceforward was known as Mr. John Horne Tooke. He both wrote and spoke well, dividing his time and attention between literature and politics. He had the talent to draw round him many of the celebrities of the day, welcoming them to his hospitable table with a degree of ease and grace in accordance with their aristocratic position. When he was a boy, he had often been sent for to Leicester House as a playfellow for the little Prince George, afterwards George III., but probably did not learn much in the matter of good manners, there: he possessed a great deal of humour, and many of his witticisms have been preserved. During his trial for high treason he suddenly determined that he would speak in his own defence, and sent word to that effect to Erskine, his counsel.

"I'll be *hanged* if I don't," said he, by way of emphasizing his intention.

"You'll certainly be hanged it you *do*," was Erskine's smart reply.

Horne Tooke always professed himself cognizant of the identity of Junius. His newspaper correspondence with this *nominis umbra* was not very happy, Tooke being far more successful in a *vivâ voce* discussion than when arguing on paper. He was clever, and quick at repartee, and knew how to make *telling* remarks with a smiling face: there was much fun and archness in his character, and his scholarly acquirements gave him a command of language which served him advantageously in a verbal dispute. His objections to matrimony were so strong that he tried to inspire his friends with his own sentiments on the subject. One of them having communicated to him his intention of perpetrating the fatal blunder in spite of his warnings,

he entreated him to consider the advice he was about to offer him. This consisted in urging upon him and upon every intending bridegroom the absolute necessity of obtaining from reliable sources every possible detail of his intended wife's antecedents, moral, material, financial, &c., and then of devoting as long a period as possible to the most scrutinizing personal vigilance, in order to ascertain the exact truth for himself: when absolutely satisfied on every point, the only allowable course for him was to provide himself with a fleet horse, to be ready saddled and bridled on the wedding-day, and to ride away from the church as swiftly as possible *before* the ceremony took place.

Horne Tooke's political principles were those of what would be called to-day "a red republican," in testimony of which one of his letters to Junius begins: "The 'right divine and sacredness of kings' is to me a senseless jargon."

An amusing story used to be told of Horne Tooke, who, dining one day with Lord Camelford and Sir Francis Burdett, expressed his regret that he had, in his boyhood, run away from Eton, when Lord Camelford confessed he equally repented of having run away from the Charterhouse. "Well, then," said Sir Francis, "I may as well tell you that *I* ran away from Westminster."

J. T. Smith * tells in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, how—"In the year 1811 a most flagrant depredation was committed at Horne Tooke's house at Wimbledon by a collector of taxes, who, not receiving immediate payment of his demand, daringly carried away a silver tea and sugar caddy, the value, in weight of metal alone, amounting to at least twenty times the sum claimed; the pretext being the withholding of a tax which Mr. Tooke declared he would never pay, on principle.

* Mr. J. T. Smith was a great *connoisseur* in works of art, and preceded Mr. José as custodian of the Print-room at the British Museum.

"Upon this, the victim wrote the following letter addressed to Messrs. Croft and Dilke :—

"Gentlemen, I beg it as a favour of you that you will go, in my name, to Mr. Judkin, Attorney, in Clifford's Inn, and desire him to go with you both, to the Under-Sheriff's office in New Inn, Wych Street. I have had a distress served on me for taxes at Wimbledon, in the County of Surrey. By the recommendation of Mr. Stuart of Putney, I desire Mr. Judkin to act as my attorney in replevying the goods, and I desire Messrs. Croft and Dilke to sign the security bond for me that I will try this question. Pray show this mem. to Mr. Judkin.

"John Horne Tooke.

"Wimbledon, May 17, 1811."

As Mr. Croft and Mr. Dilke were proceeding to Putney Road they met the (too zealous) tax-gatherer with the tea-caddy under his arm, on his way back to restore it with the greatest possible haste, and to offer an apology to Mr. Tooke. The two gentlemen returned, and, going in with him, witnessed Mr. Tooke's forbearance and kindness when the man declared he had a wife and large family.

From the following statement in the contemporary press, dated October 4, 1810, it appears that Horne Tooke made anticipatory arrangements for his funeral and burial:—

"The vault Mr. Horne Tooke has caused to be prepared for his remains is situated under the lawn in his garden near the north wall on Wimbledon Common: it is now ready for his reception. A handsome tombstone of finely polished black marble, about 8 ft. long and 2 ft. wide, with the following engraven epitaph, was a few days ago laid down by his own direction:—

John Horne Tooke,
Late proprietor and now occupier
of this spot, was born
June, 1736,
and
Died in
Aged years.
CONTENTED AND GRATEFUL."

It has been asked whether the "contentment" refers to this world or the next.

The *Annual Register* announces as a completion of the above story, after the lapse of two years:—

"On the 10th March, 1812, Mr. Tooke died at his house at Wimbledon. He was put into a strong elm shell, and the coffin was made from the heart of a solid oak, cut down for the purpose. It measured six feet one inch in length; in breadth at the shoulders, two feet two inches; and depth, two feet six inches. This enormous depth was absolutely necessary in consequence of the contraction [spinal curvature?] of his body. His remains were conveyed in a hearse and six to Ealing, attended by three mourning coaches with four horses to each."

Mr. Tooke's executors objected to his being buried in his own grounds, and the interment took place at Ealing.

Horne Tooke's bust was the first work undertaken by Chantrey after his return from Italy in 1803.

In the year 1799 the two following letters, illustrative of the unpopularity of the income tax, at that day, passed between the Commissioners of Income and Mr. Horne Tooke: I quote it, as it should be interesting at the present time:—

"To John Horne Tooke, Esq.,

"*Office of the Commissioners for carrying into execution the Act for Taxing Incomes,*

"Wandsworth, *May* 3, 1799.

"Sir,—The Commissioners having under their consideration your declaration of income, dated 26th February, have directed me to acquaint you that they have reason to apprehend your income exceeds £60 a year. They therefore desire that you will re-consider the said declaration and favour me with your answer on or before Wednesday 8th, inst.—Your obedient servant,

"W. B. Luttly, Clerk."

"To Mr. W. B. Luttly,

"Sir,—I have much more reason than the Commissioners can have, to be dissatisfied with the smallness of my income. I have never in my life disavowed, or had occasion to reconsider, any declaration which I have signed with my name. But the Act of Parliament has removed all the decencies which used to prevail between gentlemen; and has given the Commissioners (shrouded under the signature of their clerk) a right by law to tell me that they have reason to believe that I am a liar. They have also a right to demand from me upon oath the particular circumstances of my private situation. In obedience to the law I am ready to attend them upon this degrading occasion so novel to Englishmen, and to give them every explanation and satisfaction which they may be pleased to require.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"John Horne Tooke."

Sir Francis Burdett.

Among my very early recollections is the tall, thin figure on horseback, of Sir Francis Burdett, wearing white corduroys and top boots; his face, which though not fleshy had a healthy colour, expressed a certain pleasure at the respectful recognition of which he was constantly the object, and seemed to say that he felt he deserved his popularity,

for he bowed and smiled benignly as his horse ambled along.

It was a fine trait in Sir Francis's character that he stood by his friend Lord Dundonald throughout his trial, and when there was a talk of putting him in the pillory, Sir Francis's sense of justice made him declare that "if Lord Dundonald were to be sent there, he would go and stand by the side of him all the time."

Albany Fonblanque.

At a somewhat later period, another, usually mounted, celebrity used to be seen about the Park—Albany Fonblanque, the clever and mordant, but also popular and admired, proprietor of the *Examiner*. Having been personally acquainted with him, I may say that, although his sarcasm, which however was always just, could be so bitter in print, in private life, he was always the most agreeable and genial of men; his figure on horseback was remarkable, inasmuch as his legs being lean and long and his horse small in proportion to his own height, his feet nearly touched the ground. This was also the *allure* of the Duke of Somerset, who, when at Somerset House, Park Lane, was a frequenter of Hyde Park and its neighbourhood. He died in 1855, and was fifth from the "proud Duke," who—having been touched on the shoulder by his wife * with her fan, in order to call his attention—resenting the familiarity, turned round and said sternly, "Madam! my first Duchess was a Percy, and *she* would not have ventured upon such a liberty as that."

The Duke Somerset.

A few doors from my father's house in Great Cumberland Place † resided Lord Lovelace, and there, died of a cancer November 29, 1852, his wife, Lady Lovelace, Byron's

Ada Byron.

"Ada—sole daughter of my house and heart."

She was an invalid for some time prior to her death, and seldom left the house, though her three children—Lord

* Daughter of the Earl of Winchilsea.

† At No. 8, not 16, as stated in Wheatley's new edition of *London*.

Ockham, Lord Wentworth, and Lady Anne—rode out daily on their ponies. I have been told by the medical man who attended Lady Lovelace, that he had from her own lips the astonishing statement that even after her marriage, and up to a comparatively late period of her short life, she had never read a line of her father's poems! Little did poor Byron dream of such filial dereliction, when he wrote the many tender passages scattered through his works, and to which he doubtless trusted, to rehabilitate him in the estimation of the child he loved so dearly; for surely those touching words, had they met her eye, should have counteracted any adverse impression made upon her infant mind by his calumniators.

However, the time came when, it appears, she was spontaneously moved to do him ample, if tardy, justice. Countess Guiccioli relates that Lady Lovelace having paid a visit to Newstead Abbey was conducted by Colonel Wildman to the library, where taking down a volume, he read to her one of the finest passages it contained. Transported with the beauty of the lines, she asked who was their author; the Colonel stood with his eyes fixed on her in sudden astonishment, and pointing to Phillips's portrait of Byron which hung there, he said: "Is it possible you do not know that *that* is he?"

Lady Lovelace seems to have been staggered by the revelation and replied: "Do not think this is affectation, strange as it must seem. I have been brought up in entire ignorance of all that regards my father."

"From that hour," continues the narrator, a "passionate enthusiasm for everything which recalled the memory of Byron took possession of her, and whilst at Newstead she would shut herself up for long hours in the apartments he had occupied, and which still retained much of the furniture he had used both there and at Cambridge. She loved to sleep in the room in which he had slept; she gave herself up to lonely meditations on his

exiled fate and premature end, and endeavoured with intense yearning, out of the associations of scenes over which his memory lingered, to extract some trace of that tenderness of which she had been deprived." By one of those perplexing ironies of fate for which it is impossible to account, the father and child, so cruelly separated in life—for he never saw her after she was a month old—now lie side by side, united in the silence of death, in the chancel of the village church of Hucknall Torkard.

It is remarkable that Byron's daughter died at the same early age as himself: she bore but little physical resemblance to her handsome and distinguished father, though now and then an expression in her intelligent features would betray the kinship. Her tastes were decidedly dissimilar, and to romance, poetry, and literature generally, she preferred the study of the exact sciences, and delighted in mathematical pursuits; these she followed with Babbage, and must have been an accomplished student, whether of languages or science, for she was familiar enough with the idioms of the former and the technicalities of the latter, to make an excellent translation of a Defence, written by an Italian, of Babbage's well-known and long-cherished, but never-completed Calculating Machine.

With striking elegance and grace of manner, were combined in Lady Lovelace, a degree of mental power and a depth of knowledge which few suspected: though no woman could be more womanly, few men have shown more character; frivolity had no charms for her, and her greatest pleasure was in the society of the cultivated, and especially of men—and women—of science.

We can hardly understand how the partisans of Lady Byron (and she managed to secure many), contrive to defend the meanness, injustice, and heartlessness with which she took advantage of her opportunities, to alienate her daughter from the father who would so fondly have cherished her. There are some who, to justify her unqualifiable conduct,

have invented an ugly story which they mysteriously assert was known to various distinguished individuals, all now numbered among those who "tell no tales," to the effect that Byron had already contracted a marriage in Spain, of which Lady Byron became aware only after she was his wife, and that it was upon this revelation being made to her that she had determined to leave him.

This statement is not remarkable for plausibility. Is it likely that, if true, the whole world would not have known it long before? also, if true, what need had Lady Byron's officious and vulgar American champion to bring forward another mischievous and disgraceful invention in justification of her patroness.

It would be interesting to know what were Ada Byron's feelings when, alone with her gifted father's memory, she came upon such apostrophes as he loved incessantly to address to her, for example :—

> "Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
> My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
> And reach into thy heart when mine is cold
> A token and a tone, e'en from thy father's mould!"

and countless others equally tender and pathetic.

There is something infinitely touching in the little fact that Byron had to petition, and petitioned, for a curl from the head of his own child, and having obtained it, wore it lovingly round his neck, where it was buried with him.

Contessa Guiccioli.

I never saw the Contessa Guiccioli, but have heard her freely spoken of by several of my friends who were her contemporaries and knew her; as these were not mutually acquainted, their respective testimonies are quite independent of each other; yet they agreed that the fascination exercised over the noble poet by this very remarkable lady, must have been due to some indefinable charm of manner which bewitched *him*, though it appears to have left *them* un-impressed. One of these gentlemen assured me that

her complexion reminded him of . . . boiled pork (!) and another asserted that her figure was absolutely shapeless; that she was not beautiful, and that so far from possessing any grace or elegance of style she had the appearance of a short bolster with a string round its middle. Worse than this, it seems that the Guiccioli waddled like a duck; her feet, which were as large and flat as Madame de Staël's—immortalized by her enemy Napoleon, when he described her as standing on her "*grand pied de Stael*"—aiding in the suggestion of this simile. As for her manners, they were so far from refined, that one of my friends declared that one evening—in company—after dinner, she sent for her maid to unlace her corset, leaning back in her *fauteuil* and exclaiming the while: "*O! Gesù Maria! Ho troppo mangiato!*"

It is presumable that Byron, who made no secret of his abhorrence for fat women, and who also could not endure to see a woman eat, must have been carefully blinded by the little god, unless a wondrous deterioration had come over the Countess before the time at which my friends knew her.

This lady lived for some years in France near La Celle St. Cloud, where she was acquainted with the Belloc family, friends of my own; they described her as being very fantastic in her ways, and though late in life she married the aged Marquis de Boissy, she continued to wear a large miniature of Byron set as a brooch.

There is no doubt that before Byron and the Contessa parted, their mutual attachment had cooled down considerably, and that on Byron's side his affection for her was succeeded by a wearisome desire for her absence, though he still wished her well, and behaved liberally to her.

Lord Byron.

It appears, in the diary of Thomas Uwyns, R.A., that Lady Blessington tried to make him and others believe that Byron's enthusiasm for the cause of Greece, and his departure for that country (December 25, 1825), was only a pretext the more plausibly to rid himself of the society of

this lady who had long bored him. To judge from Lord Byron's sentiments it is easy to believe that when she became fat and unsightly his in-fat-uation ceased, but we are not, therefore, obliged to admit that his fine sentiments and noble efforts on behalf of a degraded country, in the cause of which he sacrificed his life, were a paltry sham.

I am told by Col. Alcock Stawell that when a young man, making the grand tour with his tutor and spending some time at Venice, he used to visit at the Palazzo of Contessa Benzoni, from whom he heard many curious little characteristics of Lord Byron. The "noble poet" used to frequent this lady's society, and delighted in the familiar intercourse of the Benzoni family, but whenever other visitors came in, he used shyly to withdraw into silence, or retreat to the balcony, more especially if they were English.

Another of his habits was to take leave at a special hour, at which his valet had orders to arrive with a small plank and a lantern: the plank was laid down at the water stairs of the palazzo in order that from it, his eccentric lordship might spring into the Canal, having first divested himself of his raiment, with which the valet had to meet him when he had swam to the other side. It seems that on the Colonel's remarking that Byron must have needed a bath before he dressed again, the patriotic Contessa did not appear pleased at the imputation on the purity of Venetian waters.

It is remarkable that Byron's club-foot should not have interfered with his expertness as a swimmer. Squire Waterton, who from experience of their successes, believed in the Yorkshire bone-setters, used to say that had Byron applied to the Whitworth brothers, he could certainly have been cured. Byron, in his bitter lamentations over his physical disability, does not seem to have ever considered what enormous compensations he had to counterbalance this one defect; all who knew him have borne testimony to their preponderance. Mrs. Opie speaks of the "mellifluous

tones of his voice as so fascinating that one cannot help excusing the expressions by which he often betrays his vanity in conversation; its irresistible sweetness," she says, "seems to strike the ear afresh every time one hears it."

George Robins.

Among characters of his time, a mention may fairly be allowed to George Robins—the estate-agent, auctioneer, and, as Byron intimated, "friend of the Peerage" generally; indeed, the noble lord was of opinion that "the nobility could not have got on without 'George' to set their affairs straight." How he did it, those who had recourse to his good offices knew best; anyway they trusted him, and a great many family secrets were, alas! inevitably, poured into his ear. The possession of these delicate confidences might have turned the brain of a wiser and less vain man than George Robins; it is scarcely surprising, therefore, that he sometimes forgot himself and indulged in unseemly, but inevitable, familiarity with his noble—sometimes, it is to be feared, also ig-noble—patrons.

The humiliation of being obliged to "grin and bear it," should have been a profitable lesson to those whose own follies had plunged them into the false position which rendered it possible, and they should have foreseen that when Ruin stands under the portico, Dignity has to sneak away by the area-gate. It was amusing to hear a man who mercilessly clipped the Queen's English and scattered his "h's" about in the most impartial way, talking of noble lords without mentioning their titles, and going as near as he dared (in a *sotto voce* tone which made his gossip far more suggestive) to facts in no way creditable to the heroes of them, though it has never been said that he was guilty of direct treachery. He was often (as a matter of expediency) invited to country seats, and while tacitly speculating as to how he should deal with these properties *when* they came to the hammer, did his best to put himself on a footing of supercilious equality with the host and his other guests.

Byron, whose sense of humour was tickled by Robins's would-be gentlemanly ways, and his absurd failures in aping the manners of those among whom he was admitted, once invited to dinner a party of intimates of rank "to meet Mr. George Robins." As was of course expected, he did not fail, albeit quite unconsciously, to make himself supremely ridiculous. He was very proud of having enjoyed the honour of dining with the "noble poet" whose genius he had the good taste to admire; but there were—and Robins knew it—many noble and many otherwise distinguished men who were very glad, if not to dine with *him*, to meet each other at his house, and a very well-appointed house it was; many of his guests, though they had handles to their names, could not have returned his hospitality on the same scale. Robins's popularity with his clients was partly the result of policy on their part, but they also liked him, for he was really a jolly good fellow; besides this, they found a certain amusement in his vulgarity enhanced as it was by his utter unconsciousness of it.

His auctions were frequented by the general public for the sake of what we may term his "pulpit oratory": and men of his own calling, it was said, attended them in order to borrow a hint from so successful a model of professional imaginativeness and ingenuity.

No one (except, perhaps, Zola) ever drew up a description with so graphic a pen as George Robins. He was doubtless acquainted with the pages as well as with the personality of Byron, and his splendid compilations would often show cribbings from them and also from Milton, as a source of scenic lore. Nevertheless, he had originality of thought as well as originality of combination, for he would make extremely smart and apt repartees to those who chaffed him (for the fun of the thing) during a sale. The fact was, that, however glowing were his representations of the value of the articles he was selling, he generally managed that they should not be

altogether untruthful; and although his fantastic imagination was widely recognized, it was by no means uncommon for purchasers to accept his descriptions with sufficient confidence to admit of their buying even estates through his agency without so much as visiting them to verify his account. The public probably discounted the exaggerations of an agent who was notoriously given to a habit of magnifying and extolling everything that was to come under his hammer, from a tea-cup to a mansion, and they pretty well knew how near to the reality came one of George's posting-bills offering to competition a "well-timbered" estate with "orchards that rivalled the gardens of the Hesperides" ("Espi-rides," he pronounced it); streams that "on horient pearl and sands of gold, ran nectar;" groves whose "trees wept hamber;" views "enchanting enough to convert every be'older into a landscape-painter on the spot." Such would be among the similes employed by this euphuistic genius when the Duke of Baccarat or the Marquis of Hard-up was compelled by "unforeseen circumstances" to part with his ancestral acres.

When articles of *virtù*, jewels, pictures, miniatures, engravings, antiques, had to pass through Robins's hands, the *assistance* was convulsed as he betrayed the narrow limits of his historical, chronological, and even technical, knowledge.

George Robins was entrusted with the disposal of Strawberry Hill in April, 1842, and with it of Horace Walpole's valuable, interesting, and unique collection, which was sold on the premises along with the "furniture and effects." Probably, however, George advisedly considered that the associations of the place would attract a larger concourse of bidders than a London auction-room, to which these gems and cabinet curiosities might have been transferred. I went to the view on the day previous to the sale, and, having a prior acquaintance with this king of auctioneers, was met by him in the most friendly and obliging spirit. He immediately busied

himself with calling my attention to, and placing before me, the most remarkable objects, one being of course the famous silver bell, esteemed by Lord Orford himself, "the most precious rarity he possessed." Designed by the taste and modelled by the matchless hand of Benvenuto Cellini, this historical relic, described by George Robins as his "chaff-dover," was originally the property of Pope Leo X., and was regarded by His Holiness as well as by the rare artificer's professional contemporaries as his *chef d'œuvre* among his works of that class. It was destined to be employed in the exorcism of insects inimical to agriculture, and was a most elaborate specimen of *repoussé*, the great artist's fancy having apparently revelled in the elegant intricacies of the entomological detail.

"For this bell," wrote Horace Walpole, "I gave the Marquis of Rockingham all my collection of Roman coins in large brass; the relievos, representing caterpillars, butterflies, and other insects, are wonderfully executed."

George Robins was so ready in finding a striking remark to make, on whatever subject, that I was scarcely surprised at his hitting on one so appropriate, when, placing this valuable masterpiece in my hands, he quoted from the Song of Solomon:

"This *belle* is black but beautiful."

And black it certainly was; black enough to justify any *superficial* observer in supposing it might be carved in ebony, so deeply tinted was it with the antiquarian *ærugo;* but all the other fine silver pieces I saw here were in a similar condition. Among them, another interesting object Robins pointed out, was a beautifully chased filigree silver clock, also of Italian work, of simple construction, with weights and chains, but very rich in ornamentation and perforated work. "This," said he, "was one of the marriage hofferings of 'Enery the heighth to 'is hill-fated Queen, Hann Boleyn."

There was a pathos in pursuing one's way through these

rooms where still lingered the surviving traces of their 'erewhile occupant. If the choice spirits, so often collected here by the distinguished owner of the place, had long since vanished, there still remained the evidences of their presence so that we might say with Rogers—

". . . Their very shadows consecrate the ground."

A locality so surrounded with literary and artistic memories as Strawberry Hill could not be visited, under any circumstances, without a keen interest; but, if on my first visit to it in 1842, it still teemed with lingering and eloquent Walpolean associations, when I again saw it some forty years later, the prestige which had hallowed the spot had completely vanished, and it was in vain I looked round for the quaint charm which had rendered it so attractive; one could no longer trace, or even build up, its past history from the materials that remained; the whole place seemed disenchanted, nay, vulgarized. The absence of the unique collection which in 1842 still carried on the memory of its historical descendants served to bring it down to the level of an ordinary dwelling-house; and in 1880 the obvious signs of the everyday life that had long been carried on there sufficed to obliterate the poetry of its original destination: one could not bring oneself to believe that the *Castle of Otranto* could have been written there.

It was once more in the hands of an auctioneer, but that auctioneer was not George Robins! * There was no point of resemblance between *them*, any more than between the past and present condition of the place.

The architecture exhibited all its defects, the furniture was shabby and common in quality, and it was neglected in condition; the galleries and rooms dingy without dignity, the draperies faded yet not venerable, the blinds discoloured and tattered; in place of the library and the collection which had been the admiration of its day and

* George Robins conducted the sale of Braham's furniture and effects at his beautiful villa, "The Grange," Brompton, after the failure of the Colosseum.

the envy of museums, there were cheap Tauchnitz editions, rubbishy imitation bric-à-brac, and rococo ornaments, the style of the place seemed aimless and incoherent, incoherent also was the hideous papering which here and there bulged from the walls, or hung listlessly in semi-detached strips, suggesting that the old walls disdained the upstart connection. The flooring-boards were rotten in the better rooms, and the stone flags, where there was pavement, were damp in the basement—a moist, musty effluvium pervading the whole tenement.

Yet this should scarcely have been so. Strawberry Hill had not undergone a by any means ignoble fate in the hands of Frances Lady Waldegrave—Braham's elder daughter—who received there during her somewhat protracted occupation of it, many distinguished guests, and as long as she held it, showed every respect to its famed antecedents, by maintaining both mansion and grounds in ornamental order. It must therefore have been to her successors, whoever they may have been, that was due the *décadence* which told so lamentably on the once honoured residence.

George Robins rented of me a house in Queen Street, Mayfair, not for his own occupation, but to help a "widow lady," in whom he was "hinterested, to earn a hincome by re-letting it in apartments." She had two children to bring up, and whenever, in the course of business, he mentioned her in writing, he was wont to style her "the little strugler," with one "g."

Like Barnum, George Robins did not select the noblest tree in the forest to climb, but he found one suited to his peculiar capacities, and like that genial monarch among humbugs, he got to the top of it. George Robins, whose appearance was that of a hearty, well-to-do, florid-complexioned man of business, contrived by the *bonhomie* and persuasiveness of his manners to collect round him at the outset of his career, a knot of patrons who, as his peculiar talents developed, soon began to increase and

multiply; and as time went on, from modest auctions in his well-known rooms in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, he came to be entrusted with the disposal of important family properties and the management of large transactions, and during the half century that he carried on business he succeeded in realizing something like £150,000; neither did he ever incur the imputation of unfairness in his dealings. His prosperity was uninterrupted, and never suffered a check from failures of others or bankruptcy of his own.

He occupied one of the best and largest houses in Brighton, facing the sea, and died there widely regretted on February 8, 1847, leaving a family: for some time before his death his health had not admitted of his attending to business.

Charles Buller.

Of Charles Buller, whom I had before known by sight only, I made the acquaintance in 1839, in a singular way, on the quay at Boulogne, in the midst of one of the most violent storms I can remember. Our party had been waiting some days for an improvement in the weather, and unfortunately on that day the tempest seemed to have reached its maximum of fury; the wind blew a hurricane, the rain poured down torrentially, and the sea ran mountains high. Unfortunately, too, an urgent letter received that morning left us no further choice. When we reached the quay we met all the intending passengers returning in a scare, not one of them would venture it. The boats in those days were barely seaworthy, and nothing could be more discouraging than the aspect of affairs; our position was a most perplexing one, for the ladies of the party were terrified. Charles Buller stood, or rather tottered (for no one could keep a footing), on the quay, among those discussing the dismal state of affairs: he introduced himself, and not only advised, but entreated, us to abandon the idea. We had, however, decided that, under the circumstances, we must go, at all hazards, and thanking him for his kind interest in us, as strangers, we proceeded with our preparations. Even after we and all our luggage were on board, he still called down to us to follow

the example of the other passengers, every one of whom had funked. All this time the wind was blowing furiously, and torrents of rain, driven by its violence, were drenching everybody and everything; voices could hardly be heard, and the whole scene was bewildering: we remained firm, however, and had the boat literally all to ourselves. The planks were withdrawn, the bell rang, and we were off. Charles Buller remained watching the boat as we moved away, making signs of compassion and adieu. The passage proved such as fully to justify this gentleman's apprehensions, for we were mercilessly tossed about, for four mortal hours, before we reached Folkestone. Some little time after, while at Brunswick Terrace, we met our sagacious friend one day on the Esplanade. He immediately came up and shook hands, remarking that he had never expected to see us again alive, for it seems he had known more about that boat than we, and he had considered it unfit to weather such a storm.

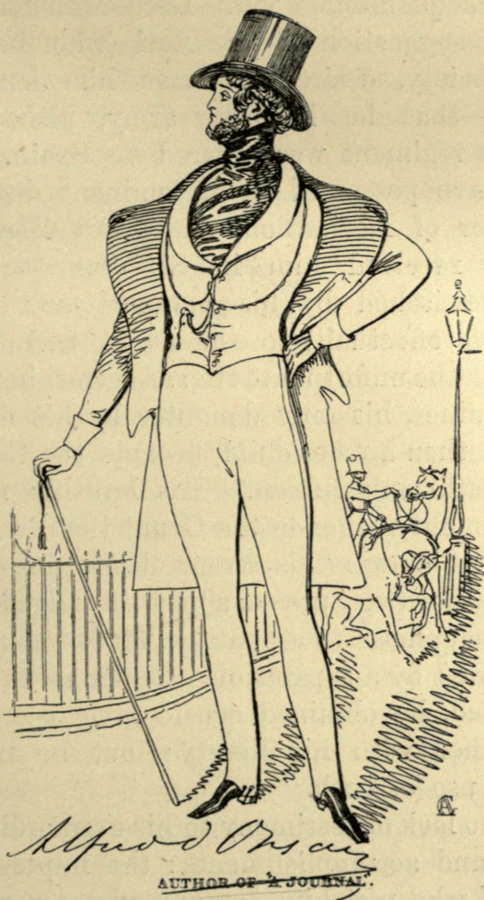
After this we met frequently, and found him a most agreeable man, full, even over-full, of fun, never missing a pun when he could make one; and though he had a serious side to his character, and could talk sensibly enough on literature as well as politics, which latter seemed uppermost in his thoughts, he was more of a humourist than a politician, and had a keen perception of the absurdities of life; sometimes, when in a sarcastic vein, he could be very severe, but like Democritus, I think he preferred laughing at the follies he saw, to mourning over them. He might have been wearisome, but for the good-nature which formed the basis of his character, and led one to believe that when he joked at the foibles of others, it was purely for the sake of the merriment he tried to create for himself and others. He died not many years after this, at a comparatively early age.

Count d'Orsay.

Count d'Orsay—born with the century—is probably one of the best-remembered social celebrities of our times, and there must be many still living who retain a personal recol-

lection of his striking appearance as well as his romantic history.

His father, General d'Orsay, was so handsome a man that he went by the name of "*Le beau d'Orsay*"; but though the Count, his son, was no way inferior to him in



this respect, he was of an altogether different type: the General was every inch a soldier—a "*vieux de la vieille*" —and as such, a great favourite with the Emperor Napoleon.

Alfred Gabriel, Comte d'Orsay, was his second son, and from his birth was claimed by the Emperor as his future page; though he never attained to that position, he

always professed, and perhaps entertained, an affection for the Imperial family; this, however, did not prevent him from taking military service in the Royal body-guard on the return of the Bourbons to the throne.

It was in 1822, when quartered at Valence, that, renewing his acquaintance with Lord and Lady Blessington—at the suggestion of the Earl (who, being charmed with his society, desired to have him for a travelling companion)—that he left the army, although at that moment his regiment was ordered to Spain. The Count seems to have possessed in an eminent degree, an irresistible power of fascination, and Lord Blessington who had already received him in St. James's Square, was singularly bewitched by his manners and conversation. In order more effectually to cement the friendship between them, he took the unfortunate step of betrothing him to Lady Harriet Gardiner, his only daughter by his first marriage, who, though then a mere child, became the Count's wife in 1827, when still only fifteen. His lordship made a most liberal settlement, rather on the Count than on his daughter, the terms of it showing his strong desire for the marriage. The measure, however, proved a most ill-judged one, causing life-long unhappiness to all parties, for it was almost immediately followed by a separation. As far as the bridegroom was concerned, he obtained considerable pecuniary advantages, together with his liberty; but he made a very unfortunate use of both.

There is no lack of testimony to his extraordinary personal perfections and accomplishments: the impression he produced on all who met him—among whom were many competent judges—has been recorded again and again among the social memoirs and diaries of his time. As for his physique and his social qualifications, Byron called him "*le jeune Cupidon*," and "*Cupidon émancipé*," and even he deferred to his taste and judgment in all matters social. He read with great interest and admiration a MS. of the

Count's, in which he had cleverly brought together his ideas on English fashionable life. The originality of the Count's "Journal" pleased and amused the noble poet, who endorsed the general opinion as to the refinement of d'Orsay's taste and the keenness of his intelligence, and admitted his qualifications as an arbitrator of etiquette and a leader of *ton:* he was moreover universally recognized as a splendid *cavalier*, a bold and expert horseman, and a fine judge of horseflesh: but there was much more in him than this.

Lord Byron, in a letter to Lord Blessington, expresses his unfeigned astonishment at the extraordinary perspicacity manifested by the Count, then scarcely more than a boy, in these Society notes, and deplores the melancholy truthfulness of his remarks on high life in England; for, Anglomane as the Count was, he yet shrewdly detected and eloquently described the weak points of English society. His lordship also comments on the originality and freshness of the Count's style, the vivacity of his remarks, and the power of his descriptions, which could come only from the penetration and the pen of a Frenchman.

He thinks that, besides all that the writer has discovered during his first visit to London, he ought to make himself acquainted with what goes on in a country house, during the hunting-season, with "a select party of distinguished guests."

"He ought," adds Byron, "to have seen the gentlemen after dinner [on the hunting days] and the soirée ensuing thereupon—and the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather, *been* hunted; and I could have wished 'your Alfred' had been at a dinner in town at Lord Cowper's—small but select—and composed of the most amusing people: . . . However," he continues, "the 'Journal' is a very formidable production, as it is! . . . I have read the whole with great attention and instruction—I am too good a patriot to say, *pleasure*."

It was at Florence that the Blessington party, including

d'Orsay, met Byron, who joined them in visiting the fine old cities of North Italy; and what a delightful tour it must have been! D'Orsay was as richly gifted in accomplishments as he was in personal advantages; it is therefore regrettable that a man so cultivated as to become a valued authority on matters of art, should be remembered chiefly for his frivolity, foppery, and foolish extravagance.

He was advisedly termed by common consent, the "Glass of Fashion" as well as the "Mould of Form," for no beau of the day would regulate the cut of his dress or the style of his equipages, the supplies of his cellars, the form of his entertainments, the nature of his collections, the decorations of his house, or indeed any other detail of life, by any standard but d'Orsay's opinion. In matters of toilette his judgment was supreme; but there were many, foolish enough to forget that, while adopting his caprices, they could not assume along with them those personal graces peculiarly his own, and which no absurdity it might please him to introduce, seemed to disfigure.

A gentleman of the "butterman" class, who had retired on a large fortune, desirous of giving himself a *tournure à la mode*, and simple enough to believe that fine clothes make fine gentlemen, applied to d'Orsay's tailor, the famous Herr Stultz, to dress him precisely like the Count. A suit having been completed, the client proceeded to try it on, surveying himself anxiously in a *Psyché*, and scanning every attitude into which he could throw his common-place figure. At last, utterly at a loss to account for the hopeless failure of the artist in broadcloth, he turned to him, and said, with a puzzled air, "Strange, isn't it? I can't understand what you've been about, Mr. Stultz. I don't consider you have made me look at all like d'Orsay. What do *you* say?"

"Well, sir," answered the tailor, doing his best to keep his countenance, "you see, nature must do *something* towards it."

D'Orsay's figure was tall and well proportioned, and com-

manded, rather than attracted, admiration; his features were fine and expressive, and he was too well satisfied with himself and with the adulation of which he found himself the object, not to be pleased and good-humoured with every one. He thus became a general favourite, and knowing that whatever his vagaries might be, they were sure to be widely approved and servilely copied, he occasionally indulged in exaggerations which he must have very well known exceeded the limits of good taste: some said there was a spice of waggery in this proceeding, and that he enjoyed the fun of seeing how far he could exercise his influence. His fanciful waistcoats, rich in embroidery, soon became the *point de mire* of fashionable assemblies, and there was always a fierce contest among the young coxcombs of the day to be the first to obtain a facsimile of the latest novelty the Count had brought out.

Expense could be no matter of consideration to a man who had acquired a habit of always "deferring" his payments, consequently d'Orsay rarely appeared twice in the same attire; yet the pattern, the material, the colours, and the cut of a garment, were matters of due reflection to the originator, who—albeit he meant to wear it with the most indifferent air—well knew that all eyes would be drawn to it as soon as he should appear; and when the *chef d'œuvre* was accomplished, it was always so brilliant a success as to bewitch all fashion.

Colonel Gronow, whose memoirs of the celebrities as well as the fashionables of his day have preserved his name from oblivion, for of him it may be said—

> "S'il n'eut mal parlé de personne
> On n'eut jamais parlé de lui"—

was among the Count's fervent admirers—perhaps because he was himself of small stature and insignificant appearance. He did not even resent the ingenious *sobriquet* by which it pleased d'Orsay to designate him, inverting,

with good-natured impertinence, the two syllables of his patronymic, and calling him "Nogrow."

The gallant Colonel, one day, meeting his idol displaying a new and dazzling caprice, was unable to retain an exclamation of delight at the beauty of the very original creation, and even added—

"Oh, my dear Count, you really must give me that waistcoat."

"Wiz plésure, Nogrow," replied the Count, with a charming French bow and a courteous French smile; "but what shall you do wiz him? Ah! he shall make you one dressing-gown."

It is probable that Gronow, thus brought to his senses, remembered the fable of the bull and the frog, but he didn't say so.

Harrison Ainsworth had also (and with more reason) a strongly developed and practical fancy for modelling his style after that of the elegant French Count. It is true he was a fine, well-proportioned fellow, and possessed chestnut curls on his head, and hair on his face in sufficient abundance to adorn it after a similar fashion, but it was a mistake all the same. He spared no pains and no expense to get himself taken for d'Orsay; in the Row, and passing rapidly on a mount of the same hue, he actually did contrive now and then to get a hesitating recognition from some of d'Orsay's slighter acquaintances; and when wearing evening dress he arrived, by careful study, at the exact angle at which his coat should be thrown open, to display a gorgeous waistcoat *en cœur*, with a snowy bediamonded shirt-front beneath it; but, somehow it wasn't at all the same thing, and only seemed to call attention to the vast difference between two individuals who, nevertheless, had so much in common. It was simply, that grace, refinement, elegance, and *chic* were wanting in the imitation. Here was the illustration of another old fable—the ass donning the lion's skin.

Not that Harrison Ainsworth was by any means the only contemporary who aped the admired model. If the books of the gentleman of the shears who was honoured with d'Orsay's patronage could be got at, what amusing revelations *pour servir* (as the French say) would they not disclose! Herr Stultz made a wonderfully good thing of his French client's custom. All Fashion rushed to his show-rooms. Such was the Count's *prestige*, that "Tailor to M. le Comte d'Orsay" was a far more privileged title than "Tailor to His Majesty." It was said, moreover, that the client whose custom was so *prestigious* and so profitable, did not disdain to share its advantages. By a delicate arrangement, each time the integuments of this exquisite were sent home, he was to find a bank-note of a certain amount in one of the pockets—a little pocket-money, in fact. After a time, however, the tailor began to think he was paying too dear for his whistle, and that he might, perhaps, begin to relax in the liberality of his dividends; so he, one day, sent in a suit, *pur et simple*, with nothing but its own merits to recommend it. D'Orsay's surprise was extreme on discovering this departure from the established practice, on the regularity of which, moreover, he altogether relied; but he was equal to the occasion. Calling his valet, he told him to have Mr. Stultz's parcel returned to him for alteration, with a message to the effect that "he had forgotten to line the pockets."

McHenry, the Count's bootmaker in Paris, had some similar understanding with him, for the fact of his being employed by the Count secured him the custom of all the exquisites of Paris; still he made a claim for £300, being the amount of a bill that had been allowed to run on for years, and the Count was arrested for the debt. His imprisonment was averted only by his creditor's consenting to a temporary arrangement.

D'Orsay, in every sense a man of the world, well knew how to maintain the position he had acquired in London

society. If his foppery was the subject of good-humoured banter among them, he was not on that account the less universally deferred to as an authority and arbitrator, whose decision was law on many questions of importance, nor was he the less obsequiously courted and petted. As for the ladies, he perfectly well knew on what a social elevation they placed him, and how indefatigably they laboured to obtain a recognition from him in public places; and, of course, he derived considerable amusement from these attentions, so flattering to his vanity.

One day, at Ascot, while lounging, in the intervals of the heats, with a group of heroes of the turf, a party of his acquaintances among whom were two ladies, passed by, the latter noticing his presence with a most obsequious bow. D'Orsay returned the salute in his politest style; and those who observed how gracefully he lifted his hat, while his lips moved under a very sweet smile, no doubt judged he was expressing some charming French compliment. They would probably have been surprised had they known that what he really said was, "How I *hate* zose two womens!"

D'Orsay spoke English tolerably well, but he had a droll way of mixing with it his native French; partly because in all he did and said he affected a style of his own, partly because he knew that his oddities, however abnormal, were sure to be accepted and admired, partly because it was less trouble to employ the word or phrase that occurred to him the most readily, and partly from a sense of humour which he largely possessed.

On the occasion of the Tamburini riots, some one having asked him what it was all about, he replied, with the national shrug, "Ce n'est rien; C'est Laporte qui voulait shuffler; Mon Dieu! voilà tout!"

For many years d'Orsay was, for very good (or rather very bad) reasons, never seen on a week-day; but he made the most of his "Sabbaths," and took care to enjoy them

thoroughly, up to midnight.* Sometimes he would venture out in the gloaming, but, as his creditors' scouts were always on the watch, it was often a very "close shave." His vanity can scarcely be ignored but it was largely redeemed by his amenity and accomplishments. An excellent judge of music, he was *au mieux* with the first-class *artistes;* and he and Mario, sharing many tastes, and proficient in many of the same accomplishments, given also to many of the same habits, were intimate friends; also was the Count an experienced judge of articles of *virtù*, and knew a good picture as well as any connoisseur in the world; moreover, he had a wonderful eye for likenesses, and could hit off a portrait with consummate skill, though his "drawing" was sometimes weak, and he was apt—like Châlon, though not to the same extent—to be careless in his anatomy. Richard Lane, R.A., who was a great friend of d'Orsay's, used to "look over" his portraits, and, with a little such help, they became *more* than presentable. Nicholson, too, was an *habitué* of d'Orsay's studio, and the Count's "horses" were all the better for his supervision: I am speaking of the horses he drew, not of those which drew him.

Some of d'Orsay's portraits were excellent, and the Duke of Wellington was greatly pleased with the one—the last he ever sat for—that the Count took of him. His Grace looked at it critically when finished, and remarked, "At last I have been painted like a gentleman; I will never sit for another portrait." Yet, clever as it may be, it is surprising the Duke should have preferred it to that splendid warrior-like representation of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence. By d'Orsay himself this picture was regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*, and the Duke's own encomiums on it seem to fix its value; it is something for him to have said that "out of the innumerable portraits of him it is the one by which he should wish to be remembered." He gave the

* It must be remembered this was before 1869.

sittings for it at Gore House, going there in the morning in full dress. Every now and then he would get up and go to the easel, and if there was anything that did not quite please him, he made no concealment of his objections. In fact, d'Orsay found it very difficult to satisfy his noble model, but the Duke went in for perfection in whatever he did himself or had done for him by others, and wherever it could be obtained nothing short of it would satisfy him.

It is strange that this portrait, when sold at the sale of Lady Blessington's effects, after the break-up in 1849, fetched only £190. It was bought by the Marquis of Hertford.

D'Orsay published with Mitchell, in Bond Street, upwards of 120 profile sketches of contemporary celebrities, professional and others, which had a rapid and extensive sale ; in fact, his pencil was never idle. But though he possessed this resource, as well as annual revenues from his marriage, and from various other sources, to meet his expenses, he was always without money, always deeply in debt. Besides his talent as a painter, d'Orsay was most successful as a sculptor, and was, moreover, so ambitious in his attempts, that he started upon a full-length statue of Napoleon—which, however, was never finished—and produced very excellent busts of Emile de Girardin, Prince Louis Napoleon, Lady Blessington, and many others ; among them, of his friend Cabarrus.

Lord Byron's gondolier.

Among other subjects of d'Orsay's pencil was Lord Byron. Some time after the poet's death, the Count's portrait of him was shown to "Tita" Falcieri, his attached Venetian gondolier, who accompanied his remains to England, sleeping nightly on the coffin to protect it from any imaginable injury : he pronounced the likeness an accurate one, but remarked the hair was of too light a colour. To justify his criticism, "Tita" produced a curl, which he always carried about him, cut from Byron's head. The fact being admitted, the painter darkened the tint, and fully satisfied the faithful valet. The Count gave "Tita" a handsome emerald

ring, which, however, proved too small for any of his fingers. "Tita" would not have it altered, and wore it, attached by a ribbon, round his neck, showing it with great pride. He remained in England, first in the service of Lord Broughton, and, after that nobleman's death, in that of Isaac d'Israeli (father of Lord Beaconsfield); finally, a situation was obtained for him as confidential messenger in the India House. "Tita" delighted in talking of his noble master, Lord Byron, and in expatiating on his fine qualities; but always remained so strictly within the limits of a pious discretion, that no prying curiosity was ever gratified by his narrations. If any questions were asked that "Tita" considered even to border on undue inquisitiveness, his manner immediately changed, and he always met them with a stolid and impenetrable air, and the conclusive answer, "Me no understand."

Count d'Orsay's first visit to England took place just after the coronation of George IV., and he was presented to His Majesty on the occasion of a great banquet, in honour of this national event, given to the King and the Royal Family by the French Ambassador, the Comte de Guiche (afterwards Duc de Grammont), who was married to d'Orsay's sister. The King was at once struck with the handsome person and stylish appearance of the French Count, and desired that he should be presented to him; but, as I have said, he fascinated everybody, and at once assumed in London society the place he so long retained as the undisputed leader of fashion.

Lord Blessington died in 1829, and the intimacy that had begun during his life continued, somewhat *more* than unbroken, between d'Orsay and the charming widow. They lived in Kensington Gore, whether in the same villa or next door to each other as some say, does not seem very material; they carried on jointly a costly establishment, and in their common literary and artistic *salon* received common friends—wits and celebrities—but of the less

scrupulous sex only, the irregular position of the host and hostess limiting the favoured frequenters to *men* of fashion and talent. In the midst of this brilliant and congenial *entourage*—so agreeable to the taste and cultivation, not to say the vanity, of a man who had, without an effort, become popular with the "*tout Londres*"—d'Orsay displayed all the charms of a delightful *savoir vivre*, rendered the more facile to him in that he was a man of such varied acquisitions and talents, that he could at once make himself at home with everybody. The unchecked expenditure and reckless gambling, which had become an incorrigible habit with the gay, pleasure-devoted Count, lasted longer than could have been expected; but, if the bewitching pair possessed the ghost of a conscience, the *tremenda ultrice spada* suspended over their heads by the ghost of a hair must have caused them many uneasy hours. In due time the weapon fell, penetrating the fairy fabric they had so gracefully woven around their lives; but when the collapse came the Count—who had for years been practising with a smiling countenance, the equivocal art of eluding his creditors—contrived to escape to France, with such valuables as he could secure and with the attendance of a single valet.

He hired in Paris a large *atelier*, where he was soon surrounded with patrons, and was able to turn his knowledge of both sculpture and painting to good account. The Countess joined him, but died somewhat suddenly and mysteriously in 1849, and he was during his remaining days inconsolable for her loss. There were rumours, at the time, that the bitter disappointment experienced by Lady Blessington at the refusal of Lady Cowley to receive and countenance her, occasioned the very sudden termination of her life, never very clearly accounted for. Napoleon III., whom he had liberally befriended during his exile in England, was of little use to him, though he tried to place him in a position in the Government, which he soon saw could not be insisted

on. The Emperor did, however, appoint him, when too late to be of any service to him, *Directeur des Beaux Arts.*

D'Orsay survived Lady Blessington but four years, and during the two latter, became the victim of a spinal disease, which closed his singular and romantic life, in 1852.

He had, after Lady Blessington's death, retired to a small town, or rather village, near St. Germain-en-Laye—Chambourci—where he designed, and built in the picturesque little churchyard, a handsome mausoleum. Within was constructed, on either side the entrance, a white marble sarcophagus; in one of these he had caused to be deposited, during his life, the remains of the Countess, the other being destined for his own. This spot he constantly visited; and it is suggestive to picture to oneself this once admired and worldly man of fashion becoming a hoary philosopher, and calmly contemplating the grave wherein that form which it had been his pride to indulge and to adorn, was to lie mouldering into dust.

That d'Orsay's genius was almost unique in its versatility, there is abundant testimony left by contemporary society, as well as by his sculptures and paintings; and his social qualifications were admirable scarcely less than the excellence of his disposition. When a dashing young officer, with attractions which made every woman's heart beat, he made a point, at the provincial military balls, of dancing with the plainest girls and those most neglected by others, and throughout his life one of his greatest charms consisted in this (apparently unstudied) habit of putting forward others, seeking out the neglected and drawing out of them whatever might be their respective specialities. This amiable course made him most popular as a host.

His mind was never unemployed, and wherever he might be, he seemed to have an intuitive capacity for extracting the good out of every one and everything. Everything interested him, because he had the talent of finding in it what

others overlooked, and his happy turn of mind made all bright to him.

As regards his dress, so far from being nothing more than the vain, frivolous fop he might have appeared to a superficial observer, there was a great deal of humour in the idea he so successfully carried out, of making himself the *arbiter elegantiarum* and the supreme head of the fashionable world, and no doubt there was a degree of social ambition in maintaining the character by which society had agreed to distinguish him.

D'Orsay's death was most edifying; unlike the Countess, he had never denied or abandoned his religion, and whenever the subject was in any way brought forward so that the expression of his sentiments was called for, he stood up bravely for the Catholic Church, of which he was a member; on one occasion he challenged and fought a young officer whom he heard publicly blaspheming the Virgin Mary.

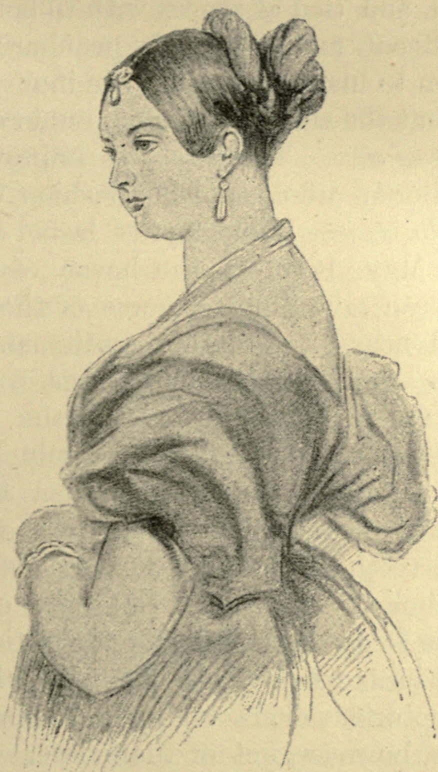
The Archbishop of Paris not only visited him frequently during his last illness, but on one occasion said to him—"C'est plus que de l'amitié que je ressens pour vous, c'est de l'affection"; and he won the heart of the old Curé of Chambourçi by painting for his church a *Mater dolorosa.*

Emile de Girardin and the Vicomte de la Guéronière wrote elegantly and highly appreciative notices on d'Orsay's death.

Lady Blessington.

Lady Blessington was not by any means a woman of birth, although, being possessed of extraordinary *native* grace, tact, and intelligence, she acquired with wonderful aptitude the manners of not only fashionable, but intellectual, society. Her maiden name was Power. She was born in 1789, and was brought up in Ireland in very necessitous circumstances, literally without *any* education; she had several sisters, all very beautiful, and up to the age of fourteen she was always regarded and treated as "the plain one of the family." By the time she was eighteen, however, she had developed such marvellous personal attractions, that Lawrence entreated as a favour to be allowed to take her portrait. Her literary capacity

was most extraordinary—they manifest much imagination; and her thoughts, which she expresses with graceful ease, are original and often really profound. The fascination of her manners added to the charms of her person, and when she bewitched Lord Blessington, he married her *en secondes noces*, taking the greatest pride in her beauty. She had already been married, at fifteen, to a Captain Farmer, who



Countess of Blessington.

died in the King's Bench in a drunken orgie; and when, secondly, she married Lord Mountjoy, his income was £30,000: her jointure, after his death, was £2,000 a year, and her literary earnings are *said* to have sometimes amounted to from £3,000 to £4,000 a year; but, like d'Orsay, her money seemed to melt in her hands.

The Duc de Grammont.

The Comte de Guiche (afterwards Duc de Grammont),

who married d'Orsay's sister, was also an Adonis, and was called "*le beau de Guiche*," but this did not prevent him from being also an *homme sérieux;* he had the chance (which, however, he never sought) of setting a fashion in dress. Having received a wound in the arm in a duel, he for some little time after (whether to parade the circumstance, or from the condition of the limb) appeared with his coat-sleeve slashed, and tied at spaces with ribbons: de Guiche was a magnificent man, and this peculiarity in his dress drew attention to his appearance; the innovation not only became him, but the story it revealed, rendered him interesting to the *beau sexe*. The *modistes* improved the opportunity, and shortly after, ladies of fashion came out with one sleeve *à la Guiche:* this caprice lasted a whole season.

The Ordinary of Newgate.

Dining in May, 1856, at the house of a friend—Miss Weston—where Crabb Robinson was of the party, I found myself seated near an agreeable gentlemanly person, who proved to be the Ordinary of Newgate. His appearance was so much that of a man of the world, and his manner so *dégagé*, that I could not help contrasting his style with his calling and occupation, and wondering whether it was not advisedly that a man whose hair was curled, whose teeth were white, whose nails filbert-shaped, and whose whole toilet *soignée*, had been chosen that he might exercise at once a moral and a material influence on the rough jail-birds whom it was his task to humanize.

William Palmer.

The most notorious character under his ministrations at this time was, however, not of that class. He, too, was a man of the world, though of a different world; still, he wore broadcloth, and had been educated, albeit he proved the most heartless and the most hardened criminal that ever cost his country a halter. Yet he was only thirty, this cowardly and deliberate murderer, William Palmer, the poisoner, of Rugely notoriety, then on trial at the Central Criminal Court. Whether the chaplain did not know how to impress him, or whether he was too hardened to be impressed, does not

appear; but the reverend gentleman told me he could do absolutely nothing with him. The persevering attempts he had made even to enter into conversation with this perverse malefactor had all proved abortive; the prisoner was perfectly polite, but also perfectly dogged in his determination not to allow the ice with which he had surrounded himself to be broken. His plan was to let the parson have his say out, and then, in the most unconcerned way, to begin talking on some subject quite foreign to the circumstances, but always briefly and abruptly.

One day, after a visit, as usual, quite barren of results, the chaplain, on rising to leave, took from his pocket a small manual of piety which he had brought, remarking, as he laid it on the table, "I will leave you this; perhaps you may like to distract your thoughts by reading."

Palmer immediately took it up, and returned it to him with a curt bow, assuring him he needed no distraction. "Besides," he added quickly, "I brought a book, I brought a book."

"And what may *your* book be?" inquired the chaplain good-humouredly, receiving the dry reply—

"That's *my* affair, my good sir, that's *my* affair;" and then to terminate the interview he added, "Good day, sir; good day."

Apparently a more resolute and impenetrable felon never stood in the dock; even the protracted trial, as it went on day by day, left him, as it found him, unmoved: the able and stirring summing-up of the Lord Chief Justice produced neither a softening nor a terrorizing effect on his vicious mind: the verdict of GUILTY failed to elicit from him more than a momentary and scarcely perceptible start, and he listened to the solemn sentence of death with the air of a man present at proceedings which concern another person. The evidence was so clear, and had been so elaborately sifted, that, from the first, it was obvious there could be but one issue, and yet the criminal was never seen to wince

under it. There is an anecdote on record to the effect that the prisoner having asked if he might sit down, and Lord Campbell having readily assented, a gentleman who was present, afterwards remarked—"I knew from that moment that Lord Campbell meant he should be hanged." It is difficult to see how Lord Campbell could "mean" anything else. *The Times* published a withering leader on the character of this cold-blooded, calculating villain, and the warning with which it wound up is worth remembering, as it points to a fact we are too apt to disregard, viz., that murderers are not a *class*, but that as "opportunity makes the thief," so a murderer may perfectly well proceed from *any* class, as in this case. This murder was the climax of a series of crimes taking their rise in a habit into which many are tempted under the impression that "it may be foolish, but is perfectly harmless," &c. . . Palmer had been leading a respectable life when he took to *betting;* from betting, he came to insolvency; from insolvency to forgery; from forgery to murder; from murder to the gallows. Not even the most depraved fancy," concluded the writer, "can elevate William Palmer into even a Newgate hero, and he ends his pitiful career a notorious, but also a most vulgar, criminal."

Some interesting particulars of this horrid crime, and noteworthy remarks on the trial of the murderer occur in Charles Greville's *Diary*, 2nd Series, p. 352, *et seq.*, at the date of May 18, 1856.

Sir David Salomons.

On the 26th, Sir David Salomons (then Lord Mayor) gave a dinner at the Mansion House to Her Majesty's Judges, and many of the more distinguished members of the Bar, but ostensibly in honour of Lord Chief Justice Campbell. The banquet was spread in the "Egyptian Hall," and occasioned an amusing remark from the Lady Mayoress to myself—"This is quite a small party," she said, "we have only three hundred to-day." *

* It is on these "small" occasions that the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House is used.

The arrangements at the Mansion House are very methodical. A plan of the table is placed in the vestibule, and as the guests and parties of guests arrive, the Master of the Ceremonies points out to each, on this map, the place he is to occupy; husbands taking in their wives and sitting next them. Though so numerous, the guests arrived with commendable punctuality, and very little time elapsed before dinner was announced. In 1856 *diners-à-la-Russe* were still in the future, and as the service was all of silver, and the dishes stood covered on the tables, the eye was dazzled with the glistening mass of plate; the effect being rather gorgeous than elegant.

While the guests were taking their places, the hall was but dimly illumined; but, grace having been sung, the light was suddenly turned up, producing a perfect blaze. The Lord Mayor's *Chaplain*, who led the "grace," seemed somewhat of an anomaly considering the religion of the actual Lord Mayor; still, of course, the chaplaincy being an institution, it had to be maintained. Turtle-soup, so indissolubly connected with civic feasts, necessarily made its appearance, and before me, I observed a dish of lampreys, a *comestible* which will probably never fail to recall the memory of the king who proved too susceptible of their attractions, to say nothing of earlier and more classical associations. That fish being rarely seen on private tables, undeterred by the fatal example, I did not hesitate to venture on a moderate share of the delicacy; but—however faultless the reputation of the *chef* who bestowed his skill on the dish—I failed to understand how any *gourmet*, royal or otherwise, should be willing to barter his life against the enjoyment to be found in this fish.

After dinner, according to civic custom, large chased silver bowls filled with rosewater were drawn along the tables, followed by the passing round of the loving-cup, and then came the toasts. The first, proposed by the Lord Mayor, was Lord Chief Justice Campbell, whom he

complimented in a concise and effective speech on the patient attention, grave deliberation, and ungrudging scrutiny he had brought to bear on the long, intricate, and fatiguing trial which, after fourteen days' hearing, had terminated on the preceding day.*

Lord Campbell, in the course of his brief reply, intimated that the only satisfaction sought by a judge in the discharge of his duty, should be the approval of his own conscience and that of all right-minded persons, but that he felt highly gratified by the graceful terms in which the Lord Mayor had expressed himself as to the conduct and result of the very perplexing trial in question.†

The Lord Mayor next proposed "The Vice-Chancellor and the Equity Judges," to which Lord Justice Turner having

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* That of Palmer, the Rugely poisoner.

† The Palmer affair was a trial to Lord Campbell as well as to the wretched culprit, and he writes feelingly about it in his diary:—

"*June* 28 (1856).—Since my last entry in this journal, the great event has been the trial of William Palmer at the Central Criminal Court for *poisoning*, which began May 14, and did not finish till Tuesday, May 27—the most memorable judicial proceeding for the last fifty years, engaging the attention, not of this country alone, but of all Europe.

"My anxiety and labour were fearful, but I have been rewarded by public approbation. The Court sat eight hours a day, and when I got home, renouncing all engagements, I employed myself till midnight in revising my notes and considering the evidence. Luckily I had a Sunday to prepare for my summing up, and to this I devoted fourteen continuous hours. The following day, after reading in Court ten hours, I had got through only the proofs for the prosecution.

"My anxiety was over on the last day, when the verdict of *Guilty* was pronounced, and I had sentenced the prisoner to die; for I had no doubt of his guilt, and I was conscious that by God's assistance, I had done my duty.

"Such was the expressed opinion of the public and of all the respectable part of the press; but a most ruffianly attempt was made by the friends of the prisoner to abuse me and to obtain a pardon or reprieve, on the ground that the prisoner had not had a fair trial. Having unbounded funds at their command, they corrupted some disreputable journals to admit their diatribes against me; and they published a most libellous pamphlet under the title of—'A Letter from the Rev. T. Palmer, the prisoner's brother, to Lord Chief Justice Campbell,' in which the Chief Justice was represented as worse than his predecessor Jefferies, and it was asserted that there had been no such trial in England since 'The Bloody Assize'; however, the Home Secretary remained firm, and the law took its course.

"The Rev. T. Palmer has since disclaimed the pamphlet, which is said to have been the work of a blackguard attorney."

responded, their host gave the health of Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, whose absence he regretted, explaining that it was due to an unexpectedly prolonged interview with Lord Clarendon.

"The Lord Mayor" was then proposed by Lord Justice Jervis in a speech highly complimentary to him personally, and to his persevering efforts in behalf of the privileges of his co-religionists, wishing him success in his intended contest for a seat in Parliament. After the health of the Lady Mayoress had been drunk, the guests—ladies and gentlemen together—returned to the drawing-room in which they had been received, dispersing very shortly after.

At each toast the toast-master, standing behind the Lord Mayor's chair, sang out in a prescribed chant—"Gentlemen—Charge your glasses;" adding in some cases—"A bumper toast."

Sir David Salomons (as he afterwards became) was one of the most agreeable of men; fair in complexion, and with remarkably blue eyes, he had neither the features nor any other characteristics of a Jew; his wife, on the other hand, who was as handsome as she was amiable, and also singularly intelligent and cultivated, carried on her face most unmistakable evidences of her nationality. She was a Miss Cohen, and nearly related to the Rothschilds, which name she always pronounced *Roth-schild*, after the German orthography. I saw a great deal of them from my early childhood upwards, they having always been neighbours of ours. Their property in Sussex touched that of my father, and their town residence in Great Cumberland Place was next door but one to his, while Sir David's brother had a house in Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, two doors from ours. In fact, it was so near that when it was burnt down by the carelessness of workmen who were decorating it, ours was very near sharing the same fate; fortunately the wind veered round suddenly, just as it was attacked, but the whole household turned out of bed, and we watched the

progress of the fire from the Esplanade, not without apprehension, remembering that

"Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet."

It was in 1859 that, after several failures, Sir David succeeded in getting elected M.P. for Greenwich under the new Act for admitting Jews into Parliament, and he was the first Jew magistrate who ever sat on the Bench in England.*

I very well remember the event of Salomons' shrievality, and also his mayoralty, and the sensation in Great Cumberland Place when his gorgeous civic carriages were standing about there.

It was a great vexation to both himself and his charming wife that they had no children to inherit the name and position he was acquiring, and I remember also Mrs. Salomons saying, with some regret, as she alluded to the improbability of her profiting by the privilege, that "any Lady Mayoress who gave birth to a child during her residence at the Mansion House was, by ancient prescription, presented by the City with a silver cradle."

Holford

Many among us must know Holford House, an imposing detached villa or rather mansion, in Regents Park, "standing," as George Robins would have said, "in its own parklike grounds," &c., &c. It is still there, but under quite another name. At the time I speak of, the house was kept up at an expense in character with its magnificence, and the grounds were laid out with taste, and were always in excellent order.

It was occupied by a Mr. James Holford who suddenly

* An entry in Lord Campbell's diary, under date Nov. 10, 1855, is interesting, in point of his foresight as to what would follow the admission of Salomons to civic honours—a result which he, Lord Campbell, lived just long enough to witness.

"Dined yesterday (Lord Mayor's Day) at Guildhall with Salomons, the first Jewish Lord Mayor of London—a very memorable occasion. I brought in the Bill which allowed him to serve the office of Sheriff, and Lyndhurst the Bill which allowed him to be Alderman and Lord Mayor. All passed off so well that I make little doubt we shall soon have Jews in Parliament."

started into London life, and after a time of no long duration, as suddenly disappeared. As he was possessed of a considerable fortune, various *on dits* were rife respecting its origin and though no one knew much about the matter, the gossips all agreed that it had been made in business, though this was no business of theirs; indeed Mr. Holford had all the *allures* of a successful business man; but, whether he came from Manchester or Petersburg or from across the herring-pond, there was no doubt about the fact of his wealth, which (like his time, now that he had no occupation) he seemed puzzled how to spend. A man with money, no matter where he may settle down, is soon surrounded with "friends"—*Donec felix eris, multos numerabis amicos*, &c., and Mr. Holford entertained handsomely. He gave banquets and *fêtes*, for which his house, conservatories, and grounds were well adapted, and although he had neither wife nor family, often filled his ballroom with young folks, and occasionally gave fancy-balls to the great delight of those invited: and he became popular accordingly.

> "Those who give you champagne dinners
> Are never deemed by guests, great sinners."

Not that there was anything suggestive of the "sinner" about Mr. Holford, who was gentlemanly, good-humoured, and generally agreeable, if without much conversational power; there was, however, a certain mystery and a certain eccentricity in his habits. Sometimes he would disappear for several days—sometimes for several weeks—never leaving word with his servants as to whither he was going, nor as to how long he should be absent.

It was supposed that, having been long following the groove of an active life, his retirement from business had brought him an amount of leisure which he did not know how to employ, and which therefore weighed so wearily upon him that he went away from the luxuries which were new

and even irksome to him, and sought relief in the tranquillity of an obscure London lodging—never the same one—where he lived with great simplicity, concealing his name and identity, seeking nothing but perfect freedom and independence, by shaking off the cares and the *espionage* of a household. His tastes not having been cultivated during his youth which was probably passed in a counting-house, he had the good sense not to "collect." At the same time the vast rooms were bare of those accessories by which one is apt to think one can form an opinion of their owner.

Before it was occupied by this liberal-handed individual, Holford House had been handed over to the upholsterers, who exercised their own taste and judgment in its decorations, fittings, and furniture; but, while making a "good thing" of it for their own pockets, all the domestic improvements then known were introduced into it, and, *faute de mieux*, it was elaborately supplied with gas, and with gas-fittings of the costliest.

One night its owner gave one of his splendid entertainments, and obtained the assistance of the whole Italian opera *troupe*. To Puzzi was entrusted the drawing up of the musical programme and the general superintendence of the entertainment, and he himself was down for one of his delicious solos on the French horn; the piece selected for this, was Balfe's *The Light of Other Days*. It was the second or third performance in the bill, and Puzzi, wrapped in the conscientious exercise of his admired abilities, was in the midst of the most expressive phrase, sustaining a beautiful note, with up-raised eyes, the audience, mute as the gold-fish in the fountain which centred the hall, when suddenly and without a note of warning, the concert-hall was enveloped in the blackness of darkness, not a ray filtering from any source that could reveal so much as how the astonished company were taking the matter; possibly many thought it a practical joke planned and arranged by some wag, for aught they knew.

After a minute or two, however, the audience having recovered from the sudden surprise, a laugh uttered in one corner was soon taken up by the rest, and some one, happily inspired, called out for "The light of other days," and was met by a round of applause. The light of other days, however, was far to seek; the house was ransacked for *bougies;* even a despised tallow "dip" would have been a boon under the circumstances.

Fortunately some such appliances *were* at length discovered, and after an unavoidable delay the entertainment proceeded, but the unexpected defalcation of so essential an element as light had threatened to extinguish the spirits of the audience and to compromise the success of the evening.

No near relations of Mr. Holford's were ever spoken of, and while he lived, none that I can remember were ever seen at Holford House, but, as usual, where the carcase is, there the vultures are gathered together, and accordingly no sooner is the breath out of a rich man's body than flocks of claimants suddenly appear, no one knows whence, darkening the horizon, and swooping down upon the plunder. Thus, the most colossal fortune may soon be disposed of, the law of course possessing itself of the lion's share, the nephews and nieces and cousins, &c., playing into its hands, in the eagerness of each individual to secure the largest share for himself. What became of Mr. Holford's possessions I now forget, but it and its claimants vanished together. The house, no longer a gorgeous home for "pampered menials," passed into new hands and was appropriated to a new use, becoming a college for youths of the *Independent* sect, probably not nearly so independent as the servants who had held their sway there under Mr. Holford's tenure: that had been only about a decade in duration, so he did not get much enjoyment out of the thousands which he had spent his best years in amassing —— and for whom? For rapacious aliens, between whom and himself was barely a tie of kinship, and

apparently no link of affection or sympathy had ever existed to bring them together!

> "Absumet hæres Cœcuba dignior
> Servata centum clavibus et mero
> Tinget pavimentum superbum
> Pontificum potiore cœnis."

Mr. and Mrs. Delane.

Among the many friends who have passed out of contemporary life is the very agreeable family of the Delanes, who lived many years in Eaton Place West, and though the house was not very large, a handsome dining-room at the back, where one did not expect to find a room of such dimensions, was the scene of many a delightful convivial gathering; Mr. Delane "of the *Times*," was as agreeable as he was hospitable; and Mrs. Delane possessed that art so valuable in a hostess, of knowing how to seat her guests so that the charm of congeniality should bring out the latent sympathies of those assembled round her table.

What in fact can be more tedious than the time, worse than wasted at a dinner-table where guests having no ideas, no proclivities, no tastes in common, are yet compelled to sit near each other sharing nothing but their mutual weariness. There is no objection to being coupled with those of *opposite* opinions—opposite even on all subjects—for such discussions as would necessarily arise are often most amusing; each is put on his mettle and there is a certain pleasure in the exercise of an ingenuity which makes each strive to find new arguments in support of his own theory —always provided the disputants have their temper well under control, and agree to remain within the limits of a forbearing *discordia concors.*

A Scotch baronet was once carrying on an animated discussion, at my table, with his next neighbour; after listening for a moment, I could not refrain from remarking, "Why, Sir H——, I feel sure I heard you arguing that question the other way up, a month ago, with Col. ——." "Of course

you did, my good friend," was his reply; "but Col. —— took the contrary view to that which this lady has adopted; if we always *agree* with those we meet, how can there be any conversation?"

I once heard an elderly and unconventional, but apparently sensible, country squire say to the lady he had taken into dinner, as soon as they were seated, "Now, Ma'am, if you will tell me what are your specialities, it will save us both a great deal of trouble; we have got to talk to each other for a couple of hours, and these may be made to appear longer or shorter according as we establish an understanding."

"Oh!" said the lady, "it would be so difficult for me to summarize my preferences and my aversions, that the two hours would scarcely suffice for that, and besides, having had all the talk to myself, I should certainly be the loser, for I am sure from your very original introduction, very few subjects of conversation would come amiss to *you*; I am willing to chance it."

But to return to Eaton Place West, where the society was always so agreeable, it was said of Mr. Delane *père*, that if any one attempted to talk shop, and any question were asked or any remark were made that he did not find it convenient to take up, he used to say in a good-humoured way—

"Oh! ask my son, ask my son;" or "You must talk to my son about that."

I forget how the two elder Misses Delane left the paternal home, but the youngest married Mowbray Morris, of *The Times*, and much "about town," and both he and she are long since dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Spottiswoode.

At their house it was, I think, that I met and became acquainted with Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode—the Queen's printer—and his wife, and at their interesting old "Queen-Anne" house in James Street Buckingham Gate, often enjoyed their Saturday evening glee and madrigal parties; among musical connoisseurs, these were frequented by their

neighbours Sir Andrew and Lady Green, whose niece Miss Fisher was an amateur vocalist of great talent. I remember her meeting at my house one evening Charles Desanges, also an admired amateur, brother of the *Chevalier*, when they sang together *La ci darem* with as much *entrain* and *ensemble* as if they had laboriously practised it together, though they had never met before and had no experience of each other's capabilities.

The young Spottiswoodes were remarkably agreeable, sensible youths, at an early age taking life *au sérieux*, and organizing with intelligent conscientiousness and benevolent forethought, many admirable schemes for the moral and physical welfare of the men in their employ, and the families of these men. They passed a great deal of their time at the works in New Street Square, and had a favourite room, the oak panelling of which they told me dated from the time of Dr. Johnson who once occupied it, ana whose old oak arm-chair (in which I have often sat) was still in the place in which the Doctor used it. They have since, as is well known, made their mark in the literary and scientific annals of the country.

I still happen to have a letter from the elder brother addressed to me at the time I was publishing *Flemish Interiors* with Longmans, for whom their firm printed, and I subjoin it as testifying to their practical and philanthropic interest in the welfare of their men—

"10, Little New Street, Gough Square,
"21 *April*, 1856.

"Dear ——,—I have been reading with great interest the sheets of *Flemish Interiors* as they pass through the press, and wish very much to get some more information on the subject of the *Maison des Orphelins* at Antwerp.

"I should be greatly obliged if you could give me any further particulars of it, or let me know the name of the Superior, or any one, I could write to on the subject.

"It is not as an institution for orphans (who have plenty done for them), but for working boys, that I want to know about it. If you have seen any similar institutions elsewhere, I should be very glad to hear about them.

"Yours faithfully,

"G. A. SPOTTISWOODE."

Professor Palmer.

It was at one of M. Garcin de Tassy's agreeable *soirées* in Paris, that I met the learned and distinguished Professor Palmer and his pretty young wife. I had a long talk with him about his travels in the East, from which he had not long returned. His first journey he told me had been made in 1868, when he led the Sinai Survey Expedition to Arabia Petrea, the expenses of which were defrayed by the University of Cambridge, from a fund devoted to such explorations; I think Wort's travelling-student's fund. He had been recently appointed Lord Almoner's professor of Arabic at Cambridge, he being a Johnian.

He and his wife were staying at the Hôtel Bergère, in a rather remote quarter of Paris, but I saw them frequently, and I thought Mrs. Palmer a charming little woman, and an interesting mother of two beautiful children; there was, however, so little appearance of a literary woman about her, that I was thoroughly surprised one day when her husband put into my hands a volume of very creditable poetry published by her. She was in very delicate health and died of consumption not very long after, nor was it very long before the professor married again, and became the father of a second family. He was sent to Egypt during the campaign against Arabi in 1882, and went full of spirit and earnestness, little thinking he was never to return! He was accompanied by Lieut. Charrington, R.N., and Captain Gill, R.E., and was chosen on account of his perfect knowledge of the language, which enabled him, whenever he pleased, to disguise, and pass himself off, as a native; he was entrusted with a very large sum in gold, for the pur-

chase of camels to supply the Indian troops, and unfortunately this fact somehow got wind.

The officers with whom he went were employed by the Government to defend the Suez Canal against the Bedouin tribes, whose conduct with regard to it, was more than suspicious. Their mission was further to cut off telegraphic communication in Arabia, and with this object they started from Suez, and proceeded towards Ghizeh early in August of that year. As they approached this latter city, they were intercepted by emissaries of the governor of Nakl, whose design was to secure the gold which had been entrusted to the ill-fated Professor, and which he carried about with him. These miscreants having by means of an ambush, secured the three Englishmen, boldly told them they were going to put them to death, and offered them the alternative of jumping off a precipitous rock into the abyss below, or of standing there to be shot.

It gives one a cold shudder to think that a fellow-being whom one had known and talked with familiarly, was reserved for so fearful a fate ; it seems, however, that these heroes, utterly helpless in the hands of their captors, had the courage to take in the situation, to accept it, and to make a choice; but poor Palmer, alone, elected the deadly leap; the other two submitted to be shot.

It is but poor consolation to know that this dastardly governor was subsequently captured, and that he and some half-dozen of his colleagues were hanged.

Professor Palmer, though cut off thus early in his distinguished career, had already made diligent use of his proficiency in the Oriental languages; among lighter literary efforts, he translated into Arabic, Moore's *Paradise and the Peri;* but a very popular, original work, showing profound research, is his *Desert of the Exodus*, which it is impossible to read without deep interest and sincere admiration for the painstaking and conscientious accuracy with which he has worked out those familiar and yet puzzling wanderings of "forty years."

Assheton Smith.

Staying at a friend's seat in Wilts in 1848, we rode over one day to Cholderton, to pay a visit to Assheton Smith, recognized not only in his own country as the first horseman of his day, but by Napoleon, as *Le premier chasseur de l'Angleterre*, and styled by the Parisians "*Le grand chasseur Smit.*"

Tedworth House, as well as its eccentric owner, had a widespread reputation; as a hunting establishment it was unsurpassed by any in the kingdom in the value of its hounds and hunters, and the admirable arrangement of its kennels and stables. Its conservatory and winter garden were a marvel of taste and magnificence, the former rivalled that of Chatsworth, being a quarter of a mile long and 310 feet broad, and filled with the choicest exotics; it adjoined the house and gave entrance to a serpentine gallery 965 feet long, laid out with flower borders on either side of a fine gravel walk, and adorned with statues and fountains; the whole under glass, and warmed throughout. The existence of these elegant and costly adjuncts was due to the Squire's devotedness to field sports and, I may add, to his affection for his wife. "*Le grand Smit*" was a *chasseur* by very nature; the chase, without which he could not exist, was his passion from infancy to age, though it must not be supposed that he overlooked that mental culture which makes a man a gentleman: he admitted, it is true, that during the eleven years, from seven to eighteen, that he spent at Eton, he "learnt nothing," but there is nothing very unusual in that, but he must (as George Eliot said of one of her heroes) have been "makin' o' himsel' a' the time," and he further compensated for lost years when he went to Oxford, for he was known there as a sound scholar and a most intelligent appreciator of the classics; in the management of his land, and in the arrangement of his kennels, he even made practical use of his familiarity with the *Georgics*. His passion for sport attached him so inseparably to Tedworth, that on his wife's falling into delicate health, and being ordered to

Madeira, finding it impossible to tear himself away from the pleasures and occupations of the chase, he bethought him of a plan which should obviate the necessity for foreign travel. He said, "As Mrs. Smith could not go to Madeira, he would bring Madeira to her," and indeed, by this ingenious and costly arrangement she could take outdoor exercise throughout the winter without exposure. Another clever contrivance was introduced at Tedworth House, at Vaenol, and also at his London residence in Hyde Park Gardens, whereby, on the same principle as that employed with the trucks at his slate quarries at Lanberris, a miniature railway communication was established between the kitchen and dining-room, which worked with great perfection, and was found most convenient in all ways. Possessing the good sense to object to stairs, he had an ascending room, or lift, constructed for the purpose of conveying him to the rooms above the ground floor; this contrivance had the merit of originality, and anticipated the system now comparatively common, though not yet adopted, in private dwellings.

Mrs. Smith was a very charming person, and the pair lived in the utmost harmony, even though she could not share in the ruling passion of her husband's life; perhaps this circumstance may have contributed to the pleasure with which they met when sport was over, as there was always a pleasing variety to look forward to, in his day's interests.

Though my visit to this unique house occurred so many years ago, I still retain a vivid and delightful recollection of that agreeable afternoon, and of the hospitable and thoughtful attentions of its very remarkable owner and his bright and amiable wife.

The Squire's own well-considered arrangements to secure the best possible conditions for his hunters and his hounds, resulted in a system so excellent that after the re-building of Tedworth, sportsmen used to come from all parts of England and also from abroad, to admire and to study his plans.

Connoisseurs were delighted, and even amateurs could not fail to be struck with the finish of every detail and the completeness of the whole. There was an air of order, spaciousness, and comfort, whether about the stables or the kennels, and every need that could be imagined was provided for, the drainage and ventilation being perfect. Having discovered that something went wrong with the hounds in the original kennels, Mr. Smith carefully sought out the cause of their frequent lameness, and feeling convinced that the site of the building was in fault, he at once decided to remove them to a spot which the subsequently-improved condition of its occupants showed to have been most judiciously selected.

Assheton Smith was a thoroughly practical man; instead of sending for a master builder, he (as he was fond of telling) drew out his own plan on a simple sheet of letter-paper, showed it to his carpenter and mason and set them to work under his own supervision, and within the buildings thus raised, were reared and trained a succession of the finest packs in England. No system of drainage could be simpler, less costly, or more successful than that imagined by Mr. Smith, who boldly did away with all underground drains so that dampness was unknown in these kennels, and the yards being laid with chalk or clay, tightly pressed, the health of the pack became most satisfactory. The huntsman's house formed part of the building and on one side of it, was a nursery for young hounds. In the middle of one side of the high masonry, which enclosed their turfed playground, was a sheltered platform whence visitors, who were admitted from the outer side, could overlook the squire's pets. The old sportsman's justifiable pride in this community of his own creation, so well and so successfully cared for, was delightful to see.

It was not my lot to witness one of those famous autumn morning's gatherings at Tedworth, or with the great Nimrod and his party, to

"Join the gay throng that goes laughing along;"

but I have been told it was a goodly sight to see the Squire in pink, mounted on one of his favourite hunters, surrounded by the guests he knew so well how to se-lect and to col-lect under his hospitable roof—a collection which included as many beautiful women as spirited sportsmen; a bright sky above, a bracing atmosphere around, and a splendid day before them.

As may be supposed, besides all the county families for miles around, Assheton Smith, who enjoyed the acquaintance of most contemporaries of celebrity, often found them also his guests. Among these he maintained a privileged intimacy with the Duke of Wellington, who may be said to have been a warm personal friend and frequent visitor at Tedworth. The Duke, who was never slow to recognize fine qualities in any one, readily discerned, and heartily appreciated the frank, cordial, and honest nature of the Squire, and seemed to think it much to be deplored that he should not have turned his valuable aptitudes to account as a cavalry-officer, in which capacity he considered he would soon have outshone every rival. The two constantly visited each other at Tedworth and Strathfieldsaye, for the Duke delighted in these hunting-parties and admired beyond everything the daring and faultless horsemanship of the finished sportsman, without rival not only in the saddle, but in whatever it pleased him to undertake.

A report having, for the second time, got about that "Tom Smith," as he was styled in the sporting world, was dead, the Duke, then at Apsley House, at once sent off the Marquis of Douro from Strathfieldsaye to Tedworth to learn the truth, and finding the report an altogether false one, he wrote him a humorous note.

"My dear Smith,—They have killed you again! But I have been happy to learn the report is without foundation.

"They treat you in this respect as they treat me; I conclude it is in your capacity of F. M. of Fox hunting.—Ever yours most sincerely, "Wellington."

Assheton Smith entertained the most just, liberal, and rational ideas on education; and the moral welfare of the vast population of men, women, and children in his employ was matter of serious reflection and practical consideration with him. His principle of education was to fit a child for whatever position he was ultimately to fill, and he made it

A HERO OF THE CHASE.

the first point to teach the children of his labourers their duty to God and to man,* adding sufficient instruction to

* Where can we find a finer code of morality, or a more practical rule of life, than in those two admirable items of the Protestant Church-catechism—"My duty towards God" and "My duty towards my neighbour." Plain, comprehensible

enable then to efficiently discharge both these duties. He considered the education which, even then, a short-sighted policy was blindly endeavouring to force on the working classes, as tending to produce serious and irreparable mischief; the cramming, itself, he regarded as prejudicial to physical growth and health ; and the superfluous knowledge (*if* it could be got into them), he urged, could not fail to fill the minds of the recipients with ideas unsuited to their situation in life and to render them discontented, envious, and perhaps dishonest. The education that he provided, and at his own expense, was judicious, compendious, and useful.

His manners were delightful; free, frank, and hearty; you saw at once that he was a brave man and an enthusiastic one; he was fortunate in having no cares, and his life brought him few trials; but, if like Madam Dido, he learnt *miseris succurrere*, it was *without* having experienced the troubles he was always ready to relieve. His tenants, his servants, and his friends were fond of him, though impetuous and, from boyhood upwards, even pugnacious—notoriously so. Assheton Smith, nevertheless, however hot-tempered, had great patience and forbearance with animals, and was curiously successful in cultivating their intelligence. It was said he loved his hounds as if they were his children, and knew each one not only by his face, but by his voice. In most of them he had entire confidence, and would back their capabilities against any odds: hounds and horses returned his affection, and would obey his commands at a word. He used to assert that horses were more intelligent than dogs; he could do anything he pleased with his, and they understood him so well that they would forestall his orders as if knowing exactly what he wanted.

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and comprehensive, if these were made the basis of public education (and of family-prayers) we should have a population of an altogether different stamp from the ignorant, useless, insubordinate, and dishonest million now turned loose upon the world without any real knowledge by which to earn their bread, and without any principles to guide them.

Among a vast number of amusing anecdotes that have been collected about this Monarch of the Field, is one showing that the "knack he had of getting across water" was attributable to his resolute way of riding to hounds, by which he had made his horses feel that it was in vain to refuse whatever he might put them at. It is related of him that "once, when hunting in the Harborough country, he was galloping at three parts speed down one of the largest grass fields which abound in that district, in the act of bringing his hounds to a scent, and was looking back to see if they were coming, when, in the middle of the line he was following, he came upon a pool of water into which the animal leaped, thinking, as he had received no check, that he *had* to do it. Had it been the Thames that was before him, no doubt he would have plunged in, just the same."

"His wonderful influence over his hunters—a matter of astonishment to every one—was once exemplified in a rather curious way when, having mounted a friend on his celebrated horse Cicero, which was carrying his rider like a bird, the hounds running breast-high across the wide pasture lands of Leicestershire, the keen eye of Assheton Smith discerned at the same time a strong flight of rails of a somewhat ugly aspect, and his friend's evident dislike to encounter it. Judging that he would probably make the horse refuse, he cried out—'Come up, Cicero!' At the well-known voice of command, Cicero had but one idea, that of obedience, and over he went, but the rider, who had never intended to perform this feat, was left rolling on the grass, fortunately, however, without injury."

Assheton Smith was a "character," and so "characteristic" were many of his ways, that some people pronounced him as mad as the distinguished Admiral who enjoyed the same patronymic, and whose "insanity" consisted in risking his own life without a thought, whenever *duty*, of which he had a superlative idea, called him to action: of *him*

Macaulay said—"it would be well if we had a few *more* officers as mad."

Assheton Smith's love for, and treatment of, birds and other animals much resembled that of Squire Waterton, and he protected, in a similar way, those which clustered round his house and seemed to seek sanctuary under his protection.

Beckford would seem to have had Assheton Smith in his mind's eye when, after asserting that it is not more difficult to find a good premier than a perfect huntsman, he includes in his description of what he *ought* to be, all those qualifications which peculiarly distinguished the "Great '*Master*' of the nineteenth century"; the requisites pointed out being —a clear head, nice observation, quick apprehension, undaunted courage, strength of constitution, activity of body, a good ear and a good voice—these, however, were far from exhausting the catalogue of Assheton Smith's attributes as a mighty hunter.

This wonderful sporting-man remained sport-ive to the last, and died if not "in harness," almost in the saddle, in 1858, at the age of 82; it must indeed have been, as has been said by those about him, a melancholy spectacle to witness the surviving flashes of the "ruling passion strong in death" which continued to animate the once vigorous and dauntless huntsman who seemed unable to exist unless on horseback.

During the last days of his waning life, like François 1er, he still yearned after his favourite pastime, and though, like that monarch, when dying, he had to be assisted to mount, he passed two or three hours daily, riding up and down his vast winter-garden, a poor substitute, it is true, for the wild fields over which he had been accustomed to range: no sooner, however, was he on the back of one of his favourite horses than he looked ten years younger, and it was matter of never-ending wonder to his attendants, that he not only maintained himself in the saddle, but that his hand

had lost none of its cunning. So perfect was his system of riding, and so entirely had habit become second nature, that he left full play to his mount and could still check him at pleasure in the liberties he permitted himself, with a dexterity and a coolness which served him instead of vigour and muscular force.

"E'en in our ashes, live their wonted fires."

"Tom Smith," throughout his long life, and even in the days when to be a hard drinker, so far from being a disgrace, was rather a boast, was extremely temperate, and it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to take any kind of stimulant in his last illness. He usually made a hearty breakfast, and rarely took anything between that meal and his late dinner.*

Despite his somewhat imperious manner (resulting probably from the high estimation in which he was held, and the court paid to him as possessing a unique county and social, position), he had splendid qualities of heart and mind. He always acted on high principles, and did valuable and lasting service in giving a tone of refinement to field sports generally, discountenancing every kind of coarseness, and allowing no approach to intemperance within his own circle. To forward this end, he made up his hunting-parties with a judiciously selected contingent of the fair sex, and however rough a rider he may have been, he never lost sight of the courtesies and amenities of life.

An amusing and humorous story is told, illustrative of the vagaries of his character. "He was in the habit," says the narrator, "of often staying at Belvoir Castle for the facility of joining the various packs in the neighbourhood, and would frequently ride to cover of a morning from Belvoir to Gumley, a distance of over thirty miles,

* This was not an unusual practice at that time. I knew an English general, long in the Indian service, who lived to ninety-five, and who, though he frequently sat at the family luncheon table, would on no consideration have eaten a mouthful between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., regarding lunch as "an insult to breakfast and an injury to dinner."

and back again at night. To get through such long distances he had to rise early, and, therefore, to breakfast alone, at the Castle. On one occasion he took it into his head that he was not being served with proper respect and consideration, and he complained to the butler of a want of due attention in the preparation of the breakfast put before him. The Duke was informed by the man of what had passed, and next morning when he sat down to his early meal he found the table surrounded by all the servants in their state liveries."

"Another time he had complained of not being supplied with a sufficiency of muffins; the Duke having heard of it ordered the servants, when he next breakfasted there among other guests, to ply him with a continual succession of hot muffins. The Duke had a great regard for 'Tom Smith,' and as he felt quite sure that he received every kind of consideration from his servants, he thought that this humorous rebuke would remove the impression that there had been any want of attention on the part of his household."

Assheton Smith had no children, and left the whole of his enormous wealth, unreservedly, to his wife, who, however, survived him but a very few months. Mrs. Smith at her death, made a very fair distribution of the property, leaving the whole of her husband's Welsh possessions, exceeding in value £40,000 a year, to the grandson of his sister, and the Tedworth estate to the sons of her own sister. I remember a curious legal quibble that arose out of the wording of Mrs. Assheton Smith's will; to the best of my recollection her property in Wilts was left to cne nephew and that in Hants to another; when the will came to be acted upon, it was discovered that, in the case of the Wilts property, the house stood in one county and the land lay in the other, and the law decided that the property must be divided, not according to the spirit, but according to the letter of the will!

Among social and literary celebrities of the century it would be impossible to omit mention of an old and valued

friend, the great naturalist, Charles Waterton, another celebrated "Squire," were it not that there would be so much—of a personal nature—to relate about him that it would altogether exceed the limits of this work. Charles Waterton's popularity was (and remains) so universal that no one would care to have a shabby and abbreviated account of him; I therefore reserve the matter that relates to him for a future publication.

It must have been somewhere about 1854 that I used frequently to see the Ouseley family, the son and two

H.E. Sir William Gore Ouseley.
(Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Persia.)

Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley and his Family.

daughters of Sir William Gore Ouseley, the celebrated diplomatist and Orientalist — Persian ambassador under George IV. The Misses Ouseley were extremely cultivated, and at the time I speak of, their brother, the Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, being curate under the Rev. J. W. E. Bennett, of St. Barnabas' celebrity, they were very much engrossed in parochial work in that locality. They possessed a number of rare Eastern *curios*,

brought back by their father from the scenes of his diplomatic service, and were most kind in showing this unique collection to any friends interested in ancient Oriental art. Some Persian illuminated MSS. of early date were surprising for the taste and minuteness with which they were executed. In one of these I happen to remember an exquisitely painted, quaint, and curiously-fashioned tree; on one of the branches was a nest just discernible to the unassisted eye, but on applying a magnifying glass, it was found to be full of tiny eggs; it is almost incredible that such work could be executed without a lens. The colours of these ancient illuminations, too, were most brilliant, and the gold touches as bright as if they had been applied but yesterday.

When Mr. Bennett left the scene of his labours at Knightsbridge, and accepted from the Marquess of Bath the living of Frome, the Misses Gore Ouseley followed him, and whenever I went there, I found them most assiduously and practically interested in the labours of the parish. They displayed great taste and aptitude in all varieties of artistic work, and passed their leisure in designing and working, either with the paint-brush or the needle, tasteful and elaborate ecclesiastical decorations.

The whole family was musical, but Sir Frederick was a born musician, displaying his extraordinary capacity from the nursery days (in which, according to a well-known story, he one day exclaimed that "papa had sneezed in the key of C"), till he ultimately attained to a wonderful proficiency in the science; at eight years of age he had written an opera—*L'isola disabitata; cantatas* followed, and one of these was the exercise by which he proved himself entitled to the honour of Mus. Bac. in 1850, when aged only twenty-five. In 1854 he took the higher degree in music on producing his oratorio of *St. Polycarp*, and he was most prolific in sacred music; ultimately he obtained the Professorship of Music at

Oxford, he was also Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, and later was inducted to St. Michael's, Tenbury, where he instituted the daily choral service.

Sir Frederick was a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford; he died in 1889, and the title became extinct.

As a contemporary testimony to the value of Sir William Gore Ouseley as an Oriental scholar, I may quote Cyrus Redding * who, on the death of Ouseley, speaks in a despondent tone of our chances of ever fathoming the depths, and fully appreciating the beauties, of Eastern literature. He writes in 1858 :—

"So little public interest is felt on learned topics, that it is only through such institutions as the Camden Society, that any of the works of Orientalists—or indeed any similar subjects from other sources—can again be expected to appear in English garb ; . . . the taste for Eastern learning in all its branches has, since the death of Sir William Gore Ouseley, rapidly declined."

Earl Russell.

I once accompanied a friend to call on Lord John Russell, then Earl Russell, at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, given to him by the Queen. It was somewhere about 1870, and the Earl must have been nearly eighty. Though there was no sign of absolute infirmity, he looked his age, and his small stature gave him the appearance of being shrunk. He wore a black skull-cap and a comfortable dressing-gown, and was seated writing at a knee-hole table covered with papers—for he received us in his study. His memory seemed bright, and he talked of his vivid recollection of my friend's father, and of his book on the authorship of Junius's letters, expressing his decided opinion as to their having emanated from the pen of Francis. He told the story of some young Club-man (I forget whom) having been sent by a group of others, who saw Sir Philip approaching, to ask him if he were the writer of that disputed correspondence. "What's

* *History of His Own Times*, vol. iii. p. 9.

that to you, sir?" answered Francis, fiercely; on which the inquirer hastily retreated, returning with the reply, "I don't know if he's Junius, but there's *no* doubt he's Brutus." Lord Russell's manner was pleasant and cordial, and he smiled and spoke kindly to one of his children who came into the room. It was not very long after Christmas, and when he took us through a door of communication into the drawing-room, I observed a large bunch of mistletoe suspended from the chandelier, and a fringe of the same arranged along the lintel over the folding doors, suggesting a recent merry-meeting of young folks. The Earl died in 1878, and it was his grandson who succeeded him.

Sir Walter Stirling.

With the late Sir Walter Stirling, who died in December, 1888, at the age of eighty-seven, I enjoyed a valued friendship of nearly thirty years. With him departed a well-known figure in London society, in which he was a general favourite, from his kind and genial manner, and very interesting conversation: he had always a fund of anecdote at command, and was an admirable *raconteur*. It is to be regretted he did not note down his reminiscences, which, owing to his large acquaintance and wide cultivation, extended over an unusual number of persons and subjects, and would have proved a source of enjoyment to all appreciators of social research. Sir Walter's own tastes were exceedingly refined, and he was a keen connoisseur in works of art: he was so constant an *habitué* at Christie's that he will long be missed within those familiar walls, where it was a real pleasure to meet him, and to listen to his remarks on every description of article of *virtù*. I may fairly say that it was rare to meet Sir Walter without obtaining some little bit of valuable information which few others at the present day could have supplied, and I have often regretted not having made notes of many conversations I have had with him. His ideas on social subjects were straightforward, sensible, honest, and considerate, and he spoke, on public and semi-public occasions, with an evident sincerity of

conviction which always gave value to his words. It would be well for this country if his views of public "education" (as it has come to be administered) were more widely shared and could be practically applied. He entertained a shrewd appreciation of its then coming —and now, alas! palpable — results. We are, in fact, already undergoing, to the spreading dissatisfaction and alarm of the country, the realization of Sir Walter's forecast, founded on wise reflection, and resulting from sound and logical judgment.

One day, when writing to myself, he had unconsciously taken up a sheet of paper, on the other side of which he had apparently jotted down the heads of an intended speech. However fragmentary, they are indicative of what he purposed to point out, and were as follows :—

"Crude, ill-considered pleas—So-called 'education,' not the kind of education wanted—Education suppos'd to sharpen wits—Proofs ?—Increase of roguery everywhere—General untrustworthiness—Thieves who get the benefit of science to misuse it—No more principles—Art prostituted —Renders folks irreligious—Disloyal—Critical—Rebellious —Disaffected—Unfaithful—Disobedient to employers—Unhappy — Discontented — Ideas above their station — Leading to envy, hatred, malice, and finally dishonesty."

In telling Sir Walter of his oversight I added I should store up these mems., and only hoped that the speech which was to embody them would be fairly reported and widely circulated.

Talking with him of the levelling tendencies of the age, and quoting Danton's crude and illogical reply (when asked what was the object of the Revolution) to the effect that—"C'est pour mettre dessus ce qui est dessous, et pour mettre dessous ce qui est dessus." Sir Walter answered—

"So that in the next generation there will have to be another public movement in England to restore the masses and the classes respectively to their original positions!"

"The fact is," he continued, "we have had, or rather are having, a Revolution in England; the motives are the same —though with less excuse—as those which occasioned the Revolution in France; but we are not a sanguinary people and the object is being accomplished without bloodshed."

I have many of Sir Walter's letters; he had the art of writing with conciseness, and saying much in a few words; he wrote a clear and beautiful hand, delightfully legible, and though it might be likened to copper-plate, it indicated a very distinctive character.

I have spoken of Sir Walter as a *raconteur*, and I was often surprised at the *à propos* of his anecdotes. Chancing to meet him, one day, in Hyde Park, and making some remark on that portion of Park Lane which belongs to the Stanhope estate, he related the curious disposition of it made by Lord Chesterfield of elegant memory. At the time of that nobleman's death it was worth no more than £50,000. This may have seemed a large figure then, but is wholly disproportionate to its present value. Having no legitimate son, he bequeathed it to his nephew, saddled, however—or rather, bridled—with so stringent and so distasteful a condition, that the reckless youth seemed in every way likely to leap over the traces. He was an inveterate turfite, and the Earl must have had a shrewd suspicion that he would never, even should he be induced to make the attempt, give up the one pursuit which had long formed the charm of his life. Yet were the terms of this Will such, that, if ever he was found at Newmarket, a fine of £5,000 out of the estate became forfeit to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. That this prudent and respectable body would prove sufficiently mindful of their own interests to keep a vigilant eye on the heir they might become entitled to mulct, the wily old Earl, no doubt, felt fully satisfied. The event proved with what subtlety he had fathomed the depths of human nature; it was not long before the contingency provided against, occurred, and the property duly

reverted to the ecclesiastical corporation, who had, of course, kept a vigilant look-out.

The terms of Lord Chesterfield's Will were as follows :—

"In case my said godson Philip Stanhope shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in keeping of any race-horses or pack of hounds, or shall reside one night in Newmarket—that infamous den of iniquity and ill manners—during the races there, or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose on any one day at any game or bet soever, the sum of £500, it is my express wish that he my said godson shall forfeit and pay out of my estate £5,000 for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

A curious personal anecdote that Sir Walter once told me is illustrative of the changes a few years bring into our social habits. He was sitting on the Derby Day, 1828, in the window of White's Club, where a number of members interested in the result of the race were anxiously awaiting the name of the "winner." The news, it seems, was forwarded by pigeon service—instead of, as at present, by yelling men and screeching boys—and at last the winged messenger was descried. The excitement was immense, but it was soon intensified by the singular manœuvres of the bird, which, instead of alighting at the destined point, continued, for some unexplained reason, to hover over the spot. At length one member who had a large stake in jeopardy, could no longer brook the delay, and fetching a loaded gun he aimed at the bird and shot it dead. "Yes," he concluded, "I saw that, myself, in St. James's Street."

The betting of those days, however, was proverbial—though perhaps less widely spread than now. There was no question, however important, or however trifling, which did not immediately become the subject of a bet, and the anecdotes that survive of the extent to which the practice was carried by the Prince Regent, Fox, Sheridan, Croker, and others, are too well known to need quotation.

Towards the end of his life, poor Sir Walter's hearing became impaired, and it was scarcely possible to carry on any conversation with him. It was evidently a sad affliction to himself, and of his friends there could be none who did not deplore it. He had long been a careful and intelligent collector of works of art, adding with judgment and taste from time to time to those he owned by inheritance.

I always admired in him an independence of spirit manifested in occasional deviations from the hard-and-fast laws of social tyranny. When a man of any influence and position is bold enough to make his way through "the cactus-hedge of conventionality" at his own good pleasure, and in a way that harms no one, he creates a valuable precedent and confers a benefit on his class.

Though aged and deaf, Sir Walter never became senile, and always continued to be thoughtful for others. Not very long before his death, presiding at a meeting of the Art Union Society, of which he had for many years been a member, he wound up his speech with a complimentary allusion to the worth of the Secretary, whose long and efficient services in that capacity, he said, were profoundly appreciated by the Association. He spoke with an apparent presentiment of the probably near conclusion of his term of life, and gave expression to his desire not to let this opportunity pass, as he would wish not to depart till he had fulfilled this friendly duty. Being in the habit of speaking in public, his voice was audible through the hall, and there was no person present who was not penetrated with the pathetic simplicity and sincerity of his words, so soon to be verified.

Mr. J. F. Adams, the American Minister.

I was at a large party at the house of the American Minister, Mr. J. Francis Adams, in Portland Place, on the national anniversary *fête* July 4th, in the year 1867. It was remarkable on account of the stirring incidents then occurring in Mexico, and it was just at that moment that news was received of the execution of the ill-fated and victimized Emperor Maximilian—so beloved in his own

countyr—a startling and also a pathetic episode in that melancholy history; horrifying, too, to think that that brave but ill-advised young Prince was abandoned to the barbarity of semi-savages and that not a hand or a voice was raised throughout the civilized world to save him—scarcely to condemn the treachery of the Emperor on whose promised support he had relied.

A grand supper formed part of the entertainment; being seated near the master of the house and the conversation turning on the tragic event, I could not but express my horror of all who had contributed directly or indirectly to the ghastly consummation: but there was no responsive pity in the reply I received; on the contrary, America made believe to regard the execution as "a just retribution for the Prince's merciless abuse of power at the very commencement of his brief reign." The minister urged that he had inaugurated it by signing the death-warrants of all who had taken any part in the defence of Juarez. It was in vain I reminded him that, even supposing this measure not to have been a necessary one, it was Maréchal Bazaine, if not the French Government itself, which had decreed it; indeed it was universally known that Maximilian's nature was clement and forgiving, also that Bazaine had been his evil genius from first to last; he had industriously striven by every possible means to unpopularize the unfortunate Emperor; he had mismanaged most disgracefully the affairs of the country, and when ruin fell upon the young Prince, he had supported Napoleon III. in his treachery, and encouraged that Emperor to abandon him to his fate. This, I soon found, was not the view taken by the American mind.

"Why," said they, "was he so weak; why did he consent to be directed by such a fellow as Bazaine? Why, indeed, did he accept the position at all?"

"Why?" said I, "but because he was a fine, spirited youth, of too noble a nature to suspect that those who had

forced the position on him, on the understanding that he was to count on their support, intended remorselessly to abandon him."

"Nay," was the reply, "if it be admitted that he followed an ill-advised policy against his own better judgment, he had no excuse; and granting his fine feeling, clear head, and distinct consciousness of the course he ought to have pursued, his vacillation becomes but the more reprehensible." In fact, from whatever cause, all who had by degrees joined in the conversation were equally unrelenting in their condemnation of the unfortunate Prince.

I remembered that when at Heilbronn I had seen portraits of Maximilian at several stages of his infancy and youth, all remarkable for the sweet and innocent, yet spirited character they gave him; and it seemed sad indeed to think that a Prince of so much promise and so beloved and valued as he had been there, should have come to so tragic and untimely an end.

The 4th July celebration being a conversazione, there was no dancing; the rooms were nevertheless half filled with ladies, many of them young, and nearly all, handsome; some remarkably so: these I was told were from St. Louis, where the beauty of the women is universally recognized. These ladies were apparently fully conscious of their charms which were liberally unveiled, and no one seemed scandalized. The Minister's wife was a very elegant woman, and she herself was very modestly dressed; it is true she had grown-up daughters, one of them already married, who, however, followed the fashion that prevailed among the rest, and which might airly be said to exceed the limits of good taste.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

There are few among us who will not remember the social uprise and rapid spread of the "spiritualistic movement," first in London and then in the provinces. It began with turning tables, went on to turning hats, and ended by turning heads. Heads being turned, the new science took

a new start, and though it was soon abandoned by the majority, a large minority held on, like grim death, and some of those are sticking to it still!

Among the social celebrities of their time who became proselytes and also proselytizers to a practical belief in the supernatural, were that original pair of notabilities Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Mrs. S. C. Hall had the charming manners of her nationality, and made herself extremely popular with the vast number of acquaintances she attracted to her *salon.* There was humour of a spontaneous kind in her conversation, though it never amounted to "absolute bullism." I was calling on her one day with a young English girl who, in the course of conversation, vehemently declared that she would "never marry any but a Frenchman."

"Ah! my dear," said Mrs. S. C. Hall, "when the right man comes, you won't stop to inquire into his nationality."

The gatherings there, were generally lively and amusing; *habitués* met, and there was often some centre of attraction which interested all, while the general friendly feeling among the guests showed that all felt themselves in a homelike atmosphere. Now and then there would be a stray "lion" of the literary or artistic type whose roar was startling, and whom people thought it amusing to meet outside his cage, and without a keeper; sometimes there were musical geniuses, vocal or instrumental, stars of greater or lesser—generally lesser—magnitude. Sometimes—indeed frequently—Mr. Home was to be met there, and then Mrs. Hall was thoroughly in her element. She believed in all the phenomena of spiritualism, and Mr. Home was her prophet. Occasionally the weekly *après-mîdi* proved neither more nor less than a spiritualistic *séance*, and the usual experiences—for there is a wonderful similarity in them—were manifested to the company.

On my arrival, one day, I was accosted by a friend who expressed her regret that I had not come earlier, as I had

missed a very extraordinary sight; Mr. Home, it appeared, "had taken a red-hot cinder out of the fire, with his fingers, and had laid it on the palm of Mrs. S. C. Hall's hand."

Every one thought it a wonderful feat, and I asked my informant what was her own opinion of it.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said she, "I didn't see it myself"—one never does get these things first-hand!—"but was told of it by a gentleman who said it was just before I came in."

"Who was it that told you?"

"I did not hear his name, but he said that while in the next room he heard something unusual going on near the fireplace, and got in just after Mrs. Hall had dropped the coal."

This kind of labyrinthine evidence is not very new, but often satisfies those to whom it is imparted. I contented myself with a private smile, reserving the right of mistrusting it, though of course we all know how cleverly conjuring tricks can be performed even by amateurs if they are sufficiently practised.

Mr. Home.

It would have been an abuse of the rites of hospitality to run a tilt with Mrs. S. C. Hall, so implicit was her own faith in the sincerity of her friend and apostle. Mr. Home, too, was one of the most amusing men imaginable, and a real acquisition whether at a large or "small, tea-party." At narration he was wonderfully proficient—quite at *home*, in fact—and could move his audience to laughter or to tears, at his own good pleasure; he had moreover great power of face, and remembered the Horation precept—

> ". . . Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primùm ipsi tibi." . . .

The buzz of voices and clatter of teaspoons was suddenly suspended; Mrs. S. C. Hall had contrived, notwithstanding the din, to intimate that Mr. Home was going to "favour the company:" the centre of the room was cleared, chairs

were pushed back to the wall and were soon ranged, with more or less regularity, in rows. It pleased the reciter, who was sometimes serious and sentimental in his narrations, to be funny on this occasion, and he told two irresistibly droll stories; the humour, which tickled the audience immensely, consisting as much in his manner as in the matter.

The more amusing of the two was a clever and ingenious parody of the world-famed legend of George Washington and the cherry-tree; this version of "the chapter of the blanket," instilled with gospel-reverence into every child of the States, fortunately found in the assembly no national hearers, or the reciter might have been challenged on the spot for blasphemy.

In the second story, as in the first, the Yankee accent was imitated with a spirit of fun and a degree of fidelity which added greatly to the diversion of the company; its humour was directed against the character of Texas as a residence, and was conceived in the same spirit as the dictum of the American, who declared—"If those two properties—Hell and Texàs—b'longed to me, I'd let Texàs, and go and live in Hell."

The Halls had adopted a very original plan—perhaps, as was said, as an excuse for holding a periodical sale of *bibelots* and articles of furniture acquired and accumulated in the process of art-journal business—of changing their residence regularly every three years, and during the long period I was acquainted with them, they adhered religiously to the practice. They never complained of the expense and trouble—so irksome to others that there is a universally expressed preference for the proverbial fire—nor did they appear to take into account the inevitable vexations of loss, damage, breakage, or robbery—no, the migration had passed into an accepted habit; it *had* to be done, and they did it. The most surprising circumstance connected with it, was, that no sooner had they established themselves in a new temporary domicile than they set to work with patient labour and also

considerable taste, to decorate and adorn their rooms with an elaborate display of *Chinoiseries* and *bric-à-brac*, rendering them as elegant with these attractive accessories, as if they were established there for life. They possessed a brass door-plate inscribed "Bannow Lodge," from which they never parted, and whithersoever they removed it always appeared, screwed on, at, or near the entrance. I believe it was the name of a "place" they once possessed in Ireland.

Mr. S. C. Hall who looked upon his "Maria" as the concentration of every virtue and the possessor of any amount of sound sense, followed in her wake in his belief in the supernatural, and came out more strongly with it after her death; he used to edify his friends with accounts of the interviews he had with her after she was in the world of spirits, and he even put into type many details of these spiritual communications. It should be added that this was all in sober seriousness, for S. C. Hall tabooed any other kind of spirits, and emulated George Cruikshank in his teetotal views: I have heard him called "Temperance Hall."

Both the Halls had, as is well known, contributed to the literature of their country, and though their works are not likely to be very long-lived, and were probably written with *some* idea of benefiting themselves—their authors obtained a handsome double allowance from the limited funds of the Civil List: and this was continued to Mr. S. C. Hall after his wife's death. The *Memoirs* Mr. Hall wrote are, however, fully as useful and as interesting as any "reminiscences" that have appeared, and the lively descriptions and anecdotes that his pages supply of well-known individuals make very pleasant reading.

For some years before her death, Mrs. Hall, though remaining as active, bright, and lively as ever, gave up going into society either in the morning or evening, but maintained her reception days and contrived to the last, to gather many friends around her.

Mr. Hall survived his wife some years, not departing this life till March, 1889. At his death the various obituary notices that appeared, written apparently in a spirit of indulgent patronage, must be said to have damaged far more than they benefited his reputation. The writers seem to have combined to laud the poor man in the clumsiest way, instituting a negative style of praise by asserting that he was *not* a humbug, *not* a charlatan, *not* anything but exactly what he ought to have been; that he did *not* get literary help from his wife, that he did *not* send round the hat, that his house was *not* adorned with contributions from advertisers; in short, there was not one of these indiscreet effusions which did not suggest the exclamation, "Save me from my friends!"

There was much in Samuel Carter Hall's life that deserves commendation, and, but for these injudicious scribblers, he might have been remembered, at least, as a fine old man with a pleasant face, surrounded by an abundance of snow-white hair. He was always good-natured, and also always courteous in his manner, and as no one mistook him for a genius, nothing extraordinary was expected of him; at all events, no one can have been disappointed in him.

Spiritualism.

Whether the mind of London society was particularly *désœuvré* at this time, or, for some undefined reason, specially predisposed to succumb to the moral epidemic which crept into all circles and invaded all social gatherings, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that spiritualistic *séances* became a favourite form of entertainment, whether in public or private assemblies. For the former, lectures on the subject of spiritualism, illustrated by the practical introduction of phenomena attributed to its power, brought little fortunes to those who possessed the art of interesting their public, and making capital of human credulity; from the *classes* of course this fashionable fad soon spread to the *masses*, and from the *salons* of the upper ten it filtered into the shop-

parlour of the pork-butcher. Table-turning was soon the recognized amusement of the "small-and-earlies" of the humbler, as it had been that of the more fashionable, assemblies of the higher classes. It cost nothing; no plant was required, and it made fun; it afforded opportunities for the intimacy which insensibly establishes itself round a common interest; it gave facilities for flirtation, and it pleased everybody. This form of alleged spiritualistic agency, on becoming popular, necessarily degenerated into a romp, and was ultimately abandoned to those who enjoyed it all the more on that account.

"Spirit-rapping" then got its turn, professors suddenly started up in all directions, and were eagerly welcomed, not only by the idle and frivolous who sought in it mere amusement, but also by the thoughtful and even the scientifically disposed, who "couldn't help fancying—some that there *might*, others that there *must*, be something in it." At afternoon or evening parties where spirit-rapping, hat, or table-turning, &c., was the order of the day, a great mixture of intelligences was sure to be collected; some individuals came for the "fun of the thing," some to be puzzled, some to be enlightened.

At the time this mania was at its wildest, and London was infested by so-styled "mediums," fashionable women were only too glad, as the season came on, to engage them at absurd prices, as they would any other of the "amusing" classes, to entertain their guests; it "employed the evening," it was "something new," and the hostess, fortunate enough to secure the services of a male or female "Alexis," got talked about among people of *ton*, who followed in her wake at the first opportunity, and tried also to achieve a social success.

Alexis was the champion medium, and it was at a friend's house in Westbourne Terrace that I first witnessed his performances, but though this seer and the "Barnum" who exhibited him went through many remarkable feats, these

appeared singularly similar to the sleight-of-hand tricks of ordinary conjurors, though decidedly less daring and original, and some of their experiments unquestionably hung fire. It is scarcely worth while to enumerate the items of their programme, for the identical list has been repeated by all similar exhibitors, both at the time and since; but I may remark that most of the work was done by more or less clever guessing, sometimes wearisomely protracted.

One experiment consisted in reading, through the opacity of a wooden box "securely locked," a word written on a folded paper within it; the promised result, however, was arrived at only after a series of absurdly palpable guesses, during which the writer of the word was pretty sure, unconsciously, to betray himself and afford some clue to it. Alexis would begin by surmising it was a word of so many syllables; sometimes he happened to be right the first time; then he would state "he was pretty sure it began with a vowel,"—of course if it didn't there could be only one alternative,—so he was really getting on. I was disappointed, for I had expected, if he could see the word at all, he would see it all at once, but it seems this was one of the little ways of the fraternity.

An incident which throws some light on the subject may as well be related. A friend of mine staying on a visit in London was asked by his host if he would like to attend a *séance*. "Thank you," said he, "to be candid, I don't think much of this sort of pastime, there are so many things in London I had rather bestow the time upon; but don't let me prevent you from going."

"Oh! *I* shall go certainly," replied the other, "for I am very curious to witness this man's discovery of any word a sceptic likes to write, seal up, and even then hold at a distance."

"If that is all," said my friend, "I don't see any reason why *I* should be present; why shouldn't I write down a

word—'orchestra' for example—seal it up and give it to you; if he succeeds, you will bring back my envelope intact with his acknowledgment of it written on the outside."

So said, so done; the envelope was sealed in three places with the coat of arms of the writer.

When the friends met at dinner after the *séance*, the host put into the hands of his guest his envelope with the triple seal as secure as when it left them, and he pointed with a triumphant finger to the word "orchestra" scored on the outside by the seer, adding—"I was sorry you weren't there to see how easily he did it; very wonderful indeed, isn't it?"

"Now," answered the unbeliever, with difficulty suppressing his mirth, "suppose *you* open it, and get a second proof of the fellow's cleverness."

He did as bidden, and greater was his surprise than before to find within, nothing but the word "Humbug."

Having witnessed the mode of proceeding adopted by Alexis, I can give full credence to this anecdote. The *séance* at which I assisted lasted fully two hours, and I cannot believe any one present was converted by what passed.

Rogers relates in his diary that, when in Paris, he, too, attended a *séance* of Alexis, and though he obtained from this clever fellow a tolerably accurate description of his house in St. James's Place, and was somewhat startled by it, he came away unconvinced, for he concludes—

"Still I cannot believe in *clairvoyance, because the thing is impossible*" (the italics are Rogers's).

It is quite possible that Alexis or his showman adroitly drew from Rogers himself the description which Alexis *seemed* to be supplying, though this explanation did not, apparently, suggest itself to him.

It was some little time after this, that I was invited to a *soirée* at the house of a friend in Bruton Street, who had engaged an American spiritualist and lady-professor, Mrs. Haydon, for the edification of the company. I was led to understand that her terms were £25 for the evening.

The company may have numbered from fifty to sixty, among whom I remember Sir Thomas and Lady Talfourd, because the former not only took a very critical view of the whole affair, but undisguisedly expressed his indignation at an incident which occurred during the evening. Several exhibitions of the powers of second-sight took place, and then came spiritual manifestations.

The spirits had been duly invoked, had been pronounced present, and the company was invited to consult them through the medium: a young girl, whose *fiancé* was in India, took it into her head to inquire after his well-being; but unfortunately the spirits were not discreet, and after a lengthy series of raps, the medium spelt out the terrible word "killed." The young lady seems to have been a believer, for she forthwith screamed and fainted in the arms of an old gentleman sitting next to her, who seemed terribly embarrassed to know how to dispose of his fair burthen. Great was the commotion; scent-bottles, glasses of water, and even of brandy, in an incredibly short time abounded round the young victim of her own credulous curiosity, the ladies naturally crowded up to her, offering her everything except space and air; the gentlemen stood in consternation, till one of them had the good sense to open a window, and another suggested to the hostess to call her maid in. When this functionary appeared she sensibly enough carried the patient off into another drawing-room, and then Serjeant Talfourd, who had become very red in the face, gave Mrs. Haydon what would vulgarly be called a "bit of his mind," and a very large and bitter "bit" it was; but nobody succeeded in making out how she produced those raps which *Punch*, not inaptly, likened to "phantom postmen delivering the dead letters." The table-turning that evening, however, succeeded to the universal satisfaction of the *invités*. The table which so amiably lent itself to the occasion was a very large, ponderous, rosewood loo-table, on pillar and claw, and round about it stood twelve persons, including

myself. Albeit I have never yet had any reason to believe in the supernatural, I cannot possibly deny that that table began, very soon after we had formed the prescribed chain, to play the wildest pranks; its antics becoming more and more grotesque and ridiculous, as by dint of reeling and whirling, it went, carrying us along with it, from one end of the room to the other—not even hesitating at the narrower space between the folding-doors—a length of fully sixty feet.

I am sorry, however, to leave incomplete my story of the spirit-statement as to the young man out in India: a burglary having taken place in my friend's house shortly after—I don't mean even to hint at the complicity of the spirits who had been invoked that night—she took so strong a dislike to it that she could not bring herself to reside there, after it. She therefore let her house and went abroad, so that I never had an opportunity of ascertaining whether that most injudicious reply was justified by the fact, or whether it was the malicious invention of a lying spirit.

Robert Browning used to tell a story of a visit he paid, when at Florence, to an old philosopher named Kirkup, with the object of borrowing a book of him. He found him engaged with a female "medium" apparently in a state of trance, on whom he was practising experiments.

"Ah! my dear fellow!" said he, "how glad I am you are come, for I can now practically demonstrate to you those supernatural facts which I believe you still doubt. Now see, I will desire this woman to raise her arm—an order *you* would give her in vain—and I can make her maintain it rigidly in that position during as many hours as I please."

Suiting the action to the word, after Browning had made the attempt unsuccessfully, he gave the command which was immediately obeyed. Browning exerted his strength to move or bend the limb, but it continued as stiff as when Kirkup had fixed it.

"Now," said the good old man, "I will fetch your book."

His back was hardly turned, when Browning, who was

examining some MSS. on the table, felt a touch on his shoulder and, turning round, saw the woman wink at him and immediately resume her attitude as Kirkup's returning steps were heard. Comment is needless.

I remember seeing in the market-place at Capua an amusing fellow, who performed precisely the same sort of tricks as Alexis; but with infinitely greater fun and humour. I can see his bright, laughing, black eyes and his dazzling white teeth, as he and the partner who assisted him played off their ingenious tricks upon the merry gathering that surrounded them. It was made up of simple country folk, visiting the unsophisticated little town of Capua on market day, and struck aghast by the plausibility with which one of these dexterous showmen, seating himself blindfold in a chair, audaciously told them little personal facts, which each one thought known only to himself. With one or two confederates, adroitly dispersed through the crowd, they succeeded in establishing a firm belief among the *naïfs* that they were supernaturally endowed.

The plan was for one after another, who wanted his character given or his fortune told, to come up and stand in front of the blinded performer, who, without hesitating or guessing, ran off all he had to say, not only with ludicrous rapidity, but with the most humorous turn of phrase.

The first applicant—no doubt a confederate—approached with the most awkward and timid gestures, as if he shrank from the publicity about to be given to his private circumstances. The medium, however, showed no delicacy in the matter, and after taking his hand in his, reported at once:

"This fellow is much older than he admits, yet any one can see the absurdity of his conduct; he is courting a young girl of sixteen, named Rosalia, who, naturally, laughs at him behind his back; but he doesn't know it. I don't suppose you believe me, and of course, I can't prove that; but if anybody can make him open his mouth, they can see that I speak the truth when I assert that he has but five teeth left,

three in front and one on either side to match its fellow." Of course, the poor victim was immediately collared and captured by the crowd; one held him down while another forced open his mouth, and loud was the laugh against him when the defective state of his dental resources was found to have been described so correctly as to constitute a guarantee of the truth of his private history. But if some were engaged in chaffing the old fellow, and in making pungent remarks upon the vanity of his courtship, others were ready, after this successful trial, to avail themselves of the powers of the cunning man, and a soldier was next dragged before him.

"Now," cried the crowd, "tell us something about *this* rascal. Who is he? What is he? and what is *he* going to do?

"*Quello? quello è soldato*," answered the blinded conjuror, with alacrity, "but he spends his pay as fast as he gets it; we won't say *exactly* how, but you can judge for yourselves, for I tell no tales of any one. You have only to look in his pockets, and the most you will find in coin is two *bajocchi*; but look a little further, and there will be a pair of dice and a screw of tobacco, also a short pipe and a match or two."

As might be expected, the second subject was searched after the manner of the first, with rude handling and uproarious mirth, as, one after another, the objects mentioned were extracted and exhibited. One might have spent another hour there with amusement, for the descriptions, which were all accurate, were also exceeding droll. In the midst of it I noticed in the crowd an honest-looking peasant-woman, carrying a basket of provisions, and no doubt on her way from market. She observed all the proceedings with the most rapt attention; then, looking round, absorbed, she partly soliloquized and partly addressed herself to me, with a dubious shake of the head as she retreated—"*No, no*," she muttered, "*Questo non vale; non è cosa buona; dev' esser del diavolo . . . sicuro, non è cosa buona!*"

The Berlin Conference.

It seems as if there should be no need to record the details of an event so remarkable and so recent as Lord Beaconsfield's return from the Berlin Conference, on the 18th of July, 1878. And yet, as a sight to have seen, and a memory to be retained, it is impossible to pass over in silence so interesting and impressive a political incident. The heart-stirring scene witnessed that day, with unanimous pride, by Englishmen of all classes, all creeds, can never be forgotten while they live; but it is fitting that those who shared in it should do their utmost to record the impression it made on themselves, and to transmit it to their children, and to such as were not spectators of this remarkable episode in the political history of Europe.

The reception of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury on their arrival at Charing Cross was a welcome absolutely unique of its kind; as was remarked at the time, the cheers which greeted the Prime Minister on his triumphant return glorified with the prestige of his success, had nothing in common with the shouts that meet an ordinary traveller, be he ever so Royal. The cries of the assembled thousands were the genuine and spontaneous expression of a feeling, the intensity of which seemed to communicate itself to those to whom it was addressed. There seemed to be but one heart beating in that vast multitude, and the effect was overpowering, when, to the buzz of voices, of traffic, of movement, suddenly succeeded an awed hush—a so-to-speak startling silence, as the sound of far-off cheers gathering as they approached, announced the arrival of the eagerly-expected train; then, as if by one spontaneous outburst, arose a roar of deafening and prolonged shouts, reinforced with a yet heartier and united cry of welcome as the carriage left the station and drove between the living hedges which lined the road.

The day was bright, the carriage was an open one, and as it made its way through that dense crowd, the figure of the Premier was visible to all, his features, and the dignity of his

attitude betokening a noble and manly emotion as he gracefully acknowledged the merited homage of the people, to whom he was bringing "Peace with honour."

Lord Campbell was often right in his estimate of character, and could detect latent ability with much shrewdness. In 1851 he wrote:—

"Disraeli is the rising man. A few years ago he was an attorney's clerk; * now he is the leader of the landed interest, and, for anything I know, the Jew boy may cut out the heir of the Stanleys, and perhaps even, one day, be Prime Minister himself, on high Tory and Protectionist principles, after having been a violent radical, and having boxed the political compass round and round. He is the pleasantest speaker to listen to, now living, and becomes rather a favourite with the House."

One cannot help regretting that Lord Campbell did not live to see Disraeli become Lord Beaconsfield, and to witness the zenith of his glory.

Lord Beaconsfield's is a case in which Lord Campbell's opinion shows considerable depth of observation and penetration; for, to the *commun des mortels* who knew young Disraeli, the wise saw of Archilochus—*ἀρχὴ ἄνδρα δείξει*—would have appeared to be at fault; few would have ventured to predict—notwithstanding that startling peroration to his maiden speech, which must have come back later to the memory of so many—that the be-ringed, be-ringletted, be-chained, and generally bedizened youth who produced himself at Gore House in green velvet pantaloons and a waistcoat the embroidery on which surpassed in richness that of d'Orsay himself—would, during his later years, command the respect and attention of the world by the calm self-possession and the dignity with which he maintained his principles and upheld the honour of his office.

Part of Benjamin Disraeli's early years were passed at a

* This is incorrect, young Disraeli was apprenticed, not articled, to an attorney; his father wishing him to acquire a practical initiation into that business.

boarding-school at Walthamstow, where a first-cousin of my own had been temporarily placed. From him I used to hear that the boy, who was subsequently to become so urbane and courtier-like, was at that time such an overbearing little prig that he made himself most unpopular with his schoolfellows, and naturally became their butt, every kind of schoolboy trick being played off on him. One, of which my cousin confessed himself the inventor, though reprehensible in common with all practical jokes, had the merit of ingenuity.

It seems that the young man, even in these early days, gave indications of the foppishness of his middle life, and used, on occasion, to appear in gay-coloured pantaloons, with Hessian boots. Accordingly, just before he donned them one day, some cobbler's wax was neatly plastered over the inner soles of the latter, and when the time came for removing them, the other boys found a fine opportunity for taunting the struggling wearer with his vanity, and suggesting that it would be a great pity ever to take them off.

Disraeli seems to have been brought up, to the age of twelve, without any definite religious ideas, nor did he, or perhaps even his father, know, under what denomination he could be classed: his father appears to have belonged to a little sect of his own, being neither a Jew nor a Christian. Literary tastes brought together the elder Disraeli and Rogers, and the latter (though by no means straight-laced in the matter of morality, notwithstanding that his poetry is so pure) not only suggested that young Benjamin should be baptized, but got the ceremony performed, and stood godfather to him. The deed was done at St. Andrew's, Holborn, on the 31st of July, 1817. The entry may be seen in the parish register, where he is stated to have been then twelve years of age, and "the son of Isaac Disraeli and Maria Basevi." A Mrs. Ellis was his godmother.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

" 'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses,
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
  Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—e'en a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his!

And when his bones are dust, his grave, a blank,
  His station, generation, e'en his nation,
Become a thing, or no thing save to rank
  In chronological commemoration;
Some dull MS., oblivion long has sank,
  Or graven stone found in a barrack's station,
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit."—"DON JUAN."

CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

> ". . . the kings
> Whose hosts are thoughts, whose realm the human mind,
> Who out of words evoke the souls of things,
> And shape the lofty drama of mankind."—BULWER.

> "Hactenus annorum comites elementa meorum
> Et memini et meminisse juvat."—STATIUS.

Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton."

AMONG authors of the early part of the century there is scarcely an individual whose life presents a series of more interesting and picturesque incidents than that of Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton.* Though before my time, I have heard so much of this strange individual from my old friend, Mrs. Wm. Gibbons (Maria Edgeworth's niece), that I seem almost to have known him.

Day was a most eccentric character, but all his eccentricities were amiable and practically philanthropic; if an exemplification of absolute "altruism" were wanted, no better instance of it could be pointed out. Day was the intimate friend of Maria Edgeworth's father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who not only entertained for him the warmest friendship, but declared him to be the most perfect human being who ever lived.

Though Day had a handsome face, his figure did not correspond with it; he walked badly, held himself worse, and was altogether unprepossessing in appearance. He had idiosyncratic ideas about women, especially as wives, and after an early disappointment, finding none conformable to his notions, set himself to the delusive task of forming one to his own liking. With this view he went to Shrews-

bury—the name does not suggest it as a good place to find a wife; but let that pass—from an orphanage there, he selected a young girl, whom he judged fit to be experimented on. But, as he was a man of resources, in order to have two strings to his bow, he also picked out another in a London pauper institution. One was fair, the other dark, their ages the same — about ten years old. One he called Sabrina Sydney (after Algernon Sydney), the other, Lucretia. These two children he proceeded to bring up together. He travelled with them, took

THOMAS DAY.

them to Lyons, where he spent a great deal of money, judiciously as well as liberally, in assisting the needy. Thence he went to Avignon, where he thought to settle, and carry on the education of the children. But they proved more troublesome than he expected; they quarrelled together, and also set themselves against learning even the French language, so that the task he had set himself proved a difficult one. As he could not marry both, his intention was to choose the one who lent herself the more readily to his plans of education, and to provide for the other. After nursing

them through the measles, and saving their lives when upset in a boat on the river, he was fain to confess to himself the improbability of reaping any reward from his labours.

Lucretia turned out so hopelessly untrainable that he had to give her up, but put her to school at Avignon, where he left her, afterwards apprenticing her to a milliner, and ultimately portioning and marrying her to a French hosier.

Having returned to England with Sabrina, he began upon her a course of practical experiments, destined to discover and prove her suitability for the life he intended his wife should lead. To ascertain whether she was possessed of courage, fortitude, and philosophical indifference to suffering, he dropped hot sealing-wax on her arms, fired off pistols suddenly in her hearing, woke her up in the middle of the night, and in short, invented the most ingenious tricks to arrive at the real value of her character.

Unfortunately she was not made of the stuff required for accepting this kind of treatment, against which she finally rebelled so violently that he had no choice but to abandon his benevolent designs upon her, and she too was packed off to a boarding-school. A friend of Day's, Dr. Bicknell, who used to frequent his house, fell in love with her, and Day, who always behaved handsomely, portioned her off, as he had his other adopted child, and she married his friend, to whom she made a very good wife. After Bicknell's death, Sabrina was engaged as housekeeper, or matron, at Dr. Burney's well-known school at Croom's Hill, where she mothered the boys with conscientious care, and became a great favourite with them and their parents.

Meantime, Day, who was bent on matrimony notwithstanding these and other failures, and found he could not enter that holy state on his own terms, made the acquaintance of the two beautiful Misses Sneyd—Honora and Elizabeth. My friend, Mrs. Gibbons, has two rare and finely executed Wedgwood portraits of these two girls. Day did his best to win Honora, who, however, treated him with utter disdain.

He then transferred his addresses to Elizabeth, but does not seem to have understood the full meaning of the rebuff with which she dismissed him to mend his manners and appearance, and taking her at the foot of the letter, set off for Paris, where he underwent a severe physical training and drilling, learnt fencing and dancing, and came back quite trim, expecting to be rewarded for his devotedness. Alas! Elizabeth was as saucy as her sister; she remained obdurate, tossing her pretty head, and cruelly telling him with a contemptuous laugh, that "she thought, on the whole, the blackguard was less objectionable than the fine gentleman."

Day must have had considerable elasticity of feeling, for, after a time—spent wholly in philanthropic works, and the practice of the severest self-denial—he met with another lady, by name Esther Milnes, who became so devotedly attached to him, that after two years' acquaintance, she not only married him, but consented to share his self-imposed privations, and to join in carrying out his abnormal ideas. His plan was to live in the simplest way, entirely sequestered from society, to allow himself—and his wife!—no luxuries, and to dispense entirely with servants: in this he behaved better than Carlyle, for if the latter made his wife supplement the labours of their single domestic, the former, at all events, shared with his, the household work. If there was any rare question as to spending more money than usual, Day came down with his *veto*, "How can we allow ourselves luxuries," he would say, "when we know how many people are starving?"

He bought an unfinished house at Abridge, in Essex, and astonished the builder he employed to complete it, by making him construct the walls first, and then knock out the window openings. Here, he and his wife made themselves the friends and benefactors of the needy, taking great pains to bestow their bounty where they had made sure it ought to be given.

The affection of Day's wife for this strange husband was boundless, and she never recovered from the grief occasioned her by his death. His mother, or rather step-mother, was

still living, and at no great distance, and Day frequently visited her. One day, he started to ride over to see her, mounting an unbroken colt—in conformity with his theory that it was contrary to nature to break in a horse—and great was the shock experienced by his wife, when, some hours after he had left her, the horse returned without him. Search was at once made, and his body was found quite dead beside the road. Mrs. Day took her loss so sincerely to heart that she declared she would never again see the light, and, like Queen Louise de Vaudemont, shut herself up in a darkened room, where she died two years after, in 1791.

Day was well known to the last, if not to the rising, generation of schoolboys, by his popular *Sandford and Merton*. J. J. Rousseau had, about that time, turned, one way or the other, the heads of all educationists by his *Emíle et Sophie*, and so great was Richard Edgeworth's admiration for his system, that he brought up his eldest son on the principles there advocated; the practical result cannot be considered in this case to have proved encouraging.

Day's illustrative story was originally intended to be a part of Maria Edgeworth's *Harry and Lucy* Series, but it grew to the dimensions of a separate work, and he published it independently.

The detail of this singular man's life would fill a volume, and the phases of his character are all so original, and some so justifiable, that they form a by no means uninteresting study. He was remarkable for justice and humanity, and a merciful consideration for animals; nor would he allow an insect to be killed unnecessarily. Sir William Jones was among his admirers and friends. One day, when they were breakfasting together, a spider suddenly appeared on the table.

"Kill that spider! kill that spider!" said Sir William.

"No," said Day, "I shouldn't feel justified in killing a harmless insect. A lawyer is much more objectionable than a spider, yet you wouldn't like to hear any one call out, 'Kill that Sir William Jones! kill that Sir William Jones!'"

Day, who had much common sense, wrote several political pamphlets; among other public, also national, errors, he denounced the inconsistency of the Americans in blowing the trumpet of freedom, and boasting of their independence, while practically encouraging the servitude of a whole race, and enriching themselves by slave labour.

Richard Twiss, "The Traveller."

My father used to tell amusing stories of a tour he made in the North of England with Richard Twiss, known as "The Traveller," though it does not appear that, besides a trip to Ireland, he carried his steps anywhither but to Spain and Portugal. Still, as he lived rather before the days when the "grand tour" was considered an essential item in every gentleman's education, this modicum, which seems so meagre, now that every butterman has been "personally conducted" round the world, apparently sufficed to entitle him to the distinction of a "traveller." Moreover, he published his travels; though the history of one of his journeys, that in Ireland, was not so successful a volume as the others. Richard Twiss was a wit and a scholar, and he had a way of telling stories and making jokes which was found very amusing in society. But he was an original, and set conventionality and the world at defiance, doing whatever it pleased him to do, and in a way of his own, which was generally very unlike the ways of the majority. His travels in Spain, which he published, were very interesting, for he observed much, and described cleverly. This volume was illustrated, and contained one plate of such great merit, descriptive of a bull-fight, that numbers of copies sold chiefly on its account. Ultimately the book became very scarce.

Richard Twiss was the elder son of a wealthy Dutch merchant; his younger brother's name was Francis, and though also eccentric, he was much the more amiable of the two. Richard was a practised chess-player, and like Philidor, could play two or three games at once; but that also has ceased to be a feat. He and my father constantly played together, and Twiss's book on chess was long a

recognized authority on the game. Twiss was one of Dr. Kitchiner's intimates, and his gifts as a *raconteur* were appreciated at the doctor's *recherchés* dinner and supper parties, which should properly have been styled *conversazione*-banquets.

James and Horace Smith.

Among my father's literary friends of this period were James and Horace Smith, and I remember, when a child, being taken to the house of the latter at Brighton, I think in Cavendish Place. This visit would probably have by this time escaped my memory had it not been for the curious conversation that passed on the occasion. The subject of it was one of those historical puzzles which give rise to so much controversy, and although they occasionally seem to approach a solution, always remain equally distant therefrom.

This was the mystery as to the veritable burial-place of Oliver Cromwell, and the authenticity of the head, supposed to be his, which under that idea, was, after the Restoration, torn from the coffin and spiked, along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, over the gates of Westminster Hall, making that spot for a time the "Golgotha of Westminster," the rest of their bones were ignominiously shovelled into a pit dug for their reception under the gallows at Tyburn.

Horace Smith, I remember, altogether repudiated the theory that the coffin attributed to Cromwell had contained a corpse belonging to somebody else, and maintained his belief that a head then in the possession of a friend of his—a surgeon—was no other than the *caput mortuum* of the regicide. He gave entire credence to the story of its having been blown down one night during a storm, rescued by the sentinel at Westminster Hall gate, and, notwithstanding the risk of committing a doubly capital offence, made capital of by that functionary, who sold it to some near relatives of Cromwell's.

From these purchasers, the head—whether Cromwell's or not—having been religiously preserved, descended to an old

lady, who, not caring to keep the unsavoury relic in her house, was glad to part with it to the medical bidder, in whose keeping Horace Smith had seen and examined it, declaring himself perfectly satisfied as to its identity.

It is not, I believe, unusual for the beard to continue to grow after death, and that had been the case with this party, whose beard was of a chestnut shade, as was that of Cromwell. However, Cromwell's face was so distinctly marked by a large wart on the forehead that there need have been no doubt about the matter. An authentic portrait of the "Protector," now in the possession of Madame Parkes-Belloc, defines this peculiarity very distinctly.

There are many who believe, on historical evidence of their own searching out, that Cromwell left a Will, designating the spot in which he desired to be interred, and deprecating his burial within Westminster Abbey; and these maintain the theory that a substitute, who probably was not consulted, was found to personate Cromwell's corpse, and to fill the coffin supposed by the general public to protect the remains of the "Protector." Some say that Cromwell was temporarily interred beneath the spot where now stands a dovecote in Red Lion Square.

Both the brothers Smith resided frequently in Brighton, but Horace ultimately chose Versailles as his dwelling-place. James Smith used to quote the amusing remark of a country-parson who had read *The Rejected Addresses*, to the effect that "He did not see why they should have been rejected; in fact, he thought some of them very good!"

The two Smiths were remarkable for the pungency and spontaneity of their dry humour. Kenny used to say that James Smith was fond of chaffing Tom Hill, asserted by some to be the original taken by Poole for his *Paul Pry*.* He was wont to affirm of Tom Hill, that "if you could but

* Michael Angelo Taylor, who had a very similar reputation, has been said by others to have served as the model of this popular character.

go and stand beside 'Tom' some day at Charing Cross, he would tell you the pedigree and history of every individual who passed;" adding, perhaps not without reason, "It was wonderful how much better acquainted Hill was, with every one else's business than he was with his own."

Horace Smith's two daughters are still living, and in Brighton. Their very pleasant house is frequented by the best and most interesting kind of society, affording what may be called a *salon*, that rare relic of ancient literary taste and cementer of literary intimacies—a *salon* which the cultivated consider it a privilege to frequent and where these ladies receive with a grace and geniality which their guests know how to appreciate. It is much to be regretted that gatherings of this description seem to be becoming rarer every year; for, as death disturbs them, society seems to lack the spirit, or the good taste, or the ability to replace them.

Crabb Robinson.

Two other ladies, sisters, whom I knew, the Misses Weston (descendants of an old Cheshire family), received also in this way, when in London; gathering round them a genial and interesting circle of more or less literary friends. Crabb Robinson, who mentions their house occasionally in his diary, was a welcome frequenter of their *réunions*. To myself it was always a pleasure to find him there, and I think it was somewhat unfairly that he acquired the reputation of being "a great talker." When a man has something to say and says it well, few can object to him as a "talker," and for my own part I am always content under such circumstances to be the listener. Crabb Robinson could talk round about almost every subject worth considering, and generally very much to the purpose; in the company, therefore, of this genial and observant old gentleman, who had seen much of life, the *commun des mortels* had more to learn than to impart. He had known many people worth knowing, and enjoyed the intimacy of most of the celebrities of his day; and, though modest in the expression of his

opinion, he was no mean authority on matters within most departments of art; painters of note had invited him to their studios, and he was a much finer connoisseur than he was willing to admit: of music he professed to know but little, yet, being a man of cultivated tastes, it was only good music that pleased him, so that his appreciations of vocal and instrumental artists were generally accurate and suggestive. I often found him enthusiastic when speaking of fine voices and real musical genius, while of dramatic excellence he was a genuine admirer and a trustworthy judge, without any pretensions to professional criticism.

Crabb Robinson's admiration of Braham was as intense as it was just, and on this subject we were in perfect accord. As to his *acting*, Mr. Robinson differed essentially in opinion from Sir Walter Scott, and he was so carried away by the charm of that impassioned singer's wonderful voice and his histrionic employment of it, that he used to declare that when Braham sang, he *acted* without an effort, and as if unconsciously impelled by the feeling he threw into the music. He was once, he told me, immensely amused by a song of Liston's, in which that king of mimics took off Braham; this must have been worth hearing. Crabb Robinson agreed with me that even when Braham's exquisite voice had undergone the withering effects of age, his singing still retained its inexplicable but undeniable fascination. He was an equally hearty admirer of Malibran, whom he had heard in 1833, when that matchless artist was in her prime, and he spoke rapturously of the perfection of her singing and acting in the *Sonnambula* at Drury Lane, which I also well remembered.

Crabb Robinson was fond of philosophical and metaphysical discussions, and appeared to have read and thought more or less deeply on the subject of religious belief. His reflections had apparently brought him to that state of mind which at the present time we should describe as "agnosticism." I remember once, during a discussion on the probabilities of a

future state, his winding up with the remark, "If there's *not* another world, this one's a miserable failure."

I am pretty sure it was from Crabb Robinson that Miss Weston told me she heard the curious story of Judge Buller's supposed death, from, I think, small-pox. At all events it was some dangerous epidemic, and it was to the fear of contagion, that was attributed the unseemly haste with which he was not only laid out, but put into his coffin. The Judge was engaged to be married to a young lady who, living away from the metropolis, was immediately communicated with, being informed at the same time that the funeral could not be delayed. She started at once for London, asserting her conviction that her *fiancé* was not dead. On her arrival she lost not a moment in having him replaced in a warm bed and in applying restoratives. No means were left untried, and, strange as it may seem, her prognostics were justified, and the Judge showed signs of life. He ultimately recovered completely, and the pair were united and "lived happy ever after."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

Crabb Robinson's affection for Charles and Mary Lamb and his admiration for Wordsworth seemed almost exaggerated. His friendship for the two former led his steps very frequently to the homely little dwelling at Edmonton, then called "Bay Cottage," where the brother and sister lived together whenever the latter needed not the restraints of her alternative home, and he continued throughout their respective lives the sincere and attached friend of both.

This unpretending little tenement is still to be seen in Church Street, Edmonton, and is now inscribed LAMB'S COTTAGE instead of Bay Cottage as in the time of the Lambs. A small square garden divides it from the road, and it is almost crushed out of notice by the two taller houses which stand one on each side of it, while the trees from their gardens cast a perpetual shadow over it, and give it an expression of sadness in accordance with its melancholy traditions.

Only a few hundred yards further on, within the picturesque old churchyard, is the humble grave in which are now reunited the remains of this attached brother and sister. It is not very easy to find it, so closely built round is it with more pretentious monuments; it is now rather better cared for than formerly, for I have seen the headstone that bears the record of the two burials (ten years apart) so moss-grown that "Carey's pompous incoherent epitaph" —well-meaning, perhaps, but certainly un-meaning—could scarcely be deciphered.

Lamb has left a character deserving of all admiration. He willingly, cheerfully, and most unostentatiously, made the sacrifice of his life to domestic duty; his heroism was none the less brave that it was not his lot to display it in a conspicuous field of glory, and much honour should be accorded to him for the simplicity and fidelity with which he followed out a noble course. As to his literary and intellectual merits, there may, I think, be two opinions, and it may be permitted to doubt whether, now they are judged by comparison with later work of the same character, they have not been somewhat over-rated, and especially whether his humour is such as to deserve the unbounded encomiums it has sometimes evoked; many of his jokes, it must be admitted, were much *tirés par les cheveux:* the wonder, however, is that leading such a life as his, he should have been able to joke at all!

Wordsworth.

Crabb Robinson's admiration for Wordsworth was nothing short of enthusiastic. He went so far as to carry about in his pocket, a volume of this gentleman's works, and on the slightest, and most unintentional, provocation, he would draw it out, open it, and pour into—often unwilling—ears, streams of the "Lake poet's" watery effusions. He read well, and being desirous to induce others to share his own sentiments on the subject, he made the most of his material; but, once the floodgates were open, the torrent rolled headlong on, everything giving way before it.

Crabb Robinson liked to believe that "in his heart," Byron admired Wordsworth; if so, he took a strange way to show it. It is possible that his criticisms were not really intended to be so withering as they appear, but we can quite understand that he was unwilling to retract them, because they were so happily expressed; perhaps, therefore, it was not altogether to an unrelenting antipathy against the object of them that the world owes the enjoyment of those pungent remarks which sparkle ever and anon through some of the poet's pages.

Crabb Robinson, as correspondent of *The Times*, in Spain, and also subsequently, missed no opportunity of showing up the littleness of Napoleon's insatiable ambition: this was a source of great annoyance to the Imperial adventurer, who, according to the assertions of the object of his displeasure, "set a price upon his head."

Samuel Rogers.

Mr. Robinson was on terms of intimacy with the Banker-poet, Samuel Rogers, and was a frequent guest at those famous breakfasts in St. James's Place made so interesting by their refined and hospitable organizer: and who was there who did not appreciate them? Several tried to imitate these gatherings, but they always remained unrivalled.

There seems to be a tacit understanding among the biographers and memorializers of Samuel Rogers that he is to descend to posterity—like so many others—as "a man of marked individuality;" no one seems to have remarked the peculiarity of Samuel Rogers as "a man of marked *duality*." There were in Rogers two distinct natures—nay, more than distinct; they might be called opposite—the practical and the poetical natures went on in him at the same time, balancing each other so happily that the one never wronged the other.

Rogers was essentially a man of business, but *doublé d'un poëte*, and for myself I have never been able to agree with those who fail to see culture, grace, and imagination *in* his pages—perhaps not *throughout* them. Still, it seems

impossible for a candid and unprejudiced reader of Rogers's works, especially perhaps his *Italy*, not to be struck as well as caught by the many poetical fancies which gleam through his pages like the sunshine that mottles a shaded path.

Surely, too, in his *Pleasures of Memory*, there are thoughts which please us, touch us, and make us think, and we ask ourselves with admiration what manner of man this was who could so flexibly turn from the matter-of-fact to the romantic; one moment buried in accounts, perhaps even in tracing one of those head-breaking errors which diabolically persist in bewitching a balance; the next, decoyed into sweet converse with what Petrarch was wont to call his "silent companions," *books* of quite another stamp, yet finding himself equally at home with both.

I met Rogers in Paris with my father, and we visited the Catacombs, beneath that city, in his company. The trap-door by which the party reascended into the living world was the one in the Church of the *Val de Grace*: it so happened that Rogers was the last to come up; as the *Suisse* who held open the *grille* through which we were to pass, perceived the colourless, fleshless face, and denuded skull of the poet advancing from the gloom, he motioned him back, saying — "Nay, nay, assuredly *monsieur* belongs down below!"

But Rogers must have been accustomed to such jokes, which we know were freely administered by Sheridan, Sydney Smith, and others of his friends.

However rich in incident Rogers's life may have been, it was so mixed up with those of contemporary celebrities, that (to say nothing of the exhaustive memoirs, monographs, and biographies of which he has been the subject) he has been introduced again and again in those of others till there seems nothing left unrecorded: yet I do not think I have ever seen the following in print, though Rogers used to relate it.

He was one day visiting a lady whom he found recovering

from a nervous shock received two or three days previously: he did not say she was a weak-minded woman, but probably thought so, all the same. It appeared she was taking a drive in an open carriage along the Fulham Road, when her footman seated behind, observing that then rare novelty, an omnibus, approaching, leaned over, and kindly wishing to treat his mistress to the sight, exclaimed—"The Homblibus, my Lady! the Homblibus!"

The lady, startled by the earnestness of the sudden appeal, and unfamiliar with even the name of the curious object now so common in our vernacular, took it into her head it must be some dangerous wild beast escaped from a travelling menagerie, and after uttering the conventional scream, conventionally fainted, this proceeding being in accord with those of the heroines of the novels of that day on which young ladies' minds were fed and by which their manners were formed.

The Marchioness of Salisbury.

Rogers was at Hatfield House on the very day of the melancholy incident by which the venerable and venerated Marchioness of Salisbury lost her life. A great portion of this ancient historical house was destroyed. The poet had been staying there some days, and though pressed to prolong his visit, had been obliged to come up to town on the Sunday afternoon, and took leave without any idea of the catastrophe then imminent.

Lady Salisbury was aged and infirm, but though her hearing was so indifferent that she often took a book when in company, her eyesight remained excellent, and she could read without glasses; she was, however, near-sighted, and was in the habit of stooping over, when reading or writing.

On the fatal Sunday she had dressed for dinner earlier than on week-days, to liberate her maid, whom she desired, before leaving the room, to put on the table, a flat candlestick in addition to the pair of tall ones already there, as she meant to write some letters before dinner. The true origin of the disaster will never be known, but it must be

supposed that Lady Salisbury's lace head-dress caught fire at the flame of the supplementary candle.

The fire was not discovered till it had made considerable progress, and though Lord Salisbury rushed to his mother's room the moment he ascertained its whereabouts, there was an unfortunate loss of time owing to that door being fastened on the inside and his having to go round some way, to reach the other. It was only after the fire was extinguished that her remains were found, and so completely charred that her rings were hanging on the fleshless finger-bones.

For over half a century Lady Salisbury had been recognized as the social rallying-centre of all that was most distinguished, whether for birth, fashion, or wit: she was a splendid rider and sportswoman, and no other of her sex could approach her in horsewomanship. It was only a few years before her death that she gave up field sports, and great was the regret expressed by all those who had delighted in having her among them to share the pleasures of the chase; the secret of their admiration probably consisted in that, while pursuing a masculine sport, she never lost or infringed upon the characteristics of her sex, always remaining essentially delicate, refined, and feminine. A writer of the time, much about the Court, tells us that "there never was, perhaps, a more highly-bred woman, or one whose courtesy to persons of all ranks better proved the greatness of her own."

There is, at Hatfield, a beautiful full-length portrait of this unfortunate lady catalogued as "Emily Mary, Countess of Salisbury," * painted, probably just after her marriage, by Sir Joshua. It is dated December 8, 1781, and represents a tall, elegant young woman, wearing the fashionable costume of the day, in a standing position—drawing on a long glove, while a small spaniel is toying with the end of her lace scarf.

The picture has a pathetic interest for those who, like

* The marquisate was not created till 1789.

myself, are able to remember her awful death, and can see her represented there in all the pride of youth, rank, and beauty, with no suspicion of the fate that was before her.

Rogers was the possessor of one of the four £1,000,000 notes struck, as a curiosity, at the Bank of England, and, of course, not intended for circulation; of the other three, one went to George IV., and is in the Windsor Library, one to N. M. Rothschild, and the third remains at the Bank, where I saw it when these particulars were told me.

An anecdote of Rogers, which I have not seen in any of his memoirs, relates that, not being familiar with all the bizarre detail of Court ceremonial, he one day so far sinned against royal etiquette as to reply to William IV.—who graciously saluted him with "How d'ye do, Mr. Rogers?"—

"Pretty well, Sire, and I hope your Majesty is quite well also."

The King became red and confused, but contented himself with smiling, and said nothing. The sovereign's health is, or then was, a matter not to be alluded to, in any way, at Court.

This was a rule strictly observed at Versailles under Louis XIV.

Rogers, among other scraps of Court news, once asserted that Queen Caroline could speak only one word of English. Probably there was a time when she could not speak even that *one;* for she never spoke English decently, and her cursing and swearing in broken English made her very ridiculous. However, the statement led to an amusing discussion as to what one word would be the most useful if any lady could command no more. Some were of opinion it should be "Yes," while others were for "No"; but Lady Charlotte Lindsay shrewdly remarked that *she* should give the preference to "No"; because though "Yes" often meant "No," a lady's "No" never meant "Yes."

Queen Caroline must have learnt a good deal more English than Rogers gave her credit for by the time the

coronation took place; for, on that occasion, she contrived to charge with disloyalty to their Queen, the sentinels who opposed her entrance into the Abbey by barring her passage with crossed bayonets. However, had they relaxed their resistance, the Queen would still not have entered. I was told by the Rev. W. Jenkins, rector of Fillingham, that his uncle was at that time page to Lord Gwydyr, who was stationed at the opposite extremity of the Abbey, when he was told of the arrival of the Queen and of her altercation with the sentinels; he immediately sent this page to assist, from within, in preventing her entrance. The latter ran with such speed the whole length of the building, that he arrived just in time to close the doors in Her Majesty's face; as she was already barred out by the sentinels, this undignified episode in a great ceremonial, disgraced by an utterly needless insult to the Queen, could only be deplored by all concerned in it.

Macaulay.

All the memoirs of the time agree as to the crushing effect of Macaulay's presence on Rogers, who felt himself "nowhere" as long as the brilliant, ceaseless, and unstemmable gush of that rich and unfathomable knowledge poured torrent-like into the tide of conversation, and, as it were, swept it away. Even Rogers, while irritated beyond measure, was forced to listen and to admire. Macaulay's memory was phenomenal, and retained apparently everything that had ever been impressed on it; for the scope of his knowledge seemed to recognize no limits, and it was impossible to touch upon any subject, however lofty on the one hand, or however trifling on the other, in which he did not immediately prove himself at home. If by a rare chance he was *not* acquainted with every detail, he talked so well, so readily, and so agreeably, that no one discovered where his actual knowledge of the matter ended, and where, whence, or how, he supplemented it. All the talkers of the day were literally dumbfoundered before him.

Sydney Smith said many smart things of him; all, more

or less marked by his good-natured satire; the best, perhaps, testifying to the "improvement of his manners since he returned from America," as shown by his "brilliant flashes of silence."

Lord Melbourne, remarking on Macaulay's conversational *aplomb*, said he "wished he were as sure of any one thing as Macaulay was of everything;" but Macaulay himself gracefully (whether sincerely or not we do not know) admitted that, though *he* always had his knowledge *at hand*, Whewell and Brougham really possessed more universal knowledge than he.

Professor Whewell.

Whewell's fame for universality was European, and went so long undisputed, that he at last joined, (conscientiously) in the belief in himself. Dissentient voices on the subject were scarcely heeded, though Sydney Smith had some grounds for saying that "Omniloquence was his *forte*, and omniscience his *foible*."

Men of high pretensions will, necessarily, always find some who dispute their supremacy; accordingly we find Sir David Brewster showing up in merciless terms, Whewell's want of "omniscience" in his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, and proclaiming him, "to his own astonishment and disappointment," merely a clever book-maker, but without either knowledge of his subject or the patient industry of a "compiler." He declares that, although Whewell had undertaken to write upon a profound and complicated subject, he displayed throughout it his utter inadequacy for the task. "He was," says Brewster, "ignorant of the optical discoveries made by Ptolemy, though a MS. of Ptolemy's optics is in the Bodleian, and papers on it have been published in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*," and it had been commented on by Brewster himself in his report on "Optics" for the British Association. Ignorant, also, he declared Whewell to be of Snellius's Law of Refraction and Huygens's account of it, though he cites the book; ignorant, again, of the magnificent experiments by the French Insti-

tute on the Force of Beams; and he asserts that, at best, his work is one of great pretensions and no real learning, nor is it written in a good tone of feeling.

Brewster's comments were, however, taken up by Lord Jeffreys, who—while admitting shortcomings and assumption on the part of Whewell which, he says, merit castigation, pronounces these comments "too personal and bitter"; and he sharply criticises the critic, contending also that the metaphysical part of Brewster's review is neither clear, nor deep, nor thoroughly sound. He says, further, that, "if Whewell had but the sense to close his ears to the words of friends who flatter him, he would profit; but," he adds, "though there is much of real value in him, he makes sad work of himself." Jeffreys also gives personal instances of Whewell's flippancy, superficiality, and self-consciousness, especially on law, while Macaulay, though no admirer of Whewell, condemns Brewster's criticism, which, he says, savours of animosity—a feeling which should never interfere with the judgment of a critic.

Buckle.

Buckle was another example of these brilliant talkers. I remember once meeting him and Cardinal Wiseman at the same table, and the Cardinal's relating to me after dinner, as of recent occurrence, the now well-known incident of Buckle's discomfiture, when, having been privately challenged to puzzle the great and admired Master of Trinity, he disastrously pitched upon what he thought the abstruse subject of the history of Chinese music.

A story used to be told of Whewell illustrative of the transcendent opinion he in common with all Trinity men held of their superiority to men belonging to the rest of the University, an opinion which he is supposed to have shared in a very eminent degree. It was said that he added the following clause to be used in the bidding prayer by all parsons hailing from Trinity College: "Pray we likewise for all 'small-college-men,' for they also are God's creatures."

One of Crabb Robinson's set (also, intimate with Dr.

Kitchiner), and whom many of my readers will probably remember as a club-man, and much in literary and dramatic circles, was an excellent fellow named George Raymond. As he was a favourite everywhere, he would probably have frequented general society much more had it not been for his devotedness to his mother, who was aged, infirm, and nearly blind, and whose greatest delight was to spend her evenings at chess. George Raymond was a University man and a scholar, and published one or two popular books, being well known by his *Life of Elliston*. He was rich enough to become, in a small way, a patron of art, artists, and authors, who were very glad to meet each other and his non-professional friends, at his elegant bachelor-rooms in Charles Street, St. James's.

George Raymond.

George Raymond's face was handsome and intelligent, and his manner remarkably gentlemanly, not to say aristocratic; the dignity of his bearing being the more striking that, *according to report*, his father was a hatter in Bond Street, and he had been adopted by one of his father's customers, who had taken a fancy to him when a child and left him all his fortune, having had him brought up with care and educated at Eton and Cambridge, requiring only that he should take his name. He was called to the bar, but did not practise, and became what may be called a "society man." He had a great deal of humour, and was very popular among his friends, being a good talker and an admired *raconteur*. His proclivities threw him much into dramatic society, and his delightful bachelor parties were generally sprinkled with first-class actors, such as the Keans, the Kembles, Macready, Phelps, and others. The Chalons, George Cruikshank, and other men of artistic genius were also to be found there; and as he was no mean musical connoisseur, his conversaziones were frequented also by the stars of that profession.

Cruikshank illustrated Raymond's *Life of Elliston* with a willing pencil, and the book, still well known, had much

success; it is written with the pen of a scholar. His mother lived to a great age, and it was only after her death, when himself somewhat advanced in life and in feeble health, that he went freely into society, where he was readily welcomed. There seems to have been always a certain charm in his manner; for when a boy at Eton, the Queen singled him out, and when she drove through the town always recognized him, and would call him up to the carriage door and talk to him.

As he grew older, his eyesight began to fail, and he resolved to give up entertaining, and to reside in a more retired neighbourhood. I remember the farewell dinner he gave, followed by a brilliant conversazione, at which Charles Kemble read "The Provoked Husband," Albert Smith seated himself at the piano and rattled away his "Galignani's Messenger," and Harley contributed "The Fine Old English Gentleman," and being encored, sang, out of compliment to our host, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." All three of these artists died, as did also George Raymond within two years of this time!

When a Parisian bachelor winds up the wilder period of his existence with the sacramental words, "*Je me range*," these are usually interpreted to mean, "*Je me marie*." But this was not George Raymond's purpose; and when he retired to steadiness and the solitude of Sloane Street, his intention was to endure his infirmities, and not to inflict them on another. An attached valet followed him thither; but he soon found he could not get on without "a ministering angel," though he had quite resolved her form should not be angelic, and that her functions should be simply utilitarian. In fact, it was a "nurse" he needed, though on the whole he preferred to call her a "housekeeper." So he advertised for what he wanted, expressing himself rigidly, in unmistakable terms.

Though undeniably growing old, George Raymond's youthful spirit was still strong in him, and I wish I could

remember, so as to be able to write them in detail, the descriptions he gave, when he came to dinner one day, of the more or less droll interviews which his advertisement produced. The list of answers was formidable; I can liken it to nothing but *Leporello's Catalogo*. I warned him that his reputation might lose its character for propriety if he were to continue encouraging the pretensions of these fair creatures, and he admitted that he was afraid the purity of his intentions had not been fully appreciated.

Among this amusing correspondence was a communication from an aspirant, the originality of whose style showed she had not acquired her epistolary capabilities from *The Complete Letter-writer;* its tone was diplomatically matronly and sedate, and he flattered himself as he read on, that he had at last discovered the exceptional treasure he was in quest of. He replied, begging the writer to call, and at the appointed hour she arrived with a modest ring at the bell. Blind as he was, however, poor George Raymond soon found that his search was not yet at an end. The individual was at the dangerous age of about forty, with considerable pretensions to style, and by no means without personal charms, by no means therefore the *plain*, practical, working housekeeper of his hopes. Her eyes were far too brilliant, her complexion too blooming, her teeth too white, and her smile too bewitching, and the fact that her elegant figure was set off with a graceful deep mourning *costume de jeune veuve*, far too suggestive of her projects. George Raymond's life-long antecedents had been too marked for their gallantry to leave him in embarrassment as to how to back gracefully out of such an entanglement with one of the sex.

"Alas! madam," said he, with the charm of his old manner, evoked by the occasion, "you are far too attractive to be buried alive in such a den of oblivion as that to which my failing health obliges me to condemn myself."

"Oh, my dear sir," replied the fascinating creature, "you

are much too considerate. I am not so young as I perhaps seem; I don't mind telling *you*, as it is a matter of business, I am not far from fifty."

"Then," said he, "I must say without flattery, and without compliment, that you are the most youthful quinquagenarian I have ever seen, and whatever *your* powers of persuasion may be, *I* should never get any one to believe that you *are* one."

"Oh, but then, sir," she rejoined, "if you did but know how discreet I am!"

However, Raymond was *not* to be seduced by the plausible talk of the "discreet" syren; and at last, instead of the pretty young widow of fabulous fifty, whose *tête-à-tête* society was honestly not within his ideas and intentions, he ended by taking a cook-housekeeper-nurse, all in one, and a man-servant—husband and wife, with whom he got on extremely well, till the end (now not very far off) came, and then he dropped out of the circle, which continued to miss his genial friendship as long as they survived. When ultimately, he had become nearly blind, it was melancholy to meet him groping his way about Suffolk Street and Pall Mall, hovering round his club with feeble steps, helped by a stick. Often have I found him there, jostled by the crowd and scarcely able to make his way, and when I have said cheerily, "Come, suppose we take a little stroll together," he would brighten up and gladly avail himself of my arm. Even then his conversation was most interesting, and these short walks were a real pleasure to myself, if not to him.

Charles and William Goding.

Among the pleasant and distinguished *habitués* of George Raymond's classical rooms, were Charles and William Goding, of Hyde Park Place, both, but especially the latter, well known for their taste and skill in discovering and collecting articles of *virtù*. Their splendid collection of rare and valuable snuff boxes was exhibited in the "World's Fair" of 1851, and is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Their eldest brother,

James Goding, married Lady Jane Coventry. He had a mania for collecting musical instruments, and although he had no notion of music, spent fabulous sums on this fancy. In this museum he once showed me a Stradivarius which he considered himself "most fortunate" in securing at £800! His father-in-law, the Earl of Coventry and grandson of the beautiful Maria Gunning, was the victim of a singular accident, the result of his own rashness. For a wager he attempted to leap a five-barred gate, when his horse's hoof caught in the top bar, and the animal fell, throwing his rider on to a heap of broken flints; he was picked up unconscious, and as he had fallen on his face, his eyes were so seriously injured that he remained blind during the remainder of his life.

Sir Francis Bond Head.

A man of mark, and always an acquisition in society from his cheerful humour and ready wit, was Sir Francis Bond Head (nicknamed Sir Francis Wrong-head). He had led a very active, adventurous life, but an 8vo volume published by him in 1834, under the attractive title of *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, brought the unknown author into immediate and favourable notice. It was widely circulated at the time, and is still read with pleasure. It started successfully under the mystery of an anonym, the authorship being given out as that of "An Old Man." It was accepted as such by the general public, the probability being borne out by the *bonhomie* of the tone in which it is written. The moment was felicitous for fixing on such a subject; the spas of Germany were just then coming into special repute; fashionable M.D.'s (whose business it is to discover the proclivities of their patients, and then to prescribe a *régime* that will give scope to them) were despatching real or imaginary invalids in shoals to these resorts—with what contingent advantages to themselves we will not take the trouble to inquire. It was enough for the author who selected this fertile subject for his theme, that the localities in question were acquiring a widespread reputation among

tourists, who were quite ready to believe it was absolutely necessary to their *petite santé* that they should spend their mornings at picnics in a beautiful country, and their evenings in *casinos*, where dancing, feasting, and roulette served to vary their amusements.

The "Old Man's" powers of observation were as keen as his descriptions were droll and picturesque, while his style was scholarly and attractive.

His readers revelled in his accounts of localities already familiar to some, and immediately inspired others with the wish to visit them; and they were so possessed with the conviction that the local peculiarities and characters he described really existed as painted in his pages, that they were persuaded they recognized them on the actual spot, when they reached it. Sir Francis employed rose-coloured ink in his sketches of the quaint and primitive country to which he introduced his readers, and they were quite willing to find everything as charming as he had represented it. Nassau felt the benefit of the good word he had spoken for it for a long time after, and owed its popularity as much to Sir Francis, as Cannes to Lord Brougham.

The *Bubbles* (for the copyright of which the author received only £200) was decidedly Sir Francis's best literary effort, but his was a busily occupied life, and had been spent in far more serious work than in writing a humorous guide book. He was born in 1793, and was consequently about forty when he found time to indulge in this recreative episode, both before and after which he filled official positions of importance, whether in Canada or in South America, and his pen was employed almost incessantly in descriptive accounts of his official work and of the state of the countries he visited; he was also a continual contributor to the *Quarterly*. He was created a Baronet in 1836 in recognition of his services as Deputy-Governor in Canada, where his military training in the Royal Engineers enabled him to examine the country, to ascertain

its mineralogical conditions, and to report on its capabilities generally. The versatility of Head's powers was amazing; nothing seemed to come amiss to him, and his energy was equally exhaustless.

He settled down into private life with his wife and children at Duppas Hill, Croydon, where he died in 1875, aged eighty-two. Among Sir Francis's other social qualifications were his horsemanship and his proficiency as a sportsman, which he still manifested when nearly eighty. He rode with so much pluck and rapidity that he was called "Galloping Head."

Captain Sir George Head.

Sir Francis had an elder brother, who seems to have very much resembled him in character, and who also led a very roving life; in both, spontaneity of humour and fertility of imagination were marked characteristics. Captain Head was knighted at the coronation of William IV. Like his brother, Sir George travelled in Canada, and his descriptive contributions written from that country, for the *Quarterly*, were heartily welcomed by its readers.

Travelling on the Rhine in 1838, our party met and for some days joined Sir George, whom we found a delightful travelling companion. He was at that time suffering from an *extinction de voix*, the result of having been put into a damp bed at an hotel.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

On this same tour we also met an English party, consisting of two gentlemen and two ladies, the latter tall, stylish girls, who, with their cavaliers, were thoroughly enjoying this their first acquaintance with the Rhine scenery. One of the gentlemen was Sir Stephen Glynn, the ladies were his sisters, and the other gentleman was Mr. W. E. Gladstone, then a Grand *Young* Man, whose years, at that time under thirty, might be arrived at by reversing the figures representing those he now numbers. He was tall and dark, and his manner was marked, not only by a certain courtesy and elegance, but by that degree of reserve which (more especially in the pre-vulgarized-travelling days)

one was, and perhaps still is, accustomed to look for in an Englishman of the upper class. The elder of these ladies, shortly after, became Mrs. Gladstone.

Andrew Crosse, the Electrician.

One of the most intelligent and profound scientists of his time, a man of earnest purpose and painstaking, conscientious research, was Andrew Crosse, the electrician, of Fyne Court, Broomefield. His character was eminently attractive, because, speculative and resolute as was his experimental philosophy, and serious as his determination to fathom scientific truth, there was no want of imagination, not to say of romance, in his nature. He wrote poetry with great facility, and we find in the few effusions he has left, the evidence of deep feeling and a graceful fancy.

I never met Andrew Crosse himself, but made the acquaintance of his widow, first in the appreciative and most interesting Memoir she has written of her distinguished husband, and afterwards, personally, at the house of a common friend. She must have been a congenial companion to her cultivated husband, whose pursuits she was able to appreciate and enjoy while she shared them, for her biography of him alone, would amply testify to her literary ability and scientific knowledge.

It is unusual for a man of fortune and position, a landed proprietor and landlord, a country squire and magistrate, beset by the responsibilities of these social conditions superadded to the duties of a *paterfamilias*, to take up with grave and professional ardour so deep and engrossing a study as that of electricity; but such was Andrew Crosse's ardour in its behalf, that, insensibly led on by what was at first but an amusement, he was brought to some of the most wonderful discoveries that have been made in that mysterious science. There is no doubt, though his successors appear slow to recognize the fact, that Andrew Crosse paved the way for much of the practical knowledge which has since passed as due to the labours and intelligence of others. Is not this always the fate of

pioneers? It must, however, be well known to the profession, that Andrew Crosse deserves to be better remembered by the world at large: unfortunately, his own unjustifiable modesty and his shy, retiring disposition made him more of a recluse than was good for himself, his contemporaries, or posterity. Even as iron sharpens iron, the advantages of interchanging ideas with men of genius are reciprocal, and such men as Andrew Crosse discover more of their own latent attributes in the society of kindred spirits: the world of science, after all, profits more than they themselves by the influence of this vivifying intercourse.

The result of his famous experiment (when on quite another tack) which brought living creatures out of flints, was received in a narrow and suspicious spirit, more in accordance with the ignorance of inquisitorial rule than the enlightenment of what professes to be a cultivated age. It is hardly credible, and certainly not creditable, that, instead of being met with the generous warmth due to a success which courted investigation, a large portion of the British public, yielding to blind prejudice, passed upon the philosopher the most unworthy censures, traducing as "impious" the researches of a man whose whole life was regulated by the strictest religious principles and whose unqualified belief in Christianity might have been tested by his conscientious practice of its duties.

Faraday, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution (February 28, 1837), propounded these special discoveries of Mr. Andrew Crosse, enlarging on "the formation or revivification by scientific treatment, of animalcula in flints, assuring his audience that he had himself tested the process with similar results. The Professor, on the same occasion, exhibited some insects obtained from hard polished stone, by a continuous voltaic stream of silicate of potassa which, like those of Mr. Crosse, were now enjoying life after a suspension of perhaps many thousand years.

As a member of society no less than as a natural philosopher, the life of Andrew Crosse is a beacon-light to his fellow-men, and those who admire all that is simple and noble in our common nature, may learn in the able and erudite Memoir written by his widow to appreciate his rare moral and social qualities.

It is much to be deplored that in that most disappointing compilation entitled "The Dictionary of National Biography," which ought to have been an honour and an ornament to our time, and a reliable authority for posterity, the account given of Andrew Crosse is as incorrect and as misleading as many other of the erroneous notices which detract so seriously from the value of those volumes.

Andrew Crosse was born in 1784, and died in 1855.

Mr. Richard Arden.

At the hospitable house of the late Mr. Arden in Cavendish Square, I have spent many a pleasant hour. He was a man of much taste and resource, and had great skill in discovering, acquiring, and collecting around him, works of art, which adorned his large house in London, to say nothing of the interest they added to the fine mansion he likewise occupied at Rickmansworth. His morning-room in Cavendish Square was enriched with a rare curiosity, this being a well-authenticated papyrus he was fortunate enough to secure during a visit to Egypt, where he made a singular purchase, that of a mummy. I do not remember if he ascertained who this musty old party had been, nor what became of him after he was unrolled; the important fact connected with him was that the cerecloth being removed, he (or, it may have been, she!) was found bandaged up in sheets, not of "fine linen," but of papyrus, abundantly written on. Mr. Arden was too shrewd and intelligent not to apply himself to ascertain what it was he had bought, and on examination it proved to be a work of the ancient Greek writer—Hypereides—of whom there was not known to be anything extant, all that he had written having been supposed burnt in the confla-

gration of the library at Alexandria. With the help of experts, Mr. Arden developed these wonderful leaves, and having had a limited number of copies (of which I possess one) taken from plates, which were then destroyed, he caused the original, which was found wonderfully perfect, to be framed and glazed and disposed as I have stated above, round the walls of his study: he had also a fine collection of modern pictures there; to the best of my recollection these, or some of them, were sold after his death. His acquaintance was large, and many interesting people were to be met at his dinners and conversaziones. I remember one night, among other foreign celebrities, meeting there Louis Napoleon and his cousin.* The future Emperor was so insignificant in figure that he would certainly have passed quite unnoticed in a room, but for his name, and even that carried very little importance with it under the circumstances. His features being remarkable for their extreme *dis*similarity to those of the Bonaparte family, it was only when one knew who he was, and fixed one's attention on his face, that one began to study him, and most people would probably have remarked what might be called an intro-spective expression, as if his thoughts were concentrated on some set purpose, as we now know they, at that time, were.

Mr. Arden had a twin brother who resembled him so strikingly that I, and probably others, could never be sure of their respective identity: he had two very handsome daughters, the elder of whom married Mr. Birch, brother to the Prince of Wales's tutor.

Mr. Scoles.

This similarity between twins occurred between two

* Louis Napoleon was at this time renting a house of Charles Philips, Q.C., in King Street, St. James's, and was very glad to be admitted into society in London. He was one of the frequenters of the *salon* of Lady Blessington, at Gore House, where he was always most amiably received, and was on the most friendly terms with Count d'Orsay, who helped him in many ways; services which he seems to have forgotten when fate had, so to speak, reversed their respective positions.

other brothers of my acquaintance by name Scoles. One of them was the architect of the Catholic Church in Farm Street. They were both of small stature, but had large families, twelve children each. An early friend who had been abroad some years, having returned to England, and meeting one of the Scoles brothers, among other friendly inquiries, asked him if he were married, and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded to ask what family he had. "Come and dine with me to-day," said Scoles, "and you will see my children." Meantime he sent for his brother's children, and placed them and his own, down the two sides of the table, introduced them all to his guest as the young Scoles's. Need I say that his friend sat aghast till at last informed that Scoles owned *only* half the family he had seen!

George Eliot.

Schopenhauer has laid down a theory that authors may be categorized like stars—"Some," he says, "are like falling stars, producing a momentary and meteoric effect; others are like planets and have a much steadier and longer influence; while others again, like the fixed stars, remain unchangeable, possess their own light, and work for all time." It is for time to prove the accuracy of this analogy, as the real and intrinsic value of an author can be estimated only by the verdict of the generations that succeed him. It is not long since the grave closed over George Eliot, or more properly speaking Mary Ann Evans, and yet it has already been faintly whispered by some, and loudly asserted by others, that she has been greatly over-rated; men of calm judgment and reflecting mind, who may even suspect such to be the case, will assert that it is perhaps premature to pronounce an opinion on this contemporary writer, but I think even her admirers regret that she ever attempted to "ride on a horse with wings." Instead, however, of digressing into presumptuous and premature criticism, I will, in mentioning George Eliot as a personal acquaintance, confine myself to the recollections I retain of the refined and peaceful, if abnormal, *ménage*, at The Priory, where George

Eliot and George Henry Lewes did the honours with so much grace and hospitality.

"The Priory" was a quiet, simple, unpretending, yet elegant, villa, where one seemed to breathe an atmosphere of literature. The almost classic drawing-room, half library, had a pleasant look-out into the garden, and was so entirely the recognized habitat of its occupants that one knew intuitively before being shown in, that as soon as the door was opened the pair would be "discovered," George Lewes in his easy-

GEORGE ELIOT.

chair on the right-hand side of the fireplace, as you faced it, and George Eliot on the left; you were equally sure of a cordial reception from this gifted couple, whose Sunday "at homes," though certainly not always lively, were necessarily interesting; they brought together literary and artistic celebrities and their Mæcenases; mostly men, of course; still, as it was always a chance gathering, there was much uncertainty as to the materials of which it would consist; these *réunions* therefore varied considerably in brilliancy and attractiveness.

George Eliot was by no means sparkling in conversation, indeed, her social attributes were rather of the heavier, almost Johnsonian, order, and her remarks were often sententious, though apparently not designedly so, for there was obviously no intentional arrogation of superiority, though perhaps an almost imperceptible evidence of self-consciousness. The impression she left was that of seriousness and solid sense, untempered by any ray of humour, scarcely of cheerfulness; she spoke in a measured, thoughtful tone which imparted a certain importance to her words, but her speech was marked rather by reticence than volubility: now and then she would give out an epigrammatic phrase which seemed almost offered as a theme for discussion, or as a trait of originality to be perhaps recorded by her chroniclers. I remember, among many remarks of this kind, her once saying in a reflective tone, "Many suicides have greatly surprised me; I find life so very interesting." Lewes, on the other hand, was really witty, interspersing his conversation with natural flashes of humour, quite spontaneous in character, which would continually light up his talk: even when he said bitter things he had a way of putting them amusingly. I remember his asking me, one day, how stood a certain manuscript which I was about to publish.

"It is with ——," I replied, "and you know he takes a long time to make up his mind."

"Make up his . . . *what?*" said Lewes. "You didn't say *mind?* I didn't know he had one!"

Perhaps the unlucky publisher in question had rubbed up Lewes's feathers the wrong way, consciously or unconsciously; still, I admit his appreciation was justifiable, and Lewes was not the only one to take that view.

Lewes had met with much vexatious indifference, not to say opposition, on the part of the publishers generally when he first proposed to write his book on the drama, and even when he had collected his ideas on the subject and "coined

them into words," as Bacon puts it, they were still recalcitrant and "didn't seem to see it." It was scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that he should manifest some asperity when speaking of the fraternity.

One day, just after the picture of *The Dead Warrior*, "attributed to Velasquez" had been bought for the National Gallery, I went with Lewes and George Eliot to see it. Various interpretations of the meaning of the subject had been circulated, and none had been universally accepted. Anthony Trollope had joined us and each started a different supposition, no one appearing willing to accept the version hazarded in the catalogue. If, as supposed there, "the Dead Warrior" be Orlando, *alias* Rolando, he must have been "squeezed to death," that hero having been represented as "invulnerable by the sword," and certainly the figure as there painted does not bear out that theory; nevertheless it is catalogued as the "body of the peerless Paladin Orlando" who fought at Roncesvalles by the side of Charlemagne. No attempt has been made to account for the surroundings and accessories; the cavern in which he lies, the armour he still wears, the extinguished lamp suspended over his feet, and the skulls and bones scattered about, add to the mysterious suggestiveness, and, no doubt, all these details had a meaning. We looked at it a long time, and came away without solving the enigma which, George Eliot remarked, "left much room for the play of imagination."

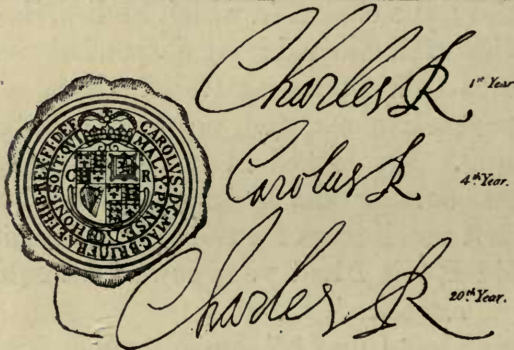
"Ah!" said I, "if I had your powers I would take it as the text of a romance."

"Who knows but I may?" she answered.

The triple portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, next occasioned a pause, and suggested a droll story. I could not resist telling them of a little boy who, being asked how that king died, replied with some originality, "They cut off his body." Lewes thought the answer very significant, and contended that that was really the proper way of describing what is called a "decapitation."

It is, I think, well known that a bust of the king having been undertaken by Bernini, and that sculptor being a fixture in Rome, some expedient had to be resorted to, to enable him to execute the work at that distance from his sitter. Monarchs did not in those days travel about with return tickets, nor even with tickets of leave, nor if they

King Charles I.
From a Picture by Old Stone *after* Van Dyck, *in the Collection of* Sir Christ^r. Sykes Bar^t.



His Seal & Autographs from the Originals in the Possession of
John Thane.

THE TRIPLE PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

had, could the Royal mountain have compromised its dignity by going to Mahomet; Bernini, therefore, requested that he might be provided with three views of the Royal head—a full, a half, and a three-quarters, the result being the very beautiful and engaging group executed by the great Court

painter. Happy would it have been for the sitter if his head had never been executed in any other way!

There is more however to be said about this picture, and Lewes having told me he was not cognizant of its history, I referred him to the Appendix to a curious and somewhat rare old volume called *Macariæ excidium*,* where it is given *in extenso*, informing us that on receiving the picture the Italian sculptor was not less struck with the perfection of the picture than with the mournful beauty of the face, or rather of the three faces. In fact, while studying with patient conscientiousness the noble features he had undertaken to reproduce in marble, he could not shake off a persistent presentiment of some terrible fate that impended over the original. The idea so seriously unhinged his mind that he set the gloomy canvas aside in a corner of his studio, hoping that, by some fortunate chance, the order might be forgotten, and that he should be spared the fulfilment of the undertaking. Finding distraction in other work, he had almost banished the English King and his bust from his thoughts, when one fine day he was startled by a communication from the English Court requesting information as to how near the work might be to its completion. Thus urged, Bernini did his best to overcome his reluctance and bravely took his task in hand. At last the marble effigy was completed and was packed and despatched to its destination.

It happened to reach its journey's end while the Court was residing at Chelsea Palace, and was sent thither. The King had just dined when it arrived, and had adjourned with some of his courtiers to a summer-house in the garden, when he was informed that a case from Rome awaited his pleasure: he ordered it to be brought and to be unpacked before him; the lid was scarcely removed and the attendants had not yet lifted out the bust they had just

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* Macaulay in his fragment of English History alludes more than once to this volume.

exposed to view, when a hawk, carrying a lark in its beak, flew by, and as it passed over the spot, a streak of the victim's blood fell upon the throat of the effigy marking it with a slender crimson line. No word was spoken, but those present looked at one another in terror at the untoward sight, the more ominous that it was found impossible to obliterate the mark. The bust was placed in a niche over the library door, and when the palace was burnt, it was destroyed in the fire, no trace of it having ever been found.

George Henry Lewes added to the charm of eminent scholarliness and wide knowledge of classical literature, ancient and modern—together with a profound and practical acquaintance with several European languages—the polished manners of an accomplished man of the world. His study of almost every branch of literature and of scientific inquiry has however been proved to the world, and as the same may be said of his philological proficiency, those who knew him socially had good reason to admire while they enjoyed his conversation, in which they constantly discovered some new proof of the extent of his knowledge. Besides being master of German he not only spoke French with a scarcely perceptible English accent, but wrote it with ease, correctness, and even elegance.

That he was intimately familiar with German literature is pretty generally known from his *Life of Goethe;* but he had painstakingly studied Lessing also, and spoke with enthusiasm of the literary genius of that writer, terming him the "father of German literature and the prince of modern critics": he admired his style beyond everything, and considered that its lucidity and nobleness of expression afforded a valuable standard for the emulation of his countrymen, evidently finding the majority of them more or less deficient in those respects; nor did he think Lessing's qualifications ought to be lost on our own writers, asserting that modern literature generally could not but be benefited by Lessing's influence. I have heard him

exalt *Nathan der Weise* on a lofty pinnacle of commendation, and he shared Macaulay's intense admiration for Lessing's *Laocoon*.

Of letters addressed to myself, respectively by Lewes and George Eliot, I subjoin one or two, illustrative of the pleasant familiar-epistolary style they each employed. George Eliot's letters were always signed "M. E. Lewes" or "Marian E. Lewes," her real name being "Mary Ann;" I don't know if the "E" stood for Evans.

Though essentially literary, both these thinkers and writers enjoyed pleasures from other sources. George Eliot was well versed in botany, and one of her greatest delights whenever out of London, was collecting from and studying the vegetable world and the flora of all the spots she visited, while George Lewes was a keen entomologist, and indeed would at the seaside also interest himself in searching out marine creatures of all kinds.

"THE PRIORY, NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
"2 *September*, 1870.

"MY DEAR ——, — You are very good to remember us, and I assure you that the substantial signs of your remembrance are thoroughly appreciated; but I cannot help wishing that our visions of you in person bore a fairer proportion to the symbolic appearances in the shape of good things.

"We shall not, I hope, be disappointed in our expectation of you next Sunday. . . . It was Mr. Lewes's feeble health that drove us away again after our return from a two months' absence in Germany, but I am glad to say he is better now.

"Alas! this war! it is hardly possible to be deeply interested in anything else. I fear our friend Madame Belloc and her family must be under much anxiety. . . .

"Always, dear ——,
"Yours most truly,
"M. E. LEWES."

The following are his :—

"THE PRIORY, NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
"18/9'/70.

MY DEAR ——, How very kind of you to send me this acceptable game—were it not difficult to be ashamed when the object is pleasant, I should grudge myself the indulgence in such dainties while our friends in Paris are paying 15 or 20 francs for a tough old hen. However, I suppose I may banish qualms when I reflect that *I* didn't bring on the siege of Paris.

"Is not Victor Hugo's last, a truly Hugoish bit of rhodomontade!

"Faithfully yours,
"G. H. LEWES."

"THE PRIORY, NORTH BANK,
"——, 1869.

"MY DEAR ——, I have not the slightest doubt that your *Salon Bleu* would not only instruct, but interest the English public, could the said public be got to read it; but *that* is opposed, *first* by the regrettable indisposition of publishers generally, to believe in pure literature, especially foreign, and *secondly* by the indisposition of the public to believe that they *can* be interested in it.

"Still, your work is so *nourri* and so varied, that I should urge on you its completion; and by way of getting over the first of the difficulties—that, viz., of the publisher, or rather his 'reader,' may I take the liberty of suggesting that you translate every French passage of more than a couple of lines?

"When the original is important it may be added in a note; but you, to whom French is a second tongue, have little idea of the *obstacle* it forms to ninety-seven out of every hundred readers. Every one '*knows*' French—*tant bien que mal, ou plutôt, mal*—but they feel a certain *foreign-*

ness in it, and when suddenly they come upon a passage more than two lines long . . . well, they *skip*.

"Those who *don't* know French, feel offended, and resent it's being imposed on them. . . .

"Ever yours faithfully,

"G. H. Lewes.

"P.S.—Robert Lytton and his charming wife are coming to us to-day, and I shall gratify *her* by betraying your admiration for *his* last book."

Both George Eliot and Lewes were singularly unencumbered with personal attractions, nor had either of them recourse to the adventitious aid of dress to compensate the deficiency; but both were remarkable for a courteous and winning manner, and they received with much grace.

It would be interesting to know with what view Mary Ann Evans adopted a masculine pseudonym when becoming a writer, and whether her intention was to maintain it to the end: was she perhaps of the subtly-expressed opinion of Alphonse Karr, that "when a woman writes, she commits two sins, she increases the number of books and diminishes the number of women"? Alas! if she could accomplish this latter feat, the more books she could write, the better; and I say this without being a misogynist, the preponderance being really disadvantageous to themselves.

Experience seems to tell us that women who think it politic to mystify the public as to their sex, are only too glad, if their works become popular, to let the truth ooze out, and they finally throw off the disguise with delight.

I don't think it is generally known that George Eliot published in London, with Messrs. Trübner, a poem called "Agatha"; it was first tried with the American public, with whom it did not take, and was afterwards either suppressed or died a natural death, but was never circulated in this country. Of the few copies that were not despatched across the "herring pond" I possess one, given to me by

the publisher. However, it had its value, for in January, 1888, a copy of this work fetched, at a book sale at Sotheby's rooms, the extraordinary sum of £10 9s., and I have since seen another copy advertised at £10 15s. Since then it has been again published in a collection of her poems, if her *verses* can be called "poems."

Robert Curzon.

I was once staying at a country house where Robert Curzon was one of the guests; it was just after he had published his *Monasteries of the Levant.* Our hostess—remarkable for her wit—said to him one day—

"I suppose you mean to give me a copy of your book, Mr. Curzon?"

"No, indeed, I don't," said he; "I don't give copies to any one."

"Is that your last word?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well, then," she rejoined, "I'll tell you what I shall do; I shall buy a copy, and I'll lend it to *every*body."

Mr. Curzon brought with him a Mahomedan servant, whom he had imported, and who was very faithful to his master; wherever he went, this man always slept on a mat outside his master's door.

At first our hostess's servants did not relish the idea of having a "black," as they chose to term him, among them, but he was a humorous fellow, and in the end became a great favourite in the servants' hall.

After Mr. Curzon had left, their mistress asked them how they had got on with his coloured valet; they confessed to being much grieved at his departure, and one of the footmen remarked, he "had no idea a Turkey could be so much like a Christian."

George Cruikshank.

I once met old George Cruikshank on an interesting occasion, viz., at the Charterhouse, where Dr. Richardson was to give a very picturesque and entertaining, illustrated lecture on Stephen Gray, the electrician: he was a Charterhouse worthy, and *really* the discoverer of the electric telegraph,

though unfortunately he did not carry his researches deep enough, nor work his experiment far enough to make it practical, for he stopped at seventy yards instead of conveying the communication round the world. As it is always *le premier pas qui coûte*, poor Stephen Gray may be said to have opened and paved the road which his successors (who gained all the glory) had only to walk along ; but is not this the too frequent fate of inventors ?

The lecture over, our party, consisting of Dr. Richardson, George Cruikshank and his wife, Madame Parkes Belloc and myself, were conducted over the building and enlightened on some very interesting details of its history, after which we took tea with the Principal and others who had also been invited to the lecture. Returning by rail in the same carriage, I was most agreeably entertained by the chat I had with Cruikshank. As he was born in 1792, he must have been over eighty, and had something of the garrulity of age, in which I rejoiced, as all he said was worth hearing. He told me he had been one of those who joined the original volunteer movement when he was eighteen years of age ; a French invasion being to him a *bête-noire* from his early youth upwards. He said that from the time he could hold a pencil, his great delight had been drawing political caricatures, and he then began his artistic career under Fuseli at the Royal Academy. Napoleon I., he added, had been a fortune to him, and he had turned him inside out and outside in, till the subject—if so arbitrary a despot could be called a " subject "—was thoroughly exhausted. He had no friendly feeling for that *parvenu* Emperor, and spoke bitterly and contemptuously of his selfish, merciless character.

Probably it was this feeling that inspired him with the desire again to join the Volunteers in the hope of helping to frustrate the threatened invasion of England by the second Emperor, *Napoléon le Petit*. When, however, he shared in the revival of the Volunteer movement he was thereby

brought into an unlooked-for misfortune: he had at that time realized a very comfortable little independence, but fell into sad pecuniary difficulties through the dishonesty of the adjutant of his regiment: Ruskin, it seems, was moved with pity at seeing him in so woful a plight and under the weight of advancing years; and, by way of helping him without giving him offence, ordered of him a quantity of caricature sketches, paying him for them in advance at the rate of five-and-twenty pounds each: nothing could be more generous and delicate than this mode of proceeding, and it proved of great service to poor old "George," whose vanity was flattered by this practical appreciation of his talent, at the same time that his purse was filled by the liberality of his benefactor.

Cruikshank told me that the period of his life he had enjoyed most was that during which he was engaged in illustrating books for children, especially the old traditional nursery folk-lore. *The Political House that Jack Built* seemed to have been one of his favourite productions; but I think he piqued himself more on the ingenuity and also the success of his Temperance pictures than on any of his other achievements. In fact, he seemed to have got "Temperance" on the brain, as it became quite a craze with him; he used to say, and no doubt to believe, that the publicans, in order to entice drinkers within their doors, sprinkled the threshold and door-posts with spirits. No wonder he earned the *sobriquet* of "Teetotal George"!

When he came to talk of his illustrations to the earlier numbers of Dickens's works, I expressed my conviction that by his clever conception of the different characters, his pencil had done more than the author's pen, to attract the public and to fix them on the reader's mind; and indeed it is more than probable that the popularity of this author was in great measure due to the irresistible humour of the spirited and telling sketches which accompanied them. I found him, however, fully alive

to the merit of his own work, and when he added that he considered Dickens and Ainsworth *his* auxiliaries and not himself, *theirs*, he spoke without any kind of affectation, as simply giving utterance to a foregone conclusion.

I have met these two popular writers as well as their illustrator, and certainly found him the most interesting of the three. Cruikshank died in 1878.

Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens was once by chance my fellow-traveller on the Boulogne packet; travelling with him was a lady not his wife, nor his sister-in-law, yet he strutted about the deck with the air of a man bristling with self-importance: every line of his face and every gesture of his limbs seemed haughtily to say—"Look at me; make the most of your chance. I am the great, the *only*, Charles Dickens; whatever I may choose to do is justified by that fact."

When we landed, the luggage (after the clumsy fashion of that day) was tumbled into a long rough shed and placed on a counter to be searched. I happened to be near the spot on which the "great man's" boxes had been deposited, and as he walked up to surrender his keys—

"Owner?" inquired the Custom-house officer, briefly and bluffly.

"I am," answered the only Dickens, in a consequential tone.

"Name?" said the official, as bluntly as before.

"*Name!*" repeated the indignant proprietor of the same, "'what NAME?'—did you say?" reiterated he, in a voice which meant—"Why don't you *look* at me instead of asking such an absurd question?" But the man stood there stolidly, with his lump of chalk in his hand waiting for the answer, which *had* to come, *nolens volens*: "Why! CHARLES DICKENS, to be sure!"

To Master Dickens's mortification, the name and the tone alike failed to produce any impression on the preoccupied official, who continued unmoved the dull routine of his duty: had the *douanier* been one of the other sex, the result might have been different.

A friend of mine whose countenance—perhaps it was the cut of his beard—might by a stretch of imagination be said to bear some resemblance to that of Charles Dickens, told me that having lunched at a Station-refreshment-bar one day, he had drawn out his purse to settle the account, when the "young lady" of the counter, with bashful gestures, absolutely declined accepting any payment; she had shown herself obsequiously attentive, and now begged he would freely help himself to anything he required "free, gracious, for nothing." His astonishment was great, and was not diminished when he found that he had been actually mistaken for Charles Dickens, and in that character was not required to liquidate his expenses! He hastened to assure the sentimental barmaid that if, which he begged to doubt, he resembled the people's novelist in feature, he entirely differed from him in principle, and had no wish to avail himself of adventitious circumstances to shirk payment of a just debt.

As a rule, the private life of a public man ought perhaps to be protected from the curiosity of the world; but when, having made himself a public man, he has the bad taste to parade the unwarrantable acts of his private life so as to give public scandal, his conduct cannot escape criticism, and with it, the censure it has earned.

It is very possible that the wife of Charles Dickens may, in consequence of his own altered proclivities and position subsequently to his marriage, have become unsuited to *him*, but should that have been visited upon *her?* None who know the history of her outraged life, can respect Dickens as a man, however much they may admire him as a writer. The members of his family held their own views as to his heartlessness; for, even allowing for the lowness of his antecedents and origin, his deficient education and his recognized lack of the instincts of a gentleman, no one can afford to overlook his immoral life, his unchastened vanity, and selfishness, and the presumption with which he blazoned

forth his indifference to the feelings of those he injured, to the opinion of the world, and to the sacredness of his own vows.

Yet this is the man whose delinquencies the world chooses to ignore because he amuses them, and of whom Mr. T. A. Trollope can write as follows :—" . . . He was a hearty man, a large-hearted man, that is to say, he was perhaps the largest-hearted man I ever knew. . . . His benevolence, his active, energizing desire for good to all God's creatures, and restless anxiety to be in some way active for the achieving of it, were unceasing and busy in his heart ever and always !" This writer evidently tried to say the best he could of him, but at the expense of what simple folk would call truth and honesty.

I think it was in *The Daily News* I saw a letter from Mr. Wemyss Reid giving an account of the grandmother of Charles Dickens to the effect that "old Mrs. Dickens was housekeeper at Crewe in the time of the first Lord Crewe—grandfather of the present holder of the title, and of the first Lady Houghton, his sister. I well remember," says the writer, "Lady Houghton speaking to me with enthusiasm of Mrs. Dickens's powers as a story-teller. It was her delight, as a child, to listen to the tales which the old lady was able to relate with so much dramatic force and feeling ; and it was with the greatest interest that, later on in life, Lady Houghton recognized in the illustrious author of *David Copperfield*, the grandson of the favourite of her childhood."

"Old Mrs. Dickens had one grievance which Lady Houghton still recalled when she told me about her. It was the conduct of her son John—Charles's father—against whose idleness and general incapacity she was never tired of inveighing."

Harrison Ainsworth.

Of that once popular writer, Harrison Ainsworth, I have an earlier recollection. I used to meet him in society in my far-off youth, and once happening to sit next him at a dinner, I remember being struck with the occasional flashes

which lighted up his features and added a brilliancy to his conversation. Such readers of his historical romances as survive will recognize this phase of his character; but his works, notwithstanding the warmth with which they were welcomed are now almost numbered with things of the past, and it is doubtful whether the present generation is much acquainted even with their titles. The signal success they met with at the time, was in a great measure owing to the refreshing change they brought in the light literature of the day. Readers were satiated with sentimental love stories, and Harrison Ainsworth wisely seized the opportunity to introduce a description of novel which should develop a new class of interest. The fascination of his style won upon the reader, and each successive production was eagerly looked for and enthusiastically received. Thus, it was not long before the author had raised himself to an enviable social, as well as financial position. His origin and antecedents had been but humble, and his early life was one of considerable drudgery, so that his advancement was due entirely to his own courage, initiative, intelligence, and industry. Ainsworth was necessarily, when he first started in a literary career, a superficial writer, his education having been of a very imperfect character, but he was clever enough, in writing historical romances, to present his heroes as partly creations of his own imagination, and his events as simply *founded* on fact. Writing led to reading, and as he advanced he gradually made himself master of History "as she is written" and accepted—though probably Harrison Ainsworth's versions have as much truth in them as any of the accredited historical records in which we are taught to believe: Byron's opinion of "History, that great liar," was not far wrong.

Ainsworth's poetry, signed "Cheviot Tichborne," appeared in the desultory form of fugitive pieces in the periodicals of his early days, but though it led him to the ladder of fame, did not much aid him in mounting it, and is now altogether

forgotten, though the "poetical license" he allowed himself with historical personages and events, speaks well for the fertility of his imagination. As he wrote for the million, sensationalism was *de rigueur*, and taking two notorious highwaymen for the heroes of two of his novels, he manipulated their adventures with so much skill, vigour, and romance, that these volumes became the best known and the most popular of his works. They were subsequently dramatized and attracted crowds to the theatres, so successfully had the author drawn to these criminals, the interest and sympathy of the populace.

Happily, having had their run, *Dick Turpin* and *Jack Sheppard* fell into oblivion, but it was only temporarily; for, strange to say, at the very time when the lower orders were being inevitably demoralized by the perpetration of a series of crimes of unexampled boldness and atrocity, and the whole of society was more or less disorganized by their horrible mysteriousness, the adventures of the desperate highway robber were resuscitated, and the former drama was once more put on the stage with every accessory that could render it attractive!

However, we must do the author the justice to say that all his romances were not of this character; some indeed shine by the healthiness of their tone, and justify the pride taken in him by the inhabitants of Manchester, who remembering the unpretentious character of his early occupations as compared with the brilliancy of his later circumstances, considered he had cast a lustre on his native city, and availed themselves of the first appropriate occasion to give a public dinner in his honour, at which they showed him every mark of kindly appreciation.

I can recall Harrison Ainsworth's physique, which was remarkable; he was a fine, tall, handsome, well-whiskered fellow, with a profusion of chestnut curls, and bore himself with no inconsiderable manifestation of self-consciousness. There was a certain want of refinement in his manner as

well as his appearance, which would perhaps have been less noticeable had he not set up for a double of d'Orsay, to whom he may be said to have borne some resemblance; but it was a very coarsened copy, sometimes almost a caricature. This particularly applies to the absurdly exaggerated mode he adopted of throwing out his chest and exhibiting a large expanse of dazzlingly white shirt-front, planished, decorated with jewelled studs, and emerging from a *gilet en cœur* which followed in material and pattern, whatever d'Orsay had pleased to adopt; it was therefore generally very gorgeous: all this would, however, have been incomplete had not the wearer acquired the peculiar d'Orsay knack of throwing open his coat to display the long-considered detail; and here it was, the difference between the two men was seen. D'Orsay knew how to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," and, however studied his toilette, never appeared conscious of what he was wearing, whereas his imitator did not, perhaps could not, contrive to conceal the fact that he was trying to produce an effect, and that his thoughts were more or less occupied about it, all the time.

As years went on, Harrison Ainsworth married, and ultimately became a steady old paterfamilias. This *ci-devant élégant* lived on to the age of eighty-one, and died a broken-down, but venerable, snow-headed old man.

Hepworth Dixon.

In the career of Ainsworth's contemporary, Hepworth Dixon, there were many points of similarity to his own; but not in his stature or appearance, for there was nothing imposing in Dixon's exterior. Both rose from humble origins and the drudgery of commonplace occupations, neither having been destined for a literary position, and both climbed into literature by laborious steps. Both started with the expedient of supplying poetical contributions to second-rate (and now long defunct) periodicals, but though these effusions are buried and forgotten it was their tombstones that constituted the steps by which their writers ultimately attained to fame.

Dixon's ambition brought him early to the Metropolis, where he took both life and literature more seriously than his contemporary historical romancist, for he not only wrote historical works of a graver and more practical character, but he mounted the platform as an historical lecturer. This was a mistake, for although a painstaking and conscientious writer, he possessed none of those personal accessories indispensable to effective oratory, and did not shine in elocution, his delivery being deficient and his voice unsuited for public speaking.—

"Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens."

He was not a scholar, but, being gifted with more than average intelligence, a certain breadth of mind, and indomitable energy, he took the initiative in many important public measures, devoting time, thought, and ingenuity to philanthropic reforms, and advocating them ably with his pen. Like Harrison Ainsworth, he was an extraordinarily voluminous writer, but he was not always accurate, though he read and studied his subject diligently.

I remember hearing his lecture on the *Tower of London*, delivered at the Royal Institution, and was not the only listener who found it disappointing.

Dixon, from being on the staff of *The Athenæum* became its editor. He distinguished himself by his papers on schools, reformatories, and prisons, and was an advocate for public "education"; but, like many others who started the idea on a common-sense basis, would certainly be very much horrified at his participation in that ill-managed movement if he could see the abuses by which it has been, and is being, turned into a disaster instead of a benefit.

Being of a Nonconformist race he busied himself much about Dissenters, and took considerable trouble to prove that William Penn was not Thomas Penn, though the result of his labours was far from satisfactory.

It is probable that Hepworth Dixon did not get full credit

for all there was in him; he impressed one as being slight and superficial, though his writings betray considerable erudition, . . . or—a vast amount of "cram." But what writer is there who retains in his mind the knowledge imparted in his pages? Even the great lexicographer, when questioned on derivations or orthography, was wont to refer the inquirers to his dictionary. Dixon's last *completed* work was a pamphlet to prove—not like Archbishop Whately's celebrated logical *tour de force*, that Napoleon I. never personally existed, but that Napoleon III. never intended to invade England. This was hardly worth proving, for such an "intention" could not possibly be of the least importance . . . to England; it was one of those possibilities which "might have been unfortunate for the coo."

Hepworth Dixon's visit to the Salt Lake (for he seems to have travelled in all directions) and his researches among the Mormons supplied matter for a very interesting volume, containing elaborate details as to the surprising number of sects and tenets he studied; the most curious, perhaps, being that which has assumed the self-satisfied title of "Perfectionists," whose practice would undoubtedly find favour in the present day, supported by a code of morals which seems to solve the enigma of Plato's republic, and enjoins a community of wives!

His book called *Spiritual Wives*, however, gave great umbrage to British propriety and considerably damaged its author's popularity; but this only afford another proof of the subjectivity of things, seeing that, at the present time, we, as a civilized community, have got on so fast that, a few years after, we are publicly discussing the expediency of the marriage bond! Now, therefore, that we have improved away all the old-fashioned social scruples which once regarded the influences of family-life as essential, it is probable that a new edition of Hepworth Dixon's once ostracised work would prove a lucrative speculation. This must depend, however, upon the social influence of those

demoralized beings who are doing their little best to write up the merits and advantages of "Free Love"!

Hepworth Dixon contrived to get on in society, though his manner was not altogether agreeable, and he undoubtedly made enemies by his vanity and his too palpable attempts to be cleverly satirical. As long as he edited *The Athenæum* he could fire off his smart criticisms with effect, but once deprived of literary power he began to find he must abandon his reputation for "smartness." He was not a really ill-natured man, but could not resist the self-gratification of showing off his wit. However, the last few years of his life came burdened with so much sorrow that we forget the asperities of his character in a profound commiseration for his misfortunes. We see him sitting despondently, like Job, in all the depression of sorrow, age, and ill-health, while one messenger follows another with the announcement of a fresh disaster, mercilessly fallen upon him. He had imprudently—but who does not commit financial imprudences?—invested all his savings in Turkish Bonds and his loss was disastrous; while trying to supplement the little he had left, by a new work he was preparing for the press (*Old Windsor*), his house in St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park, was blown up by the explosion on the Canal; in the midst of these misfortunes he received news of the death of his eldest daughter, followed by that of the sudden death of his eldest son.

With a courage, we cannot but admire, he sought distraction in work; but while sitting up in his sick-bed, correcting his proof-sheets, he suddenly expired.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

A writer of this date, whose daughter I knew, but only after her father's death, was Winthrop Mackworth Praed. This daughter married a Greek and left the country some years ago. I always regretted not having met her father, whose poems are (for the most part) really poems, full of grace, taste, humour, and feeling, and deserve to be better known. A friend of mine, a distinguished Indian General, told me that once, when a boy of twelve, he was so smitten

with a poem of Praed's, which appeared in some periodical or annual, that he ventured to write to its author and express his delight. To his immense gratification, the poet condescended to reply, and most kindly, to his boyish effusion. He had always kept this answer which he once showed me; I am sorry I did not take a copy of it. Alas! he is dead now, and Praed passed away in 1839. It is to be deplored that so much that this poet wrote should have become irretrievably buried in the forgotten pages of ephemeral publications.

Mrs. Jameson.

I was once, many years ago, in company with Mrs. Jameson, who did not personally realize the idea I had previously formed of her. Her conversation in itself was pleasant in tone and matter, but was just conventional enough to suggest something of the *poseuse;* this may have been the result of that species of nervousness which sometimes besets the very individuals one would expect to find the most self-possessed; those who knew her well, have told me that her disposition was extremely amiable; her position in the world of art and literature was a fully recognized one, and such as to supersede any need to affect false modesty on the one hand, or self-sufficiency on the other.

I never saw Mr. Jameson, who seems to have had little or no qualification to entitle him to celebrity of any kind, and can have been known only as "Mrs. Jameson's husband." As far as I recollect, they married under the auspices of some common friend, who persuaded them they were "made for each other," but a very few weeks proved that she knew nothing about the matter, for Mr. Jameson having obtained a business, or Government, appointment at Toronto betook himself thither, leaving his bride behind him, thus rather abruptly terminating a brief honeymoon. After a time she was persuaded to join him as a matter of duty; but although she at once complied with the suggestion and went, she had reason to find that, for the second time, her matrimonial adviser had put her on a wrong track: a reunion did not

take place, although, having crossed the Atlantic, she remained in Canada some time.

Mrs. Jameson's ability as a writer, though widely recognized, did not suffice to place her in independent circumstances; her father, Mr. Murphy, a clever miniaturist, and patronized by the Princess Charlotte, had left her and her three sisters in a position far from affluent; the youngest alone married, and as the other two grew older, Mrs. Jameson thought it right to assist them, and behaved with great liberality, so that finally her circumstances became very much embarrassed and she had little besides her small pension from the Civil List to depend on. This pension was, after her death, through the exertions of friends, continued to, and divided between, the two unmarried sisters who had long been dependent upon her. Mrs. Jameson's friends, who were not only numerous, but zealous in her behalf, joined in getting up for her a testimonial fund and succeeded in collecting £1,000, with which, I believe, an annuity was purchased. She was then sixty-five, and the arrangement proved an unfortunate one, as she survived it only two years.

I have heard an anecdote on the subject of this testimonial, but think it must be apocryphal, to the effect that as soon as the sum had rounded itself off into £1,000, Mrs. B. W. Procter undertook to communicate to her this result, asking her at the same time if she would like to have it in the form of a diamond bracelet. If this could possibly be true, Mrs. Jameson must have been strangely puzzled at a suggestion so violently out of character with the circumstances, but it is said that she replied—"Let me enjoy the pleasure of gratitude."

At the time of her death Mrs. Jameson was engaged on an elaborate work—*The Illustrated Life of Our Lord*, subsequently completed by Lady Eastlake. Mrs. Jameson had a niece who was married to Mr. Macpherson, the much-approved photographer in Rome. She was a bright, pleasant

little woman, an excellent wife and mother, and popular among English and American visitors to the Eternal City. She died comparatively young, but survived her husband two or three years.

Mrs. Oliphant.

I met this niece not long before her death, which was quite unexpected, during a visit she paid to England, at the house of Mrs. Oliphant (the popular and attractive writer) at Windsor; Madame Parkes Belloc was there, and it proved a very pleasant little luncheon party. Mrs. Oliphant was charming, amiable, and *spirituelle*, and, as we all knew Rome, all had interesting notes to compare. Mrs. Oliphant's house was delightful in its unconventionality, consisting of two small tenements thrown into one, with the happiest result, and furnished tastefully and with much artistic feeling.

Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy.

A few years ago Sir Thomas and Lady Hardy were residing at a pretty villa surrounded with its own grounds, not far from "The Priory" in St. John's Wood: their Saturday evenings were planned to assemble a small gathering of literary, and often (it must be admitted) *other*, acquaintances, accustomed to meet each other and to be welcomed by the genial smile of old Sir Thomas: though ageing rapidly—for he was born with the century—he retained all his faculties, and with them the quick intelligence which had long distinguished him, first in his preparation, and then in his practical performance, of his official work. No one could have been chosen, the employment of whose previous life had been a better preparation for the duties which fell to him; he seemed to have been born with a taste for archæology. Even as a boy, his great delight was in palæography, and he showed the greatest perseverance in puzzling out and deciphering ancient MSS., inscriptions, and hieroglyphics; the care of public papers could, therefore, hardly have been committed to more appropriate hands. Petrie had given him valuable help, and on the retirement of that able functionary, Hardy undertook the compilation of the *Munimenta Historica*,

and while at the Tower arranged several issues of reports on the Public Records: when, in 1861, Sir Francis Palgrave was removed by death, the post of Deputy-Custodian of the Public Records was given to him. It was then that he began the compilation of his admirable Catalogue, with an invaluable description of certain documents held by him, to serve as materials for a history of Great Britain and Ireland. His Catalogue of the Lords Chancellors, Keepers of the Great Seal, is also a most accurate and useful work.

It was Sir Thomas who pointed out to the Master of the Rolls the importance of forming the "Rolls Series," of critical editions of the old Chronicles, on account of their bearing on English history, and who persuaded him to take the matter in hand.

Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy died in 1878, but not till he had achieved an honourable reputation as having rendered considerable public service in his official duties, which he carried out with accuracy, intelligence, and conscientiousness. In private society he was charming: gentle, amiable, and, though always full of information, as simple as a child.

Lady Hardy, his second wife, whom I knew, was the writer of many popular novels, and their daughter, still surviving, pursues the same class of literature as her mother. Sir Thomas's health became feeble, and required great care; Lady Hardy was so observant of all that could affect it, that, among other precautions, she carefully regulated his hours of rest, and her Saturday receptions were limited to the interval between eight and eleven o'clock. Of the *strict* observance of this rule due notice was given; but at the striking of the latter hour, the gas was rigidly turned off, as well, I may add, as the company: in summer, the evenings were partly spent out of doors in the grounds.

Thomas Carlyle.

I often met Carlyle in the London Library, of which he was President, and never saw him without renewed interest of a certain kind; his peculiarities were *so* peculiar. Philoso-

phical as were his written sentiments, one would have expected to find in his life some practical trace of their elevated tone. Alas! this correspondence between words and actions was far from accurate in his case; and even if his confidential biographer had not completed the disillusion, the self-betrayals in his last will and testament would have sufficed to disclose important and suggestive traits of character.

The curt mode in which Henry Greville dismisses this worthy, in a paragraph of his Memoirs, is as good a satire as ever was made on a pseudo-philosopher: "Dined at the Ashburtons, where met Carlyle, whom I had never seen before. He talks the broadest Scotch, and appears to have coarse manners, but might perhaps be amusing at times."

Carlyle, however, to give him his due, certainly did behave with singular philosophy on the very trying occasion when J. Stuart Mill, having undertaken to read over the manuscript of the third volume of his *History of the French Revolution*, came one day in utter consternation to tell him "it had somehow got destroyed!"

Mill's voice was so broken and his countenance so disturbed when he made this terrible communication, that Carlyle, touched by his distress, magnanimously resolved that he should never know how serious the matter was to him. He had written it off *currente calamo* (after profoundly studying the subject, and reading every trustworthy authority he could find) entirely from the impression received from this variety of sources, and had not kept a single note to refer to for matter that could help him to rewrite it; indeed, more than a year passed before he could make up his mind to go to work upon it again. He finally did take it up, however, and with what success, an admiring public knows.

This incident in Carlyle's life deserves to be not only recorded, but considered. It suggests a compensating

feature in that gnarled character which betrayed itself so unmistakeably on his gnarled face.

It is curious to note in the Life and Correspondence of Lord Houghton, the high estimation in which Carlyle was held by him; his regard and admiration cannot but seem exaggerated, especially now that we know so much more of the "Chelsea philosopher's" real character.

Many of the quaint and clever things put forth by Carlyle deserve to be treasured; but among them not one shows more common sense than his remark that "any book found to be published without an index should be immediately put into the fire." It is a curious fact that Carlyle could not find a publisher for his *Sartor Resartus*. He hawked it about to every member of the profession; and it was only after publishing fragments of it in *Fraser* that he could get it taken at all, and then on very disadvantageous terms: yet nothing can be more admirable or more fascinating than Carlyle's *theoretical* philosophy, well exemplified in his *Past and Present*.

Lytton Bulwer.

Among the guests who used in my youth to frequent a beautiful villa on the Thames, occupied by an old family friend, were some of the fast and fashionable celebrities of the times. Of these I remember, among others, Count d'Orsay, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Dillon Browne, Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer and their young daughter Emily, then about ten years old. The host also had a daughter called Emily, of about the same age, and, being an engaging child, she was much noticed by "the author of *Pelham*," as he liked to be called. One day he took the child on his knee, which proved a not very comfortable seat; for, though much of a dandy, he was tall and gaunt, and his knees were probably bony. The little girl, therefore, presently shyly asked if she might get down.

"Get down, my dear!" he replied. "Eh? Yes, if you wish it; but I can tell you there are a great many young ladies who would not at all object to find themselves where you are."

One day, when calling at the house later on, he found its mistress on the sofa, deeply engaged in a book.

"What have you got there that interests you so much?" said he.

"*The School for Husbands*," she answered.

"You don't mean to say," he replied, "that you consider lite long enough to waste it on such unmitigated trash!"

"Oh! but I assure you, Sir Edward, I consider it very

E L Bulwer

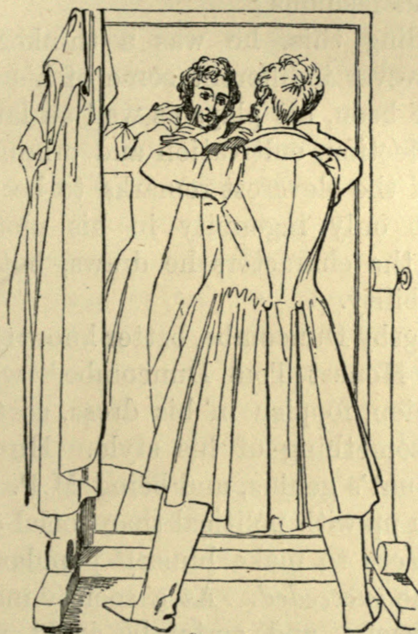
clever, very smart, and witty. You should look at it again, and you would discover that you have quite misappreciated it."

"No, thank you; I have neither read, nor do I intend to read, that wretched book; and you may rely upon it, if you have found any sense within the covers, those pages are not by the *soi-disant* author." *

* The "author" in question was Lady Bulwer.

To the best of my recollection, Lady Bulwer had not a winning expression, though some may have considered her handsome. Her hair, as well as that of the little girl, might by courtesy have been called "auburn," but had a strong inclination to that more rubicund hue not always admired in this country. This child was their only daughter, and died in 1848.

If Sir Edward was bitter against his wife, she on her side



BULWER SHAVING.

was not sparing of harsh terms when speaking of *him;* and she certainly lost some sympathy she might have won from the world by taking this line, although her sarcasms were often cleverly expressed. She did not shine as an author, nor did she publish more than two books, the one named above, and one called (though apparently it did not prove) *Very Successful.* But they seemed to be written for a

special purpose, and so, perhaps, no other end was aimed at by their author.

Bulwer was in his earlier life much noted for his affectation, and much smiled at for the frequent introduction of the engraving of his bust as a frontispiece to his books. He delighted in being thought original, followed many Oriental customs, and assumed Eastern costumes. Strange to say, he openly avowed his preference for pipes over cigars, and went in for other fashionable vices—or shall we call them vicious fashions?

Notwithstanding this, he was a thinker as well as a writer, and however indifferent some of his earlier productions may have been, his plays as well as later novels give evidence of reflection, cultivation and originality. He has written some of the cleverest remarks to be found in print, and shows not only ingenuity in his plots and shrewd observation in the characters he draws, but great literary and scholarly ability.

T. Slingsby Duncombe.

Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, better known as "Tom Duncombe," and "Honest Tom Duncombe," was, to the best of my recollection, foppish in his dress, as tall as d'Orsay and affecting something of his style. He had, however, none of the Count's genius, and being M.P. (for Finsbury), was more taken up with political than social considerations; he not only *strove* to make himself popular with his constituents, but he *succeeded*. As a society man, he obtained a certain notoriety, and certainly could not have been numbered among the saints of his day: he and Dillon Browne were among the numerous intimate admirers of the beautiful and bewitching Madame Vestris. At one of the dinners referred to above, in a *sotto voce* conversation between the two, the latter was heard to relate how he had once asked that lady to choose him some shirts. Nothing loth to exhibit her taste and her indifference to expense, she selected a dozen at three guineas each, and ordered them to be sent to him—with the bill, of course.

The gentleman was obliged, as the French say, to execute himself with grace, and had to pay the thirty-six guineas she had let him in for.

"By Jove!" answered Tom Duncombe, "the very trick she served *me*!"

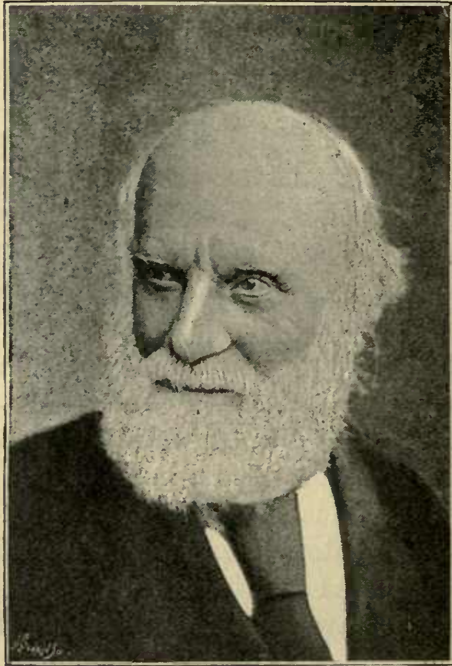
What else could they expect of a woman who cost the Duke of B—— £7,000 in one year, for violets alone, with which her house was perfumed from garret to cellar, all through the winter.

Dr. Samuel Birch, the Egyptologist.

I enjoyed the privilege of many years' acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, our great Egyptologist and Oriental scholar generally. His celebrity is too widely spread to need any observation of mine thereon; but I must add my testimony to such as have already written of him, to the effect that he was a very remarkable man; remarkable, indeed, for the gentleness, modesty, and thorough simplicity of his character; for his utter unconsciousness of his own worth, and his complete neglect to make capital of it. So simple, unassuming, and unaffected was his manner, that, until made aware of the fact, no one could ever have suspected what a wealth of knowledge he possessed. The record of Dr. Birch's published works—all invaluable adjuncts to Oriental philology, history, and art—is astoundingly voluminous for one man's life-work, especially as he is always accurate and trustworthy, and would have published nothing, the sources of which he had not ransacked to their inmost depths. His mind held a firm grasp of all he had studied, and his eye had been trained to so correct an appreciation of MSS. and works of art, that it was with the utmost confidence he was entrusted with missions to search into and appraise the value of antiques and rarities of whatever kind, under contemplation as purchases for the Museum.

I was greatly amused one day when—having received from a friend some wonderfully skilful pseudo-twelfth-century reliquaries which that gentleman was much tempted to pur-

chase, and which he had sent me for competent inspection and inquiry—I carried them to the Museum, and, going up to Dr. Birch's private room, begged his attention for a moment to some "antiques" on which his opinion was sought. Then opening the parcel, I had scarcely uncovered one corner when he gently put out his hand to stop any further proceeding, saying in his quiet, deliberate way, and with a half-smile, "Oh, those are forgeries."



DR. SAMUEL BIRCH, THE EGYPTOLOGIST.

I could not suppress a laugh, as I replied, "Oh, Dr. Birch! How can you pronounce such a rash judgment, when you haven't even seen the things?"

"I assure you," he answered, in the same calm way, "I do not need to see any more; I know them quite well."

"What! You've seen them before?"

"Yes; that is, not these; but others from the same moulds. They are very well done, and the *ærugo* on them

is most successfully produced. They were forged about twenty years ago, and were represented as dug up in Suffolk."

"Well, I certainly had these sent me from that part of the world, and, as you say, they appear to be very well imitated; for, although I did not intend to return them without your inspection, I have already shown them to Mr. ——, who is supposed to be an authority, and he pronounced them genuine and great curiosities."

I don't know that I need add that Dr. Birch's half-glance was of more service than the thorough examination of the other "authority," who had kept the objects in question for a couple of days.

Dr. Birch was a man of most winning address, genial and hospitable to a degree, receiving with graceful simplicity, and never so pleased as when surrounded by the cultivated guests he had the art of assembling at his table. I remember one dinner he gave, at which we were twenty-four, to celebrate *his* seventieth and his youngest child's seventh birthday. Unfortunately for his friends, his innate modesty and his too retiring disposition led him to put *them* forward in conversation, while his own rich stores of knowledge remained comparatively out of sight, or rather out of hearing.

Going one bright summer afternoon to see him at the British Museum, I found him hard at work in his room, and on my noticing his laborious task, and inquiring into the extent of it, he rose and took me through the new gallery then all but completed, and where the cases already contained countless Egyptian and other antiquities, not one of which was as yet catalogued; "that," said he, "is work cut out for a long time to come," and he walked on, pointing out to me in detail one object after another with a readiness and acumen really marvellous even to one as much impressed with the scope of his information as myself.

Observing that he looked worn and tired, I said, "Come now, I called to-day on purpose to get you out of your shut-up room into the fine summer atmosphere."

"Oh! indeed, that is impossible," said he, "I have work I must do to-day," and he seemed determined to stick to it; in the end I persuaded him that he was too jaded to do any *good* work that day, and at last got him out. I then proposed he should accompany me to see an old friend, General Sir James Alexander, who lived in the neighbourhood, and a very interesting visit it proved. The General and his daughter had just received from a friend in China a consignment of most curious goods, among all of which we found Dr. Birch quite "at home." One was a magnificent hand-embroidered satin State dress, intended for a lady, the satin, though all silk, was like a board for stiffness, and the embroidery was worked in flossy silks of the richest dyes, and in most original patterns; the lining was as carefully and as tastefully finished as the exterior, and it had no "seamy side." There were fans of exquisite workmanship in boxes of costly inlaid tortoise-shell, mother o' pearl, and delicate woods, all highly polished and as conscientiously executed within as without. There were books full of the most wonderful patterns printed on silk paper, and several volumes of the most ludicrous caricatures and humorous sketches touched off with an unmistakably-artistic command of the pencil, or rather the pen; for though on the most delicate silk paper they were in Indian ink; each leaf was double, and the double edge formed the front of the book, the title of it being printed on the edges of the leaves instead of on the back * of the cover.

These volumes, it appears by Dr. Birch's explanation (for he was past master of Chinese literature), are arranged after the style of our comic illustrated papers, only the

* This is the fashion still followed in the library of the *Escorial*, where the gilded leaves are turned outwards, the name of each volume being stamped or marked on the surface they form when closed; the effect is very curious.

drawing was infinitely cleverer, a single touch in some of them resulting in an inimitably expressive effect.

Some of these sketches were rather *risqués*, and the letter-press was not always within the bounds prescribed as suited "*virginibus puerisque*," but the majority, and these were perhaps the cleverest, were perfectly admissible, and wonderfully ludicrous; the human types, however distorted, were all of Chinese nationality.

Dr. Birch was a very fair French scholar, and talked of the Paris of long ago where he frequented the *salon* of Mde. Recamier (*née* Bernard), whose beauty he described as then much on the wane. She lived on, however, many years after that, dying only in 1849. Madame Recamier's marriage was a very abnormal affair. It has been confidently stated that M. Jacques Rose Recamier was her father, and went through the ceremony of marriage with her, simply that he might thus protect her youth and beauty from the *demandes en mariage* of men to whom he would have objected to give her.

It may be remembered that a few years ago an extraordinary robbery of antique engraved precious stones took place under most mysterious circumstances from one of the cases at the British Museum. Not long after the theft, some of the stolen articles were offered for sale at the museums of Continental capitals, where, either because they were supposed not to be genuine, or were suspected as stolen, they did not meet with ready purchasers; on their being, however, taken to Amsterdam, the local authorities stopped the gems and communicated with various museums, among them with ours; Dr. Birch was at once sent over to identify the articles, and although they had been tampered with so as to materially change their appearance, he succeeded not only in recognizing and recovering the whole of them, but in bringing the thieves to justice. It was then found that the process by which they had been abstracted, must have been a very elaborate one, a key

having been made by the ingenious rascals expressly to open the case on which they had their eye. It had required many visits, and on crowded public days, to carry out this little game; first to examine the lock, then minutely to observe it in such a way as to be able to make a rough key that would go into the scutcheon at all, and subsequently to modify its detail so as to render it available. It was proved further, that even when they had succeeded in unlocking the case, they forebore making too large a haul at one time, helping themselves cautiously, and when favoured by the confusion of a large concourse of visitors.

It was delightful to see Dr. Birch playing with his little son, his youngest child by his third wife. Unfortunately for the boy, he was too much petted, and presuming upon this indulgence, took liberties which were more amusing than approvable, as the child was spirited and intelligent; in a spirit of fun he used always to address his father and to speak of him as "Dr. Birch." Probably an occasional birching would have been of use to him.

Dr. Birch was so zealous in his work, in which he took a real and (for his own health) too laborious interest, that it never occurred to him to spare himself; he never shortened his daily tasks by a single minute, and his holidays were very limited; in fact, if he spent one or more single days away from the Museum on account of any inevitable private or family business, he had to make it up when his short holiday of, I think, twenty-seven days came round. When I first knew him, and for a long time after, he had a delightful residence within the Museum enclosure, opposite that of his brother-in-law, Dr. Grey, Professor of Natural History; but the rules and regulations were so strict, requiring him, among other restrictions, to be in by an early hour at night, that he preferred paying the rent of a house of his own, where he might, in such respects, be his own master.

By this means he got, together with his liberty, a little more exercise, having to go to and from the Museum daily; but he had become prematurely aged from a long life of hard study and close work, and his health giving way under a bronchial attack, he died suddenly at the moment when, according to the doctors,* the disorder had taken a turn for the better. Dr. Birch died December 27, 1885.

I was among those who sadly, followed his remains to the grave: the service was simple, and its solemnity was relieved by choral music. The attendance of friends was large, and the coffin was hidden under an abundance of white flowers; the burial was at Highgate Cemetery.

It seems strange that all these great capabilities should have brought their possessor no more than £500 a year, a sum not only absurdly inadequate as a remuneration, but unfortunately disproportionate also to his requirements, for he had children by each of his marriages, and the British Museum does not supplement its salaries by granting pensions to widows and orphans.

The Poet Close.

Residents in, and most tourists to, "the Lake district," must have heard of, if they never saw, a curious individual whose harmless object appears to have been, to pass for a "character." In pursuance of this idea he called himself, and did his best to get others to call him, "The *Poet* Close"; and even went so far as to aspire to be considered "The Laureate of the Lakes," and to obtain a pension on that ground; but his claim for this title was founded on the quantity, and not the quality of his verse, and had there been a Professorship of Doggerel vacant he might fairly have been a candidate for it.

Ambitious as this *soi-disant* "poet" was, it never occurred to him to soar into loftier, or to stray into wider, regions than those which formed his immediate surroundings, and if

* Doctors,—apparently of the same school at the French *medico* who comforted a weeping widow after a similar fashion: "*Madame, vous avez toujours la consolation de savoir que votre mari est mort guéri.*"

ever he wrote an epic, the subject must have been taken from the exploits of local heroes, and the beauty of the Westmoreland maidens. "Poet Close" probably fancied himself a second Milton and, determining not to be a "mute, inglorious" one, let no occasion pass, by which he might build up a reputation, and he soon found himself the owner of one . . . such as it was. By levying black mail, on a principle of his own, on all those he could draw within his reach, and showing them up in versified satire if they did not purchase his works, he contrived to make a very comfortable livelihood.

It was at the landing-pier at Bowness that I had the honour of making the acquaintance of this satellite of the cluster of stars (of doubtful brilliancy) called "the Lake poets"; and truly the twaddle of some of these over-rated worthies bears a strong family resemblance to some of the inspirations of the "Poet Close."

After standing beside the poor old fellow's little bookstall and chaffing him for a quarter of an hour—which process he not only bore with responsive good humour, but was so pleased that he asked me my name and qualifications with a view, he assured me, of immortalizing me in his verse! I had so far won his favour that he tried to press on me, as one of the fraternity of letters, a copy of his book, but finally yielded to my persistence, and I honestly bought it; I did even more in expiation of my perhaps somewhat free jokes upon him, for I drew it from my pocket as soon as I was in the railway carriage and read several of the "poems." Being limited to his personal surroundings, they could not be very interesting to the general public, but was "Peter Bell" one whit more so?

Insignificant as this humble "Lake Poet" may have been, he was the cause of a party storm in that great Metropolis which he never saw and perhaps rarely thought of. Lord Palmerston, then at the head of affairs, was urged by a local magnate (M.P.) to confer a pension on Close "in con-

sideration of his services to literature," and taking it for granted that personal investigation of the merits of the case was not needed, acceded to the suggestion and enriched the *soi-distant* "Laureate" with £100 a year from the Civil List. The grant proved less gracious than it appeared, for soon after, the truth as to the problematical services "literature" had received, leaked out, and then it seemed only fair to more deserving applicants to withdraw the pension and bestow it more worthily. Doing and undoing are, alas! two very different processes, as we all have to learn, and to withdraw £100 a year from a man to whom it has been conceded as a reward for merits which he fully believes he can lay claim to, is not an easy task. The difficulty was therefore met by a compromise, and Close had to content himself with £50 a year for life, but thought himself a very hardly used man. It seemed to me (from the invidious tone he adopted towards the "other Lake Poets" whom he criticized unmercifully but not altogether unfairly) that he entertained a suspicion that the diminution of his allowance was the outcome of their jealousy.

Lord Houghton.

The life of Lord Houghton has been so exhaustively treated of, that it seems almost impossible to add anything new on the subject; nevertheless as the "grandmother" from whom the Milnes family derived their wealth, was my father's first cousin, I may correct an error which I see has crept into Mr. Wemyss Reid's otherwise tolerably accurate information on the family genealogy.

There were two Misses Busk, co-heiresses of Jacob Hans Busk, of Great Houghton, Yorks; one of these—Rachel—married Mr. Richard Slater Milnes; and her son, Richard Pemberton Milnes, was the father of Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton.

The other Miss Busk—Mary—also became "Mrs. Milnes," but by her marriage with Mr. James Milnes, a distant cousin of Richard Slater Milnes, and M.P. for Bletchingley. Mr. Wemyss Reid states in his memoir, that "Effingham" [he

probably means Egremont] House, Piccadilly, was the London house of Mr. Richard Pemberton Milnes," which is an entire mistake: not only did Lord Houghton himself once tell me that he had never lived there, but my father used to point out to me Egremont House—which had then become Cambridge House, and the residence of Lord Palmerston—as the mansion occupied in his youth by his cousin, Mrs. James Milnes, who used to give receptions there, which were honoured with the presence of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. He used to describe how, on these occasions, the doorsteps were covered with scarlet cloth, and how Mr. James Milnes came down himself and received His Royal Highness on the *perron*, carrying two wax candles in silver candlesticks, with which he walked upstairs, backwards, conducting the Prince. Egremont (not Effingham) House, is now the *Naval and Military Club*. Mrs. James Milnes, the sister of Mrs. Richard Slater Milnes, possessed splendid diamonds, which were so valuable that she kept a man at a salary of £500 a year to look after them; but if any were lost he bound himself to replace them. I don't know if this contingency ever occurred; but, for his own protection, he seems to have followed his lady like her shadow whenever she was wearing them, not only to theatres and all public places and to large private gatherings, but even when his patroness dined out, he watched her in and out of her carriage, and remained within the house as long as she was there.

Mrs. James Milnes's death took place before that of her sister Mrs. R. S. Milnes; she left no heirs, and the fortune of the latter and her family was still further increased thereby; for all the entailed property went to them; the personal property and the famous diamonds passed to the Milnes Gaskells and the Daniel Gaskells of Lupset and of Thornes House respectively—both in Yorkshire. Mr. James Milnes' sister was Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.

Great Houghton was a property of considerable extent and importance in the county of York, and Houghton

Hall was a dwelling of historical interest: it had belonged to Lord Strafford, and there is a family tradition that the black cloth with which the great vestibule was draped at the time of Lord Strafford's execution, was never removed until it dropped away by age. There were other relics of the period,—among them a silver salver used by Lord Strafford personally, up to the time of his death, and which, through Rachel Busk, came to her grandson Lord Houghton, and is still preserved at Fryston, the celebrated residence of three generations of the Milnes family.

I have a very distinct recollection of my father's cousin, Lord Houghton's grandmother, and when she was wearing widow's mourning she and two daughters came to see my father at our place in Kent. She was then very old and must have shrunk with age, as both she and her sister, Mrs. James Milnes, when young, were tall and well-grown women, joining in country sports and being famous for hunting and fishing: there was very little appearance of these physical antecedents at the time when I saw Mrs. Richard Slater Milnes.

Bull House, Leeds, was a freehold also belonging to my great uncle Jacob Hans Busk—the father of these ladies; there was a curious tradition about that house to the effect that its owner, having insured it for a large sum during fifty years, one day reckoning the amount it had cost him at compound interest, was so startled at the result of the calculation, that he determined to discontinue the expense, as there had never been any alarm of fire of any kind, during the whole of that time; strange to say, that very year—and, as usual, owing to the carelessness of one of the men-servants—the house took fire, and was burnt to the ground.

There is not much to be said about Lord Houghton that has not already been employed in composing the two volumes of his life (Wemyss Reid, 1891). A little anecdote he once related to me is curious: when presented to Louis Philippe in Paris as Mr. Milnes, the King wishing to get the name correctly, said, "How do you spell?" and when

Milnes had given him the letters M. i. l. n. e. s., His Majesty replied :

"Ah ! I remember, when I was in England, eating the best strawberries I ever tasted, at your place in Yorkshire, near the coal pits."

I once made a little tour with the archæological section of the British Association, Lord Houghton—then Monckton Milnes—being one of us. He spoke on the occasion, but I regret to say, this being many years ago, I quite forget both the subject and the discourse, though I remember the satisfaction his address afforded, and the just remarks made by those present on the universality of the speaker's knowledge.

Lord Houghton was a good reader and was fond of reading aloud his own poems to friends who dined with him. This was always a pleasure to the listeners, for his verse gained greatly by the intelligent emphasis with which he declaimed it. Lord Houghton's compositions are, as a rule, original and also graceful, and there is much freshness and poetry in his ideas, but his style has sometimes the appearance of being laboured and leaves the impression that what he wrote would have pleased better if *less* care had been bestowed on it; occasionally the sense seems to get muddled by superfluous re-writing; an author, retaining in his head his original idea, does not perceive this, and to him it seems still there, under what he conceives to be a better form of expression; as however, he has arrived at this, only after perhaps turning it upside down, and inside out, adding here, abstracting there, making changes in favour of harmony, which imperceptibly weaken the sense, the reader who has not the original notion to guide him, has to make an effort to disentangle it from the rhetorical refinements by which it has become concealed. It is the same with pictures . . . . *ut et pictura, poesis;* a sketch from nature, should never be touched.

Towards the close of his life, Lord Houghton's articulation became much impeded, a circumstance greatly deplored by

his friends. His sister, Lady Galway, was considered by many, the better reader of the two, and her ability as an artist was very considerable. The sketches she made during her last tour with Lord Houghton in the Holy Land, would adorn the portfolio of any professional landscape painter. Her death was very sad, being due to an accident.

Lord Houghton was an early member of Grillon's Club, so called because its *locale* was Grillon's Hotel; founded by members of Parliament in 1813, this club was purely literary and social: the intention of its founders being to establish a neutral ground on which men of all opinions could meet, politics were strictly excluded. The number of members was limited to two hundred, and as many as could attend met at Grillon's Hotel at a breakfast, every Wednesday during the parliamentary season. The fiftieth aniversary of the club was kept on May 6, 1863, and at that time there were only seven of the original members surviving.

It was among the original regulations that every member, on his marriage, should have his portrait painted by Slater and engraved by Lewis, and that a copy of the engraving should be presented to each of the other members. On Slater's death, George Richmond, that consummate master of the art of portrait-painting, was appointed to succeed him, with Holl as the engraver. In 1860, a collection of seventy-nine of these portraits was sold at Puttick's.

Financially, Lord Houghton may be said to have been among those whom Fortune loves to favour: the days of railway compensations are over; but, besides the large fortune brought into the family by his grandmother, Rachel Busk, a portion of her Yorkshire land, around and within the borough of Leeds, was bought up at fabulous prices, for the construction of railways, and also for building purposes consequent on the lines and their branches; the produce of these sales enabled Mr. Pemberton Milnes to restore the family fortunes, and to recoup himself for the sacrifice he

and his son had made in paying over £100,000 to clear off certain liabilities of their relative, Rodes Milnes.

The following lines by Lord Tennyson were published shortly after Lord Houghton's death:

"Oh! Great Appreciator! sorrow-wrought
'Tis in world-life thy epitaph we find,
A noble-feeling for it, wondrous kind,
Reciprocal delight in talent sought.

Honour him, for he knew what soaring thought
Told as it flashed on many-sided mind;
Rich friendships round his lettered life have twined—
To whom pure love of greatness, greatness brought

Gifted with sympathetic insight, he
With deep-set eyes, and twinkling with shrewd jest,
Discerned the aught or nought he met, could see
Where genius, merit or mere pride might be:
He knew and loved men! Giving of his best,
Host, patron, critic, poet! Let him rest!"

SOCIAL CELEBRITIES.

WOMEN.

"It is less difficult for a woman to obtain celebrity by her genius than to be pardoned for it."—BRISSOT.

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL CELEBRITIES.

WOMEN.

"Every woman who writes, has one eye on her manuscript and the other on some favourite of the opposite sex."—HEINRICH HEINE.

"The proper study of mankind is . . . Woman."—Not POPE.

IN my young days a book-writing woman was still regarded as a social phenomenon. If a woman were more highly cultivated than usual, she was called a "blue," * and considered a bore; men, as a rule, secretly sneered at her, and women, also as a rule, held her up to ridicule, while both, as a rule, avoided her, especially if

". . . She could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak."

The view they took was a narrow one, and except where learning rendered a woman arrogant or pedantic, it was also silly and unjust. We have changed all that now, and, up to a certain point, a woman is *preferred* for her cultivation. Should she presume on it, and thereby provoke the contempt or aversion of either sex, she cannot be said to get more than she deserves.

Mrs. Somerville.

The women who were regarded as "blue stockings" forty or fifty years ago, however, would probably attract very little attention now, unless it were those who distinguished themselves in a remarkable way, such as Miss Herschel or Mrs.

* Catalani, the singer, whose English was very funny, used to call a learned lady "a stocking blue."

Somerville. Of the last-named lady, who certainly inscribed her mark on the age, I remember entertaining a feeling of dread, and making a point of escaping whenever she called at our house; for there, as everywhere, she was held in the highest esteem, and as *The Mechanism of the Heavens* * occupied an essential place on our schoolroom bookshelves, I always apprehended the possibility of being put through it by, or in presence of, the authoress. This fear was entirely the effect of imagination, as no one could be less pretentious in manner, or more amiable and gentle in conversation, than Mary Somerville, though her scientific attainments were of so high an order, and the subjects she grasped and dealt with in so masterly a style, were rarely approached by her sex. Even scribbling women of far less exalted pretensions, and who, at the present day, would be regarded as something below the average social standard, came half a century ago, within the category of literary lionesses—admired by some and invidiously shunned by others.

Mrs. Elwood.

There were two daughters of Edward Jeremiah Curteis, of Windmill Hill, Sussex, M.P. for the county, who used to visit at our house. The more popular, and by far more elegant of the two, was married to Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart.; the other, who was decidedly plain and without personal distinction, was the wife of Colonel Elwood, of Clayton Priory, who was known about there as "cherry-stick Elwood," on account of his polished bald head and rather curious features. This lady had "written a book," and the book went boldly to the point; it was neither more nor less than *The Lives of Remarkable Women.* Another literary production of her pen was an account of her journey home from India, by the Overland route, and especially of Egypt, where her party lingered some time, and where she—the first Englishwoman who had attempted the feat—had ascended the Great Pyramid; though I don't think she got

* This book was written at the instigation of Lord Brougham as a contribution to the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Series.

to the top. It must be remembered there were no ready-Cooked tours to "foreign parts" in those days, and except in the way of business, ladies rarely visited such an out-of-the-way place as Cairo. To the best of my recollection there was no assumption in this lady's behaviour; but, to a certain extent, she was regarded as a social curiosity. We may well say things have changed in half a century; at the present day, the social curiosity is the woman who has *not* written a book!

Maria Edgeworth.

If Maria Edgeworth, one of the pioneers of female authorship, was somewhat before my time, I have been brought into what I may call a traditional acquaintance with her, through a niece of this favourite writer, who has long been an intimate friend of mine.

My impression of Maria Edgeworth, as gathered from what I have heard from her niece, is that she must have been a very fine character, remarkable for her extreme unselfishness, genuine goodness of heart, and the purest and most practical "altruism." Her love of children was very striking, because if she had no domestic ties of this nature herself, it was entirely due to a feeling that she could be more extensively useful to her kind if she remained unmarried. But this was not her only reason; she knew how important her services were to her father; and, though seriously tempted by a proposal of marriage from the Swedish Ambassador, to whom she was much attached, she resisted his repeated appeals, in order to devote herself to her filial duties; her father, however, does not appear to have, for a moment, considered his daughter's happiness, or to have shown any recognition of the sacrifice she was making. He had been brought up by *his* father strictly upon the principles of Rousseau's education of *Emile;* but however excellent in theory, these principles appear to have failed in practice; at all events, the result in this case was far from encouraging.

I have seen many letters of Maria Edgeworth's addressed

to my friend, her niece: the autograph is distinctive, the writing being small and even cramped, but very legible.

Besides this interesting correspondence, she has often shown me curious relics of the Edgeworth family, valuable old miniatures and original medallion portraits in early Wedgewood, the traditions of which are all stereotyped in her memory, and well worth listening to. In a group of the Edgeworth family, owned by this lady, she pointed out to me the portrait of the Abbé Edgeworth de St. Firmin, confessor to Louis XVI., and cousin of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Maria Edgeworth's father. I intend, however, to speak of him in detail in a future volume.

Whether from having been born and brought up in the midst of these legendary associations, or from inheriting the wit and intelligence of the Edgeworth family, my friend and her daughters are charming company; their recollections of these and many other celebrities of their time, are accurate and informing. A repartee of one of the daughters afforded me considerable amusement one day, when I was paying a visit there. I must state that these ladies were at that time residing in a handsome house in Bathurst Street, the ground floor with a separate entrance, being occupied by a druggist in a large business. I was taking my leave, when a dashing carriage drove up, and a lady, the wife of an eminent publisher (but who at that time was also a bookseller), came up, rustling with silks and followed by her daughter. The young people having met, the daughter proceeded to entertain her young visitee with an account of the difficulty they had had in finding the house. "Do you know," she said, "we drove past this door two or three times, thinking we must have mistaken the number, as we could not imagine you would be living over a shop."

"Well, you see," answered the young girl, with commendable dignity and ready wit, "we can't afford a grander house, for we don't live *by* a shop."

Before we dismiss this publisher I must cite a *bon mot*, of which he was the subject. Dining at his house one day, I heard a lady remark to the gentleman sitting next to her, "What a splendid room this is, and what costly plate, what exquisite flowers, and *what* a banquet!"

"Yes, madam," returned the addressee, stiffly, "do you know what it is all made of?" The lady answered with a look of surprise, half-scared, for the tone was that of a man who *felt* what he said. "I will tell you," he continued, —"*author's brains*."

Lady Strangford.

Lady Strangford and her sister, Miss Beaufort, daughters of Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, were related to Maria Edgeworth through their mother, who was another niece of that writer. Lady Strangford's indefatigable interest in a countless number of benevolent schemes needs not to be recalled here; her life is well known to have been one of unceasing utility and liberality.

The Beaufort family, as she once told me, carried on life in the most original way, and the hours they kept were so much at variance with those observed by the rest of the civilized world, that it must have been difficult for the younger members to maintain intercourse with society.

Mrs. Aldworth

A lady who may be cited as a celebrity among women of her time, was Elizabeth, only daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur St. Leger, created Baron Kilmadon and Viscount Doneraile, in 1703.*

While yet a young girl, she was the heroine of a curious adventure, the tradition of which has found its way to succeeding generations, but in a fanciful form. It was, I remember, a nursery tradition with us, that a young lady, moved by that curiosity attributed to the sex generally, had once concealed herself within a large, old-fashioned clock, in order to overhear the conference of a meeting of Freemasons; that, by inadvertently touching the pen-

* This lady was married to Richard Aldworth, of Newmarket, co. Cork.

dulum, she had stopped the clock; that one of the fraternity, suddenly becoming aware of the circumstance, had risen and opened the clock-door, to ascertain what was wrong with the machinery, when lo! the awful fact was revealed—that "a chiel had been amang them"! However dissonant with the feelings of gallantry which animated these members of the secret society, the inquisitive damsel was by the stern inquisitors condemned . . . to die! Her fate seemed sealed, for the laws of Freemasons are inexorable; but the *deus ex machinâ* assuming the form of Cupid, came to the rescue. The maiden was noble and beautiful; a susceptible Mason fell in love with her on the spot and popped the question; but it was, of course, in the awkward form of what is called "holding a knife to one's throat"—"Marry me and I will become answerable for you on your taking the required oaths; refuse me, and, by our laws, you die." There was not much room for choice; a young and beautiful damsel could hardly be expected to throw herself into the arms of death, when there was a handsome and spirited young fellow holding his, open to receive her. She fell into them, and having taken the required oath, was admitted into the fraternity to become the only female Freemason that ever existed.

Talking over this, one day, with Colonel Alcock Stawell, I obtained from him the true story, which is quite sufficiently romantic, and his version may be relied on as authentic, since the lady in question was his grandmother.

She was, as I have said, the daughter of Lord Doneraile, who seems to have enjoyed some privileges among Masons, and who was a "Master," and "lodges" were held at his house. On the occasion of one of their meetings at Doneraile Castle, they were assembled in a room or hall, communicating with a smaller room, the door into which happened to be open; his young daughter being occupied, quite by chance, in the inner room, unwittingly overheard all that was going on. Too much alarmed to know how to

HON^BLE. MRS. ALDWORTH,
DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST LORD DONERAILE.
The only Female Freemason.
(From a Miniature of the time.)

act, she at first thought the meeting would shortly disperse, and that her accidental presence would never be known; and then again it occurred to her that she had far better escape, if it were possible to get away unperceived. She accordingly stole out, and, keeping close along the tapestry of the vast hall, in the gloaming, successfully passed the gentlemen seated at the table in the middle of it, who were too much absorbed to notice her. She had reached the door and opened it, when, to her dismay, she found herself suddenly confronted with an unexpected sentinel, called the "tyler," whose office it is to guard the approaches whenever a lodge is held. This functionary, as in duty bound, brought his prisoner back into the middle of the hall, and presented the terrified girl to the assembly. An unanimous regret was frankly expressed for the fate the young maiden had incurred, but they agreed there was only one issue.

"Oh! no, gentlemen," said Lord Doneraile, "I am not going to lose my only daughter; you must find some other way out of it."

"There can only be one '*other* way,'" replied the spokesman, "but she is not a man; if she were, she might be sworn in, a Freemason."

"Then," said Lord Doneraile, "she must be sworn in, *without* being a man."

The conclusion was accepted; the young lady was sworn in, then and there, and proved as loyal to her oath as the best man among them.

Colonel Alcock Stawell was one day relating this story of his grandmother to a Master Mason, who was naturally greatly interested in it, when the latter replied, "Well, now you have told me something about *your* grandmother, I will tell you something about *mine*, whose adventures caused her to be named 'The Lady of the Four Birds.'"

She was a Miss Crowe, and was married, when young, to a Mr. Crane. This gentleman having left her a wealthy

widow, she was courted by a Mr. Hawke, who behaved exceedingly ill to her. She sought the legal assistance of a Mr. Raven, who married her, having successfully pursued and obtained for his fair client large damages from the Hawke. These may be called "Tales of a Grand*mother*."

It seems fair when speaking of remarkable women to record the names of several distinguished ladies whom I remember as actively busying themselves somewhere about the year 1828 *et seq.*, in the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes by the organization of societies with fixed rules; their practical working being carried on by house-to-house visiting in towns, as has always been more or less usual in rural districts.

No doubt, Mrs. Fry's courageous prison-visiting had suggested this movement, which was taken up with ardour by the Evangelical school of religion; and women of the world who felt that life had its duties as well as its pleasures, readily formed, in concert with the clergy, associations, having for their object the moral and material improvement of the poorer classes.

My mother was an active but unostentatious worker in the cause, which had its *raison d'être* before the British workman was injudiciously elevated to be the tyrant of his employers, before our servants were trained to consider themselves our masters, and before children who have been picked up in the gutter were turned into "young ladies" and "young gentlemen," to the detriment of society at large, and more wofully still, to their own.

The voluntary teaching and class-holding of benevolent ladies would now be sneered at by a class which has been worshipped and petted till it has altogether forgotten itself, and house-to-house or district visiting would probably be resented with a "not-at-home" on the part of the visitee.

The Comtesse de Montalembert.

A few short years ago, however, this was not so, and the lower classes gratefully received instruction, assistance, and sympathy from the upper. I very well remember the

Comtesse de Montalembert (mother of the distinguished Comte) as an active member of the association to which my mother belonged; she was a stately person, but could unbend gracefully, though she retained some of her native Scotch characteristics. Lady Jane St. Maur, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, also gave herself heartily to the work, and notwithstanding her position and its duties, found time to do her part with benevolent readiness; she was always simple in her dress and manner, and was a great favourite with her *protégés*. Lady Catherine Graham (who was kept much at home with an invalid daughter whom I never saw off the sofa, and whose son Sir James Graham was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty) was another who ungrudgingly bestowed time, energy, and money on the cause; as also did Lady Nugent, wife of Lord Nugent, Governor of the Ionian Islands.

Lady Jane St. Maur.

Lady Catherine Graham.

Lady Nugent.

Miss Neave, daughter of Sir Richard Neave, was said to have given up a very advantageous marriage that she might devote her fortune as well as her time to a cause she regarded as of vast public importance, and she established at Manor House, Chelsea, a reformatory school for girls, in order to rescue them from the dangers of prison life. I might mention many more contemporary philanthropists, devoted to a work, the limits of which were certainly far more judicious and logical than those of a system which, at the present day, exceeding all moderation, does not produce results which can be considered in any way satisfactory. That a large public organization was demanded by the increasing needs of the times, every one must concede, but the working of the present wild and extravagant schemes which have by degrees come to exceed all proportion, sufficiently testifies to the lamentable mistakes of the new departure.

Miss Neave.

I have a distinct recollection of Mrs. Fry and her gentle, and yet commanding bearing; I can see her now, as she appeared in her own house, where amongst a number of

Mrs. Fry.

similarly attired women, she seemed to be treated with an affectionate reverence. Her hair was quite white, braided in bands, and she wore the conventional Quakeress cap, her dress being grey with a white muslin kerchief crossed on her bosom.

A gathering to which I was once taken in early childhood at Mrs. Fry's house by my mother, had reference to her prison-work (as I guessed from the little I understood of the

Mrs. Fry.

proceedings), but having been deposited on a chair in an out-of-the-way corner of the room, I began to find it tedious work, and, by way of varying the monotony, made some amusement by drawing my arm in and out of its sleeve. It was while the latter was hanging empty that the pow-wow came to an end, and Mrs. Fry happening to pass that way, and to observe it, said to me in soft and sympathic tones but quite gravely, "Has thee but one arm, my poor child?" Mrs. Fry was a portly woman, and had a solemn and

imposing appearance in her prim cap and sober apparel. I was awed, too, by the deference with which I had seen her treated; so, instead of venturing a reply, I shyly slid my hand in again, and produced it at the cuff; but she didn't smile, she simply remarked, "Ah! it is well matters are no worse," and walked on, much to my relief; but, from what I have seen of "Friends" and the rigidity of their principles, she may have considered this a deplorable instance of youthful depravity, and have made up her mind that the next time she saw me it would be in the House of Correction.

When the King of Prussia was in England in 1842 (February 5th),* he went to visit Newgate Prison. Mrs. Fry was there either advisedly or by accident, and had the pluck to invite His Majesty to lunch. As she was occupying a surburban residence—I am pretty sure it was at Stamford Hill—the King, who accepted the unceremonious invitation with pleasure, had to drive through the city, a distance of five or six miles. The coachman, however, represented that the Royal horses could not accomplish the distance (!) so it was suggested that a pair of post-horses should be added to the equipage, an arrangement by no means relished by Her Majesty's coachman.

The *tutoyage* of "Friends" is not very grammatical, the word "thee" being substituted for "thou," without any accountable reason; there seems no justification for "thee does," "thee hopes," "thee walks," "thee are," &c.

I was once staying with some Quakers, and being young, amused myself and them with talking Quaker-language; on one occasion, employing "thou" in its correct sense, thus:—"Thou must go out," &c., I was corrected by a

* It is interesting at the present moment to record that on the occasion of this Prussian Royal visit, His Majesty made magnificent presents to all the officers of the Royal Household; Snuff-boxes worth five hundred guineas each, to the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse and the Lord Steward; boxes and watches to others, and he left in the hands of Charles Murray, for distribution among the three classes of servants at the Palace, £1,500. (See Charles Greville's *Memoirs*.)

"Friend" present, with, "Thee mus'n't say 'thou,' thee must say 'thee,' thee knows."

A Quaker, however hospitable, I found, never presses a guest at table to take a further helping, if he refuse at the first asking; it is supposed that a repetition of the offer would impute insincerity to the person addressed.

Quakers either take, or affect to take, everything that is said or done, at the foot of the letter; I once heard a Quaker child ask his mother whether he might go to witness a "Tremendous Sacrifice" which he had seen announced in a shop window, asking at the same time what they could be going to sacrifice, as he had thought that form of worship had long since been done away.

Quaker ladies make a point of dressing very plainly and in sober greys, drabs, and browns; but if they are well off, they use none but the richest materials, whether in dress or furniture. Every article of food too is always of the best, and their tables are most luxuriously served. They keep men-servants and equipages, and I knew a wealthy Quaker widower living quite alone, who commanded the services of a valet as well as a butler and footman; coachman and groom of course; and he gave his cook five-and-thirty guineas a year, in days when eighteen to twenty were considered very fair wages. He also travelled with every kind of comfort, including his own bedding. His house at Bruce Grove was furnished in the costliest style, though everything was sedulously plain, and no tint but greys and drabs was admissible; he had also two country seats, one at Rydal Mount, adjoining Wordsworth's place, the other called Glen Rothay, in Scotland. Another I knew, who lived in a large villa at Stamford Hill, and who, besides his coachman, butler, and footman, kept three gardeners.

A Quakers' meeting strikes a stranger as being a very strange kind of religious function. It is the part of "Ministers" or "Elders," of either sex—to say the prayers, and also to address the meeting; but only if "moved by the spirit,"

and I have attended meetings where, after sitting a certain time, the whole congregation has risen and left the meeting-house, "the spirit" having happened to "move" no one. The praying is intoned with a monotonous nasal twang in a kind of chant, very irritating and very fatiguing to listen to; the congregation are understood to follow it, whether the spirit move *them* or not, which does not seem logical. No one kneels.

I was once at a Quaker funeral, and remember being specially struck with the discourse, sermon, or oration pronounced over the deceased by one of the congregation. It was so quaint, whether from the affectedly simple language employed, or the extraordinary nasal tone adopted, that notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, I really thought, at first, it must be a burlesque.

Quakers do not (or did not, then) employ the ordinary nomenclature for describing the days of the week; they call them First-day, Second-day, &c., and "First-day" means not Sunday, (which to them counts as the "Seventh-day)," but Monday.

It is a curious fact that the Quakeress bonnet, which to an outsider recalls nothing so much as a coal-scoop, and appears to the uninitiated to have from time immemorial maintained that shape, has its variations the same as the bonnets of *mondaines;* a fashionable young Quakeress would no more consent to wear a last year's coal-scoop after it had ceased to be fashionable, than would a Duchess consent to appear at Court in the dress she had worn at a previous Drawing-room, unless modified.

It is true that, by degrees, the number of individuals sporting these distinctive badges has considerably diminished, and in London it is now extremely rare to meet these prim sectarians, styled by Sydney Smith, "the drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania, habited as were their fathers and mothers."

The names which Quakers were wont to bestow on their children were strictly biblical, but less remarkably so than

those of the Puritans of a former generation, with whom it was not unusual to employ as a name a whole sentence out of the sacred volume; for example:—I have heard of one youth whose patronymic of "Gibbs" was preceded by the following name, or names—"It is only by much tribulation that the righteous can enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Gibbs" at the end of all this, produced rather a bathos. As it would have been somewhat burdensome—especially considering the deliberation with which Quakers are wont to speak—to repeat this string of names each time the bearer of it was addressed, it was abbreviated for convenience' sake, and the lad went by the name of "Tribby Gibbs."

I remember a farmer we once had (who was *not* a Quaker) christening his boy "Harry," and on asking him why he had not bestowed on him his own name of "John," he gave a very practical reason, to wit, that you couldn't *hail* "John," whereas, however far off the boy might be, you could always make him hear by shouting "*Har-ree.*" That man would not have been puzzled to reply to the question—"What's in a name?"

Quakers' wooing is said to be very droll, and it is not altogether unusual for the lady to offer *herself*, and in a way which should make the swain deem himself highly honoured by the condescension. I was once told by a Quakeress the story of her own courtship. In this case the youth performed his own part, according to accepted custom; but was so timid that, although (as usual) his pretty speech was prepared and learnt by heart, it, most provokingly, vanished just at the witching moment.

In this dilemma poor Reuben had nothing for it but to edge his chair up to the one occupied by Rachel, who, however, resented his reticence by withdrawing hers. This *manége* went on till further retrogression was stopped by the wall. At each move he had ventured to whisper the fair creature's name, accompanied by a nudge with his elbow; yet matters were no further advanced; at last, under an

impulse of desperation, having repeated the sweet name and the affectionate nudge once more, he added in a provoked tone—"Thee knows very well what I mean, Rachel."

There is a story of a pretty young Quakeress, a widow, who kept an hotel; one day a gallant (and apparently also gall*ant*) Colonel was among her guests. In the morning when he was going away, he came to take leave, slid behind her, clasped her waist, and declared he "must have a kiss."

"Well," said the conscientious Quakeress, "if thee *must*, I'll not make thee tell a lie; so thee may do it this once, but remember thee mustn't make a practice of it."

Quakers used at one time to object, on principle, to pay taxes; perhaps the objection still holds good, but on reflection they probably find it politic to conform to the laws and usages of the country; in the earlier part of the century, however, there were many who practically carried out their system, and would, on no consideration, proclaim their inconsistency by handing over *voluntarily* the amount claimed by the collector: these stiff-necked non-conformists, however, were shrewd enough to leave accessible a few silver spoons corresponding in value to the sum demanded, allowing these to be seized, and satisfying themselves with the consideration that this negative submission was not a spontaneous recognition of the legal enactment, they chose to ignore.

Though they tolerate crowned heads, they refuse to recognize them as rulers, and the following anecdote is a not inapt illustration of their feeling on this subject:—

When George III. was (in 1788) with his family at Worcester, where he became extremely popular, an attempt was made to "move the spirit of the Quakers" there, to address His Majesty; but there was no getting them out of their old track of opinion and habit; in fact, they rather disliked the results of the Royal visit, as interfering with the regular course of events. About a dozen of the younger and more inquisitive among them got leave from their elders

to be present within the Court-yard when His Majesty's coach left the Royal residence, but none of them would uncover their heads. The King, seeing they were Quakers, made no remark, but took off his own hat and bowed to them, on which they returned His Majesty's politeness by waving their hands, and the eldest, making himself spokesman said—

"Farewell, Friend George!" *

The King and Queen laughed merrily, as they drove away, at this quaint expression of good will.

William and Mary Howitt.

William and Mary Howitt, familiarly known among their friends as "William and Mary," I fell in with, at the time when they were residing at Highgate, and saw them not very long after the loss of their son, who was drowned in New Zealand. I was told by the friend who introduced me, that, being believers in spiritual communications, they were both firmly persuaded they had each, separately, received, on the day and hour of the young man's decease, a manifestation which satisfied them not only of his death, but of the kind of fatality which occasioned it. Both were extremely pleasant and amiable in their reception of those who were not of their sect, and both were venerable in their appearance; for a mild, gentle, quiet, reposeful manner characterized them alike. In fact, in their presence (as in the recollection of them), it seemed impossible to separate their individuality, and I remember looking on them as they sat there together, and wondering, when death should call away one of the pair, how the survivor would be able to carry on a divided existence. It was William Howitt who preceded his wife to the grave; and with that strong religious fortitude which enables the Christian philosopher to accept the inevitable as a dispensation from heaven, Mary Howitt lived on in the faithful discharge of duties which gave satisfaction to her life, even

* In the various secret and scandalous memoirs of the Courts of the Georges, a story crops up now and again of an early and secret intrigue—not to say marriage—of George III. with a member of the Society of "Friends."

after she had lost him who seemed so inseparable a part of herself. She lived on, honoured and beloved for the simple, unselfish virtues of her character, and holding to the last the literary reputation she had earned by her publications, all written in a spirit of tenderness for her fellow-beings, and of touching confidence in Divine protection for herself. Mary Howitt's widowhood was passed in Italy, and it was but a short time after her husband's death that she was received into the Catholic Church to become a fervent devotee. Her death took place in 1887 at Rome.

L. E. L.

I used to meet L. E. L. at the house of Mr. Wm. Pitt Byrne, and remember seeing her there, shortly before she married Sir George Maclean—Governor of the Cape—and went out with him to his Residency. Miss Landon was of a good old county family, I believe, but not blessed with much wealth. Her appearance was very much what her literary productions would have led one to expect. No one, I think — certainly, no one of the present day — who happens to have read any of them, would consider them other than amateurish and ephemeral, and altogether of the period that tolerated and even patronized those "Drawing-room Annuals" which have now happily evaporated. The fact that she gave existence to "The Drawing-room Scrap-book" sufficiently characterizes not only herself, but the epoch of her authorship, and was consistent with her pretty face, and amiable, lady-like manner. Her death was, and, no doubt, will always remain, a mystery; there seems no sufficient reason to suppose it was due to suicide, as her husband professed himself perfectly satisfied as to the blamelessness of her life, and altogether repelled the insinuations of which she had been the victim. Conventionality, no doubt, has its uses as well as its susceptibilities, but it seems hard that a friendship between persons of opposite sexes can rarely exist without giving rise to malicious inferences: this is regrettable, as it lays an

unwelcome tax on a description of intercourse which has a special charm for both parties. A French *bel esprit*—La Bruyère—with tender subtlety has described it thus:—"*Ce n'est pas l'amour; ce n'est pas, non plus, l'amitié; c'est un sentiment apart.*"

Madame de Staël took a fancy to this discriminating description and appropriated it, since when it has passed for hers.

L. E. L., who was born in 1802, died at the early age of thirty-six, and only a few months after her marriage. Her novel *Ethel Churchill* made a little stir at the time of its publication, when weak novels did not swarm as at present; but it is probably unrecognized even by name, by the existing generation, nor apparently is her poem the *Improvisatore* (published in 1824) any better known.

The life of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, like that of the Brontés, was an almost unbroken series of struggles against the decrees of fate. Her earliest years were passed in adversity, for, although orphaned when a mere child, her family, who were in good circumstances, refused in any way to assist her; this was the more pathetic as the ample competence she should have inherited was either recklessly muddled away or fraudulently misappropriated, and she was left not only without means of support, but without education.

The position which, as "L. E. L.," she ultimately attained in the literary world is the more surprising, that all the knowledge she acquired was the result of self-instruction; she was remarkably intelligent and very persevering, and was possessed of extremely refined tastes, which materially aided her in planning such a course of reading as should be of the greatest use to her, though her pursuit of learning was necessarily limited by her restricted means; and the difficulty she experienced in obtaining the books she needed crippled to a great extent her, nevertheless, persistent efforts.

There was something very engaging in L. E. L.'s appearance, she was by nature rather of a tame and yielding, than of a spirited, character, though she had certainly not shown herself wanting in energy. She was admired in society, especially by men, but among those who courted her, she did not make a wise choice of a husband.

Frances Trollope.

A writer who produced a certain stir during the "thirties" and "forties" was Frances Trollope; born in the last century (1791), she married young, and spent some years in the United States, where she gained experiences of life, especially American life, and, having a lively imagination, turned those experiences into novels, which had a considerable, if somewhat ephemeral, vogue. Mrs. Trollope could not be considered refined either in appearance or manners, and her mode of expressing herself was rather forcible than elegant; still she became a small literary lion, and roared amusingly (if not gracefully) in society. A censorious spirit, such as the French would call *verve moqueuse*, pervaded her conversation as well as her pages, and made her many enemies: she was a keen observer, especially of the weaker side of human nature, and exposed the foibles of her fellow-beings in no very measured form. Her books on society in France, Germany, and Belgium, appear to have fallen into quasi-oblivion. She disappeared from London, and went to live at Florence, some years before her death, which took place in 1863.

Lady Franklin.

Lady Franklin, whom I knew only somewhat late in her life, enjoyed a special celebrity, chiefly from her devoted, persevering, and dauntless efforts, to trace and discover the whereabouts of her heroic husband. Although, however, she devoted so much time, thought, and money, to this engrossing object, she did not neglect her old friendships, but continued to maintain a social intercourse with London acquaintances. She had a tastefully decorated house in Kensington Gore, to which she removed from Seamore Place, Park Lane, and held pleasant conversaziones, where

one often met remarkable people. An agreeable and intelligent niece, Miss Cracroft, lived with her, and was her constant and valued companion.

I remember, on one occasion, conversing there with some American *literati*, among whom were the wife and sister of Willis; the Bishop of Honolulu was also among the company, with two daughters, the younger of whom—a young and remarkably pretty girl, born in that outlandish place—had received the slightly unusual name of *Howeena-Moweena!*

Honourable Maria Otway Cave.

An exceptionally charming old lady was the Honble. Maria Otway Cave, eldest daughter of Baroness Braye. The vicissitudes of this ancient title, which dates from 1529, have been curious and romantic. The Barony had fallen into abeyance, on the death (leaving daughters, but without male issue), of John Braye, Second Baron, whose estates, however, these ladies inherited.

In 1839 the abeyance was terminated by the issue of Letters Patent in favour of Sarah Otway Cave, only daughter of Sir Thomas Otway. By her marriage with Henry Otway she had four sons, all of whom died without issue, and the title once more fell into abeyance among the five daughters who survived. Three of these ladies predeceased their eldest sister Maria, on whose death, in May, 1879, the abeyance again came to an end, and the fifth sister, Henrietta, wife of the Rev. Edgell Wyatt-Edgell, became Baroness Braye. Her enjoyment of the title was, however, of brief duration, for she died in November of the same year, 1879. She was succeeded in the family honours by her eldest son, Edmund Verney, who never so much as heard of his mother's death, or of his own accession, for he was killed in South Africa in the same year, and his youngest brother, Alfred Thomas Townsend, Fifth Baron Braye (a Catholic), now holds the title; he has a son and three daughters.

It is a curious and melancholy fact that the young

Captain Wyatt-Edgell, who fell at Ulundi, was the only British officer killed in that engagement.

Miss Maria Otway Cave's residence was habitually Stanford Hall, Leicestershire; but she generally visited London during part of the season, much to the delight of her London friends; though of a quiet, almost retiring, disposition, she was particularly cheerful, bright, and chatty, in society, and, from having been much among interesting people, possessed a variety of authentic contemporary anecdote. Unhappily we are too often content to be entertained by such *raconteurs*, and do not take the trouble to store up the matter that has entertained us, under a vague but erroneous impression, that we can return to it at any moment; this is a deplorable error which most of us have to lament in our later lives. Who among us does not have to cry out, "Alas! for my lost opportunities"? The last time I had a chat with Miss Otway Cave, among many curious little social incidents that came into her talk, I am sorry to say I remember only one, but that is a curious one, viz., the origin of the nomenclature of the Savill-Onleys of Stisted Hall, near Braintree, Essex. The first of the family who bore this name was originally Charles Harvey, Recorder of Norwich, M.P. for Norwich, of Stisted Hall; considerable property having been left him by a distant relative named Savill, a condition attached to the bequest was, that he should assume the name of the testator, not in addition to, but in place of, his own, *i.e.*, Savill, without prefix or affix.

Charles Savill-Onley.

Strangely enough this condition was expressed with some ambiguity, inasmuch as the testator, who had written the will himself, in expressing his desire that "Charles Harvey's name, and that of his descendants, should thenceforward be Savill, only" had (no doubt inadvertently) written "only," with a captial "O." Mr. Harvey's lawyer, feeling that a will in favour of a distant kinsman was liable to be contested, advised his client to avoid any objection that might be raised on the score of nomenclature, by adopting

the double name of "Savill-Only," which in time became Savill-Onley." It must, however, be supposed that, if there existed other claimants, they were not litigiously disposed; for the solicitor's advice, as usual, may perfectly well have been given in order to promote, instead of avoiding, a lawsuit.

It is obvious that, whether the legal suggestion had been adopted or not, there was very good matter here for a ruinous dispute, which would have put money into the pockets of the lawyers, and, as the costs would have "come out of the estate," they might have urged it on successfully, with the help of that fallacious, but often plausible, plea.

Princess de Lieven.

Among the remarkable women of her time was none perhaps more remarkable than that artful female politician and Russian spy, Princess de Lieven, who, to gain her ends, scrupled not to become, in their turn, all things to all men; she tried her blandishments on the Duke of Wellington, and, later on, on Canning, when in office, but with scant success; when it came to be Earl Grey, she fooled him to the top of his bent: Talleyrand saw it, though others either did not or would not, but the intimacy between this lady and the Premier was only in its infancy in the French statesman's time.

The Princess was one of those women who are all the more dangerous for not being beautiful; her ascendency was obtained by the piquancy of her wit, the brilliancy of her intelligence, and the fascination of her manner, these rather gaining than losing by advancing years. She had been very imperfectly educated, and her reading was not extensive, but she was accustomed to Courts, and a shrewd observer of men and their motives, of circumstances and the use to be made of them. She was a born diplomatist, and had a considerable share of initiative, of originality, and determination.

There is no doubt she was greatly favoured by events, and when, in 1828, she was appointed Lady in Waiting to

the Empress of Russia, she had forty-four years' experience of life on her head. Dorothée de Benkendorf was born in 1784, and in 1800, when only sixteen, married the Prince de Lieven; she came to England at the age of eight and twenty, viz., in the memorable year 1812, when the Emperor Alexander allied himself with England to oppose that insane attack of Napoleon, who must have been literally drunk with success, and blinded by inordinate vanity, to have attempted it. The Prince de Lieven was at that time appointed Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and, owing to the relations of England with all other Continental nations, he was welcomed with a warmth, and treated with a favour beyond that which would have been manifested towards him under any other circumstances. The Princess was not slow to note this enthusiasm, and to appreciate its value; she further managed to win the personal favour of the Prince Regent by her gracious recognition of the Marchioness of Conyngham, necessarily unpopular with other ladies, but with whom, in pursuance of the policy she saw the wisdom of adopting, she readily showed herself everywhere; for as Ambassadress, and to serve the interests of the Power her husband represented, she would have justified herself in holding a candle to the Devil.

Her plan of campaign was to ingratiate herself into the favour of any one and every one who was in power, and she appears to have made no secret of transferring her friendship as occasion required, from the Minister who *was* yesterday, to him who *was to be* on the morrow. The malice she always manifested towards Wellington was, no doubt, due to the *spretæ injuria formæ*, *i.e.*, to her failure to obtain any ascendency over him by her fascinations; a brief glance at the tenor of her life suffices to fix one's opinion as to the value of her friendship *as* friendship; it was so obviously merely a means to an end.

Talleyrand says of the Prince de Lieven, that during his tenure of the French Embassy in 1830–4, "he helped us

greatly by his loyalty and his resistance to the ill-advised outbursts of anger of the Emperor Nicholas. M. de Lieven," he continues, "has a great deal more ability than is generally supposed; in this respect, the presence of his wife is detrimental to him, as she effaces him much more than is expedient under the circumstances."

The Princess de Lieven and Lady Palmerston cordially hated each other, and lost no opportunity of manifesting their mutual aversion.

Frances Lady Waldegrave.

I have already, when speaking of Braham, referred to his elder daughter and her many marriages. It was, I think, when married to her third husband, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, that she settled into the charming residence of classic memory, which once sheltered Horace Walpole, and owed its celebrity to him and his priceless collection, of which she sought in vain to obtain, and restore to their ancient home, any stray objects. Lady Waldegrave was very handsome, and had a most winning manner; all who enjoyed her courteous and liberal hospitality in this unique historical mansion, surrounded by its quaint and beautiful grounds, have agreed in their charmed description of the spot, and of its mistress, and are unanimous in asserting that as a hostess she had no rival, making herself a favourite with every one, and attracting around her the *élite* of society.

Sir Thomas and Lady Erskine May.

I was once staying at the seat of a near relation in Northamptonshire, when Sir Thomas and Lady Erskine May (afterwards Lord and Lady Farnborough) were among the guests; they had just been at Strawberry Hill, and Lady May's glowing description of their late hostess, was fully corroborative of my own impression, that she was a perfect *Mâitresse de Maison;* always pleasant and bright, considerate alike to all, however numerous the company might be; possessing infinite tact, consummate taste, and always saying and doing the right thing, and at the right moment; making every one feel perfectly at home, giving the tone to conversation according to the specialities

whether of intelligence or position of those present, always contriving to bring, or put, together, those most suitable to each other, and arranging the order of the day, so that each guest should have his or her turn at what pleased them best, and all in the most natural and unobtrusive manner, without any appearance of calculation or effort.

Lady Douglas.

A remarkable woman, of whose society one never seemed to see too much, yet of an altogether different stamp, was Lady Douglas, widow of General Sir Richard Douglas, who earned his laurels under Wellington in the Peninsular War. Lady Douglas had travelled almost all over the world, taking the keenest interest in everything that she saw; unhappily she became blind, but late in life was successfully couched by Critchett *père*. She retained in old age, as is not altogether unusual, many of the habits which she had contracted during, and in consequence of, her blindness, and after her recovery she would often feel her way about with closed eyes, as more sure and expeditious than employing her sight to direct her. A custom she continued, was going downstairs backwards or ladder-fashion.

Lady Douglas once gave me the history of a very curious will, assuring me she could vouch for its authenticity, the two men referred to, having been in her late husband's regiment.

"These two privates, it seems, were mates and fast friends. On the eve of an engagement, while talking over the chances of war, they came to a mutual understanding that whichever of the two survived the other, should inherit all his belongings. In order to insure the security of the promise they agree to make their wills; but pens and paper at such a crisis were not to be thought of, and after casting about for an expedient, the best to which they could resort was to make use of a horn lantern they found, and on this they scratched their intentions with a rusty nail. It must be admitted the device was ingenious. The battle was fought and one of the men was killed; the other in due course returned to England

bringing with him the singular document, which by the advice of friends he took to Doctor's Commons, where this abnormal will was proved. But this was not all; the poor fellow who had succumbed, had, without ever hearing of it, inherited a capital producing £200 a year, and as the terms of the will left to his comrade all that he owned at the time of his death, the legatee enjoyed a very comfortable independence."

A curious incident arising out of my acquaintance with Lady Douglas was the following:—

The late learned and justly lamented Dr. Birch was lunching one day at my house, when to my surprise Lady Douglas, whom I supposed to be in Devonshire, was announced. On my introducing them, she no sooner heard the Doctor's name than she exclaimed: "What! Dr. Samuel Birch of the British Museum! Why, Dr. Birch, I have been dodging you all day; I must tell you I came up to town from Devonshire on purpose to see you about a case of Australian skulls I sent a few weeks ago to the British Museum addressed to you, and as you had not acknowledged the receipt of them I wanted to ascertain whether they had been delivered; I went first to the Museum, and not finding you there, I drove to your residence, but only to be again disappointed; and now that I simply call to pay a visit to my friend here, I have come down upon you by the purest accident and when I least expected to see you!" The lady, however, had the satisfaction of hearing from Dr. Birch's lips that her skulls were safe.

Barry Cornwall.

Barry Cornwall (Mr. W. Brian Procter) I once saw, but only after he was very infirm and failing. He lived for a long time in a sort of semi-solitude, in this state seeing no visitors and unable to continue his habits of literary activity. Mrs. Procter, who survived him many years, lived to a great age, and maintained to the last in full force her mental and physical powers—and also her social taste for society. Her death was preceded by a very short illness, through which she

was nursed by the granddaughter who had been her companion subsequently to the death of Edythe Procter, the only one of her children who continued to share her home, after her husband's death. This daughter and another, Helen, became Catholics, as well as Adelaide Procter, the writer.

Mrs. Procter.

I saw Mrs. Procter not very long before her last illness, and she certainly had no appearance of having attained the age to which she had arrived; she was, as the saying is, "all there," was fashionably dressed, and her *salon* being tolerably full, she moved about among her guests and chatted first with one and then with another with all the air of a person who still took an undiminished interest in life and considered she had many years before her. She showed me on that occasion an admirable photo of her daughter Adelaide, of whom she spoke with admiration and affection; but she impressed one with the idea that she possessed a calm, imperturbable temperament, not given to dwelling needlessly on depressing subjects. I followed her remains to the grave, and was surprised that a woman who had been able during a long life to collect round her so many of the celebrities of her time should have been attended to her tomb by so small a gathering. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, Kinglake, one of her oldest friends, Mr. George Smith, her executor, and Madame Parkes Belloc, were among those who, as well as her two surviving daughters and her granddaughter, followed her to the grave. The coffin was of violet velvet, but was nearly concealed under large and beautiful wreaths of choice white flowers. Snow thickly covered the ground, but fortunately for those who walked from the chapel to the grave, none fell at the time.

The spot chosen for the grave, in Kensal Green Cemetery, was as close as it could be to the boundary which divides it from the portion set apart for Catholics, so that Mrs. Procter's remains lie within a stone's throw of the grave of her two daughters, Adelaide and Edythe.

Mrs. Procter's protracted life made her, as has been said,

a link between the past and the present; and as, one by one, her earlier friends dropped away, she lost no opportunity of filling up their ranks with those who succeeded them in the literary and artistic world.

Many flocked to her weekly *salon* as to a common centre of attraction, or as to a surviving relic associated with yesterdays of long ago; but hardly out of sympathetic communion with their hostess, for they could not have been

MRS. PROCTER.

drawn to her by attributes which she did not possess. Mrs. Procter was not literary, not artistic, not scientific, not a politician, not a linguist; she did not even speak or understand French, and thought it clever to boast she spoke no language but her own. From her early youth, nevertheless, Mrs. Procter had been mixed up with the world of art and of letters, and had associated with cultivated and accomplished persons; she had lived through stirring events—events which had passed into history, and had witnessed many

remarkable public incidents; she had seen the political, literary, and artistic history of a century pass dioramically before her, and could talk of all this with a certain authority, for she enjoyed a prestige almost unique—that of having known, more or less intimately, all the people of the century best worth knowing—those who had played their part upon the world's stage, leaving name and fame behind them; and, no doubt, she could have related, from personal experience, something interesting of every one of them. Mrs. Procter assumed exclusiveness as a matter of right, and there were certain literary individuals (of her own sex) whom it was quite understood she did not choose to receive. She had a decided sense of humour, but rarely gave expression to it without acrimony; accordingly it was not without reason that Thackeray styled her "Our Lady of bitterness."

She delighted in society for society's sake, affirming that she never was at a party where she did not find something to interest her, and she must have had experience enough of parties, for she did not seem able to suppose an evening could be spent at home. A friend once condoling with her, on learning from her that she had not been out for weeks, on account of the cold, and remarking how dull it must have been for her to be shut up all that time, she explained—"Oh! but of course, I have been out every *evening*."

Her greatest enjoyment was dining out, and she received numberless invitations, though she never gave dinners herself; indeed, even in the Weymouth Street days, when "Barry Cornwall" was living, the dinners they gave could scarcely be termed dinner-parties, being quite informal and never comprising more than half-a-dozen intimates; and friends would drop in in a familiar way and have half an hour's chat as they went to or came from other houses: Thackeray constantly looked in on them in this free-and-easy way.

Mrs. Procter did not keep a carriage, indeed her means would not have admitted of her indulging in that luxury, though she was able to live in comfort, and even elegance,

in Albert Hall Mansions: she had so many friends who kept carriages and were always glad either to lend her one or to take her out for a drive, that, as she had no objection to avail herself of these facilities, she really did not need a conveyance of her own.

Though fond of social gatherings of nearly every description, Mrs. Procter could not stand the amateur drama, and being invited to attend a play performed by young ladies and young gentlemen of not very practised abilities, she replied, "Yes, my dear, I'll come if you wish it, but my terms for simple attendance are five shillings, and if I'm expected to applaud, it's seven-and-six."

No doubt many sparkling anecdotes would see the light if Mrs. Procter's memoirs were written, but as she deprecated any such proceeding probably her wish will be respected. Kinglake regularly attended her weekly *salon*, and many bright conversations passed between them. One day when they were talking of the pertinacity of the sex, Mr. Kinglake gave out as his opinion that if a woman took it into her head to marry a man, she would in some way or another contrive that he should propose it to her, however averse he may have originally been to the idea.

"What a pity," replied Mrs. Procter, "that you shouldn't have known me when I was young and free!"

It is not for the outer world to inquire into the religious views and feelings of even a semi-public character unless of one who has more or less openly and controversially expressed opinions on the subject, and this was by no means the habit of the lady under our consideration; but it may be interesting to know that during her last illness, Mrs. Procter more than once expressed the wish to have prayers read beside her, and that she followed them with reverent attention. The last word she spoke distinctly was, "Pray." I am told by Mr. Edward Walford, that, dining in Eaton Place in the early part of 1887, he took Mrs. Procter in to dinner, and in conversation she remarked that she hoped she should live to see

the Queen's Jubilee, as she was probably one of the few who remembered that of George III., and after witnessing that of his granddaughter, she thought she might say her *Nunc dimittis.* This hope was fulfilled, and she enjoyed the further gratification of an invitation to Her Majesty's Jubilee Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, an attention which she felt to be most graceful on the part of the Queen. Mrs. Procter died in the spring of the following year.

Madame Mohl.

Another venerable and remarkable old lady to whom the Queen was very gracious, was Madame Mohl—Mary Anne Clarke. In some respects she resembled Mrs. Procter; but, though she may have rivalled her in longevity, age told upon her much more perceptibly, both morally and physically: Madame Mohl was the widow of M. Jules Mohl, the distinguished Oriental scholar, and continued to the end, to live in the Rue du Bac, where, during so many years she had held her brilliant *Mercredis*, a literary fossil; but, as in Mrs. Procter's case, the literary qualification did not apply to herself personally, but to her surroundings.

When visiting Paris from time to time, I used to go and see the old lady, at her well-known residence in the old-fashioned quarter, at a very elevated height, and I could perceive on each occasion, a manifest change in her physical as well as her mental condition. She gradually became more wrinkled and more wizened, and whereas Mrs. Procter was admirably *conservée* to the last, Madame Mohl seemed to have become indifferent to her appearance, or perhaps was unconscious how heavily the hand of time had been laid upon her; with the decay of her physical powers, her mental faculties became dimmed, and at last she lost the capacity for remembering persons, faces, recent events, and names, though she could still, clearly, and in a lively style, relate long-past incidents.

One day I had been conversing with her for some little time, when she suddenly said very politely—

"You're very agreeable I'm sure, and very good to

come and see me; but will you kindly tell me who you are?"

I mentioned my name, and even alluded to an incident on the occasion of my last visit, but failed to reach her memory; she appeared puzzled and seemed to be trying to remember; I then added—

"Don't you recollect, Madame Mohl, our meeting at the Deanery at Westminster?"

"Ah! yes," she answered at once, "and dear Lady Augusta introduced us; to be sure; I remember it all distinctly," and then, as if that name had called up a whole past, she went back to the first meeting of Lady Augusta with Dean Stanley, the romantic circumstances of their fortuitous acquaintance, their courtship, their marriage and the "very considerable share" she always believed she had had in it.

It was, no doubt, a curious story, that of the unlooked-for and accidental *rencontre* in a Swiss mountain inn, whither the two parties on whom it was to produce such enduring results, were respectively driven by fate to take shelter from the sudden storm. Novel writers employ such picturesque incidents, but they have to invent them, and the reader smiles and says, "How unlikely!"—"How forced!" Probably they occur oftener than we suppose, in real life, and then we make the most of them and try to help out the circumstances.

Madame Mohl was a frequent visitor at the Deanery, and for many reasons was looked on as an interesting survivor of past times. Once, when staying there, Her Majesty expressed a wish to see the old lady before her return to France, and Lady Augusta communicated this gracious Royal desire to her guest. A shyness (difficult, however, to account for in one who held a sort of Court of her own, and had so long been an object of interest and regard among *littérateurs* and *savants*) impelled her to declare that she felt by no means equal to such an interview; and no persuasions

of Lady Augusta's could induce her to go to Windsor. Whether *à l'instar* of Mahomet and the mountain, or whether the Queen *happened* to pay a visit at the Deanery, I know not, but it appears Her Majesty came unexpectedly upon Madame Mohl, who, as it turned out, had much better have attired herself with becoming care, and waited upon the Queen of England in her Royal domain; for it so happened that the wilful old lady, being quite unprepared for the honour, was wearing a pair of black kid gloves by no means in their *première jeunesse*, and her mind, which should have been at its brightest for such an interview, was entirely occupied with trying to conceal some holes in the fingers of these gloves, and with speculating on the probability that they had not, even then, escaped Her Majesty's observation.

Madame Mohl has left in Paris the reputation of having been "*mauvaise*," often launching out into unamiable innuendoes when speaking of others; she was less amusing in her insinuations than Mrs. Procter, who had wit enough to veil under a *bon mot*, the proverbial asperity in which she indulged: such remarks are, however, all the more mischievous when presented in a brilliant dress, as they are less likely to be forgotten. Madame Mohl had an excusable horror of boys, and, among other original remarks, used to say on this subject it was a pity men couldn't come into the world grown up.

Lady Dukinfield.

Among women of this time who attained a vigorous longevity, may be named Lady Dukinfield (widow of General Sir George Dukinfield), who danced at the famous Brussels ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, being then fifteen. A year or two ago I was at a literary gathering at Mr. Edward Walford's, where I met a niece of this lady's, who told me she had just left her aunt sitting by her fire enjoying a book; she was, therefore, it appeared, in possession of all her faculties.

Yet both these heroines of time fade in importance when compared with the mother of Crabb Robinson. A friend of

mine (The Chisholm) tells me that this old lady used to relate a strange occurrence that took place in the year 1745, when she was a child and attending service in an Unitarian Meeting-house, where, having fallen asleep, she suddenly awoke and interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming, in the hushed stillness of the solemnity, "The red coats are upon us!" After a moment of terror, investigation showed that the young girl had mistaken the sun-light which happened to shine through a crimson blind, for the scarlet uniforms of the English troops. Unitarians, as such, could have had no special persecution to dread, but the child's mind was probably full of "wars and rumours of wars" in those troublous times.

Miss O'Brien. Being many years ago at Lady Henry Paulett's, at West Hill, Hants, I met a lady of rather remarkable character, being one of the two daughters (Gertrude Matilda, and Mary Catherine, O'Brien) of the younger brother of William, second and last Marquis of Thomond, whom he predeceased. As the Marquis left no male issue, this lady, had she been born of the sterner sex, would in due course, have succeeded to the family estates and honours. It was a vexatious mistake of "Providence" who is made responsible for what the world considers its miseries, and Miss O'Brien never forgave Providence.

As she could not turn herself into a man to the desired intents and purposes, she resolved to make herself as unlike a woman as possible, and succeeded admirably, so far, that when she was met driving, whether a dog-cart or a tilbury (for she disdained any more feminine vehicle), wearing cropped hair, a man's hat and a deep cloth driving cape, none but the initiated would have suspected she could be one of the fair sex. No doubt she was thoroughly convinced of the unfairness with which nature had used her, and her mode of resentment was at least harmless. It was amusing, when meeting her on the road, to observe the perfectly natural action of her salute, following the fashion of a coachman,

and elevating the little finger of the whip-hand with a jerk.

An Irish Captain (R.N.), discussing this lady's peculiarities, remarked, "Ah! shure it's too late now; there was only one way out of it, for her—she should have been changed at nurse."

MEN OF THE SWORD.

"But yesterday—and who had mightier breath!
  A thousand warriors at his word were kept
In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,
  'Go,' and he goeth; 'Come,' and forth he stepp'd.
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb,
And now!—Naught left him but the muffled drum
  And they who waited then, and worshipp'd—they
With their rough faces thronged about the bed
  To gaze once more on the commanding clay
Which for the last, but not the first time, bled."

—BYRON.

CHAPTER V.

MEN OF THE SWORD.

"... . Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi."—LUCAN.

"... . what deeds of valour unrecorded, died?"—BYRON.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

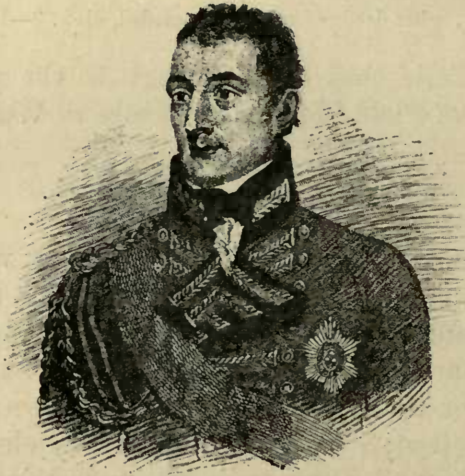
THERE is little that could be new to the public, to be recorded of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington—

"... . the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time."

But what little there may be, should still be worth saying, because it may serve to throw a faint flicker on the character of a man of whom his country can scarcely be proud enough.

There can hardly ever have been a man of more marked personality than the Duke. His face, once seen, would not easily be forgotten; every feature in it was eloquent of his fine attributes, and there was an underlying dignity in their every movement. If his height was, physically speaking, not commanding, his moral power was manifested in every attitude, and so was his unobtrusive consciousness of it. Being scarcely above the middle height it was not an advantage to him to be seen on foot, and it was even said that when mounted the "horse and his rider" did not form so graceful a group as might be expected, though his horsemanship was perfect, and his characteristic self-possession always gave him a distinguished air; perhaps those who expressed that dissatisfied opinion unconsciously took their idea from the bronze equestrian failures intended to represent him, yet the Duke

was so often to be met in and about Hyde Park that the London public of the time, had plenty of opportunity to compare the living model with the uncomplimentary effigy. One thing is certain, that wherever the "Iron Duke" might be seen, his presence evoked an eager but respectful recognition which he never failed to acknowledge with his stereotyped salute of two fingers to the brim of his hat. The veneration his presence inspired in men of all ranks, and all nationalities, was not confined to his person, his name alone was a talisman. No doubt the consciousness of this wide-



F.-M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

spread appreciation was gratifying to the object of it, though he is known, on more than one occasion, to have resented its too demonstrative expression; take, for instance, the following:

A "gentleman," who had long been seeking an opportunity of getting remarked by the Duke, one day met him on foot in Piccadilly, and was so absorbed in staring at him that he would have been run over had not Wellington himself called his attention to his danger; taking advantage of the opportunity he had so long and eagerly sought, he had the bad taste to follow the Duke home, and, coming up with

his Grace as he was putting the latch-key into his door, he contrived to say that—"He should now always value a life which had been saved by the greatest man that ever existed." The Duke, apparently disgusted with this flunkeyism, pushed the door open and entered, replying curtly and expressively without even turning his head—"Don't be a d—d fool."

This snob probably went away boasting, and perhaps believing, ever after, that he had "held a conversation" with the Duke of Wellington.

Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction the Duke gave to his oppositionists, when in office, and that Brougham, finding himself thwarted in his motion for the production of naval instructions about Sardinian ships, went so far as to conclude a string of invectives against him as soon as he had declared against it, with—"Westminster Abbey is yawning for him,"* not only did his high character continue to command the respect of all honest men even if they disagreed with him, but led to very disadvantageous comparisons between Brougham and himself.

"Wise, moderate, and impartial men of all parties," writes Charles Greville, "view the Duke's conduct in its true light and render him that justice, the full measure of which it is reserved for history and posterity to pay. No greater contrast," he continues, "can be displayed than between the minds of Wellington and Brougham.† It is

* Yet, on another occasion, Brougham did the Duke more justice, remarking: "That man's object is to serve his country, with a sword if necessary, but he would do it with a pickaxe." He also said, speaking of the Duke's despatches: "They will be remembered when I and —— and —— will be forgotten." Lord Aberdeen repeated this to the Duke, who answered with the greatest simplicity: "That's very true; when I read them myself I was astonished, and can't think how the devil I could have written them."

† Brougham, on one occasion, replying, in the House, with great animosity to a speech of Wellington's, went out of his way to bring in old Lord Rolle, remarkable for his stiff Tory principles; the latter, who was quite above conventionalities, was so exasperated that, after Brougham had sat down, he walked up to the Woolsack and said in loud and distinct tones: "My Lord, I wish you to know that I have the greatest contempt for you, both in this House and out of it."

a curious and interesting study to examine and compare their powers, faculties, attainments, the moral and intellectual constitutions of the two men, their respective careers, with the results of these, and the world's judgment upon them."

As to the Duke's personal influence with the army, there never was any question, but that that was irresistible,—magnetic.

An interesting instance of this moral power, and of its value, occurred in June, 1820, when a sudden mutiny broke out in the 1st battalion of Horse Guards, and the disaffected men were immediately sentenced to be transferred from the Metropolis to Portsmouth and Plymouth, a punishment which appears to have been keenly felt by the delinquents, who recognized in it a depth of disgrace which filled them with shame.

The first half had been thus disposed of without delay, in order to diminish the difficulty of dealing with the whole, as they could not all be sent at once: when the time came to despatch the second detachment, they had orders to be completely equipped and ready to start at four in the morning, and at that hour, on the appointed day, the beat of drums assembled them in the Royal Mews; they were no sooner drawn up than, early as was the hour, the Duke of Wellington appeared, mounted on his charger, and followed by a single *aide-de-camp*. The men stood there with downcast countenances and an air of humiliation; his Grace rode between the ranks, a sad expression on his features, but spoke not a word—his presence was enough, a spontaneous explosion of grief burst from the men, and with tears they exclaimed—"God bless the Duke! God save the King! We love the good sovereign we serve."

The word "March" was given, and they took their way in silent sorrow. The rest of the Guards had not been influenced by the bad example, and remained in a state of perfect discipline.

Great as was the Duke's popularity, it had its alternations, and the cowardly attack perpetrated on his dwelling by the mob, in 1831, when the Reform Bill was under discussion, was a lasting disgrace to the Metropolis. Nothing could be more opportune, or more worthy of respect, than the bearing of the Duke whenever he was the object of such mistaken and disgraceful demonstrations ; that with which the mob thought fit to attack him in the year 1832, on the very anniversary of the victory of Waterloo was, perhaps, the most cowardly and the most contemptible.

The profound respect the Duke's character commanded was due to the fact which his worst enemies never attempted to refute, that he stood alone in patriotism and disinterestedness. It has never been denied by any one that there perhaps never was a man who so completely laid aside all party and personal considerations when any national object was in view; and, says Charles Greville, "he had the satisfaction and the glory of living to hear this universally acknowledged."

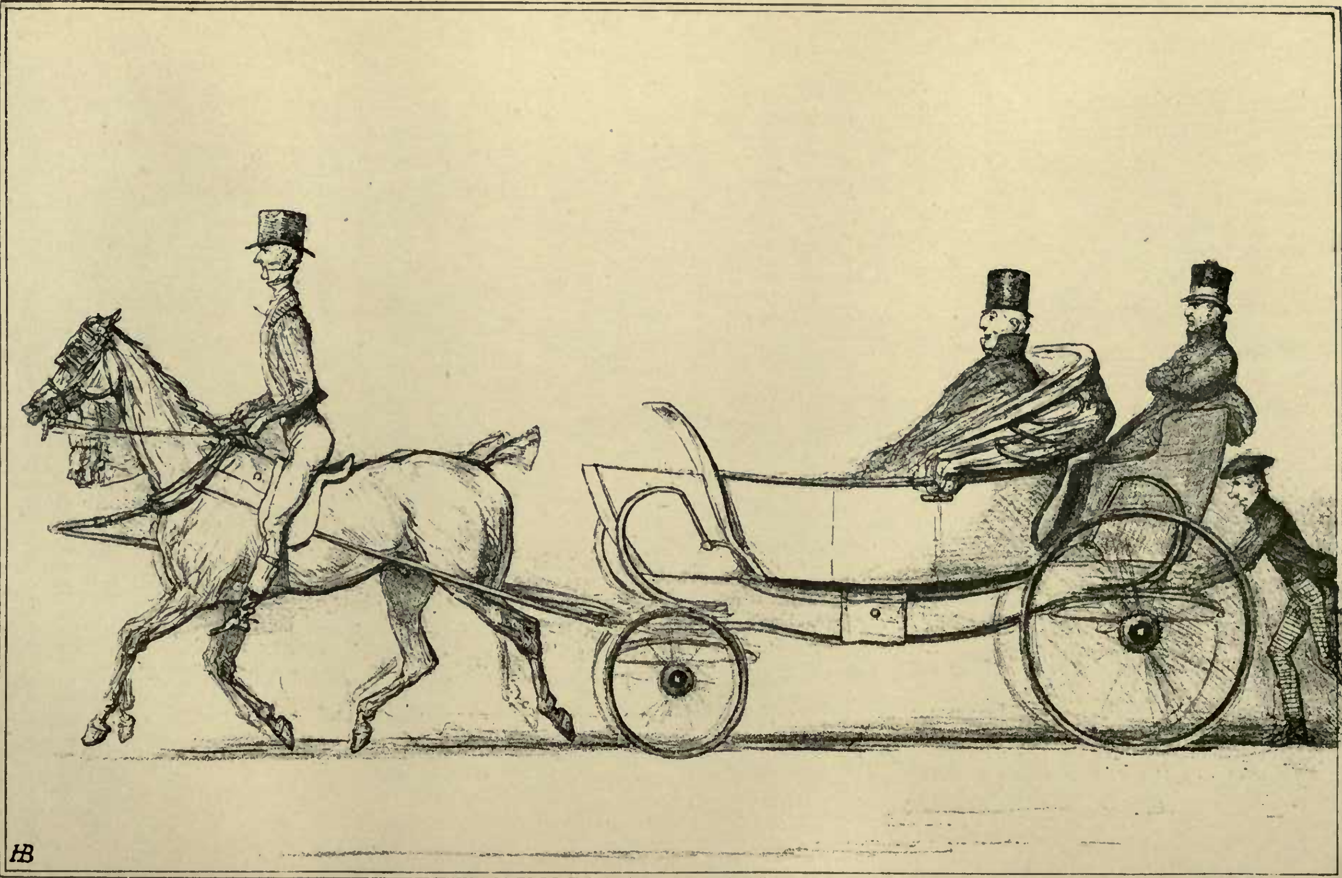
I was talking lately of past events in and around Hyde Park to an old gentleman, when he told me that he, like myself, was an eye-witness of a curious incident connected with one of these unseemly riots. Some years after the above-named outrage there was a Grand Review in the Park before the Duke, who was enthusiastically received. As he rode home after it was over, he was followed by the immense crowd, unanimously cheering him, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and exhibiting every possible manifestation of appreciation and affection. The great Field Marshal rode on, apparently unconscious that all these expressions of regard were intended for himself, although those who scrutinized his genial features might have detected in them a curious expression at once of humour and pity. At length he reached Apsley House, and a fresh burst of enthusiasm broke out ; then . . . the "conquering hero" gave the first indication that he recognized the intention of these acclamations, but only by silently

raising his hand and waving it towards the iron shutters. Those barred windows, a memento of the injurious treatment of England's greatest hero, which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of every Briton, have now, for sixty years, borne their silent testimony to the brutality of the London mob.

When the Duke was Premier, and enjoying the confidence, successively, of George IV. and William IV., the envy of his political opponents was manifested with much bitterness. The mean jealousy of which he was the object has been betrayed with surpassing candour in that singular correspondence—arising from the still more singular and gushing intimacy—between Lord Grey and that clever and insinuating *intrigante*, his "Dearest Princess" de Lieven; the hatred and malice entertained by this pair against the Duke are, throughout the greater part of these volumes, more evident than edifying. The *sobriquet* by which they derisively designate the Duke in their communications, is "The great Captain."

Their politics being opposed to his, it is, perhaps, only natural they should cavil at his statesmanship; but there is so much acrimony and invidiousness in the tone they both adopt when speaking of him, that it savours of personal pique, and leads the reader to conclude that their disapproval of his policy does not proceed entirely from noble and disinterested sentiments.

Nor can the reader, with the best will in the world, *satisfactorily* explain to himself the manifest pertinacity with which Lord Grey and his partisans tried, more or less openly, to spread the idea that the Sovereigns, who successively trusted Wellington with the helm of government, neither believed in him nor loved him, but simply desired to retain him because they were afraid of him; indeed Lord Grey and his party scarcely disguised their determination to throw discredit on any measures adopted by the Duke, bent as they were on embarrassing and undermining the Cabinet



A Trip to Dover. "H. B."

he had formed: the ulterior object, after overthrowing the Government by these machinations, it is not difficult to guess.

Lord Grey says that Louis Philippe, before he came to the throne, told him confidentially "he did not care for Wellington, and did not think much of his diplomacy," and it certainly seems too much to expect that a consummate general should also be a consummate statesman; nevertheless, Talleyrand,—himself renowned in the latter capacity,—and great enough, therefore, to afford his admiration for what he was too clever not to discern in others, went so far as to assert that "he considered Wellington, take him for all in all, the greatest man that had ever been produced in any age or country." Talleyrand's opinion, too, was formed, not on historical knowledge of his superiority as a warrior, but from personal observation of his straightforward principles, calm judgment, and intrepid determination in diplomatic dealings—for Talleyrand was *Ministre des Affaires Etrangères* when Wellington, as English Ambassador, was in Paris in 1814–15, and the dignity of the Duke's conduct on every occasion, produced on that astute and far-seeing statesman a profound impression, while it raised the prestige of the whole English nation, in the estimation of France.

Talleyrand's career was among those which are full of interest and end by commanding admiration. It is not always true that "the boy is father of the man": had we stopped short in the middle of Talleyrand's history, and had said, "We don't need to see any more of it," we should have formed a very erroneous opinion of that remarkable—not to say that *great*—man. The closing years of his life convinced the world that there was an underlying stratum in his character, which, after circumstances had elicited it, materially modified the view that had been taken of much of his earlier life.

Charles Greville, who had the best opportunities of knowing, affirms, from personal experience, that "his age

was venerable, his society delightful, and there was an exhibition of conservative wisdom, 'of moderate and healing counsels,' in all his thoughts, words, and actions, very becoming to his years and station, vastly influential from his sagacity and experience, and which presented him, to the eyes of men, as a statesman like Burleigh or Clarendon, for prudence, temperance, and discretion. Here, therefore, he acquired golden opinions, and was regarded by all ranks and all parties with respect, and by many with sincere regard: when attacked in the House of Lords, Wellington rose in his defence, and rebuked the acrimony of Talleyrand's own friends: Talleyrand was deeply affected by this behaviour of the Duke's."

It is with surprise we find, notwithstanding his constant and multifarious communication with foreign nations, and the terms of friendly understanding on which he was with their greatest men, that the Duke never succeeded in really mastering any Continental language so as to be able to converse in it. Spanish, he perhaps, knew best, and of Italian he had a partial knowledge; but his French was deplorable; the accent was altogether that of a native——of England; and his idiomatic blunders were often so ludicrous that, but for the great respect commanded by his person, his character, and his position, those who listened would never have been able to keep their countenance; neither does it appear that his frequent and protracted residences in France were of any help in the acquisition of the language.

Wellington's voice was not made for oratory, whether as to tone, quality, or power. It was weak and wiry, not to say shrill, and was not distinctly heard at a distance—unless when he shouted in the field. He was also deficient in fluency. Nor was he master of action, generally confining himself to striking the table, but without violence, when he wanted to emphasize his discourse. The Duke's humour was very characteristic, and he seems to have been always

ready with a repartee when such was required. His reply to George IV., when His Majesty appealed to him as to whether it was not he himself who had gained the victory at Waterloo was admirable; to not one man in a hundred, perhaps, would it have occurred to make so witty, and at the same time so judicious, respectful, and unanswerable a reply; scarcely more apt, however, than his answer to a young (probably *very* young) lady, who asked him if it were true that he was surprised at Waterloo. "No, my dear," he answered with a smile, "but I am, now!"

When the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, of St. Barnabas memory, was incumbent of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the Duke of Wellington (as well as the Duke of Cambridge) might be constantly seen at the services there, and the former frequently walked over from Apsley House to attend the week-day morning prayer.

There are some curious and interesting revelations of the Duke's domestic life in a rare volume of Maria Edgeworth's Correspondence, printed for private circulation only, and to the number of but fifty copies. She supplies much detail about the matrimonial episode in Wellington's existence, telling of his early engagement, when young, and before he went to India. His *fiancée* was the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, daughter of Lord Longford (better known as "Kitty Pakenham"). Time had passed, however, and, alas! with it, much of the lady's youth and beauty, when, early in the century, the Duke returned to England. It would seem also that the early affection of the affianced pair had, from these or other causes, lost some of its pristine fervour; but, notwithstanding this, and the ravages of the small-pox, which had greatly disfigured the lady, the Duke remained true to his promise, and they were married in 1806, two sons being born of the marriage.

The Duchess fell into ill-health some time before her death, in 1813; and when she was very ill, she begged to be carried down into the spacious room at Apsley House,

adorned with so many of her husband's panoplies and trophies of war, and there she desired she might remain till her death, which took place as she lay surrounded by all these mementos of his glory.

The Duke delighted in field sports, and was especially partial to fox-hunting. His opinion of its effects on the habits and character can be guessed from the fact that he always chose his aides-de-camp, if possible, among fox-hunters, considering that "they knew how to ride straight to a given point, that they generally rode good horses, and were equally willing to charge, whether a big place or an enemy."

The Duke was not only fond of fox-hunting, but gave it liberal encouragement. Having heard that there was a sudden defalcation in the funds supporting a pack to which he subscribed, and being told that the indifference of the other contributors was such as to lead to but little expectation that they would make up the deficiency, he said, "Well, get what you can from them, and I will make up the difference." The sum he was thus let in for, turned out to be £600 a year.

He maintained a mutually-sincere and familiar friendship with Assheton Smith. The following is a characteristic letter of the Duke's, addressed to that king of the chase in reply to an invitation to Tedworth, where he often stayed:—

"Apsley House,
"*May* 11, 1840.

"My dear Smith,—I have received your note. I attend in Parliament four days in the week; at the Ancient Musick on Wednesdays. There remain Sundays and Saturdays. Every animal in the creation is sometimes allowed a holiday, except the Duke of Wellington. There the days are; take any Saturday or Sunday that you like.

"I should certainly like to have occasionally a day's leisure while the Ancient Concerts are going on, and the

pressure of Parliamentary business is so heavy; but my convenience, likings or dislikings, have nothing to do with the matter; they are not worth discussing, and I should prefer anything to a discussion on the subject. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Smith.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"W."

The Duke was often asked by any host at whose house he might be staying, to narrate one of his battles, and generally consented with great amiability and readiness; he would often become very animated while speaking, and the relation of these stirring episodes brought every one in the room round him. Charles Greville mentions a visit he paid at Wilton House, the Duke being one of the guests, and one evening when he had been prevailed on to relate the battle of Toulouse, there were many present, and he was soon completely surrounded. To Greville's vexation he never learnt what was going on till it was over, for he adds, "I was playing at whist, and lost it all!"

In September, 1840, it was first remarked that the Duke was manifesting signs of advancing years, not only physically, by stooping and walking unsteadily, but by an irritability of temper quite new to him. Every one he met, naturally looked at him, for all were interested in his health and the continuance of his life; it was never a rude stare, and the glance was always accompanied by a lifted hat. Occasionally people would venture to address him; and to a woman who one day tried to speak to him he said, "Do me the favour, madam, to write to me," moving on quickly to escape her further pursuit. However, those who wrote to him latterly, did not even secure, as in former days, an autograph of "F. M. the Duke of Wellington," for he had become too old to continue the practice of inditing and sending these answers, and ended by ordering lithographed replies to be returned.

The Duke's moroseness at this time formed a striking contrast to his former geniality; and whereas he had always responded with evident gratification to the eagerness of every one to consult him and to act on his advice, in private, as well as in public, matters, he began to show a strange disposition for solitude and isolation, as if he wearied of intercourse with the world and felt its irksomeness.

It is humiliating to our common nature to note the humiliation of a great man; but it is also instructive, and impresses on us the suggestive fact that the greatest of us is but human. The melancholy *décadence* of the Duke's grand moral attributes, as he gradually glided into what may be almost termed senility, was the more remarkable as compared with the elevation his character had attained in universal estimation; it may be said that the whole tenor of his life, with its heaped-up and well-merited honours—

> ". . . numerosa parabat
> Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior erat
> Casus."

Like the Archbishop of Granada, the Duke does not seem to have been conscious of his increasing infirmities (of which no Gil Blas ventured to apprize him) and of their effect on his efficiency for services which his fine sense of duty still urged him to render to his country; but it is probable that a vague consciousness of them caused that irritability of temper which frequently manifested itself in undiplomatic expressions from his lips, and evidences of strong and unchastened feeling in his political correspondence—all entirely at variance with the policy and the principles which had ruled every act of his previous life. Besides this irascibility, the morbid change in his tastes and habits became as remarkable as distressing.

The Duke's popularity never was affected by these evidences of age, which, however, are pretty freely recorded, even by his greatest admirers, in the political memoirs of

the time. Wherever he went, he still remained in the popular mind, "the conquering hero," and was acclaimed as such. At a choral meeting of Hullah's at Exeter Hall, in June, 1842, at which Queen Adelaide was present (and was received with a hearty recognition, for she was always a favourite), the Duke came in at a very late period of the entertainment. His Grace's entry was the signal for a unanimous demonstration. The singers suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar, and the organ at once played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The whole audience stood, as the fine, but now infirm, old man walked up to his seat, while a loud peal of cheers, and a universal waving of handkerchiefs announced to him the cordiality of the welcome; but he maintained a dignified calmness, although all present, men as well as women, were more or less affected.

After the first break observed in the Duke's moral and physical condition, his former vigour of mind seems to have returned to him, at least for a time, for in 1843 he took everybody by surprise by his hearty appearance, and by the vigour of the speech he made early in the Parliamentary season on Indian affairs; though he seems to have wavered considerably in the view he took of Lord Ellenborough's conduct in the Afghan war. With this, at first sight, he had expressed himself much displeased, but after further investigation, he changed his opinion, and declared he intended to defend it. This improved condition of mind and body does not, however, appear to have been permanent, for by 1846 the Duke had once more relapsed into a state of irritability of temper, deplorable in so great a man, though not perhaps unusual with those who arrive at so advanced an age, and he again indulged in a prolixity of words and vehemence of expression quite at variance with the reticence, discretion, and self-command, which had always sustained the dignity of his character.

Portraits of the Duke are so abundant that one wonders at the benevolent patience with which he consented to

sacrifice himself in order to favour the majority of the artists who produced them, for we know there were few, if any, of these *soi-disant* "likenesses" that satisfied him.

As to the equestrian figure which so long disfigured Hyde Park Corner, his indignation at the "enormous absurdity" was none the less that he was obliged to suppress it, but much as he would have liked to defeat this "abominable job," he had no means of appealing against it; for, as he said, "his lips were sealed," and so it went through. The whole matter was arranged by Sir F. French, who planned the statue, the *locale*, and the place whereon it was perched, and selected Wyatt as the artist. It was on the 27th of June, 1838, that this atrocity was perpetrated.

January 7, 1840, Haydon had the honour of painting his equestrian portrait of the Duke, and says in a letter to Lord Melbourne:

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, the last day of the Session, I have spent some days at Walmer with the Duke of Wellington and I was highly delighted with him.

"Nobody need wonder at his military success who hears him talk, or reads his despatches. The sound practical reasons he gives for many of his proceedings in Spain show his sagacity and his genius, and he tells a story better than any man I ever heard, not excepting Sir Walter Scott. He gave me sittings for himself, *imagined* to be on the field of Waterloo with Copenhagen, twenty years after the battle."

It was about 1846 that d'Orsay's portrait of the Duke was engraved and published. It seems strange that he should have preferred it to any other. It must be conceded that, as his Grace explained, it represented him, "for the first time, as a gentleman," but surely the fine spirited portrait of Sir Thomas Laurence is preferable, representing him as a warrior. However, such was the Duke's own opinion, and he declared "he would never sit to any one again."

D'Orsay's portrait of the Duke is pleasing, and has a value among other portraits, but would be very unsatis-

Field Marshal His Grace The Duke of Wellington, K.G., &c., &c.
(Painted by Count d'Orsay.)

factory were it the only one we had of Wellington, for it certainly supplies only one phase, and that not the most typical, of his character. Neither can it be considered artistic in arrangement, or correct, anatomically speaking, and would never pass for the work of any but an amateur —a distinguished amateur, we may admit. D'Orsay took immense pains with this portrait (which I have already mentioned). In a letter addressed to B. R. Haydon on the subject of it, he writes, in somewhat quaint English:

". . . I am very proud of your approbation; I was tired to see the Duke dressed as a corporal or a policeman (as Pickersgill painted him), therefore I did choose the dress you approve, as being very elegant and exact and suited for what I intended. As to the hands, I did prefer to think of his than Vandyk's, as the characteristic of his hands are very bony; so much so that many of his friends told me they could recognize his hands if the top of the picture was hidden.—Yours faithfully,

"Count d'Orsay."

David Wilkie, in a very interesting letter, in which he describes with picturesqueness and simplicity a visit paid to his studio, in 1816, by a party consisting of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Argyle, Lord Lynedoch, and the Duke of Wellington, makes some noteworthy remarks on the last-named.

". . . None of his portraits are likenesses; he is younger and fresher, more active and lively, and in his figure more clean-made and firmer built than I was led to expect. His face is in some respects odd; has no variety of expression, but his eye is extraordinary, and is almost the only feature I remember, but I remember it so well that I think I see it now. It has not the hungry and devouring look of Bonaparte, but seems to express in its liveliness, the ecstasy that an animal would express in an active and eager pursuit."

All the Wellesley family were more or less musical. As to the Marquis of Wellesley, he was at home in all knowledge and in all the fine arts. The Duke was a generous and appreciative patron of artistes, loved the Ancient and Philharmonic concerts, which he sedulously patronized, was a constant *habitué* of the opera, in his well-known stall—always at the end of the row—and received with the most graceful amiability, whether at Apsley House or at Strathfieldsaye, the first-class members of the musical profession, Grassini,* Pasta, Malibran, Persiani, and Grisi won the Duke's warmest admiration, and finding that Viardot was not appreciated by the English public according to her merit, he did his utmost to encourage her. Ella basked in the ducal smiles; Braham revelled in the sunshine of the great man's cordial approbation; Lablache was always treated as a friend; and Tamburini was a frequent and welcome visitor at Strathfieldsaye: he happened to be staying there, at the moment of the "Tamburini riots."

The Duke never hesitated to testify his satisfaction at any kind of musical performance which gave him pleasure, and the opportuneness and heartiness of the applause he bestowed, indicated the profoundness of his knowledge of music and the purity of his taste.

When, in July, 1838, Lord Burghersh produced one of his operas at the St. James's Theatre, it was amusing to see the frolicsome spirit in which the Duke took the lead in calling for the *Maestro*, at the close of the performance; and the more shyly the noble composer persisted in remaining hidden in a remote corner of his box, the more determined was the Duke to have him out and get him on the stage. Whenever the calls of the rest of the audience began to flag, there came an immediate reinforcement from the Duke, who applauded more vehemently than any one when his lordship at last

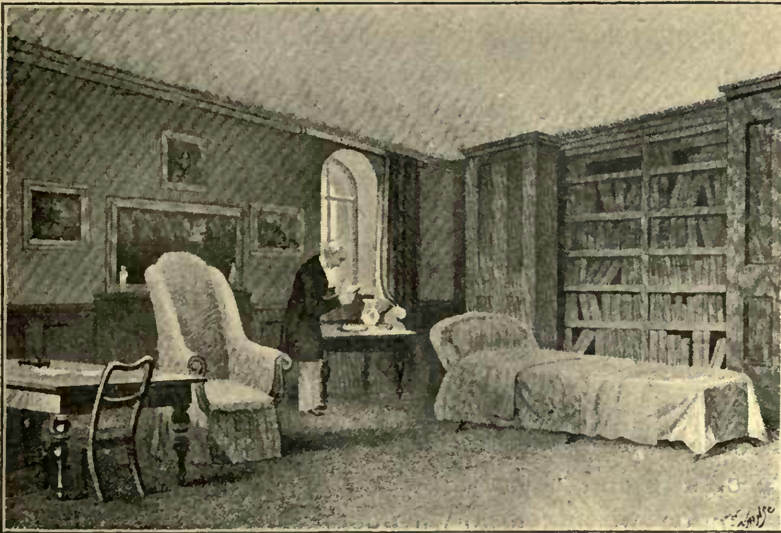
* It was said that the Duke and Napoleon were both enthusiastic and *rival admirers* of Madame Grassini.

appeared, but hugging the wing, and hastily retreating when bouquets fell at his feet.

The Duke's death took place at Walmer Castle in September, 1852. I am unable, personally, to describe the lying in state and funeral of the great hero, as I was not in England at the time; every detail of this national event, however, has been so profusely and elaborately published that there is nothing to be added.

The Marquis of Douro.

The Marquis of Douro was an expert *connoisseur* in art,



"THE DUKE'S" ROOM AT WALMER, WHERE HE DIED.

and especially in music, taking great pleasure in the society of accredited professionals, often honouring with his presence their private musical gatherings, patronizing their public concerts, and showing much judgment in his appreciation of musical talent.

The Marquis was in many ways eccentric, and was especially remarkable in his dress, in which he affected something more than simplicity of style.

One day, when thus shabbily attired, he was wandering in a lost kind of way near the Marble Arch, when a club friend,

passing that way, caught sight of him, and accosting him, asked what could have brought him there.

"Why, the fact is," he replied, "I'm looking for a stationer's shop; I used a capital pen at a friend's house the other day, and on inquiry, found it came from a place they called Hammond's, in the Edgware Road; do you know it?"

"No, I don't," said his friend, "but let us walk along the Road; it will be hard if, between us, we don't find it."

So they walked on till they reached the shop, where the Marquis, having asked for the pens in question, an assortment was laid before him. He was proceeding to open a packet, when the shopman, who does not seem to have recognized him, or was, perhaps, no respecter of persons, informed him that that could not be allowed. The shopwalker, however, was more wide awake, and discovering the identity of his customer, told the man to let him do as he pleased. Having selected what he required, he drew out an extraordinarily shabby little purse to pay for his purchase; it was, in fact, so dilapidated that other customers standing by, could not help noticing its condition: so dirty was it that few people would have picked it up in the street, and certainly would not have expected to find it contained anything; nor did it, beyond a shilling or two mixed up with coppers.

Whether it was such eccentricities as these or some other cause that irritated the Duke, we know not, but there must have been some cause for his disapproval, of which he made no secret.

One day, Lord Macaulay, seeing among a number of caricatures on his Grace's table, several of himself, asked him if he did not object to them.

"No," said the Duke, looking in a special direction, "*that's* the only caricature I object to."

It was said that the Marquis made a point of collecting all the cartoons and even caricatures of his father as they came out, and enjoyed the fun of showing them to his friends.

When speaking of the Marquis's eccentricities, it seems only fair to recall the fact that he had many fine qualities, but, as is too often the case with the sons of celebrated fathers, if these attributes were overlooked, it was probably that too much was expected of him as the son of such a father. However "odious" comparisons may be, the human mind persists in instituting them, and a man needed broad shoulders indeed, to carry the title of second Duke of Wellington!

Nevertheless, the second Duke had warm friends and admirers, and foremost, perhaps, among them was the late Lord Houghton. It used to be said that there was unusual stiffness in the *rélations* between the Duke and his children. His instincts were, however, essentially military, and if he treated them more like subordinates than sons, allowance must be made for his notions on discipline, which from long habit and professional necessity, had become part of his nature.

It is a remarkable fact, worth mentioning perhaps here, that the great Duke and Napoleon never saw each other. The nearest approach to a meeting was when Napoleon was at Quatre-Bras, within a quarter of a mile of the spot where his illustrious adversary was then stationed. It should be said that the Duke always did full justice to Napoleon's military genius, which he pronounced transcendent. I have seen two very graphic accounts of the closing struggle of the battle of Waterloo, when, for a moment, there was actually a doubt as to which of the two forces would carry the day, and there can be no question but that the influence which turned the scale at this critical moment was the prestige of the Duke's splendid generalship. A word from his lips, even a glance from his eye, was enough to reanimate flagging courage, to inspire confidence, and restore enthusiasm, and thus to insure the success of any movement, however desperate, which he might command.

One of the accounts I speak of—and both narrate the same

incidents—was written by a German,—Gneissen, the other by the Spanish General Alava, both eye-witnesses of the stirring scene they describe, and both most appreciative admirers of the Duke's heroic courage and calm intrepidity. The farm of *La Belle Alliance*—albeit a miserable hut—became a remarkable spot on the field of that memorable engagement. There it was that Napoleon watched the battle, and thence that he gave his orders to the guards. Under its roof he gloated over his conviction of a victorious issue, and there also was it that he first faced the fact of his defeat and ruin.

In this farm-house—hardly vacated by the French usurper

La Belle Alliance.

—took place the meeting of Wellington and Blucher, when they saluted each other as victors, and it was in memory of this most interesting incident that, by the mutual consent of these great Generals, it obtained the name of *La Belle Alliance.*

Alava's simple narrative pictures the Duke as first rallying the Brunswickers whose ranks had been completely shattered by the French Guards, but who at the sound of his voice, at once pulled themselves together and rushed on the foe. Wellington then turned his attention to the British Foot Guards, heading them, and directing their movements with

his hat; the writer describes the effect of this fearless attitude as calling from the men at once a loud and general *hurrah*, with which they went forward at the charge of the bayonet, and came to close action with the Imperial Guard—these at once retreated, almost without resistance, and speedily took to flight. It was, in fact, the most complete rout that ever occurred in the history of battles; even that at Vittoria could not be compared with the stampede that followed and decided the day.

General Alava states that when the fighting ceased, it was found that, of the whole group of which they formed part, he and the Duke alone, were left standing; the rest were all either killed or wounded, while both they and their horses remained absolutely scathless.

"The Duke," he writes, "looked down upon the field, and when he saw so many valued friends and faithful companions, so many brave and gallant men stretched motionless around him, tears of emotion started to his eyes and stole down his noble face."

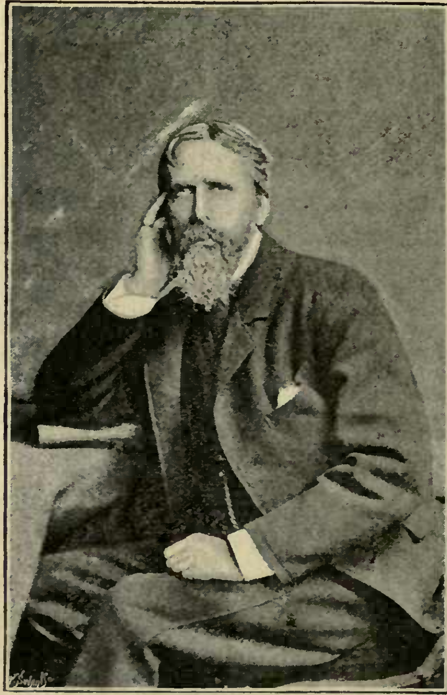
Napoleon's carriage * had stood on the field, and when he quitted it somewhat precipitately, to mount his horse, he left his sword and hat within it; it was immediately taken by the English along with two guns.

General John Reid Becher, R.E., C.B.

If I call into these pages my recollections of a truly typical British-Indian officer of the soldier-civilian class, John Reid Becher, R.E., C.B., it is not because we were children together and he remains, therefore, associated with the little joys and sorrows of my early days; not because on his return from his active and brilliant career in India (where he became one of Henry and John Lawrence's glorious Punjaub Staff), he was, till his lamented death, my guide, my counsellor, and friend; nor yet because, albeit unconsciously, he exercised a mysterious

* Napoleon's carriage was a curious and characteristic *meuble*, elaborately fitted up under his own instructions, and supplied with every article he could possibly require. It was exhibited in London some years ago.

fascination over every one, of whatever age, rank, or class, who approached him; but because his career forms part of a very interesting epoch in the history of British India, and in his public capacity he shines as a luminary—obscured solely by his own modesty—to show to those to come after him what should be the noble ambition of a conscientious mind; John Becher was nothing if not conscientious, and



GENERAL JOHN REID BECHER, R.E., C.B.
(One of Sir Henry Lawrence's Old Punjaub Staff.)

his lofty conception of duty made that conscientiousness subservient to everything but his honour. His career was an apt illustration of Ruskin's remark that "the nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, and quiet and ceaseless energy." From the age of sixteen, when he left Addiscombe, his energies were unreservedly devoted to his country's service, and his name, as well as those of

several brothers, will be found largely intermingled with the history of British India.

Adored by his subordinates, loved by his equals, because, as Colonel Yule has said, "no one could help loving him," trusted by his superiors in command, John Becher, always true as steel, passed a life of laborious and ungrudging work, unobtrusive, disinterested, and helpful to the last.

Following in the steps of his "most approved master and friend" as he loved to style Sir Henry Lawrence, he acted in all things as if he sought no more than to win that grand but brief and pathetic epitaph which Sir Henry so nobly dictated for his own tomb:—

"HERE LIES HENRY LAWRENCE,
WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY."

Alas! for those who prized him, John Becher (like him whose virtues he emulated), *more* than "tried to do his; and regardless of all but the work before him, literally sacrificed a life, the value of which could be estimated by those alone who knew what he was. *His* epitaph might have been—

"THIS WAS A MAN,"

and the lantern of Diogenes might have been broken on his grave.

To have enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, I, and many others, appreciated as one of the compensations of life; to have survived it, as one of its hardest trials. His was a noble heart, according with a *naïf* earnestness, and a simplicity absolutely touching, all praise and all merit to companions and rivals, and never seeming to recognize that either the one or the other was due to himself.

Duty was the watchword of his brave and magnanimous career, and that he pursued his work with loving earnestness, because it *was* a matter of duty, is revealed in John Lawrence's frequent recommendations to him (such as he

was never known to address to any other subaltern)—"*Don't work too hard.*" The value of such words in the mouth of Lord Lawrence, is better understood when we read Sir Herbert Edwardes's appreciation of the severity of the Governor-General's character.

"We all think it a defect," he says, "in John Lawrence, that he praises no one; but I acquit him of all mean and selfish motive in it: . . . it is a principle of his *not* to praise public servants lest it should 'put wind in their heads.'"

Sir Henry Lawrence writing to Sir John Kaye, says:—"I was very fortunate in my assistants, all of whom were my friends: they are men such as you will seldom see *any*-where; but, collected under one administration, they were worth double and treble the number, taken at haphazard. Each was a good man and an excellent officer."

Henry Lawrence's original Punjaub staff consisted of "James Abbott, John Reid Becher, L. Bowring, Arthur Cocks, Edward Lake, George Lawrence, Harry Lumsden, George McGregor, John Nicholson, Reynell Taylor. All rare men who have done great deeds for India's good, and whose names will live in history—a noble brotherhood."

Lord Lawrence well knew the value of such an auxiliary as Becher, and so knew Sir Henry, one of whose most valuable attributes as an officer was his discrimination in recognizing merit, and his habit of rewarding it as soon as possible: they and Becher were on terms of close intimacy, and even after the distinguished brothers had unhappily parted never to meet again, standing proudly aloof from each other, "Like cliffs that have been rent in sunder," John Becher continued, till their respective deaths, the dearly prized friend of both.

The *prestige* of that splendid "Punjaub Staff" of which John Becher was one of the foremost, was as well merited as universally recognized, and there was not one of these, any more than of the rest of his brother-officers, but felt

drawn towards him, and spoke of him in the most enthusiastic terms.

"He was from boyhood," wrote Colonel Yule in a biographical memoir drawn up with a loving hand, "the most winning of mankind; few were aware what an accomplished linguist, and what a clever artist he was; but he possessed gifts far more rare, and even as a cadet at Addiscombe, and as a 'local and temporary ensign' (!) there was in him a gaiety, a brilliancy, a play of fancy in his conversation, which attracted men and women equally, and which in combination with his bright, chivalrous aspect, his open blue eye, and silken curls of ruddy gold, have left on me an impression of Becher as he was in his youth, absolutely unique of its kind; whilst the charm of his society and his sweet nature only grew with time, and the old impression constantly recurred during our too rare meetings in his later years."

Major-General Collinson, writing of this brave and devoted officer after his lamented death, says in a private letter:—

"My intimate knowledge of Becher was, as you know, confined to those early days, but I feel I knew him as well as if we had been together all our lives. I believe the real character of a man comes out in his youth, though we do not perceive it at the time, or perhaps he and I understood each other better than is usual.

"But every one of his contemporaries at Chatham admired and respected John Becher. His lively spirit, his frank and genial nature, his simple, open character, and unalterable good temper; his great intelligence and imagination, and his thoroughly innocent and gentlemanly ways made every one of us, of whatever character, wish to be his friend and companion. Not one who was there would ever cease to remember with delight, his lithesome figure and bright, expressive face crowned with his golden hair. . . .

"When we perpetrated the enormity of getting up a series of plays in the absence of our guide and ruler, I believe it

was the winning character as well as the clever performance of our two leading artistes—Becher and Tylden—that softened the practical heart of Pasley when the misdemeanour was reported to him."

It would be beyond the limits of a general record to give in detail, even such particulars as I possess of John Becher's laborious but brilliant career. His biography, as sketched by the picturesque and masterly pen of his friend and brother-officer, the accomplished Colonel Sir Henry Yule, forms a most interesting episode in Anglo-Indian history, besides revealing to us a character the nobleness of which calls for our admiration at every paragraph.

The wound which John Becher received in the mouth, at Sobraon—the glorious scar of which he carried to the grave—was perhaps the least serious injury he incurred through his devotedness to the work he had undertaken. The years of active occupation he passed under the two Lawrences, during which he rendered to his country services such as continually obtained honourable mention in the despatches, began to tell so severely on his constitution that he really became unfit for the labour to which he however still clung, working on, not only uncomplainingly, but so cheerfully as to deceive those about him as to the declining state of his health.

His brother—the late Sir Arthur Becher, R.A., K.C.B., himself another hero—told me that he protracted his daily work to so late an hour that when he ceased, he was quite unfit to enjoy in social intercourse the short period that remained of the evening, until he had taken a small dose of opium, after which he started like a new man. This, of course, meant utter destruction, and at last he was compelled to give in. Nevertheless, so valuable had been his twenty years' service in the Punjaub, that Sir Robert Montgomery attributed to it (speaking of him as "dear John Becher"), "the peace of that important district and the loyalty of the Chiefs in 1857," he having been the district officer there

from 1853. Even at this time his health had been seriously affected by the close and undeviating attention demanded by this arduous and responsible position, and when he consented to assume the district duties, he felt discouraged by the faint prospect he saw of his being able to discharge them with any degree of satisfaction. He was to succeed the able, experienced, and popular General James Abbott, who was literally worshipped at Hazàra; at the same time, Becher, on his part, was leaving a people he had attached to himself so tenderly, that when he moved from Battála to take up his residence at Hazàra, they followed him out of the town in crowds, weeping, clinging to him, and invoking blessings on his head. He told me he was altogether unmanned on this trying occasion, and hardly knew how he tore himself away.

Mr. Raikes has written—"Becher was the first specimen of Henry Lawrence's 'old staff' in the Punjaub that I came across, and I looked at him and his work with curiosity, wonder, and admiration, a noble specimen of India's hard-working administrators and dauntless soldiers, entirely devoted to the service of the people, going in and out among them from morning till night, while these crowded their quarters and gave them no respite."

When we read in a letter of Sir R. Pollock's, that, "*Work*, varying only in kind, seemed to occupy twenty hours out of the twenty-four of Becher's day," we are scarcely surprised he should add, "it seemed strange to me how any mortal being could so completely sacrifice himself." This officer goes on: "He hardly paused to eat or sleep, and yet whenever he could extricate himself from his official surroundings, he talked as few men could talk, and was better company and better informed on general subjects than most men."

"His house at Dera," he continues, "like his house at Peshawur, indicated his life; there were books and papers, notes and abstracts, maps and sketches (English and native)

all over the place. I never saw such voluminous notes nor *better;* his patience was inexhaustible, and it need hardly be added that his arrears were heavy (!) life being really too short for the sort of inquiry he conscientiously considered indispensable in each case.

"As for the people at Hazàra, General Abbott had petted them to such an extent that he was known among them only as 'Baba Abbott,' and during his rule, which extended

General Jas. Abbott, R.A., C.B.

from 1849 to 1853, exiles driven out by the Sikhs, twenty, thirty, forty years before, had flocked back to Hazàra where his work has literally immortalized him, and the district had passed from howling desolation to smiling prosperity; moreover he spent all his substance on them; and to his glory be it said, he left Hazàra with only his month's pay in his pocket.

"Well may Sir Herbert Edwardes have written, 'The

story of Abbott in Hazàra is one which no Anglo-Indian, no Englishman surely, can read without a glow of pride.'

"He also relates that Abbott's last act before leaving the district was to invite the country, not the neighbours but all Hazàra, to a farewell feast on the Nârâ Hill; and there for three days and nights he might be seen walking about among the groups of guests and hecatombs of pots and cauldrons—the kind and courteous host of a whole people."

Sir Henry Lawrence describes "Major James Abbott" (as he then was) as "of the stuff of the true knight-errant; gentle as a girl, in thought, word, or deed; overflowing with warm affections, and ready at all times to sacrifice himself for his country or his friend: he is at the same time a brave, scientific, and energetic soldier, with peculiar power of attaching others, especially Asiatics, to his person."

Edwardes was to have been the successor of the "chivalrous and benevolent James Abbott" (after whom the town of Abbottabad is named); but on the murder of Colonel Mackeson, Becher was appointed by Lord Dalhousie, and not long after, Edwardes was able to write, "John Becher is Abbott's successor, and *is* to Hazàra all that Abbott *was*" —high praise indeed!—"His cutcherry is not from ten to four by the regulation clock, but all day and night and at *any* hour that anybody chooses."

In 1857 during the terrible Mutiny, Becher's promptitude, intelligence, and energy were of the greatest value in checking its progress. When the Murree mutineers made a desperate attempt to escape to Cashmere, to obtain the support of the Maharajah, they had to pass through Hazàra. John Becher, in authority there, as Deputy-Commissioner, laid his plans with consummate tact to intercept their progress, ordering all the passes to be occupied so that they were obliged to retrace their steps and enter Kohistan. Becher's instructions to the mountaineers being faithfully followed, the rebels were all taken and suffered the death awarded to mutineers. Becher's conduct of matters

was remarkable, and earned "high recommendation from those under whom he served; when honours came to be distributed, he received a brevet promotion and a C.B." After holding this appointment with honour for six years, Becher was sent to succeed Colonel James, deceased, in the commissionership of Peshawur, where he managed, though with broken health and struggling manfully against nature, to bear, during two years, the burden of this charge which was full of intricate political difficulties, but in 1866 he had no choice but to abandon for ever the land in which, as Sir Herbert wrote, "He had compressed the work of a long and laborious life into a comparatively few years."

When at home in England, and of necessity leading a very retired life, he was eagerly sought out by Mr. Bosworth Smith, whom he was able materially to assist in his compilation of the Life of Lord Lawrence. This writer has remarked of him, "Of all the Indian celebrities with whom I have conversed, he was perhaps the most delightful, and I do not think I ever found more pleasure in the conversation of any one. He was much more intellectual than most Anglo-Indians, and he also had very delicate feelings, keen sympathies, and a strong touch of humour." His conversation was very suggestive, and his "knowledge most versatile." Sir W. Boxall, R.A., was one day taken by surprise at the aptness of some remarks he had heard him make on the characteristics of the Pre-Raphaelite school.

The fact is, that he possessed, without even seeming aware of it, an irresistible power of attraction, to which all who knew him infallibly yielded, no matter to what class they might belong.

Though he remained in feeble health from the time of his final retirement till his death in 1884, he was still always the most charming and refined of companions. The scope of his knowledge, which comprised several languages, music, art, literature, seemed to extend far beyond his own consciousness of its depth and variety. His perceptions were

singularly quick and his judgment (though he always took time to deliberate before pronouncing it) as singularly acute, while his taste was refined and his intelligence far-seeing; there was something absolutely touching in his complete unconsciousness of his own worth, yet his thoughts were so upright and his mode of expression so limpid, that in all dealings with him one felt oneself in an atmosphere of sincerity. His literary criticisms, while altogether unpretending, were remarkably just and shrewd; by reading the same books simultaneously, and comparing impressions, I was surprised to note—whether as applied to historical, biographical, philosophical, or imaginative works—the subtlety and aptitude of his comments, manifesting fertility of imagination, soundness of judgment, variety of knowledge, and originality of thought—indeed, his appreciation of all works of art, showed independent opinion, pure taste, and sound discrimination.

A valuable acquisition he seemed unconsciously to possess, was the power, whether in conversation or correspondence, of condensing his thoughts, thus saying all he meant in a few words with no dimunition of force in the argument.

The following stanzas, never intended for publication, are perhaps worth quoting for the noble and simple spirit in which they are written, also for the eloquent testimony they bear to the writer's affectionate admiration for the subject of them.

"CHAMBERLAIN.

"Honoured by England—in his grave—
In the old Abbey where she keeps
The memory of the great and brave,
The lion-hearted Outram sleeps.

The deathless chaplet of his fame
Still blossoms in remembered deed,
But vainly we invoke his name,
He may not answer to our need!

And India looks around to call
Another champion to her side,
Whose crest gleams in the front of all;
To whom may she her sword confide?

Noble, compassionate, and just,
Knight without fear and without stain;
A foe, to dread; a friend, to trust—
Ride forth, SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN!"

I have known more than one honest fellow with deplorable antecedents, who has told me with tears in his eyes, that he owed all the good there was in him to the "dear General," and, added one, naively, "a monarch was he among men;" for myself, I am quite sure no one *could* know John Becher without becoming a better man; humbly as he bore himself, so noble and lofty were his principles, they seemed to communicate themselves irresistibly to those who came in contact with him.

If it be true that "the evil that men do lives after them," so assuredly does the good.

"True glory is to be acquired by writing what deserves to be written, or doing what deserves to be written of, and making the world better and happier for our having lived in it."

General Jas. Abbott, R.A., C.B

General James Abbott, R.A., whom I have already mentioned, well known to Anglo-Indians as one of the finest, bravest, and most self-sacrificing of British officers, is still among us, and it is an enviable privilege to be one of those who enjoy the friendship of this distinguished veteran: one, moreover, of a family of heroes—and whose conscientious devotedness to duty has raised him to an eminence which his surviving brother-officers are unanimous in recognizing. It is for history to relate the detail of his labours and his successes; and for the nation for whose glory he fought, to acknowledge how zealously, how bravely, and how faithfully he gave himself to his share of the long and trying struggles of the British in India; nor should it be forgotten with what

untiring patience and what opportune judgment he conducted the difficult and delicate missions committed to his intelligent care. Regardless of his personal interests, General Abbott, it is now well known, never hesitated to generously and ungrudgingly employ his private means, as well as his personal energies, in the cause of duty, whenever he found himself called upon by the exigence of circumstances.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the services rendered throughout such a life, and during such a period as that he spent in the East; but it is, I think, justifiable to call attention to a wrong which was (perhaps inevitably) done to him by an oversight deeply to be deplored.

Abbott was sent by Major Todd in 1839 from Herat to Khiva, to try to organize the release of the Russian prisoners at that place. It was an arduous and harassing mission, and its fatigues and perplexities were enhanced by the temporary failure of his purpose. He had, however, conducted the cause with so much skill as to pave the way for subsequent negotiations, and when Colonel Shakespear, R.A. was despatched in 1842 to complete the arrangements, he found the work done and had only to walk over the ground; the prisoners were at once released and *he* became Sir Richmond Shakespear, K.C.B.—*Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores!* I have heard great dissatisfaction expressed by General Abbott's friends at the inadequacy of the distinctions bestowed on him in recognition of his gallantry and his indefatigable services; as for himself, disinterestedness has always been one of his distinguishing characteristics, and never more manifestly so than in the contented attitude of his retirement from public duty.

General Abbott's wounds and his snow-white hair entitled him to his retreat from active occupation long before he availed himself of these undeniable reasons. His chief occupation in private life has been the training and education of an only son, who will no doubt be true to his traditions, and prove himself the worthy scion of such a stock.

General Abbott's poetical tastes and literary abilities have led to his publishing several works which, while giving to his life a new interest, are read with pleasure and profit as well by the public as by his friends. His verse is not mere rhyme, it is powerfully imaginative and exhibits great play of fancy, while in his picturesque descriptions we trace the inspiration of a poetical mind.

Colonel Sir H. Yule, R.E., K.C.B.

Of Colonel Yule, R.E., another of these Indian heroes and a distinguished scholar (who had not his equal for profound and intimate knowledge of the East, its populations, its cities, its history, its customs, its languages), it is sad to have to speak in the past tense. His was indeed a valuable life, closed all too soon for his country's glory and his country's cultivation. Conscientious perhaps to a fault, no one ever knew him without profoundly admiring and esteeming him. A tardy recognition was (to all appearance, grudgingly) bestowed on this indefatigable servant of his country, just before the close of his arduous career, as if to court the contempt of his friends and his just admirers, for the ridiculous misapplication with which so-called "honours" are dispensed. Whose services throughout the land could deserve distinction if Yule's did not? Put this question to any man of arms and to any man of letters who may think it worth answering; indeed it seems to have answered itself, by the fact that this remarkable man's friends and admirers virtually refuse to ratify the almost posthumous recognition, deeming that no adventitious adjunct is needed to illustrate such a name as that of *Colonel Henry Yule*, who will probably go down to posterity distinguished by his military rank alone.

It was a great satisfaction to myself, to be able, by supplying particulars of General John Becher's earlier years, to lend Colonel Yule a helping hand when he was compiling his graceful memoir of that brother-officer; graceful, as every emanation from that versatile pen—a poem in prose: for he had known *intus et in cute* the military prowess of the subject of those most interesting pages which carry on them

the impress of his affection. Who is there left to record with as faithful and touching a tenderness the life of him who so readily and so ably rendered this service to many of the gathered heroes who were his reciprocally-esteemed brother-officers?

I have heard a characteristic anecdote of Colonel Yule, aptly illustrative of his sensitive conscientiousness. It puts him on the same platform with Dr. Johnson when standing during the pelting rain in the Market-place at Lichfield, on the spot where he remembered as a boy to have spoken disrespectfully to his father. My friend, the late Sir W. A——, Civil Engineer in the Indian Service, told me that he one day observed Colonel Yule busily moving about, outside the Compound in his shirt-sleeves, and without a hat, though under a broiling sun; he had before him a heap of bricks and a board of mortar, which he was applying with a trowel as he picked up first one brick and then another and adjusted it in its place. The proceeding seemed so strange that Sir W. at last hailed him and asked him what he was about, in such a condition and at such a time of day. Yule, determined probably to go bravely through the humiliation as well as the labour he had imposed on himself, replied that he had that morning had to reprimand a subordinate, and that on reflection he felt he had spoken too harshly; he added, as he *could* not make this admission to one under his command, he was expiating the wrong in another way.

General Becher told me of a curious and characteristic inquiry once made of him by an Indian of note to whom he was introduced. "Are you," said he, "a man of the sword, or a man of the pen?" Colonel Yule was eminently both: the value of his important and efficient work as a geographer and a man of letters can best be estimated by those who know how few have attempted such undertakings as those he had the rare ability to carry out, and how greatly therefore such services as he has rendered to our

Anglo-Indian interests were needed. The notes alone to his admirable translation of *The Book of Ser Marco Polo* suffice to testify to the vast scope of Colonel Yule's knowledge, while the execution of that and his other works shows him to have possessed literary abilities of the first order. Those who know his productions know also that perhaps he alone of all his contemporaries could have threaded as he has, for his readers, the intricate and untrodden paths of Asiatic research.

General Sir James Alexander, R.A., K.C.B.

Another interesting old military friend was General Sir James Alexander, R.A., K.C.B., who also served with distinction in India and was one of the heroes at the Kyber Pass.

At one period of his service he had among his subordinates Sir Henry (then Mr.) Lawrence, and what was more remarkable, as he once told me, he was the only one of them he ever had to reprimand. This was on the occasion of a grand military review before Lord Elphinstone, when Lawrence rode up at the last moment and took up his place in a *tenue* altogether out of keeping with the trim condition of all the troops, whether officers or men; he was not only covered with dust, but almost every item of his accoutrement was out of gear, and Sir James was obliged to order him to "fall out." But neatness was the *bête noire* of the Lawrence family; they were so great in other ways that they seemed to consider the conventional minutiæ, whether of etiquette or appearance, beneath their attention, and there are many known instances of the untidiness of Sir Henry's as well as of Lord Lawrence's attire and surroundings: Lord Lawrence, indeed, often received important personages when in his shirt-sleeves, and in a room (or a tent, as the case might be) where every article of furniture was in disorder.

This disregard of personal order has, however, been observed in other great men besides Sir Henry and Lord Lawrence—the great lexicographer, for example—Fox, and others.

Sir James had two brother-officers whose rank and names were precisely the same as his own; three "Generals Sir James Alexander, R.A., K.C.B.," all members of the United Service Club; inevitably, therefore, they were continually opening each other's letters!

Sir James was actively engaged in the Afghan War, and after the fatal issue of the 13th of January, 1842, was stationed at Jellallabad, where it was he who received Dr. Brydone when he returned wan, feeble, and scarcely able still to hold the reins, on his equally dilapidated steed, bringing the cruel news that he was the sole survivor of the gallant 44th. Perhaps no page of history is more pathetic than those in which Sir John Kaye has described the heart-breaking scene, nor are there many war-pictures more touching than Lady Butler's vividly-imagined representation of "The Remnants of an Army."

An altogether unaccountable incident, which however seems to be satisfactorily authenticated, was the extraordinary and circumstantial prophecy of Colonel Dennie, that only one of the sixteen thousand men forming the Cabul army would escape destruction, and that that one would return as a messenger to tell that the rest had perished. Sir John Kaye says that Dennie's voice assumed the solemnity of an oracle when, as this solitary, broken-down figure whom no one recognized, was seen approaching, he exclaimed—"Here comes the messenger."

Sir James Alexander was most unfortunate in losing one after another every relation he had; till, at an advanced age he was left with an only daughter who was devoted to him, and indeed seemed indispensable to his very being, for in consequence of a wound in his right hand he could not even hold a pen. However, in 1885, after a very short illness, she, too, was taken, and the rest of the brave veteran's life was a dreary solitude; though he bore his loss with an equanimity most touching to witness, and which took his friends by surprise. Happily his eye-

sight remained good, and as he was very cultivated, he was able to amuse himself with literature. Though he did not brood over his sorrow he would have nothing moved in the rooms his daughter had occupied, and to the day of his death, which occurred two years later, when he was eighty-four, everything remained precisely as she had left it. He never spoke of her but the tears came into his eyes.

Sir James was a fine character, and a perfect gentleman of the old school; polite and gallant, but unobtrusively so, he was naturally, therefore, a universal favourite, and as he had seen a great deal of life during his long military service his conversation was exceedingly entertaining.

He used to relate many amusing instances of his faculty of second sight, and told them with such entire conviction, that he imparted his own belief to the most incredulous of his hearers. He would also relate the most extraordinary dreams, the incidents of which seemed planned and interwoven like those of a drama, and, what is more remarkable, they appeared to be continued, as if in chapters or scenes, from one night to another. Some of those which came to him in India when in active service were so generally interesting that his daughter used to insist on his relating them to her the morning after they occurred, and she wrote them down, thus making, as she assured me, quite a romantic as well as a very suggestive volume. Unhappily this rare MS. was lost on an occasion when Sir James's baggage was plundered in India by some natives.

Another curious fact illustrative of the General's peculiar mental condition was that after thinking over the "Fifteen Puzzle" which I showed him one day just after it came out, and failing altogether to discover it while awake, he made it out that night in his sleep!

Lord Napier of Magdala.

Among those of our heroes hurried out of the world in the winter of 1889–90, by the fatal influenza epidemic, there were few whose loss was more widely felt than that of Lord Napier of Magdala. I had met him and Lady Napier in the previous

summer at the wedding of a young relative of his, daughter of old friends of my own, Mr. and Mrs Trübner, and as her father was dead, it fell to Lord Napier to assume a paternal part on the occasion, and to give the bride away; a task apparently very agreeable to him, and which he performed with the greatest amiability and grace. At that time the veteran appeared in vigorous health, and it was generally remarked among the throng of guests who filled the rooms and garden of the villa, that he seemed to have in him any amount of life. Indeed, but for the untoward attack, which proved fatal, he might have lived on with all his powers unimpaired for many years, but it was a case for the wise French physician, who said to M. Thiers, "Soyez vieux tant que vous voudrez, mais, *avec ça*, ne vous avisez pas d'être malade."

The wedding present selected for the little bride by Lord and Lady Napier made a considerable show among the bridal gifts; it was a silver service in admirable taste.

The public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral awarded to this brave and distinguished officer, carried out with every demonstration of sympathy and appreciation on the part of the Royal Family, as well as of the nation, must have been very consoling to the grief of his surviving relatives.

By way of illustrating Lord Napier's military ability, I am led to record here an apparently forgotten incident of his career, creditable alike to his acumen, his energy, and his modesty.

When, in the year 1860, the French were our allies in China, the Commander-in-chief of their contingent was General Cousin-Montauban. In August of that year, the Anglo-French troops had reached the mouth of the Pei-ho River, and had before them the task of attacking the North Ta-kou forts, a very important undertaking. It would appear that neither Montauban nor Grant were equal to the occasion, nor could they agree on the plan of attack;

happily, Napier was there. Sir Hope Grant, in his extremity, called this intelligent officer into consultation, when he at once pointed out what he considered the only course to be pursued. Sir Hope, rejoicing to have found an expedient which at once recommended itself to his own judgment, asked Napier to draw up his suggestion in form that he might submit it, as in courtesy bound, to the French General. The latter, piqued probably that the ingenious resource proposed had escaped his own perspicacity, pooh-poohed the scheme, and positively refused to join in adopting it. Sir Hope communicated the disappointment he thus experienced to Napier, and feeling himself in a terrible dilemma, asked him what he should do. Napier replied that as this French fellow had suggested nothing better—indeed, nothing at all,—the only way would be for Sir Hope to take the matter on himself, and proceed as if he *had* obtained his consent, adding he felt sure that when operations were set going, Montauban would quietly fall in, as he must see very well there was nothing else to be done.

This advice was followed: the whole of the artillery was put under Napier's command, and the conduct of the affair was committed to him. The result completely justified his expectations, and led to his speedy promotion: Montauban had wisely abstained from any further resistance. The forts were taken, and on the 21st of September, the Anglo-French troops advanced to Pa-li-kao, where they met and completely routed the Chinese, under command of Sang-ko-lin-sin. Hence they marched on to Pekin, and took it on the 12th of October. The Chinese, terrified at the prodigious and facile successes of this handful of troops, against whom they had brought a disproportionately numerous force, found it expedient to conform to the conditions imposed by the allies, and hastened to sign the treaty of peace offered them as a *sine quâ non*.

The French General Montauban, whose management on this occasion was, to say the least, unhelpful, seems to have

walked off with more than his share of the "*gloire*," and to have been gratified with the title of *Comte de Pa-li-ka-ho*, whatever that may be worth. It is a significant fact that the French historians and cyclopædists, who give an account of this episode of allied warfare, carefully ignore even the presence of the English officers, and speak of Montauban as "*the* commander of the Anglo-French troops," and as if he alone had planned the attack, which he had really condemned, and also as if the success of the engagement was due to him, and to him *alone*.

> "But glory long has made the sages smile;
> 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
> Depending more on the historian's style
> Than on the name the person leaves behind."

Like General John Becher, Napier remained on terms of affectionate friendship with both the Lawrences after they had ceased to agree with one another. Lord Lawrence, however, although he entertained the highest opinion of Napier's abilities, and was well aware of the intelligent management with which he conducted to a successful issue whatever he undertook, never became reconciled to his recklessness in the matter of expenditure. Napier was absolutely incorrigible in this respect; it had, however, to be borne with; for, as Lord Lawrence was obliged to admit, "if a thing had to be *well done*, there was no one like Napier for being trusted to do it, . . . but," added he, "it costs money."

Napier's brilliant career is the more creditable because, when he started in 1826 with his first commission, he went to his work with no adventitious advantages, and had nothing to rely on but his own unaided capabilities. The services he rendered to his country were very various, comprising both civil and military duties, and carrying him into widely different localities. He was a favourite with all, whether as an officer or a man, and was greatly loved in either capacity, by all who approached him.

SOME LEGAL CELEBRITIES.

When Peter the Great visited England, he was taken to the Courts of Law: the first question His Imperial Majesty asked was, who were all those busy persons in black, and learning they were lawyers—"All those, *lawyers!*" said he, "why I have only two in all my dominions, and one of those is going to be hanged as soon as I get back."

CHAPTER VI.

SOME LEGAL CELEBRITIES.

> " Justitiam, Numen junxit cum lege ; sed eheu !
> Quas junxit Numen, dissociavit homo."

> " . . . que es bien
> Guardar el segundo oido
> Para quien llega despues."
> CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Μήτε δίκη δικασης, πρὶν αμφοῖν μῦθον ακοῦσης.—PHOCIDES.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR says—" Law in England and in most other European countries is the crown of injustice, and as burning and intolerable as that nailed and hammered on the head of Zekkter after he had been forced to eat the quivering flesh of his companions in insurrection."

Even worse things than this might be said of English law ; and I do not propose to enter here into the subject of law and its injustices, or I could fill pages with narrations, merely personal, which would make the above savage sarcasm appear mild ; or, I might call attention to the luminous simplicity of those admirable and unapproachable decisions of Sancho's, forming, perhaps, the finest condemnation of the operations of " law," ever penned or imagined. It is not, however, with law we have to do just now, but with lawyers, and it is much pleasanter to think of these urbane and courteous gentlemen in their social, than in their professional capacity, for no one can respect inconsistency, and there is nothing more illogical and more inconsistent than law. I

may add there is nothing, at once more irritating and more costly than its procrastinations.

> "The law decides questions of *meum* and *tuum*
> By neatly contriving to make the thing *suum*."

This might be supported with another quotation equally apt—

> "For learned lawyers at their ease
> Twist words and phrases as they please."

Napoleon deserves credit (if for nothing else in his civil administration) for the efforts he made to neutralize the injustices and aggressions of law, though the "*Code*" is far from perfect, and wants another such head to revise it. Indeed, he was aware of its many deficiencies by the time he had seen it in practice, and it is thus he expresses himself on the subject:—

"My code," he says, "had singularly diminished law-"suits, by placing numerous causes within the comprehen-"sion of every individual; but there still remained much for "the legislator to accomplish. Not that I could hope to "prevent men from quarrelling—this they have done in all "ages; but I might have prevented a third party in society "from living upon the quarrels of the other two, and from "stirring up disputes to promote their own interests. It "was therefore my intention to establish a rule that lawyers "should only receive fees when they gained a cause. Thus, "what litigation would have been prevented!

"On the first examination of a cause, a lawyer would "have rejected it had it been at all doubtful; there would "have been no fear that a man living by his labour would "have undertaken to conduct a lawsuit from mere motives "of vanity: and if he had, he himself would have been the "only sufferer in case of failure."

Had Napoleon carried out this intention, it is to be feared (on behalf of the lawyers) that there would have been so

little for them to do that their profession would have died a natural death.

I was talking to a lawyer one day about his mismanagement of some business of mine, when on my remarking it would very likely occasion a lawsuit, he so far forgot himself as to reply—"Well, and how are *we* to live, I should like to know, if there are to be no lawsuits?" Need I make any comment on this unintentional candour?

The law's delays and other iniquities form a subject that has been worn threadbare. The cleverest writers of all nations, from the earliest fabulists downwards, have had their fling at it, and no obloquy is perhaps too severe when one thinks with horror of the miseries it has inflicted on mankind; nothing that can be added will ever be more condemnatory (nor yet more useless), than what has already been said, for like many other abuses, it cynically pursues its heartless course as triumphant as unabashed; too thick-skinned to be even conscious of lashes, and apparently glorying in its shame. Here is an example: Chitty is the authority for the following story, illustrative of the way in which your solicitor *protects* your interests.

A wealthy attorney, on the marriage of his son, gave him £500, and handed him over a Chancery suit, with some common-law actions, telling him he might consider himself a lucky dog to be so handsomely provided for.

A couple of years after, the son came and asked his father for more business.

"More business, you rascal!" exclaimed the irritated parent, "why I gave you that capital Chancery suit—alone a princely income to any lawyer, to say nothing of the several common-law actions. What more can you want?"

"Yes, sir," replied the *naïf* youth, "but that was two years ago; and I have, some months since, wound up the suit, and made quite a friend of my client, who is delighted with the way in which I managed to put him in possession of his estate."

"Then what a silly, improvident fool you must be!" shouted his father, indignantly. "Why, that suit was in my office a quarter of a century, and would be there still if I had kept it myself. What's the use of putting business in *your* way? I shall do nothing more for you."

Reading this we are not surprised that Bishop Burnet should have to relate of the father of Sir Matthew Hale, that he was a man of such strictness of conscience that he gave over the practice of the law because he could not see the reasonableness of giving "color" in pleadings, "which," as he considered, "was to tell a lye."

Possibly, for some of my readers it may be useful to add a gloss, to the effect that, as says Dr. Cowell—"'Colour' signifies in legal acceptation a profitable plea, but in truth false, and hath this end, to draw the trial of the cause from the jury to the judges."

I shall say no more about law, but revert to the original intention of this chapter, viz., to record the social characteristics of some few lawyers I have known either personally or by family tradition.

Among lawyers celebrated for their humour was an old family friend of my father's—the well-known Jack Lee, or "Honest Jack Lee," as he came to be called by the fraternity of the bar. He was M.P. for Higham Ferrers, Solicitor-General in 1782 in the Rockingham Ministry, and Attorney-General in the Coalition Ministry, and he was one of the counsel engaged in the court-martial on Admiral Keppel in in 1779, and defended him conjointly with Erskine.

Jack Lee had a great fund of anecdote, and was rich in humour; he was also the hero of many a racy story, and, though not prepossessing in personal appearance, was very popular among the profession as well as in society. He was a remarkable character, and his professional abilities were recognized as of a very high order; his legal knowledge was accurate and trustworthy, his manner not without authority, and the ingenuity of his forensic advocacy found many

admirers. On one occasion he thought to exercise it on behalf of a client whose brief he held in a breach of promise case, and having ascertained that she was beautiful, desired her solicitor to place her so that she might be seen to advantage by the jury, on whose feelings he proceeded to operate by enlisting their sympathies in favour of such guileless loveliness. Lee was so eloquent, that with the help of his client's charms, he won their suffrages, and the verdict seemed a matter of certainty. I think it was Dunning who was retained on the other side, and he, having waited patiently till Lee's oratory was exhausted, unexpectedly overthrew the well-devised scheme. The learned counsel rose in defence of *his* client, but premised, in an indifferent tone, that while endorsing all that his learned brother had advanced in praise of the charming creature before them, he had to observe that although with so much beauty, a small defect ought not to count, yet, that the learned Counsel had (no doubt accidentally) omitted to mention that his client was the unwilling possessor of a *wooden leg*. The effect was electrical; it proved also, fatal to the cause, and the rest of Dunning's speech was not even listened to. I must add there was no such disability in the case.

Lee was, however, at this time a prominent man, and was one of the four (viz., Wallace, Lee, Dunning, and Robinson) who at the time Buller, Willis, and Ashurst were on the bench, were doing the most and the best business at the bar. Robinson was the brother of the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, of Blue-Stocking-Club reputation, and held to his own line. When he died, Lee is said to have remarked—"We have lost *the* man in England for a point of law."

Being a North-countryman, Lee's accent was so strongly provincial that it often did injustice to his eloquence. It frequently happened that his meaning was altogether distorted by his unusual pronunciation; thus, whenever he had to employ the oft-recurring phrase "*showing cause*," he produced a sound equivalent to *shoeing cows!* One day

Erskine took the opportunity to show off his humour, by informing the learned counsel, that in the South we "shoe horses, not cows." Lee was, however, endowed with valuable professional gifts, and was remarkable for his astuteness; yet he sometimes compromised the dignity of his profession by having recourse to a somewhat special system of advocacy.

The plan he adopted was to assume a certain tone of familiarity with the jury, and, by employing a manner and idiom in accordance with their class, which brought him down to their level, he was often successful in winning a verdict. He was also wont to intersperse his addresses with humorous allusions and anecdotes, all more or less to the purpose it is true, but being disaccordant with professional etiquette, the habit was not viewed with an approving eye by other members of the profession, who considered that it tended to lower the tone of the bar, and now and then it procured him a retort not altogether courteous.

One day on his telling Dunning he had just bought some good manors in Staffordshire: "I wish, then," said Dunning, who never could resist an opportunity for a joke, "you would bring them with you to Westminster Hall." *

That Dunning was an ugly fellow we may gather from the following. One night he was at Nando's Coffee-house playing at whist, Horne Tooke being one of the party. Thurlow, who had a communication to make to him, called at the house and asked the waiter to give him a note which he put into his hand.

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* In Thicknesse's Memoirs (1788, p. 89), there is an anecdote of Dunning, to the effect that "the young men on circuit with this celebrated counsellor were often astonished to find that a man of such a mean figure contrived to win the preference of all the chambermaids. His method was this. The moment the barristers alighted at an assize town, Dunning called for the chambermaid. 'Here, child,' he would say, 'are you the person who has care of the beds?' 'I am, sir.' 'Then,' he would add, 'there's a guinea for you.' That *retaining fee* secured his sheets being always well aired, as surely such a generous man was the fittest for them to oblige. Dunning well understood the value of a preliminary fee."

"How shall I know Mr. Dunning, sir?" said the man.

"There's no difficulty about *that*," answered Thurlow. "All you have to do is to take it up and to give it to the ugliest man in the room. You'll find him there, with a face like the knave of clubs."

These instructions being duly followed, Dunning received the note. Dunning afterwards became Lord Ashburton.

Lee's attitude when addressing a jury was so stereotyped and also so marked by the peculiarities of his manner, that once, when Lord Erskine (shortly after coming to the Bar)

JOHN DUNNING, LORD ASHBURTON.

appeared as his opponent, the latter availed himself of his special gift of mimicry to take off Lee's well-known manner of folding his arms across his breast and throwing back his spectacles, and more especially to imitate his North-country accent. The effect of Lee's address which followed, was, of course, entirely destroyed by this clever but questionable proceeding; the Court, however, was convulsed with laughter, till Lee rose at the conclusion of Erskine's speech and turned the tables against him.

"We all know," he said, "that before joining our

honourable profession, the learnel counsel tried his fortune at sea, and failing there, offered himself to the army; thence he proceeded to the pulpit, for which he likewise proved unfitted; but I did not suppose, till now, that his versatility would induce him to prepare for the career of mountebank at Bartholomew fair."

The incident does not redound to the credit of either party, and it also seems strange that a matter so entirely personal should have been allowed to disturb public proceedings, and occupy the time of the Court. Later, the two adversaries forgot their mutual animosity, and became fast friends. Erskine, who survived Lee, used to relate how Lee had befriended and encouraged him when, in his first speech, he was browbeaten by the judge upon the bench, and he also set great store upon a bag which he was fond of showing as Lee's gift, and was wont to add, he should use it as long as he lived, and when he died would have it buried with him. Nor was Erskine the only rising young barrister whom Lee befriended. Horace Twiss states that, "Mr. Lee, afterwards Solicitor General, who was familiarly known in legal and professional circles as 'Jack Lee,' had a good deal of business on the Northern Circuit when Mr. Scott joined it, and that he treated him also, when a novice, with distinction and kindness," not dreaming that the youth he patronised was the future Lord Chancellor, "The circuit in those days," he continues, "was usually performed on horseback, and at its close, Lee and Scott would ride home together." Lord Eldon's *Anecdote Book* has some interesting recollections of these journeys. Lord Eldon states there, that when he first went the Northern Circuit, having no business of his own, he employed his time in observing how the leading counsel did theirs. "On one occasion," says he, "I left Lancaster at the end of a circuit with my friend Jack Lee, at that period a leader upon the circuit. We supped and slept at Kirkby Lonsdale. After supper I said to him, 'I have observed throughout circuit that in all cases

you were concerned in, good, bad, or indifferent, whatever their nature was, you equally exerted yourself to the utmost to gain verdicts, stating evidence, and quoting cases, so that such statement and quotation should give you a chance of success, the evidence and the cases not being stated clearly or quoted with strict accuracy, and to fair and just representation.' "'Now, Lee,' I continued, 'can that be right? How can you justify it?'

"'Oh yes,' he answered, 'it's all right; Dr. Johnson said that counsel were at liberty to state, as the parties themselves would state, what it was most for their interest to state.'

"By and by, Lee had his bowl of milk-punch followed by two or three pipes of tobacco, when he suddenly said, 'Come, Master Scott, let us go to bed; I have been thinking upon the question you brought forward and I'm not quite so sure that the conduct you reprehended will bring a man peace at last.'"

It appears that "*honest* Jack Lee" somewhat distorted even the dictum which he attributed to the great lexicographer, and by which he tried to justify himself! Lord Eldon did justice to the friendship of his early protector; he always spoke feelingly of him, and not only said he loved to indulge in the remembrance of the kindness Lee had shown him in his younger days, he also admired him as a powerful cross-examiner of witnesses; "I remember," he says, "a witness remonstrating against the torture of Lee's cross-examination. The man who was clothed in rags said, 'Sir, you treat me very harshly, and I feel it the more because we are relations.'

"'We, relations, fellow! how do you make that out?'

"'Why,' said the man, 'my mother was the daughter of such a man, and he was the son of a woman who was the daughter of Abraham Lee, who was your great-great-grandfather.'

"'Well,' said Lee, 'I believe you are right, he was so;

therefore my good fourth or fifth or sixth cousin, speak a little correctly I beseech you, for the honour of the family; for not one word of truth, dear cousin, have you spoken yet.'"

Among other Northern Circuit stories Lord Eldon had to tell about my father's friend, Jack Lee, was one to the effect that they were once dining together at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave an annual dinner to the counsel.

In the midst of their joviality, Lee suddenly bethought him of a case in which he, Davenport and Scott (the future Lord Eldon) were engaged, and which was to come on the next day. Lee therefore whispered to Davenport, "I can't leave Fawcett's wine; you will have to go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause for to-morrow."

"Not I, indeed; what! leave the instant after dinner and forego my wine, to read a stupid brief; no, no, Lee my boy, that *won't* do."

"Then," said Lee, "be so good as say what's to be done. Who else is employed?"

"Why, young Scott, to be sure."

"Very well, then *he* must go. Mr. Scott, you must be off at once and make yourself acquainted with the details of that cause, against we come in for consultation this evening."

Scott accordingly went, leaving a large and jolly party enjoying themselves; he was still poring over his dry task, when Lee came reeling in.

"Eh? what?" said he, in reply to Scott's remark that he had mastered the brief; "Consult, consult? oh! no, I'm not going to consult to-night; I'm going to bed," and he passed on.

Sir Thomas Davenport arrived next in a very similar condition. "Dear me," he said, "how perplexing! how drunk Mr. Scott seems to be! quite impossible to have a consultation while he is in that state."

Scott was young, and what was more, he had lost the last course of his dinner, and had left without coming in for *any* wine, and yet it was he the only sober man of the company, whose drunkenness was to be fatal to the cause; for the verdict was adverse, thanks to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. However, they moved for a new trial; and be it said, to the honour of the Bar, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport paid between them all the expenses of the first trial. Lord Eldon remarks, "It is the only instance of such a thing I ever knew, but they *did.*"

As I have said, they moved for a new trial, and it was granted the following year. When it came on, the judge rose and said, addressing the counsel, "Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year." There was great laughter, but they gained the cause this time.

Though Jack Lee was a Yorkshire-man he went many years to York without receiving a single brief. One afternoon, after dinner, he said he found it too true that "a prophet has no honour in his own country," and that as he never received a single guinea in York, he should shake the dust off his feet and leave it the next morning for ever.

Davenport, on hearing this determination, went home to his lodgings, and aided by Wedderburn, drew up a sham brief, purporting to be "In a matter entitled, 'The King against the inhabitants of Hum town'—for not repairing a highway," setting forth the indictment and the names of the witnesses to be examined, and their testimony in a most skilful manner. This they sent to Lee's lodgings with a guinea as the fee.

When Lee came into the circuit-room in the evening, Wedderburn exclaimed, "Bless me, Lee! is that you? Why, I thought you were gone!"

"Well," answered Lee, "I was just going, but it's very extraordinary, a brief has been brought me, so I must stay."

"Ah!" exclaimed Davenport, "In what cause might that be?"

Lee looked at it and replied, "It's an indictment, the King against the inhabitants of Hum town, for not repairing a highway."

"Oh! dear," said Davenport, "why they brought *me* a brief in that case, with a bad guinea, and I wouldn't take it; I daresay they have tried the same game on you."

"Here it is," answered Lee.

Davenport looked at it and said, "Yes, it's the same guinea," and put it in his pocket.

Wedderburn and Davenport then told Lee the joke they had practised in order to have the benefit of his company a little longer at York; but, though he was a very good-tempered man, he never forgave them thoroughly.

Having remained that night, Lee stayed on, got one or two briefs which made the beginning of a most successful career, and afterwards led almost every cause at York.

At the time Lee was Chief Justice, a colleague thought to compliment him by applying to him Addison's paper—*The Templar*—(*Spec.* No. 2): but personalities are always risky, and Lee appears not to have approved of the comparison of the imaginary worthy with himself.

Though Lee piqued himself on possessing a serious knowledge of law and legalities, he once thoughtlessly made a remark which, coming from his lips, was something *beyond* a joke.

"A charter!" said he; "well, what *is* a charter; what indeed, but a skin of parchment with a lump of wax hanging to it!" not a very professional description, it must be allowed, and much censured at the time.

Jack Lee was of a jovial temperament and of a hospitable disposition; a recognized *gourmet*, he gave sumptuous dinners, and made himself popular whether within or without the profession. His family seat at Staindrop was kept up in old English style, and his hot-houses and

pineries as well as his *cuisine*, enjoyed a County reputation especially among those who were invited to enjoy them. When his fortune had reached £50,000, he determined to lay by no more of his income; his only child being a daughter, he wisely considered she would be sufficiently provided for, with that capital; he therefore began to spend yearly the whole of his revenue; but, however easy a task we may find it in these days to dispose of two or three thousand a year, Lee seems to have accomplished it with difficulty, though he had recourse to the costly expedient of "serving champagne at his table in pint mugs like table beer"; he perpetrated other eccentricities; among them, indulging a fancy for continuing in active work even after his (only partial) recovery from a paralytic seizure, so serious as sensibly to affect his intelligence: all those around him plainly discerned the effect it had had upon him, and a second attack not long after, caused a protracted illness which at last carried him off very suddenly.

My grandfather, at that time Attorney-General of the Isle of Man, being on August 5, 1793, on his way to Douglas, when changing horses at Darlington, desired the post-boy to drive through Staindrop, as he wished to call on Mr. Lee.

"Beg pardon, Sir W." said the man, "but Mr. Lee died this morning."

The record of Lee's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is couched in terms singularly complimentary to his profound professional knowledge, no less than to the marked integrity of his character; it also gives him credit for high literary cultivation and most agreeable conversation.

There were, in Lee's time, two other Lees of some repute; of these, one was an indolent fellow in holy orders; the other, a man of fortune leading a luxurious life. A humorous French lady, speaking of this trio of Lees, styled them respectively, "*lit de justice*, *lit de repos*, and *lit de parade*."

Notwithstanding occasional coarseness of speech and

manners, due perhaps to the custom of the times, Lee was a man of delicate feeling. After the acquittal of Admiral Keppel, that brave officer, in recognition of the services of his counsel—Jack Lee (Solicitor General), Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton), and Erskine (afterwards Lord Chancellor)—presented them each with a £1,000 note. Lee politely declined to accept the gift, as also Dunning; but Erskine (the youngest), having a wife and eight children, could not afford to abandon so important a sum. Lee, who loved and admired Keppel, wrote to him and asked him to give him his portrait, painted by one Dance—who, it seems, took excellent likenesses—"that I may keep it as an heirloom." But Keppel was not to be outdone in generosity: he sat to Sir Joshua for a three-quarter length life-size portrait, and had four *replicas* painted, which he distributed to Lee, Dunning, Burke, and Erskine. Lee's own portrait, mentioned above, and Viscount Keppel's, thus presented to him, have now both fallen into the same hands, and hang side by side.*

As Lee left no son, his £50,000 and the Staindrop property came to his only daughter, Penelope Tabitha, looked upon as a great heiress. She was, or appeared to be, a very elderly lady when I was a small child. She was always richly dressed, wearing brocades and laces of great value; she drove in a well-appointed equipage, sometimes a landau, sometimes a *vis-à-vis*, and was treated with great respect. She was, however, short and wizened, and slow in her movements, and her face was bony and red, with a sharp nose, thin lips, and very small eyes. Her fortune, which certainly was not her face, was in those days considered handsome for a single lady (even although she was not handsome herself). Possibly on that account she had thought it advisable to shun matrimony, and certainly her personal charms were not sufficiently prominent to bring a

* These admirable portraits were lent to the Guelph Exhibition Committee, by Hon. F. B. Massey Mainwaring, their present owner, a collector of great taste.

large choice of suitors to her feet. She never showed any signs of having inherited her father's sense of humour; indeed her mind, which may once have been more vigorous than at the time I remember her, was undoubtedly feeble, and she appeared to be entirely governed by a toady called Miss Addison, who was styled her "companion"; and no doubt she had a very good place, being always nearly as expensively attired as Miss Lee herself. She was also far more self-assertive; for, notwithstanding her large possessions, Miss Lee had not succeeded in acquiring what Sydney Smith expressively terms "a landed air."

While unmistakably ladylike, she had a curiously shy, diffident manner, which may have been the outcome of the subjection under which she was kept by her "companion," who, though always smiling and gentle, contrived to make her understand that she was to defer to her in everything; and what was more remarkable, she accepted the position as a matter of course, and never either complained of or resisted it; on the contrary, with the most lamblike submission, she made a point of consulting "Miss Addison" as to her minutest acts. She never ventured to taste of any dish at table, or even to take a cup of tea, without first obtaining Miss Addison's permission; and if, after the fashion of those days, the host greeted her with, "A glass of wine with you, Miss Lee," she seemed to consider it necessary to gain Miss Addison's assent before giving her own. My father, one night after dinner, asked her to come into the verandah to look at the moon, through a fine telescope he had, but we knew Miss Addison's veto was at hand, for she objected to the night air herself, cared nothing for astronomy, and never lost sight of "dear, precious Miss Lee" for a single instant.

Miss Lee had a queer way of fumbling in her pocket, which seemed often difficult to fathom, but this, often lengthy, process generally resulted in the production of a curious little enamelled snuff-box, a Wedgwood scent-bottle,

or a gold vinaigrette. She had a strange primitive way of rising to shake hands even with the smallest child that came into the room, and always asked these babies, in a measured tone of mingled respect and good-nature, "How—do—you—do, *ma'am?*" or "How—do—you—do, *sir?*" but she never found anything to say to them *beyond* that.

On one memorable occasion Miss Lee, followed necessarily by her shadow, Miss Addison, was one of fourteen guests who had been invited to our house to dinner, when one of the number happened to fail, and on entering the room and taking her place, she perceived the vacant chair, which reduced the number to the fateful thirteen. Incredible as it may seem, the poor old lady was so struck by the circumstance that, without even asking Miss Addison's permission, she fainted.

Being small at the time I did not witness this scene, but I remember looking over the rails of a gallery which commanded the horseshoe staircase, and wondering to see my father carrying the old lady upstairs to the drawing-room sofa; a never-to-be-forgotten incident occurring during the *trajet*, viz., the dropping off of her turban and wig, which lay helplessly at intervals on the stairs, till hastily picked up by "Miss Addison," who followed closely in the wake. Meanwhile one of the older children was expeditiously dressed and sent in to make up the accredited number, by the time Miss Lee was sufficiently restored to go down again.

Had the good lady lived in these times she would probably have joined a Paris association now forming, to provide "fourteenths" for dinner-parties where a guest is missing. The Company undertakes that its envoys shall be persons of good address and appearance, correctly costumed and well-mannered, and ready to be started at a moment's notice by telephone or messenger; they are warranted capable of keeping up harmless and amusing small talk.

The No. "13" seems to be more universally shunned in France than in England. In many French hotels the land-

lord takes the precaution of suppressing it, the room after No. 12 is No. 14, and, as an Irishman would say, "there isn't no No. 13 at all at all." Walter Scott, Sheridan, Mario, and Grisi, all largely shared in this superstition.

The celebrated contemporary of these gentlemen—Lord Eldon—whose romantic marriage (when John Scott) with Miss Surtees, was the commencement of a happy but laborious, and finally distinguished, life, was not only popular at the bar, but was always favourably received at Court, whether under George III. or IV. It is creditable to the latter, in his character of host, that he should have retained a remembrance of the singular partiality of the Lord Chancellor for "liver and bacon," and always made a point of having it served as an *entrée*, whenever Lord Eldon dined at the Royal table.

It would be superfluous to give any detail of the Scott family here, their lives having been so exhaustively written. A *bon mot* of Jekyll's which I remember hearing related by Mr. Martin Archer Shee, Q.C., *apropos* of Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, may be new to, at least, some of my readers.

A dinner being given in Scott's honour on his being raised to the peerage, by some accident he was late in arriving, to the annoyance of the more punctual guests. The unexpected delay was beginning to occasion various conjectures, when happily his lordship was announced.

"Well," exclaimed the legal wit, "I am sure we are all very glad to see the *late* Sir William Scott *appear*."

Lord Erskine's *bons mots* and *reparties* would fill a volume, but most of them have found their way into print, whether as anecdotes, or in his biographies; perhaps even the following, which I also heard from Mr. Martin Archer Shee.

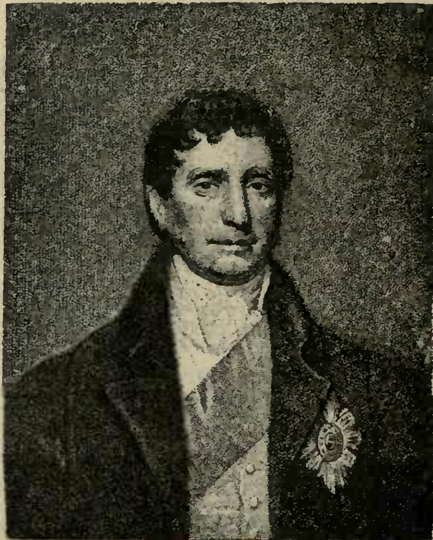
One day dining at the Lord Chancellor's, where he met the celebrated navigator, Captain Parry, Lord Erskine asked him on what diet he and his crew subsisted when frozen up in the Polar seas.

"Ah," replied the Captain, "we had no resource but to live on seals."

"And very good living too," replied Lord Erskine, and (reflecting regretfully on the lucrative office he had had to resign) he added, "that is, if you keep them long enough." *

Previously to this, and while still in office, being asked whether he were going to join the whitebait dinner at Greenwich, he answered—

"Of course I am! What sort of a fish dinner would it be without the Great Seal?" †



LORD ERSKINE.

I have more than once heard my father relate that, when Lord Erskine had succeeded in a cause in which his clients

* Lord Campbell writes (February 28, 1853): "The 'Bauble' is now very expensive to the country, there being an extra outfit of £2,000 to each new Chancellor.

† Lord Westmorland, who was Privy Seal in the time of George III., and who was not very strong in his French, being in Paris in 1807, was asked what office he held in the Government, when he proceeded to explain that Lord Eldon was "*Le Grand Sceau d'Angleterre, et moi je suis le petit sceau!*"—a definition which seems to bear out the anecdote that the King, being recommended to give him the vacant Order of the Thistle, replied—"I'm afraid he'd think he was meant to eat it."

were the Directors of a large Coal Company, they gave a great dinner to celebrate their triumph, making Erskine the hero of the occasion, and when, after dinner, he was called on for a toast, he gave the following—"Sink your pits, blast your mines, dam your rivers."

Dr. Parr told Lord Erskine that he would write his

A View of WESTMORELAND.
or an Impression of the PRIVY SEAL.

epitaph. "Ah!" he replied, "such a prospect is enough to make one commit suicide."

Byron has written of him somewhat ambiguously as follows. Mentioning in his diary a dinner at which he was a guest, he says: ". . . Erskine, too; Erskine was there: good, but intolerable; he jested, he talked, he did everything admirably; but then he *would* be applauded twice over for the same thing; he *would* read his own verses, his

own paragraph, and tell his story again and again: and then the 'Trial by Jury'!!! I almost wished it abolished, for I sat next him. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to *me*."

He once wrote in a French lady's album, the following impromptu:—

"The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For Nature which has given them *goût*,
Has only given us—gout."

But Erskine always had the tongue of a ready speaker, and, what is more, he was one of those happily gifted natures which win upon everybody. Crabb Robinson, who once fortuitously heard him speak in a will case, declared that after the lapse of fifty-four years, he had only to close his eyes to see and hear him as distinctly as on that occasion, for he could never forget his face, voice, and figure. "There was," he said, "a charm in his tones, a fascination in his eye, and a grace in his action, which made an instant and ineffaceable impression." It appears further, that in Crabb Robinson's opinion of this case, Erskine was on "the wrong side"; still he not only got a verdict out of the jury, but Robinson himself admits that so urgent was his advocacy, and so irresistibly did he carry his hearers along with him, that, had Erskine lost the cause, he should have wept.

Erskine's defences were so ingenious and so remarkable among his contemporaries, that it was said by the wits that all the most desperate characters in London were immediately concerned if anything ailed him; for, as long as he lived, it was safe to rob and murder. So much for forensic eloquence! Sometimes he laid it on so thickly that he might be said to be one of the few men who could venture to drive a substantive and six without fear of being upset, and many would call attention to the flow of his "gorgeous rhetoric" and its irresistible power.

Eloquence, however, like music, can only be estimated by

recollection, and the sole proof of its excellence that we can adduce to convince those to whom we describe it, must lie in the impression it produced on ourselves at the time, unless we judge it by its effect on the world, since: as Bulwer wrote,—

> "Wit charms the fancy; Wisdom guides the sense
> To make men nobler,—*that* is eloquence."

At the time Lord Cranworth was Chancellor there were four ex-Chancellors receiving pensions of £5,000 a year each—Lyndhurst, Brougham, Truro, and St. Leonards.*

Lord St. Leonards.

The father of Lord St. Leonards—Sugden, the fashionable barber—lived in Swallow Street—long since pulled down to make room for Regent Street: my father, when a young man, used to have his hair dressed and powdered by him, the fee being five shillings. Old Sugden had his paternal ambition, but it aimed at an altogether different result from that proposed to himself by his son: he never looked with any favour on the proclivities which took his *heir* out of the 'air-dressing line of life for which he had destined him, and used to say to my father, with a sigh of mingled regret and resignation—

"What can you do with a lad, sir, who 'as a will of his own? Ned's a clever boy, and, I know, could well 'ave got to the *'ead* of his profession; but 'e's got the 'law' in his mind, and nothing would satisfy him but I must put him with a conveyancer! Lord knows what'll come of it! And to think of the patronage he would have succeeded to! Ah! Sir," he would add, shaking his head mournfully, "no genius, no genius for the profession!"

Lord St. Leonards was once reminded of his barber-ous origin by a colleague, who disdainfully called him "the son of a hair-dresser," but received the well-merited retort—"Yes, but if *you* had been the son of a hair-dresser, you

* The wig worn by Lord Erskine as Lord Chancellor was purchased and exported to the Coast of Guinea; its use there being to frighten (!) the natives, by imparting to the wearer a mysteriously formidable appearance.

would have been a hair-dresser, yourself." *He* evidently preferred the bar to the bar-ber!

If Lord St. Leonards was not a very amiable man nor altogether very popular among his colleagues, his energy, perseverance, intelligence, and wit must have been of a very superior order, and it is regrettable that his old father did not live long enough to witness what did "come of it"; probably he would have doubted his own faculties had he seen his refractory boy hoisted up to the highest position in the land attainable by a layman, taking precedence after the Royal Family, with the solitary intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The history of the Great Seal (as the history of its holders) would make almost a volume, and a very interesting one. The subject of some romantic episodes, it has been more than once lost and found, though once lost, *without* being found.

In 1677, when Lord Chancellor Finch was its custodian, a desperate attempt to steal it was made by one Thomas Sadler, who actually succeeded in breaking into the Lord Chancellor's house in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in carrying off the mace and purse; but Finch was a man of precaution, and kept the Great Seal securely under his pillow! Sadler was a bold fellow, and although he had failed in fully carrying out his plan, he and his confederates insolently showed themselves next day in a mock procession parading the object of their plunder in effigy, in front of the Lord Chancellor's house. Thomas Sadler was arrested, and a few weeks after, paid with his life the felony he had committed, for he was hanged at Tyburn. This was the first Seal handed to Lord Jeffreys when he became Chancellor, and he held it till it was defaced: meantime King James II. being hard pushed by the imminent approach of William of Orange, and determined to resist his assumption of power by any contrivance that suggested itself, bethought him of a plan which he considered would not fail to em-

barrass the proceedings of the Whig party, though the expedient he adopted seems to have been a short-sighted, not to say a childish, one. The incident is picturesque, but does not reflect much credit on the King who imagined it, or the confederate who helped him to carry it out. The following is the detail of the event.

On the 10th of December, 1688, the King sent to Jeffreys demanding him to deliver up the Great Seal, a surrender which was effected the same night at 3 a.m. At that weird hour, the King, having the object concealed about him, disguised himself, and taking with him only one attendant — Sir Edward Hales — secretly left the Palace of Whitehall. The two proceeded stealthily to the Horse-ferry, Westminster, where they hailed a boat and bid the boatman pull off towards Lambeth. During the passage, the King noiselessly slipped the seal into the river, flattering himself that he had finally disposed of it, and that, with it, had sunk the chances of the Prince of Orange: this seems to have been a strange error for a King to make. It was, however, only six days after, that a fisherman threw in his net fortuitously somewhere near the spot, and had the luck to haul up the Great Seal, which he at once handed over to the Lords of the Council, who put it straight into the hands of the Prince of Orange.

In the *Annual Register* for 1784, we find that on March 24th, while it was under immediate contemplation to dissolve Parliament, the Metropolis was thrown into wonderment and consternation by an extraordinary and mysterious robbery, only to be accounted for by political possibilities.

The Great Seal had been abstracted from Lord Thurlow's keeping by means of a daring burglary, effected at the Chancellor's private residence in Great Ormond Street without having awakened any of the inmates. Great Ormond Street was then on the very outskirts of the town, and the burglars must have approached it across the fields, climbing the garden wall, making an entrance by the

kitchen window and so creeping up the back stairs, very knowingly, to a room adjoining the study, where they found the object of their search enclosed in its two bags, one of leather, the other of silk. Along with it were two silver-hilted swords and a sum of money, with all of which they made good their escape, nor was the plunder ever heard of again, any more than the plunderers.

It was (doubtfully) supposed that Lord Loughborough was concerned (in the Whig interest) in the desperate act, and yet it has been questioned whether he could (like King James) be weak enough in law and statesmanship to suppose that the loss of the seal could make more than a temporary delay in the execution of any political measure for which it was required.

This suspicion is thus undisguisedly expressed in the Rolliad:

> "The rugged Thurlow, who with sullen scowl,
> In surly mood, at friend and foe will growl;
> Of proud prerogatives, the stern support
> Defends the entrance of St. George's Court
> 'Gainst factious Whigs, lest they who stole the Seal
> The sacred diadem itself should steal."

When Lord Thurlow woke in the morning and found in what a grave situation he had been placed, he immediately repaired to Downing Street to consult with Pitt, and the two went straight to Buckingham Palace to inform the King. A council was summoned, and no time was lost in preparing another Seal.

The bags or purses in which the Seal was kept were renewed annually, and Lord Eldon held office so long that Lady Eldon was able to collect a sufficient number of these richly embroidered cases (which became each year the perquisite of the Chancellor) to make hangings to her bed.

Lord Eldon.

In the autumn of 1812 Lord Eldon was Chancellor, and being at his country seat, Enscombe, had taken the Great Seal thither with him. One night he woke up, hearing an alarm of fire, and his first thought was the safety of his

important charge. He seized it and rushed into the garden, where he could think of no better course than to bury it. Hastily digging up a place for it among the flower-borders, he deposited it there, and ran back to see to the safety of his house and family.

Looking round, he saw what he afterwards called "a very pretty sight," for all the maids had left their beds and were standing there in a line, making a chain to pass the buckets: the fire does not appear to have proved very serious, though at the time no one could guess how far it would spread, and

LORD ELDON.

the sudden shock, the unexpected nature of the catastrophe, and his terror as to the probable loss of the important badge of his office, were such as to induce a complete confusion in Lord Eldon's mind—which may perhaps have been further upset by the "pretty sight"—so that on rising next morning he could recollect nothing about the Great Seal, and when finally he remembered burying it, he had lost all memory of the locality.

The importance of the object, which it was absolutely

necessary he should recover, suggested the expedient of setting all his family to search for it, and, in describing the scene subsequently, he said—

"You never saw anything more ridiculous than a whole family scattered down that walk, probing and digging, till at last we found it."

This Seal had been approved and brought into use on the first day of the Union, January 1, 1801. It was described as a "Temporary Seal," but was engraven with the usual care, and remained in use fourteen and a half years.

Lord Eldon died, full of years and honours, in June, 1838. Charles Greville, who greatly admired him as a *raconteur* and gives him credit for *bonhomie* and good nature, says "he may have been a great lawyer, but he was contemptible as a statesman, and never got rid of the narrowest of narrow Tory principles."

His cheerful disposition and agreeable conversation were a boon to the Lords of the Council when in attendance on George IV., who would keep them waiting by the hour, without any compunction: it was then that the value of Lord Eldon's conversation appeared. He talked willingly, brilliantly, and not garrulously of his past professional experiences, which he related with so much humour that the time flitted away only too quickly. Greville further remarks on the unlooked-for changes, whether in appointments or in politics, that took place before he died, and tolerably mortified he must have been to witness the overthrow of the system he always strenuously supported and the triumph of the principles he had always dreaded and abhorred. Greville adds—What would he have said could he have lived to see "Queen Caroline's Attorney-General on the Woolsack, and her Solicitor-General, Chief Justice of England!"

Lord Campbell tells a story, *apropos* of the Great Seal, illustrative of the good sense, and at the same time of the humour of William IV. A dispute having arisen between

Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst as to their respective rights to the possession of the old Great Seal when a new one had been made, the question was referred to His Majesty, who, with a sagacious simplicity worthy of Sancho, at once settled the matter by acting on the principle of Solomon's judgment, and recommending that it should be cut in two, and divided between the claimants. The King, it should be said, did the thing handsomely; he sent an order to Rundell and Bridge to prepare two fine silver salvers and to fit one half of the relic into each, appropriating one to the actual Lord Chancellor and the other to his predecessor.

A new Great Seal having been made when Lord Campbell became Chancellor, there was on this occasion also a question as to how the old one should be disposed of, the general custom being to make it the perquisite of the reigning Chancellor whose predecessor in this case had been Lord Chelmsford; Lord Lyndhurst undertook to obtain, and obtained, Her Majesty's consent to dividing the Seal as by the late monarch, and also to conforming to the precedent His Majesty had introduced of having the two halves mounted in salvers which were ordered to be as costly and as well executed as on the former occasion.

John Adolphus, Q.C.

A celebrated barrister of a somewhat later date than those I have mentioned, and whom I personally knew, was John Adolphus, Q.C., writer of *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.* He was quite of the old school, a handsome, courteous, agreeable man, and his wife (Miss Leycester, of White Place, Berks) a pleasant, intelligent, cultivated woman, but extraordinarily plain; she had the most singular countenance I have ever seen, and the profile was even more strikingly singular than the full face: they had a son and daughter, both of marked intelligence and ability. I remember once hearing Mr. Adolphus express himself somewhat strongly upon the course followed by Charles Philips, who held a brief in the cause of Courvoisier, the murderer

of Lord William Russell,* and who was gravely censured by the bar generally for the mode of defence he adopted, after the assassin had confessed to him his guilt, even admitting that (in order that no blood might be found on his clothes) he had approached his sleeping master's bedside absolutely *unclothed*, and after the deed, had washed his hands at the sink, so that there was no circumstantial evidence to fix the crime on *him* any more than on his fellow-servant, who would have been inevitably incriminated, had *he* been pronounced innocent. Yet Philips went out of his way to put the case to the jury so as to suggest this alternative: "Gentlemen of the jury," said he solemnly, by way of peroration, "if you convict the prisoner, the blood of an innocent man will be upon your heads."

Baron Parke, the judge to whom Philips, in his embarrassment, communicated Courvoisier's confession, and whom (being scarcely equal to the occasion) he consulted as to the course he ought to adopt, was extremely displeased at being taken into this confidence: seeing, however, Philips's perplexity, he told him he should have refused to hear the confession; but that, whatever his feeling, it could make no difference in his conduct, and that he was bound to defend his client to the best of his ability.

Philips was not an ineloquent speaker, and though there was no mistake about the brogue, it was of a winning sort, and he possessed an Hibernian sense of humour which came out most favourably when in antagonism or in conversation with another counsel of his own nationality. He and Serjeant Murphy,† being *arcades ambo*, were jealous of each other, and often betrayed this weakness.

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* It is said that the shock produced upon Sir Edwin Landseer after reading the details of the murder (May 12, 1840) resulted in an attack of insanity. We may note as a somewhat curious coincidence that the motto borne by Lord William Russell carries in it a prophetic intimation of fatality—"*Che sara, sarà.*" The equivalent Spanish proverb being—"Lo que ha da ser no puede fallar."

† It was Serjeant Murphy who suggested "*Soyez tranquille*" as the epitaph for the wife of the great *chef;* I don't know to whom the great *chef* himself was indebted for "*Peas to his hashes.*"

Philips was a family man, had a handsome wife and two good-looking daughters ; when Louis Napoleon was an exile here, he rented of Philips the house in King Street, St. James's, on which is still to be seen a tablet recording his residence there ; as he occasionally called on his landlord about matters connected with his tenancy, Philips, like a prudent father, used to hurry his girls out of sight before the Prince appeared, lest he should fall in love with one—or both.* Nobody knew then that Louis Napoleon's wife would become an *Impératrice*, and sit on the throne of France.

John Adolphus, to whom I return, was a highly-esteemed lawyer, and as popular in society as at the bar. He was grandson to the physician of Frederick the Great, and was born in London in 1768; was called to the Bar in 1807, and died July, 1845. Besides inditing his historical, legal, and political publications, he was still working at the bar when he died aged within three years of 80.

Adolphus was often happy in his replies, and on one occasion availed himself of this facility, to take down Scarlett, the great *Nisi Prius* leader, who was much disliked for indulging in the objectionable habit of bullying every one in court. In this case, Adolphus and Scarlett being on opposite sides, the latter, not content with domineering over the court, turned to the opposing counsel and asked—

"Are you aware, Mr. Adolphus, you are not at the Old Bailey ?"

"I am, sir," answered Adolphus ; "there, it is the Judge who presides, and not the Counsel."

Adolphus was well known as an Old Bailey Counsel ; one night passing through St. Giles's to shorten his way home, he was addressed by an old Irish woman—

* This paternal care is suggestive of the legend that St. Peter (on the death of King Louis I. of Bavaria) called out to St. Joseph—"Joseph, shut up the eleven thousand virgins, here's Louis of Bavaria coming up."

"Be the powers, Misther Adolphus, an' is it yersilf as is comin' through *our* court to-night?"

"Who told you my name was Adolphus?" asked he.

"The blessed Lord save ye, Misther Adolphus! an' who tould me! why I'd a knowed ye if they'd a made ye into soup."

In Mr. Adolphus's defence of Thistlewood who (with a number of others) was arraigned for high treason in April, 1820, he is said to have made "one of the fullest, richest, most powerful, ingenious, and brilliant speeches ever delivered in a British Court of Justice."

John Leycester Adolphus, Q.C.

His son, John Leycester Adolphus, read early and industriously for the bar: conscientiousness was part of his nature; he was a precocious and promising youth and won early distinction in his profession.*

When scarcely more than a boy, he distinguished himself by his shrewdness in discovering the authorship of the Waverley novels (which for some reason of his own, Scott took great pains to mystify), and wrote an intelligent and humorous statement of his reasons for his opinion in a letter to Bishop Heber, which was published: the letter having come into Scott's hands, he was greatly pleased with it, and he afterwards noticed it very complimentarily in his Preface to *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

The question of the unrevealed authorship of *Waverley* † was once discussed at a public dinner at which Scott and young Adolphus were both guests; in the course of the

* Adolphus brought up his son and daughter as strictly as affectionately, and two more reliable characters it would have been difficult to find. His daughter, afterwards Mrs. Henderson, told me that on the occasion of the execution of a notorious criminal, her brother who was going to Guildhall, was requested by his father to avoid the Old Bailey. Shortly after the boy had gone out, a friend called and mentioned that a terrible disaster had happened opposite Newgate prison, owing to the pressure of the crowd, in the midst of which several people had been trampled to death, and he added, "I hope, Mr. Adolphus, Leycester was not in the thick of it." "Thank you very much," replied the father, with perfect calmness; "I thought something of the kind might happen and I told him to go another way."

† Wilson, the Scottish ballad-singer, at that time a compositor, was in the secret, from the first.

conversation, the latter, who had remained modestly silent, was asked his opinion, and replied he could not think the author could be any other than Walter Scott. After the dinner, Scott took the young man aside, and while lauding his acumen told him he had very important reasons for wishing not to disclose the fact at that time, and therefore begged he would help him to keep the secret for the present. After this incident the two became fast friends till death separated them.

I am unable at this moment to remember who is my authority for a very remarkable anecdote on this subject to the effect that one day Scott was dining with the Prince Regent, when the latter proposed as a toast—"The author of *Waverley*," with a meaning smile directed to his guest; Scott met the compliment without acknowledging it, as the time he had fixed for declaring himself had not yet come, and he not only drank the toast, but joined vociferously in the cheers which followed it, for it seems he made a great point of maintaining his *incognito*.

Rogers used to tell of a certain dinner at Lady Jersey's to which he went in company with Scott. Sheridan was of the party and took advantage of the opportunity to ask Scott, point blank, whether he did or did not write *Waverley*, to which Scott replied, unhesitatingly, "*On my honour*, I did not." No explanation appears ever to have been given of this unequivocal denial of what was shortly after to become a known fact. He made the same reply when the question was put to him by the Prince Regent. After he was gone, the Prince said—"I know he has told me a lie, but I hope he won't confess it, at least, during my lifetime."

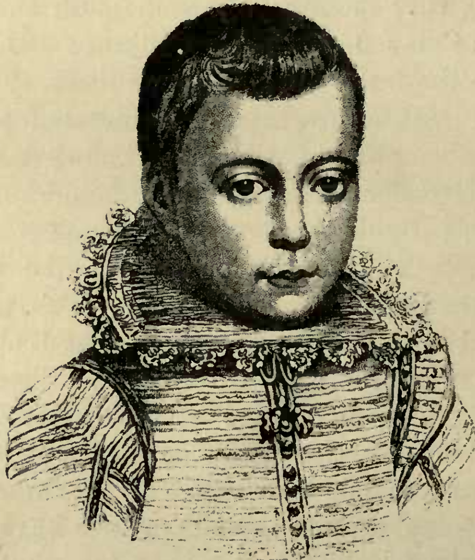
I subjoin a copy of a rare and interesting portrait I happen to have of Sir Walter Scott at five years old. Mr. and Mrs. Leycester Adolphus used often to stay at Abbotsford. During one of their journeys thitherward they met Hogg,* the Ettrick Shepherd, who, on parting with them,

* Hogg died in 1835.

gave Mr. Adolphus a stout oak walking-stick by way of a souvenir, adding jocosely—"May-be it'll serve to keep your wife in order."

While at Abbotsford, Adolphus showed the celebrated shepherd's parting gift to Sir Walter and also repeated the parting recommendation.

"Ah!" said Sir Walter, "if ye want a wife-beating stick I'll give ye a better one for that purpose;" and he produced a somewhat massive club, exceedingly formidable in form and weight.



Walter Scott, as a Child.

"I'll take your gift, Sir Walter," said Adolphus, "but I won't promise to employ it as you suggest."

On their return to London, the two sticks were fixed one above the other on the dining-room wall, where I saw them not long ago.

While at Abbotsford, Mrs. Adolphus was engaged on some fancy-work which consisted of shaped-out pieces of different-coloured satins sewn together to make what is called "patchwork"; when she produced her work-basket

in the evening, it was a great amusement to Sir Walter to sit beside her and lay out the patterns according to his taste.

John Leycester Adolphus was the author of a clever parody in the form of an eclogue called the *Circuiteers*, which was much praised by Macaulay, who declared it to be one of the best imitations he had ever read: he also, after a somewhat extended tour in Spain, published a spirited account of his impressions in the form of letters.

I still often call to have a chat with my aged friend, his widow, born in 1795, and now nearer one hundred than ninety. The last time I saw her (very recently) I found her as usual in possession of all her faculties, and with a vivid recollection of the events of her early life. She showed me an ancient print on the staircase wall, representing the gathering of the Volunteer troops in Hyde Park to celebrate the birthday of George III. on June 4, 1799; a detailed account of this affair will be found in the *Annual Register* of that date; the print is an interesting relic, showing, together with the engraver's work, not only the condition and dimensions of the Park at that time, but the uniforms and accoutrements of the troops. The day was a very unfavourable one as regards weather, and the men had to sit their horses under pelting rain from before seven o'clock a.m., at which hour they arrived on the ground, till a quarter to one, by which time their various evolutions under the spirited and efficient command of General Dundas, were completed, and in a style much to His Majesty's satisfaction. The Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York, Kent, Cumberland, and Gloucester were present, and "an immense multitude crowded the Park."

The longevity of Mrs. Leycester Adolphus is the more noteworthy that she never takes wine or flesh meat. Her diet also excludes tea, and consists of four tumblers of milk daily, with a slice of cake or toasted bread; the nearest approach to meat, is a very small dish of calves' brains

simply boiled, and she allows herself broth or soup once a day. She never sleeps more than two hours at a time. Up to three months back she was active in the use of her limbs, but getting a fall when leaving her bed, she bruised her hip, shoulder, and head, and still feels the effects of these injuries though they are not perceptible to others.

Mrs. Adolphus still tells many anecdotes of the Court of George III., and among them she related to me one, worth recording as a curiosity of coincidence. It appears that a Hammersmith tradesman named Speer, and who died at the same hour as the King, was also born at the same hour. He chose to be married at the same time, but in this of course the fortuity does not apply.

On the day on which the King died, there also died a Yorkshire hunting squire, by name John Demaine, aged 110. His greatest delight was the hunting-field and he chose always to follow the hounds on foot. His seat was West-end, near Frewster, and he became pretty well known, as may be supposed, in that part of the country. He was able to pursue his favourite exercise till the age of 105: the only complaint he ever made of any obstacle to his accustomed enjoyment was when he reached 100, and then he discovered "a loss of style and agility (!)" in his mode of leaping a gate, clearing a ditch, or taking a fence. What pigmies we are in these days! this gentleman who never experienced a single day's indisposition in his long life—if out in bad weather, was never known to change his clothes however wet. *All* men, however, of that day were not so constituted, for His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who died one week before him, paid with his life the neglect of this precaution, and yet he was only 53, and a man of splendid physique.

Lord Brougham.

The most remarkable character at the bar within my personal recollection was, perhaps, Lord Brougham. I have often heard him speak at public meetings, for he was by no means loth to make himself popular. He was striking rather from energy than grace, neither was there much

elegance or much imagination in his eloquence; but his delivery was impressive, and the vigour of his tone was said to be the result of much study and practice. His opponents might well wince under his sarcasms, which it was dangerous to provoke, for few public speakers were ever more complete masters of irony. Hazlitt affords some idea of his moral character when he says "Brougham towered over his fellow-men by the whole height of the peerage." He also describes him as "a man of inordinate ambition and little heart." The very remarkable facial peculiarity indulged in by Lord

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham was especially noticeable when he was speaking, and more particularly when he was excited by the nature of his subject, the end of his nose was then seen to twist itself about in the wildest way, without affecting any other muscle in his face.

Lord Brougham's temper was very irascible, and more than one of Sydney Smith's jokes upon him helps to show what was its reputation at the time. His irritability even got the better of his politeness on occasions, one of which I will relate.

His lordship happened to be in the public reading-room in

Edinburgh, and having taken up *The Times*, stood reading it—the whole sheet being opened and held up before him. A lady named F——, who was busying herself very energetically about the Temperance question, had happened to see him entering the room, and thinking the opportunity a favourable one for obtaining his support, followed him in, determined by some means or other to introduce herself and her scheme to his notice. She accordingly made boldly up to him, but finding no corresponding readiness on his side,—as he took no notice whatever of her,—she ventured a timid "My lord!" My lord, however, having no intention of encouraging these advances, turned on his deaf ear, pointedly pursued his occupation, and, ignoring her approaches, continued to dodge them by protecting himself with his improvised *ægis*. Intimidated perhaps, but not daunted, the lady took another step nearer, cleared her throat, and "my-lorded" him again in a more distinct tone. Brougham, however, continued to fasten on to *The Times*, and not a hint did he allow to escape him that he had heard himself addressed. However, on her pertinaciously attempting a third invocation, he altogether forgot his manners; no doubt the tip of his nose was violently at work, for he furiously crumpled up the whole of the huge sheet into a ball, and as, in her terror, she had retreated to the furthest corner of the room, he hurled it at her with a most ungallant display of force, exclaiming, "Woman! who gave you leave to interfere with me?" He then seized his hat and strode from the room.

Brougham was too vain and bumptious to be popular, and often got snubbed, yet there was a tender side to his character, and I have been told by a connection of my own, and his, that he worshipped his afflicted daughter, who, happily for herself, died young. It was only natural that a case so sad should be little spoken of outside the immediate family; and the condition of her health, which kept her out of society, was one reason for his taking up his abode at

Cannes. As long as he survived her, the room she occupied, and in which she died, was called after her, and was preserved exactly as she had left it.*

"Eleanor" seems to have been a favourite name with Lord and Lady Brougham. Their first daughter, who died very young in 1820, before the birth of the second, was called Sarah Eleanor, and the second, Eleanor Louisa: the latter died in November, 1839, aged nineteen. Her remains were brought to England, and were interred—the only one of her sex—within the enclosure surrounding the beautiful chapel of Lincoln's Inn, where, on a mural tablet, stands inscribed an epitaph, as elegant as touching, from the classic pen of the Marquis Wellesley, one of the first scholars in Europe.† There is, it will be seen, much pathos in these lines, which I transcribe:—

> "Blanda anima e cunis; heu! longo exercita morbo
> Inter maternas, heu! lacrymasque patris,
> Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
> Et levis et proprii vix memor ipsa mali.
> I, pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus,
> Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies." ‡

* The "Villa Lord Brougham" is now an hotel, and, of course, the privacy of this room has ceased to be respected.

† The early promise of future distinction given by this studious young nobleman, when a boy at Eton, astonished as much as it delighted his friends, and was amply fulfilled in after years. Lord Selborne, himself remarkable for his erudition, says of him in a letter to myself, "Besides being once Governor-General of India, and filling several important public offices in this country, he was a first-rate Latin scholar." When George III. and his Queen, who delighted in visiting Eton, went there accompanied by several of the young Princes, and attended by a great train of nobility, on the 27th of July 1778, in order to hear the speeches of the boys, the Marquis of Wellesley particularly distinguished himself by his delivery of the speech of Lord Strafford when about to be executed. So pathetic was his tone, and so touching the expression he gave to the words, that the whole audience was in tears.

‡ Thus paraphrased by my friend, Mr. John W. Bone:—

> "Sweet child! from thy first hours in suffering bred,
> Between thy mother's and thy father's tears,
> How oft with happy smile, their griefs and fears
> Thou soothedst, cheerful, on thy restless bed!
> Fly now to heaven's bright realms; no care shall come,
> Nor pain, to mar thy rest—Rest sweetly—there is home."

The Marquis, like his brother, the great Duke, was not without a sense of humour. Sir Walter Stirling told me, he once heard him relate an amusing anecdote of Brummel, who, to mask his (very cogent) reasons for his retirement to the coast of France, described himself as "a bachelor of fashion passing his time between London and Paris."

As I have mentioned the Beau, I may add that he never found any facility for returning from his exile, but grew so prematurely aged in that refuge of *roués* to which he had resorted, that an acquaintance meeting him there casually, had some difficulty in recognizing him. Some time before his death his mind gave way, and his friends were compelled to place him under restraint. There was, therefore, a melancholy contrast between his earlier and later life; this gaudy butterfly who had, at least for a time, enjoyed his *entrées* at Court as the boon-companion of the Regent, and had become the standard of fashion, ended his days in a madhouse at Caen, surrounded by imaginary monarchs and wearing a strait-waistcoat!

There are in the diary of Sir William Knighton (who was appointed by George IV. Secretary to the Marquis on his embassy to Spain) several mentions of that nobleman in his private capacity; unfortunately these are *too* discreet, for Knighton was no Boswell, and we are only tantalized by the very delicate sketches he gives of little incidents, which might nevertheless have been indicative of character. Passing through Petersfield, before they crossed the Channel, Knighton remarked—"This was the birthplace of Gibbon." This bait, however, did not draw, and all that we learn is that the cultivated scholar showed little enthusiasm on the matter, for "he expressed no opinion on the great historian's character," contenting himself with observing that "he thought his style too loose to be admired."

It was only a short month before the mournful event I have alluded to in Lord Brougham's life, that occurred that mysterious incident of which his contemporaries, including

the press, mortified at having been so easily hoaxed, gave a not very creditable explanation. His lordship had gone to Brougham Hall, Penrith, where his two friends—Leader and Shafto—were on a visit, when on the 21st of October, 1839, an alarming letter, signed and purporting to have been written by the latter, was received by Mr. Alfred Montgomery in London. It stated that Lord Brougham and the writer were driving in the neighbourhood of Penrith, when the postchaise was overturned, that the postilion fell under the horse he was riding, and had his leg broken, but that Lord Brougham was thrown out and killed on the spot.

The startling contents of this letter were at once communicated to the editors of the morning papers, and all but *The Times*—which, for a long time after, piqued itself on its discernment—published the full details in large print, with suitable comments and biographical notices. Meantime, Mr. Shafto, who had never even dreamed of describing an accident that had never happened, was paralysed with surprise and indignation, and immediately, in a circular to the papers, disclaimed all knowledge of the communication to which his name had been so unscrupulously forged. However, of course, *some one* wrote it, and it was not long before suspicion fixed itself on the only individual at all likely to have ventured on this somewhat grave and most mistaken practical joke. Whatever the presumption, doubt soon gave way to certainty, and the identity of the fabricator, together with the meanness of his probable motive, seemed fully established in public opinion.

As for the Duke of Cambridge, meeting Lord Brougham shortly after, he followed him round the room, saying, with his triple repetition, half contemptuously, half jocosely, "D—— you, you dog, *you* wrote that letter, you know you did."

D'Orsay declared he had carefully compared the letter attributed to Shafto, with one of Brougham's to himself, and

was convinced that the handwriting, though disguised, was identical. The very paper betrayed the secret, for it was of the same size and shape, and had all the same marks, leaving no doubt of the fact.

"Quem Deus vult perdere, priùs dementat"—

cannot but be true in this case, or how could a man, possessing *some* really rare and fine qualities, and with a hardly-earned reputation to lose, a man of experience, a man of the world, and a statesman to boot, be so utterly wanting, if not in principle, at least in diplomacy, as to risk a fraud, the discovery of which, he must have known, would for ever deprive him of the esteem of honest men!

Brougham was nothing if not vain-glorious, and never lost an opportunity of drawing attention to himself. He was fond of recalling the part he had taken in the history of the Royal Family, his defence of the Queen at her trial, and his success in withholding Princess Charlotte from measures to which she was instigated by her impetuosity. He once narrated to a friend of mine, when a guest at Lowther, that singular scene in the drawing-room of Connaught House, the residence of her mother, whither the young Princess had fled in a hackney coach from her "prison" in Spring Gardens. The man who drove her had no suspicion of the rank of his fare, though she had imprudently promised him a guinea to drive her to Oxford Street. At Cumberland Gate he asked for further instructions, and she directed him to Connaught House. Arrived there, she asked the servants if her mother were at home, and it was only on their addressing her as "Your Royal Highness" that the man discovered who she was: she then dismissed him, telling the servants to give him three guineas, adding that "he had earned them."

The Princess of Wales was absent at Blackheath, whither a messenger was despatched, and one of the household also fetched Lord Brougham, who arrived immediately, and soon

after him, the Duke of York, who had followed the Princess, on her flight being discovered, for he at once guessed whither she must have gone; but it was in vain he tried to persuade her to return quietly and avoid a scandal. This was not easy, as the Princess was in a state of great irritation, the grievance being the change proposed to be made in her household and place of residence, without consulting her, and so far from yielding, she advanced to the window, declaring she would show herself and appeal to the people.

Brougham then approached, and with his hand on the button, told the excited girl that nothing would be easier than to call the mob to her aid, "but," added he, "*after* that, Princess, . . . what will happen?"

The young Princess, child as she was, understood at once the risk and responsibility of the measure she had contemplated; she saw before her revolt, civil war, bloodshed, and she gave in. Brougham was not slow to take to himself the credit of her submission, and was triumphant when another hackney-coach having been called, she consented to muffle her face and figure, and enter it with the Duke of York and himself, to drive back to Warwick House. Mrs. Lewis, her sub-governess, who had arrived in the meantime, followed, and it was half-past three a.m., when the Princess reached her home.

Brougham had contrived to put himself on a footing of no small importance in the domestic squabbles of the Royal Family; but, if the Princess of Wales reckoned him and Denman her friends and supporters, she had more reason for trusting the latter. True, though it may be, that Brougham's speeches and his advocacy generally, obtained her acquittal, the warmth of his arguments and the zeal of his manner were not the outcome of any personal regard or respect. The light in which he represented her was very different from that in which he saw her, and in society he made no secret of his disapproval of her conduct. He discerned, in a Royal trial, a fine opportunity for the display of his legal ingenuity

and his oratorical powers, and it was pretty freely thought, and even said, that "it was not the *woman* but the *case* that interested him."

Among those who were really disinterested friends of this foolish and unfortunate Princess, was Mr. Perceval, and when the sudden news of his assassination on May 16, 1812, reached the Princess from Madame Haeckle, during dinner, she was perfectly wild with grief and consternation. At midnight she became calm enough to send an express to Mr. Arbuthnot, but the messenger returned with a full confirmation of the report, adding a few details and informing Her Royal Highness that the assassin was one Bellingham, a Russia merchant, whose motive was private vengeance for some imaginary wrong, and that he had made no attempt to escape.*

Michael Angelo Taylor † was one of those who took down the depositions of the witnesses who were standing in the lobby at the moment when Bellingham committed the cowardly act.

Macaulay lauds to the skies the grand and noble eloquence and moral influence of Brougham, but *only* when comparing him with Croker; for he says, in one of his letters to Macvey Napier, "Brougham's absurdities are merely pitiable while he confines himself to his pen. He is a formidable orator, but a very middling writer, and has never produced anything poorer than his last pamphlet; as to his *Political*

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* Byron mentions in his diary having gone to the Old Bailey on the day on which the sentence of this miscreant was carried out:

"Went this morning," he writes, "to see Bellingham launched into the other world; and this afternoon to see * * * launched into the country."

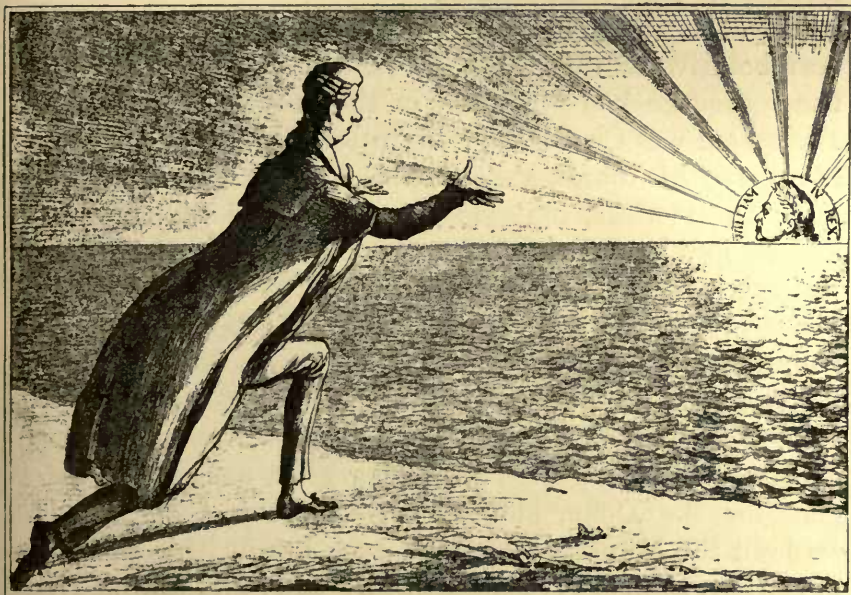
† He was nicknamed "the chicken," because he once said "he always delivered his legal opinions in that House with great humility; he was young, and might with propriety, call himself a chicken in the profession of the law." Sheridan, in a humorous speech which produced roars of laughter, noticed the diffidence of Mr. Taylor, connected with another observation of his, that "he should vote with the opposition because they were in the right, but in all probability he should never vote with them again." Sheridan asked whether this meant that they would in future always be in the wrong.

BELLINGHAM.

Philosophy," he concludes, "I can't find a soul who has read it."

Lord Brougham's attitude on the death of George IV. was cleverly and significantly shown up in one of H. B.'s smartest sketches, in which he represents him as a Gheber worshipping the rising sun, to which, in giving the King's likeness, this consummate artist has imparted an inimitable expression of alarm and mistrust.

The Gheber.



"The Gheber,"—Brougham—William IV. (H.B.)

On this occasion, Lord Grey seemed to see an excellent opportunity for overthrowing the Ministry, though the division on the Galway Bill was not in itself, as he admits, of sufficient importance to decide their tenure of office; still he took occasion "openly, and strongly to declare his opinion that this administration was not capable of conducting the Government with advantage to the country." In communicating this to his correspondent his "dearest Princess," he continues invidiously, "In the house of Lords, at least, there

are no 'battles of Waterloo' to be gained, and *then* the conqueror in so many battles appears in truth, a *very* little man" (!). "I was supported," he says, "by the leading members of all parties," but he is obliged to admit, "the majority against us was large," and then alluding to the tone assumed by Brougham in the debate, he concludes, "I believe there really might have been a majority against Ministers, but for the strange conduct of Brougham, whom I really do believe to be mad."

Haydon's testimony, as written in his diary, is singularly corroborative of this view; he said he should never forget the scenes he had witnessed in the House of Lords when Brougham was Chancellor: his utter apathy to the feelings of others; his inordinate assumption of extraordinary elevation; the restless, irritable grossness of his allusions; his callous indifference to facts, were shocking. Had he remained in office, he would have been, as Napoléon said of himself, "*à lui seul, une révolution*"; but he *was* not endured, and *could* not be. "In my conscience," he adds, "I verily believe his brain latterly, was over-excited."

In February, 1838, Greville writes: "Brougham is coquetting with the Tories, professing great respect and deference for the Duke, but his sole object is to badger and torment the Ministry: he can't even keep within the limits of civility, talking of 'Lord J. This,' and 'Mr. Spring That,' and calls it the Thomson Government, choosing the name of its most insignificant member: such conduct can be qualified only as undignified and contemptible."

The Princess Lieven disliked Lord Brougham; so, of course, *therefore* did Lord Grey. Throughout their very remarkable correspondence, it is curious and amusing to note that lady's policy and her astuteness in sustaining it, also to follow her manœuvres to obtain an ascendency over the English statesman, and to bias his mind against those to whom (whether from caprice or from political motives) she had taken exception. The reader can trace her fear of

the iron Duke, and the antipathy it had engendered towards him in her correspondent's mind, together with her anxiety to maintain that feeling. With an ingenious subtlety worthy of a better cause, she won the Earl over to her own views, till at last we find him joining, almost unconsciously, in her sneers at, and abuse of, the Duke and maligning him as unreservedly as she herself: this policy she followed with equal success in all matters of State.

Her manifest object throughout the correspondence was not only to worm State secrets out of the Minister, but to direct his policy so as to suit the Power whose spy she was; she laboured hard and not altogether unsuccessfully, whether by her adroit cajoleries, or her covert menaces that she would put an end to their intercourse, to hoodwink him and mould him to her purposes. It is true that on one occasion, perhaps more, he resisted her bravely.

This intriguing woman who carried on her political tricks by correspondence with her husband's mother in Russia, died in January, 1857.

Samuel Warren, Q.C.

Samuel Warren, Q.C., I remember meeting at dinner at the house of Sir David Salomons in Great Cumberland Place, in January, 1855. He gave the impression of being superfluously self-conscious, but though he monopolized to a great extent the attention of those sitting near him of whom I was one, his conversation was not unamusing. A fashionable marriage was talked of and the fortune of the bride, who was heiress to £100,000, being remarked upon, Warren observed: "How glibly we *talk* of £100,000! We seem to fancy we have the tangible yellow, golden sovereigns before us, but where *are* they? Who ever *saw* a hundred thousand pounds? Who ever actually *saw* even ten thousand?"

"Unless," I answered, "it was 'Ten Thousand *a Year;*' most of us must have seen that." Warren seemed to appreciate this allusion to his novel which had not long before appeared, for I heard him repeating it afterwards

to the ladies, upstairs; but, alluding to his first book, *The Diary of a late Physician*, he told me it was incredible how much harm this work had done him in his profession.

Warren had, he informed me, been originally intended for one of the medical fraternity, and had pursued his studies in that direction for some time, but ultimately abandoned medicine for the bar: the turn his mind had taken during that time, had, however, suggested to him to write that book, and the knowledge he had acquired, had enabled him to handle the subject so successfully and naturally, that for a long time no one suspected but what the author *was* a physician; when therefore it was discovered he was

Nathan Meyer Rothschild.

a barrister, the public imagined—at least so he said—that the profession he was practising must have been neglected for the one he had abandoned.

N. M. Rothschild.

Among the guests that day was Nathan Meyer Rothschild, cousin to Lady Salomons, who always pronounced the name after the German form, "Roth-schild." This was the son of the Baron Rothschild, who, besides his long succession of prosperous ventures, did such a clever piece of business in 1815, adding thereby a mighty pillar of gold to the support of his colossal fortune. It is probably remembered, how deftly he chartered a private boat to take him across the

Channel, somewhere about the 16th of June; speeding on to Brussels, where he learnt particulars enough of the critical event on which the thoughts of all Europe were concentrated, and remained just long enough to enable him to certify the important fact of its issue, and then how quickly, how deliberately, how *unostentatiously* he returned, and shuffling along to the City, took up his wonted place in the great temple of Mammon. There he assumed an attitude of profound dejection with an air of meditative reserve, which seemed to repel all inquiries: a likely matter he would impart news sought by his own mother-wit, and secured at so much cost, personal labour, and risk! No; all that the "City men" could discover to satisfy their eagerness for direct information, had to be learnt from the countenance and attitude of the shrewd and vigilant Israelite. The Stock Exchange was puzzled; they watched, and they scanned; they noted his utter inactivity in the matter of business, and they came to the inevitable conclusion, that the English must have been defeated, that the irrepressible Buonaparte was rampant, and would infallibly sooner or later invade England.* Stocks of all descriptions were thrown on the market, there was a general panic, thousands were ruined! Meantime, Baron Rothschild had his agents all over the market, diligently buying up the stocks that others in their desperation were flinging away; while, as for him, he stood as one paralyzed, avoiding any semblance of action either way. News, even financial news, travelled leisurely in those days, and there was plenty of time for this master of the money-making art to build up a fortune before the cry of victory resounded through the land, and when it came,

* Canning states, that after Napoleon had escaped from Elba, he once saw George III. amusing himself by first thrusting his hand through the cuff of a wide sleeve he wore, giving it a fillip with the other hand and drawing it in again, then smartly reproducing it and saying, "That's Boney; send him back as often as you like, he always comes up again." It was only after this scourge of Europe was securely netted at St. Helena, that the world began to feel itself emancipated from his restless attempts.

men of business found they had been "done." Yet no one could implicate the Israelitish financier—not a word had he spoken: they chose to draw their own inferences, and could blame only their own want of shrewdness, in not discovering the little game that had been played off on them by this negative manœuvre.

I borrow from Charles Greville's *Memoirs* a very interesting account of the mother of all the Roth-schilds, and her dirty house in the heart of the *Juden-gasse* at Frankfort, where she always persisted in living, though £4,000 a year was allowed her by her sons, and where she was resolved to die. She was very infirm at the time Greville saw her (1843), and it took two or three maids and as many stout livery-servants to put her into her carriage.

Although at that time the Jews might have lived in any part of Frankfort, they preferred congregating as much as possible in their own quaint, picturesque, and unclean old quarter so that those who walked through it, as they met old fellows with long grisly beards, tell-tale gaberdines and tall black caps, looking like so many Shylocks, and women with luxuriant but untidy, black locks, dark eyes and skins, and flashing jewels on their necks, ears, and fingers, habited in abnormal and squalid costumes—felt themselves at once in a different world.

It was in one of these narrow gloomy streets, that Charles Greville, observing before the door of a wretched tenement, in no way distinguished from the rest, "a smart *calèche* lined with blue silk, the door being attended by a footman in blue livery," he waited a moment that he might get a sight of its owner. Presently the door of the house was opened, and he saw an old woman descending the dark and narrow staircase, supported by a young woman, her grand-daughter—Baroness Charles de Rothschild, whose carriage was also waiting in the street. A number of the neighbours collected to see the old lady: he expresses himself as "greatly impressed by the contrast between the squalor of

the dilapidated locality, and the dresses, attendants, and equipages of these ladies."

Mr. Roebuck, M.P. for Sheffield.

Another guest I have frequently met at the same table was Roebuck; on one occasion, which I particularly remember, —full of his grievances anent the "Crimean blunders;" loud in his invectives against the mismanagement of which he had carefully noted all the details, and announcing the protest he was about to enunciate from his seat in Parliament, demanding an official justification of all the proceedings connected with the war.

Roebuck's motion for a committee of inquiry, it will be remembered, was carried by an unexpectedly large majority of (I think) 160, and Gladstone's speech on the occasion was a very memorable one; indeed, the occasion itself was memorable enough in its political results, the Government being completely beaten, and Lord Aberdeen's resignation, which was of course inevitable, being followed by considerable difficulty and delay in forming another Cabinet.

Chisholm Anstey, M.P.

Chisholm Anstey was also, during his erratic visits to England, frequently at Sir David's:—a tall, handsome, gentlemanly man, whose career, marked by considerable ability, was singularly chequered. His father was a wealthy Tasmanian, and sent over his son (born in 1816) to be educated at Westminster; early in life he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. Vehement in all he did, he took up very advanced religious views in the direction of Catholicism, and having been received into the Church, began at once to testify the most filial enthusiasm in her behalf. He obtained the Professorship of Law and Jurisprudence at Prior Park College, and the cause he had at heart, and which he took up with all the impulsiveness of his nature, was that of his new co-religionists. Thinking he could serve this more efficaciously in Parliament than at the Bar, and resolved to support the schemes of O'Connell with all his might, he stood, and was elected in 1850 M.P. for Youghal, and soon took advantage of his position to badger

the Government of Lord Palmerston, whom he made a point of opposing on every measure brought before the House. During the two years he remained in the House he drew on himself the obloquy of the majority of the members, and was continually shown up in *Punch*. In fact, he did more to damage than to benefit the cause for which he fought, and in 1852 withdrew from Parliament,

In whatever position he occupied, Anstey contrived to put himself at loggerheads with every one he had to deal with, and his only successes were those he obtained at the Bar, when out in Bombay. When appointed Attorney-General at Hong Kong, he at once announced his discovery of gross abuses throughout the Government there, which he declared his intention of radically reforming. These "reforms," however, brought him into collision with Sir John Bowring, who obtained from the English Government, first his suspension, and finally his withdrawal, and he returned to England thoroughly disgusted with China and the Chinese. I remember his loud animadversions on the character of that people when dining at our house one day, and his declaring that they were "like grown-up babies, without any of the simplicity or the graces of childhood."

After remaining some time in England, where it was in vain he tried to obtain practice at the Bar, and finding no sympathy in response to his complaints of the unfairness with which he considered he had been treated in China, nor any redress, though he eloquently memorialized the Duke of Newcastle on the subject, he resolved to return to Bombay, where he was warmly welcomed, and resumed at once his former successful position: when he died in 1873, he was universally and profoundly regretted by natives of all religious denominations in that Presidency.

A notorious Q.C.

Among other more or less remarkable members of the Bar, I once met at dinner a well-known Q.C. and M.P., popular, yet not respected; more eminent for his ingenuity in brow-beating a witness, his acumen in discerning, and his

cleverness in seizing on, all the weak points of his adversary's case, and his success as a Counsel generally, than for the scrupulousness of his moral character. He was courting a wealthy American widow, who proved considerably more astute than himself, and who was also at this party.

She was a stout, rubicund, motherly individual, but from the style of dress she adopted, seemed to consider herself still on her promotion; the material she wore was very costly, but then there was not much of it, and its scantiness contributed to leave her charms somewhat too apparent.* I was told that one gentleman present had been heard to make to another the well-known remark, stolen from Dr. Johnson.

It would seem that the Q.C. in question viewed his Danaë through the golden veil in which his imagination enveloped her, and took no exception to the indiscreetness of her dressmaker: however, in the course of the evening, he found occasion to ask who were those four handsome girls he had seen the day before, at a concert under her chaperonage.

"Four girls?" said the widow colouring; but immediately recovering her self-possession, she added, "Oh yes; I remember, they are connections of mine; *connections by marriage.*" The answer was strictly true, though it may be unusual for a mother to describe her daughters in those terms. It was only after the wedding that the deluded bridegroom discovered to his cost, the true interpretation of this devious reply, and that the bride was by no means as she had led him to believe, a childless widow. However, he watched his opportunity, and if he had been taken in, he knew how to make reprisals, by an eminently successful raid upon the lady's diamonds; the history of which, and of his conviction as the abstractor, is too notorious to need repetition here.

* *Apropos* of this style of dress, I have heard of a lady, who similarly displayed her charms at a party where a gentleman inquiring who she was, was answered, "Oh! that is a Russian lady of distinction." "Then," rejoined the other, "she must be Princess Shemizoff, *née* Orloff."

Indeed, this gentleman's malpractices had brought on him, before his marriage, the ignominy of being disbarred, and hence his device of crossing the herring-pond, which however did not serve him: whether his notoriety had preceded him, or whether his subsequent scandals were too recklessly played off, I cannot say, but he could make no way in the New World, and his later years practically demonstrated the result of misusing singularly brilliant gifts, which should have served to make him honoured and happy : so there is a moral to *this* story.

I do not know in what rank of life the counsel in question was born, and possibly he may have risen from the ranks, but I have in my note-book an extract (the source of which I am sorry is not given), to the effect that—

"Many years ago the Court of Common Pleas refused to hear an affidavit read, because the barrister therein named, had not the addition of 'Esquire' to his name."

This seems strange at the present day, when no one, however disqualified, hesitates to appropriate that "addition," and in a barrister's case it is not needed, as *he* is entitled *ipso facto* to style himself "Esquire." Perhaps these punctilious gentlemen required that he should start with the *title* as a qualification, and not merely acquire it after being called.

Serjeant Merewether.

Serjeant Merewether had merriment in his character as well as in his name, and had his wits about him in court: few could be readier with a smart answer whenever there was an opening for it. Being once engaged in a parliamentary case with Lord —— the latter, remarkable for the *brusquerie* of his manner, not to call it by a stronger name ; and seeking to justify himself for having contradicted a statement made by the learned Serjeant, said in a tone which betrayed his dissatisfaction :

"Pass me that bag, and I will show you."

"Bag ! What bag ?" asked the Serjeant.

"Why, the one with the letters on it."

"What letters?"

"The letters E. B. D. Can't you see them?" said his lordship, impatiently.

"E. B. D.!" repeated the Serjeant, who appears to have been somewhat irritated; for he added, *sotto voce*, "*U.B.D!*"

Captain Hans Busk.

A man of mark among social and literary celebrities of recent years was Captain Hans Busk, barrister of the Middle Temple. He was educated at King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and had honorary degrees conferred on him by both Oxford and Cambridge. His military and political ideas led to his practical consideration of a subject of vast consequence to the country—the establishment of a Volunteer force; and, while still an undergraduate, he discussed this measure with Lord Melbourne, who manifested no sympathy with it, contenting himself with pointing out the danger of putting arms in the hands of the people; but, a short time later, Captain Busk having conferred on the matter with the Prince Consort, His Royal Highness immediately saw the value and importance of such a movement, and in 1858 the Victoria Rifle corps—the only then surviving Volunteer force since 1803—was reorganized by the help of Hans Busk under the auspices of His Royal Highness: the second Duke of Wellington also took much interest in this great national cause, and Captain Busk often visited him at Strathfieldsaye, where he had opportunities of observing the Duke's character, and found every reason to admire and esteem him. By lecturing all over the country and forming rifle clubs, Captain Busk created a wide interest in the movement, which in the course of a few years was, as we know, enthusiastically taken up.

Captain Busk had a fine commanding presence, and was very popular in society; for, if his demeanour was grave and dignified, his conversation was lighted up with flashes of humour which took people by surprise, and his sense of humour was as remarkable in his writings as in his speech: by a singular fatality he lived to survive all the men of

his year at Cambridge, with whom he had maintained close mutual friendships. Of unusually versatile genius, highly accomplished, a scholar and a linguist, his artistic tastes and capabilities were of no mean order, and his pursuit of astronomy led him to produce an interesting globe of the planet Mars.

In his literary capacity he started the *New Quarterly Review*, which, as long as he had time to edit it, ranked among first-class periodicals ; but his subsequent publications connected with the Volunteer service are extensively known, and among these *The Handbook for Hythe; The Rifle, and How to Use It; The Rifleman's Manual; Rifle Volunteers and How to Drill Them;* and *Tabular Arrangement of Company Drill*, have not only been widely admired for their mastery of the subject, and valued for the clearly-expressed and practical instruction they convey, but have passed into the category of military text-books. Of his active and energetic promotion of the Life-Ship Service we can scarcely think too highly : with a view to the efficacy of this humanitarian scheme, he planned and built a model lifeship which was not completed at the time of his death, and he established a lifeboat service both at Ryde and Brixham, presenting to each place a handsome and solidly constructed lifeboat. Each of these boats has been instrumental in saving life on several occasions. His yacht, built under his personal supervision (bought after his death and re-named *The White Squall*), was the first ship of her calibre that ever reached the Antipodes by so marvellously quick a passage.

The Armies of the World, and *The Navies of the World*, have attracted much attention from the time he published them, astonishing their readers by the extensive research they evince, and the mass of valuable information they contain : while of political works, such as *Horæ Viaticæ*, *Golden Truths*, and *The Education Craze*, the last-named is remarkable for its sagacious predictions of the results of that

insane, or, rather, insanely-conducted, movement which has ended by drifting entirely away from the original intention of those who started it. These and other publications, as well as many papers contributed to periodical literature, were always put forward in the Conservative interest.

In 1837 Captain Busk filled the office of High Sheriff for Radnorshire; in 1859 he was appointed Deputy Lieutenant for Middlesex, and in 1860 accepted a captaincy in the Victoria Rifles. He also sat on the Bench for some years at Clerkenwell. His intelligent labours on various Government Commissions for the disafforesting of Haynault, Westwood, Whittlebury, the Isle of Man, &c., were appreciatively recognized by his collaborators, and while they were the means of carrying out the intentions of the Acts, also contributed to spare many an historic monarch of the forest to continue to adorn its native land.

Captain Busk's exceptional qualifications as a gastronome and amphitryon were well known to his friends, who readily admitted him to be unrivalled in the art of dinner-giving. Like Dr. Kitchiner, he treated cookery as a science, and he took an active part in the formation of the School of Cookery.

Mr. Joseph Parkes.

For some years towards the close of his life, I enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Joseph Parkes the well-known lawyer and politician during the earlier half of the Victorian era. He was of the old Unitarian connection, and there was interest in his family antecedents, an ancestress—Mary Parkes, having married Humble Ward, goldsmith to Charles I. and progenitor of the present Earl of Dudley. Among documentary curios, he possessed two interesting old parchments relating to family settlements of land by his own ancestors, one under Cromwell which it would require an expert to decipher, the other dated in the reign of Charles II. and emblazoned with quaint heraldic devices: both are valuable as showing the relative importance of the yeomanry class in those days. Joseph Parkes began life as a lawyer in

Birmingham, where he met and married the eldest grand-daughter of the celebrated Dr. Priestley; his abilities, however, were of too high an order for him to continue long in provincial practice, and having many political friends in London, he ultimately settled there. It was he who brought to Birmingham the news of the passing of the Reform Bill, travelling all night in Lord Grey's carriage.

Mr. Parkes was one of the party on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway at the opening trip, and when the terrible accident happened at Parkside, he was one of the group of gentlemen who picked up poor Huskisson: he kept for years the gloves he wore at the time, stained with the blood of this victim of science, who was an intimate friend of his; it was a sad inauguration of train travelling.

Mr. Parkes used to relate an interesting detail of this melancholy affair, to the effect that Huskisson, having had some slight difference with the Duke of Wellington, was advised to meet the Duke on the platform when the train stopped, and to make it up with his Grace before proceeding further: in the agitation of the moment, and being inexperienced in the sudden and dangerous possibilities of railway-travelling, he took no heed to an engine which was approaching on another line of rails, and being thrown down by it, received the injuries which proved fatal. A commemorative tablet recording the melancholy event was placed, and is, I believe, still to be seen on the spot where the accident took place at Parkside Junction.

The career of Mr. Parkes as a Parliamentary solicitor began in 1833, and in that year, bringing his family to London, he took up his residence, in Great George Street, Westminster. Two extra *couverts* were always laid on the dinner-table, for he never came home without bringing with him, at least, two Members from the House. He was intimate with a wide circle of Liberals, among whom were Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, Charles Villiers, Roebuck, Leader, and very many others of equal note. Fifteen years

after settling in London he was offered the post of Taxing-Master in Chancery, by Lord John Russell—another of his friends—and retained it until his death in 1865. Among his literary works was an elaborate edition of Milton, manifesting both taste and scholarly cultivation, and he left an unfinished life of Sir Philip Francis, which after the author's death was completed by H. Merivale. Mr. Parkes's theory as to the identity of the "*Nominis umbra*," was decidedly in favour of Francis. He owned a small collection of good and also interesting pictures, some of considerable value: among them were two remarkable Frescobaldi portraits, in curious old carved Italian gilt frames. These were given to him by Luigi Frescobaldi, the husband of his niece, Anna Maria Parkes: it was in the Palazzo of this ancient and noble Italian family that Milton stayed when at Florence.

Mr. Parkes was a man of refined mind and winning manners; he both admired and studied Italian art, and his conversation and tastes contributed to make him very popular in society; even persons—like myself—in disaccord with his politics, found it impossible not to recognize the integrity of his character, the honesty of his principles, and the solidity of his judgment, nor could any one fail to admire his literary ability and his polished manners.

His only daughter, so well known before her marriage with M. Belloc, as Miss Bessie Parkes, took an energetic part in the movement for the employment and improved condition of women of the lower middle class, and edited with credit and success for some time the *Englishwoman's Journal*. She has also contributed largely and usefully to periodical literature, and has published several well-known works of value.

AMONG THE FACULTY.

"Dilectum Medicus gnatum ad me misit, ut illum
Grammatices primis imbuerem studiis;
Verum ubi Musa refert furias Pelidis et iram;
Norat et huuc versum qui solet inde cani,
'*Multas qui fortes animas sub Tartara misit,*'
Non ultra puerum mittit, ut ante, pater;
Meque videns genitor, 'Tibi sum devinctus, amice,
Natus nt e vobis haec bene discat,' ait;
'Namque et ego multas animas sub Tartara mitto,
Sic mihi grammatici nil opus est operâ.'"

(*Epigram in Hunter MS.*, *No. 53*,
Cathedral Library, *Durham*.)

"A doctor sent his son to me
To gain some liberal learning;
But when the lad had reached that line,
(Old Homer's pages turning),
Where '*great Achilles countless souls*
To Pluto's realm did banish,'
The doctor thought it time his son
Should from the schoolroom vanish;
'Thanks to your care,' he kindly said,
'At last he learnèd made is;
Tis *my* turn now to teach him how
To send down souls to Hades.'"

J. W. Bone.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG THE FACULTY.

> "An ignorant doctor is the aide-de-camp of death."
>
> ABU AVICENNA.

> "En fait de médecine, nous sommes tous des aveugles,
> Mais les médecins sont les *quinzevingts*."
>
> CHAMFORT.

> "His pills as thick as hand-grenades they flew,
> And where they fell as certainly they slew."
>
> ROSCOMMON.

FORTUNATELY for myself, I have had so little to do practically with medical men, or—*absit omen*—with medical women, that it is little personal information I can impart as to bygone M.D.'s.

Doctors on the Pantiles.

My early recollections of a "doctor," as such, are associated with the periodical nursery visits of Mr. (by courtesy, Dr.) Pullen, a typical country practitioner, who would probably be still remembered, if there were any surviving frequenters of Tunbridge Wells of that date, as having his *habitat* on the Pantiles. He was a heavy-looking man, past middle age, always wore black clothes and a white "choker," and used to drive a gig, with a small boy to hold the horse when he got down. To the best of my recollection, his countenance was the reverse of intelligent, and he made himself obnoxious to us, as children, because he arbitrarily pronounced against the use of boiled milk as nursery diet, in consequence of which we were condemned, even in winter, to cold raw milk.

If I mention this little matter, it is to show up the

absurdities of medical opinion; because at the present day it is the other way up, and doctors forbid the consumption of any milk that is *not* boiled.

"Doctor" Prince.

The medical responsibilities of Tunbridge Wells after Pullen's departure were shared between Dr. Mayo and Mr. Prince; the former seldom sent for, probably because of his fee; and the latter,—styled "doctor" by courtesy, as before,—took (perfectly fair) advantage of the practice thus thrown in his way. Prince was rather below the middle height, and by no means stout, so that, being quick and active, he was not inaptly likened to a parched pea. Though not quite a youth, he was of a younger, brisker, more wideawake type than his predecessor Pullen. He was also more gentlemanly, and got on much better, both socially and professionally, with the elderly ladies, who formed so large a contingent in the society of the place. Men being at a premium, a man whom it was possible for them to ask to afternoon tea-fights, "smalls-and-earlies," little card-, and gossip-parties, and the other mild amusements in which they indulged, was an acquisition, and thus Prince soon obtained an advantageous position in the "Wells" society, as well as in local medical practice; it was, therefore, at least partly, through favourable circumstances that Prince became *facile princeps* in this undisputed field. He was clever enough, too, to make the most of his opportunity, and diplomatically assumed the knowing air and self-reliant tone which generally succeed in inspiring a corresponding degree of confidence.

But, alas! for those who put their trust in princes, the Prince of the Pantiles, though he reigned for some time, finally disappeared in *his* turn, and was succeeded by a Dr. Hargreaves, another of the parched-pea type, and quite as assumptive of importance and experience as Prince.

Hargreaves soon ingratiated himself into favour, and became popular in "the Wells." One wealthy old lady, widow of a large landed proprietor in the immediate neigh-

bourhood, took to him at once, constantly invited him to her house, and having a morbid dread of being buried too soon, chartered his services—against the time when she should be *supposed* defunct—to cut off her head before she was put into her coffin; for this precautionary operation she left him a specified sum in her will. She was a charming old lady, and her children's parties—partly within doors, partly in her grounds—are among my earliest and pleasantest recollections. Sad to say, these and their giver came to an end one day, and she went where good old ladies go!

Now, let testators and testatrixes note that the law knows much better than they, what they themselves want, and although (happily, perhaps, for her) the old lady went out of the world in peaceful confidence that Mr. Hargreaves would decapitate her according to their mutual understanding, the law interposed, and said the thing could not be done. I will not positively assert how the matter was compromised, but I think the law conceded the tip of the little finger, and this probably answered all the purpose.

Dr. Samuel Merriman.

A representative physician of the past, tolerably well known in London, and our family-doctor, was Dr. Samuel Merriman—too dignified to be a merry man in any other sense, though, to do him justice, he was always cheerful and pleasant. He figures in my recollection as "one of the olden time," and rigidly maintained all the distinctive insignia of his profession—the gold-rimmed spectacles and gold-headed cane *—the staff of medical propriety,—the traditional gold repeater, with its "pulse dial," its bunch of gold seals and chain attached; and he sported the white tie and frilled shirt-front, as well as the thin white hair,

* The original intention of the medical gold-headed cane was to provide a protection from infection; the knob, which contained aromatic vinegar being perforated so that the doctor could hold it to his nose while at the patient's bedside. This vinegar was called *Vinaigre des quatre voleurs*, from the confession of four miscreants,—who sacrilegiously plundered the corpses of persons who died of the plague

which helped to make him venerable. You would have known him for a doctor anywhere; and he drove about in the legendary chariot and pair.* Dr. Merriman's manner was as professional as the rest of him; it was wonderful how accurately were adjusted in it, due proportions of "the grave and gay, the lively and severe." Sir Henry Holland married his daughter, and he and Sir Astley Cooper were occasionally called in for consultations at our house. They, too, adhered to the prescribed conventionalities of their profession; but Sir Astley (probably thinking himself distinguished enough to mark out a deviation of his own) occasionally manifested a sense of humour, though he kept it strictly within becoming limits. He had the advantage of an imposing presence and of a fine intelligent-looking head, which had drawn to him the notice of George IV., who thought a great deal of him; and the Royal confidence, together with his frequentation of the Court, no doubt contributed to the ascendency he assumed among his colleagues, and the importance attached to his opinion by the public. As a rule, he assumed a grave and important air, and when he joked, it was with lofty condescension.

Sir Henry Holland.

at Marseilles—that they had escaped contagion by covering their noses and mouths with cloths saturated with aromatic vinegar. A doctor of that day is thus described:—

> "Physic, of old, her entry made
> Beneath the immense full bottom's shade,
> While the gold cane, with solemn pride,
> To each sagacious nose applied,
> Seemed but a necessary prop
> To bear the weight of wig a-top."

Dr. Paris used to wonder why the gold-headed cane had become so rare, and used to say he had seen but one, which had originally belonged to a celebrated physician at Exeter, under James I., and later to Dr. Wm. Musgrave of Exeter, at the end of the seventeenth century. Physicians' wigs came in with Charles II. and lasted to a late period of George III.'s reign, the last who wore one, being Dr. Revell Reynolds, who died 1811.

* There is a story of an M.D. who was starting a new yellow chariot, of which he was not a little proud. Calling a friend's attention to it, he asked him how he liked the colour. "Ah!" said he, "I saw you driving in it the other day, and thought it looked very much like a mustard-pot with the spoon inside!"

One day, when he was at our house, mention happened to be made by some one of a wonderful cure effected by a quack; "in fact, so wonderful," added the narrator, "that it reads like the invention of some penny-a-liner."

Sir Astley Cooper.

"Say penny-a-liar," retorted Sir Astley, irritated perhaps by the imputed success of a pirate on the high seas of medical enterprise.

My father had a great opinion of Sir Astley's ability, and consulted him in preference to any other medical man of the time; but it was in the days of "bleeding," and Cooper seems to have had frequent recourse to it as a remedy. He once fetched him down into Herts to attend one of his brothers, who had been thrown from a chaise, remaining insensible for several hours. Perhaps this *was* a case for the lancet; anyway, Sir Astley immediately produced his, and I am afraid to say how many ounces of blood he thought it necessary to take; *but* the patient ultimately recovered! and lived forty or more years after. The recovery may have been due to the treatment, or to the resistance of an excellent constitution; but whether as an effect of the concussion, or as a result of the bleeding, from that time to the day of his death, my uncle entirely lost the senses of taste and smell, and could not distinguish between the scent of a rose and the odour of an onion.

George IV. seems to have discovered the surgical proficiency of Sir Astley (or, as he then was, Mr.) Cooper, and kept his eye on him; for, on his desiring a professional opinion as to the safety of removing a tumour from the crown (not of England, but) of his head, he sent for Cooper in preference to any other surgeon. To that gentleman's surprise, the King said to him, "I know you, Mr. Cooper; I have seen you in your little chariot."

After a consultation with Sir Everard Home and Brodie, for whom His Majesty had sent to meet Cooper at Windsor, it was decided that the operation should be deferred. At this, the King was much disappointed, as the tumour was

increasing, and he objected to its unsightliness. This was in 1820, and in the spring of the following year the King, still anxious about the matter, sent Sir Benjamin Bloomfield to bring Cooper down to Brighton.

Cooper slept at the Pavilion, and was startled to see His Majesty come into his room at one o'clock in the morning, saying, in an impatient tone,

"I am now ready, and I wish you to remove this thing from my head."

"Sire," answered the surgeon, "not for the world, now; your Majesty's life is too important to have such a thing done in a corner. Lady ——," he added, "died of erysipelas after such an operation; and what would the world say if this were to be fatal? No; too much depends upon your Majesty's life to suffer me, in the middle of the night, and in a retired part of the Pavilion, to perform an operation which, however trifling in itself, might by possibility be followed by fatal consequences."

Perhaps the surgeon had in his mind's eye the fatal operation on another King's head!

The King replied hastily, "This is the second time I have been disappointed."

"Yes, Sire," answered Cooper. "I am sorry for it; but I should not choose to do it unless Sir E. Home, Mr. Cline, and Mr. Brodie were present."

"Well," said the King, "I respect Cline, and I daresay he respects me, though we do not set our horses together in politics."

"Perhaps not, your Majesty," replied Cooper; "but your best policy will be to have his assistance in surgery."

"Then I *will* have it done as soon as I return to town," said the King, as he withdrew.

On the return of the Court to London, Cooper went to the levée, and the King said to him, "How do you do, Cooper?" adding, "Remember, next Tuesday."

Cooper seems to have felt very nervous over the affair;

for he called at once on Lord Liverpool, and asked him to persuade the King to let Home do the operation, alleging that, as he was Sergeant-Surgeon, it would be according to medical etiquette. Lord Liverpool said these professional conventionalities must give way to the King's preference; but Cooper, being at this time subject to sudden fits of vertigo, was apprehensive of interruption to the operation by the possible supervening of an attack. Next day Home informed him that it was he himself who was to do the operation, and it would be on Wednesday, when Halford, Tierney, Home, Cline, and Brodie were to meet at Carlton House. All was accordingly arranged for Home to be the operator; when, the morning having arrived, and the surgeons having all met, Halford was called out of the room, and on returning told Cooper *he* had been fixed on by the King, who immediately after entered, and before Cooper—who had not even brought his instruments—had recovered from his consternation, the King had shaken hands with him and informed him that *he* was ready.

There was now no time for further discussion, for the King immediately desired to know where he was to sit.

After lancing the tumour, Cooper proceeded to detach it from the scalp, and "it took up a great deal of time on the whole:" the edges of the wound were brought together, and lint and plaister applied.

It is to be regretted that the duration of the operation was not recorded.

The King appears to have borne it with resolution and calmness, and when it was finished asked how the tumour was called. On being told it was a *steatome*, he remarked,

"Well, I hope it will *stay at home* now I have got rid of it."

The Royal patient went on well till the Saturday following, when he came in to the medical men and complained of not having slept all night, adding, "I am d——d bad this morning, and my head is sore all over."

Cooper immediately apprehended erysipelas and the possible death of the Royal patient, especially as, after his third visit that day, the King appeared no better. Next morning, however, he found His Majesty with his feet up; one of them was red with gout, but his head had recovered its normal condition—an immense relief to the operator, as may readily be supposed. From this time the wound healed rapidly.

A fortnight after, the King said to him, "Lord Liverpool has promised to make you a baronet, but I shall do it myself."

Besides this honour, the King sent him a magnificent silver *épergne*, designed by himself, and for which he paid five hundred guineas.

Sir Astley had been in the habit of passing the Sunday—*i.e.*, from Saturday to Monday—at his seat in Herts, but on the Saturday, that followed the King's operation, being the critical day, he remained in town, always dreading the appearance of erysipelas, and was in the act of expressing his fears to his nephew, when a hurried summons came from Carlton House for him to visit the King immediately.

"There!" said he, in great agitation, "you may depend it is as I apprehended"; and immediately set off.

On his return his nephew ran to meet him to ascertain how matters stood.

"Oh! a mere nothing; he is going on very well. But tell me, do you see anything singular in my appearance?"

"Well," answered his nephew, "you might as well have put on a clean shirt and a white cravat, or at least have washed your hands before waiting on His Majesty."

The fact being that he had performed a slight operation just before he was called away, and some blood had stained the cuff of his shirt.

"God bless me, so I ought," said he, looking at himself in the glass. "The King is very particular; he was lying on a couch under a canopy, with a red turban on his head,

and after looking at me I saw displeasure in his face; this accounts for it."

Sir Astley was fond of occasionally shortening a long evening, when in the country, by playing at whist, but he never consciously joined any table where the points were higher than a shilling.

His nephew used to relate that "one night, when he was at Hatfield, he was requested by the late Lady Salisbury, grandmother of the present Premier (1891) to make up four in a rubber. Sir Astley readily consented, and was soon involved in all its mysteries, paying more than usual attention, from his knowledge of his partner's experience. Notwithstanding his care, he lost seven points, for which he supposed he had forfeited seven shillings, and was therefore not a little discomfited when told they had been playing half-guinea points. He was more especially annoyed from the idea that his ill success in the game might have sacrificed his partner's money as well as his own; but the Marchioness most good-naturedly attributed their ill-fortune to the badness of their cards, not to Sir Astley's want of skill. He could not, however, be induced to play another rubber."

In Sir Astley's diary occurs the following entry illustrative of his sentiments on gambling:—

"Wiesbaden is like Spa, a place of riding and walking in the morning, dining at the *table d'hôte* in the middle of the day, and promenading or dancing in the evening. In all these places gaming is the great resource for the idle; but it is quite melancholy and sickening to see men throw away their time and their money at *Rouge-et-noir* or *Roulette*, with at least twenty to one against them, and in some games much more. Tossing up five-franc pieces would be a far more rational amusement as, at any rate, the chances are equal."

As an instance of the *revirement* every one of us must have noted in the matter of medical treatment, I may men-

tion seeing a patient suffering under a bronchial attack treated by Mr. Aiken, on principles precisely the reverse of those on which, thirty years before, the same complaint was met by Sir Charles Clarke and Dr. Granville. In both cases the patient happened to recover, so that one is tempted to ask whether the recovery was in spite, or in consequence, of the systems respectively adopted.

This apparent perversity of medical opinion is very startling. How many theories have we not seen—urged as "vitally important" at one time, tatooed as absolutely detrimental a few years later, and replaced by systems diametrically opposed to them ! Yet, accustomed as we are to these revulsions in science generally, the changes in medical treatment ought scarcely to surprise us. All practical applications of science are virtually experiments ; at the same time it is difficult for the survivors of friends who were the victims of such experiments, to remember with calmness, that they stood by and saw them hustled out of the world by a process which they are now told to believe could not but have proved fatal.

It has long been the fashion to insert in the announcements of marriages, the names of the rev. gentleman or gentlemen by whom the indissoluble knot was tied ; how would it be, if, in the announcements of deceases, the names of the physicians who assisted Death in his work, were, in like manner, stated ?

Lady Holland once asked her doctor whether the remorse medical men must experience, on account of their many fatal mistakes, did not far outweigh the satisfaction procured them by their cures.

"No," he replied, "I think it is quite the reverse. For example, I hope I shall cure you a great many times before I kill you."

The helplessness of a patient in the hands of his doctor was grievously illustrated in the case of Lord Byron ; who, however, protested as long as he retained any power of

resistance, against what he knew to be wrong treatment. It was only when wearied out by the opposition of those about him, who took it for granted that the doctor must know best, that he unwillingly yielded.

The Duke of Kent was hurried out of the world in a precisely similar way, by a similar ignoramus. I heard another pathetic story of this kind—though not a case of bleeding to death—from a lady I once met when travelling. She was a *materfamilias*, and having been called suddenly to Eton to her eldest boy, taken with an epidemic that had broken out there, she left directions that a "black draught" ordered by the apothecary for a younger child, should be duly administered on the following morning. As the child could not overcome his repugnance to the horrible compound (I have an idea that it has at last become obsolete), the nurse appealed to his father, who, finding the poor little fellow obdurate in his refusal, and believing it to be his duty to insist, had recourse to superior force, and regardless of cries and struggles, succeeded in making him swallow the "doctor's stuff."

The effect was such that a terrible suspicion crossed the distracted father's mind, but it was only too late that it became a dreadful certainty—the black draught was *not* even "black draught;" the liquid he had forcibly poured down his child's throat was neither more nor less than 2 oz. of opium, which the druggist's assistant had bottled up by mistake.

Though no blame could attach to the father's act, the recollection of the scene and of the dead child, whose refusal then seemed to have been prophetic, haunted the unhappy man day and night, and he survived but a short time.

Reverting to the changes which medical ideas have undergone, I may mention having been told by a retired medical practitioner, who ultimately attained a very extensive practice, that although then eighty-four, he retained a vivid remem-

brance of an incident which occurred in very early life, when he was articled to a country apothecary. The latter was, one day, sent for in all haste to attend "a gentleman who had just had an apoplectic fit." The gig was brought round, and the young apprentice accompanied his master, who, of course, carried his case of instruments in his pocket. Arrived at the house, the apothecary proceeded forthwith to bleed the helpless patient, desiring his young assistant to keep his finger on the pulse, and report its condition.

"Weaker, sir," was the first reply. A few moments after, in response to a repetition of the inquiry, he had to answer, "*Still* weaker;" next time it was, "*Considerably* weaker;" and at last, white with terror, he gasped out, "I can't feel it *at all*, sir!"

"Ah!" sighed the doctor, "I was afraid we were too late; I hadn't time to take enough blood."

As for the hapless widow, she was inconsolable. "Only to think," said the poor soul, wringing her wrinkled hands, "if I'd only had the sense to send for you sooner, he might have been saved!"

As there was nothing *more* to be done, the doctor and his assistant took their leave. The former drove homeward with a preoccupied air, then, suddenly turning to his young companion and pupil (!) he exclaimed, "D'ye know it strikes me, *now*, we killed that man."

"Oh, don't say 'we,' sir, *I* had nothing to do with the killing, for killed he undoubtedly was," replied the youth.

The master's face assumed an irritated expression, as he answered excitedly, "What d'ye mean, you young dog? *You* had nothing to do with it? Why, you held the basin."

Another little affair, that happened to this young apprentice while under the same tuition, is equally significant.

One evening, his principal called to him, "I say, just go round and have a look at that old fellow Bates; he hasn't got many hours to live, so it's not worth while to neglect him."

The youth went as bidden, and found the patient very feeble. The wife sat in tears beside the bed.

"Ah, sir," said she, "I know the doctor considers my poor husband very bad; do *you* think there is anything that can be done for him?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't see much use in medicine in this case; we must wait and see what sort of a night he has," answered the fledgling, just for the sake of saying *something;* (it is a little way that doctors have).

"Might I give him a drop of port wine, sir?"

"Oh, yes, you may give him as much as he likes of that."

Next morning, the old apothecary sent his representative round to see Bates again, and lo! to his surprise, Bates was sitting up in bed, and welcomed him with a broad grin on his face.

"Well, sir," said the wife, now quite happy, "we begin to think you're the better doctor of the two; look how *your* prescription's answered."

"What! let me see; *did* I prescribe anything?"

"Yes, sir. You told me I was to give him as much port wine as he liked, and I went on all through the night, and by three o'clock this morning he'd finished the bottle, and got to sleep."

Notwithstanding the spirit of general unbelief which pervades the age, nothing is more striking than the credulity with which the vulgar (and also, perhaps, even the *not* vulgar, if sick), will cling to the words, and even the looks of any man calling himself a "doctor," partly because they *wish* to believe him, partly because they have a lurking faith in his infallibility, partly because they seem to shift off some of the responsibility from their own shoulders.

Sir Charles Wickens once remarked, "There's no one infallible but the Pope and the House of Lords, and they're generally wrong." Medicine may be allowed to come under *this* description of "infallibility;" for it is notorious that no literature so speedily becomes superannuated as that com-

prised in works of science, and the science of medicine seems, by its own showing, to be always widening the distance between itself and infallibility.

One need not have lived very long to discover the continued succession of diagnoses and systems of treatment, each, in its turn, destined speedily to become obsolete. If, therefore, we are right now, we must have been wrong before; but no one seems to think of the unlucky patients on whom are necessarily practised the scientific experiments needed to illustrate and establish new theories. What, indeed, are they but victims sacrificed to the "greatest good of the greatest number"?

It is difficult to explain how it happens that, although according to the views adopted in 1890, the methods pursued in 1820 must have been so entirely wrong that the doctors and nurses could only have been industriously and conscientiously employed in destroying their patients—it does not appear that more patients have been killed by the early than by the successive subsequent systems.

Sir William Knighton.

Sir William Knighton, recognized as one of the first physicians of his day, and appointed Court physician under George IV., has remarked, "It is somewhat strange that, though in many arts and sciences improvement has advanced in a step of regular progression from the first, in others it has kept no pace with time, and we look back to ancient excellence with wonder not unmixed with awe. Medicine," he continues, "seems to be one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity. This is lamentably true, although anatomy has been better illustrated, the *materia medica* enlarged, and chirurgy better understood."

Dr. Baillie.

Dr. Baillie was more *naïf* still in his admissions—if a man can be called *naïf* who, after making his fortune out of the credulity of his patients, turns round and tells them that he "has no faith whatever in medicine." * He was a clever

* Dr. Radcliffe made on an average twenty guineas a day, or over £7,000 a

fellow though, was Dr. Baillie, for he gulled not his patients only, but the profession itself: he made himself popular with the public generally;—with the laity by working on their ignorance, and with the profession by humouring their vanity; still, the fact remains that when he had realized a handsome competency, he retired, openly proclaiming that "medicine was humbug."

Baillie was not singular in this. Tronchin, a celebrated French *charlatan*, said to his confessor on his deathbed—"Le crois à tout excepté à la médecine." And Laugier, a very learned German physician, being reproached by a noble patient for his unbelief in his own art, could only reply—"Credo Domine, adjuva incredulitatem meam."

This same Dr. Baillie, who, be it remembered, was always dabbling in literature, though he knew but little about it, was one of the trio who tried their inexperienced skill on the malady of George III. An epigram of the day has survived to record the opinion entertained of them by their contemporaries:—

> "The King employs three doctors daily,
> Willis, Heberden, and Baillie,
> All exceeding skilful men—
> Baillie, Willis, Heberden;
> But doubtful which least sure to kill, is
> Baillie, Heberden, or Willis."

Far be it from me to suppose there are not some splendid characters among the Faculty; I could name many, both departed and living, who would be an honour to any profession, as they were and are, to humanity; at the same time there are to be found among the "fashionable physician"

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year, which rather increased than diminished up to the end of his career; but Dr. Mead, his *protégé* and successor in public favour, made a larger income still, and Dr. Warren, who died in 1797, left £150,000.

Dr. Baillie for many years made from nine to ten thousand a year.

Sir H. Halford, who followed Baillie, from that physician's death to that of William IV., when his attendance at Court terminated, could count on a professional revenue of £11,000.

class, dead and living, examples in sufficient number to justify Dr. Baillie's very candid admission.

I was once told by a retired medical man, now dead, that being called in for a consultation with two of his colleagues, he, and the one who arrived first, waited some little time for the third—a great favourite with the ladies, and who after being up all night with one lady patient, had been sent for to Brighton by another:—this latter, though she had really no serious ailment, never would see any other doctor.

At last he arrived, jaded and worn out, though with half-a-dozen other consultations before him for the day. After they had gone into the case, and had withdrawn to exchange views in private, he threw himself on a sofa with his hands in his pockets, seemingly incapable of commanding his ideas; however, it was necessary to arrive at a conclusion, more especially as he at last pulled out his watch and looked at it with a—"Bless my soul!" which brought him suddenly to his feet, meaning that he was already due elsewhere.

His brother doctors appealed to him: "Well!" said he, "what *can* you do in such a case?" and as he rose to leave, he threw out—"Change the colour of the medicine."

A foreign medico who contrived to get into high repute in England, having been called to a consultation at Chiswick, inquired of the other physician, an acquaintance of my own, "How many mile can we reckon de distance from London?" the inquirer having an eye to the guinea-a-mile allowance.*

It has always been the prerogative of romancists, poets, and dramatists to criticise medicine more or less severely. Molière scourged the apothecaries of his day with a vigorous,

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* The following instances of travelling-fees may be interesting to the reader:—

Dr. Radcliffe, for going to Namur in 1695 to attend Lord Albemarle, with whom he remained a week, received from William IV. £1,200, and from the noble patient himself 400 guineas and a diamond ring.

Dr. Dimsdale (founder of a well-known Bank in Cornhill, and celebrated for his treatment of small-pox and method of inoculating) was called to St. Petersburg in 1768 by the Empress Catherine; and for his successful inoculation of that Princess

but not too severe a pen: . . . . and Cervantes! . . . . and Le Sage! and how many others?

We must, however, remember that, though the doctors of that day were—as a rule—grossly ignorant, they recklessly and presumptuously dealt with life and death with a degree of assurance which the profoundest knowledge alone could have justified, and the public seemed to have been too ready to believe that the jargon with which they were hoodwinked, was the outcome and the indication of hard study and skilled experience.

Bulwer had his jokes about the Faculty; writing to Lady Blessington in 1835 he says:—

"I am miserably ill to-day, and have sent for the 'leech,' as the poets call the doctor: why, I don't know, unless that when he once fastens on us we can't shake him off till he has got enough of our substance!" He goes on—"I suspect the epidemic mystery,—the influenza,—to be mine enemy on this occasion, and to add to my misfortune, while I am dying to go to bed, I am obliged to go to the House. After all, life is a troublesome business, and I often long to shut up shop and retire from the profession."

Byron did not spare the doctors, nor alas! did they spare *him*. When attacked by a fever in his youth, he had absolutely refused to admit a physician, and taking his cure into his own hands, was able afterwards to reply to those who asked him how he recovered, that it was "by the blessing of barley-water and the absence of doctors." Lamentable, indeed, is it that he was not equally firm when the leeches—no figure of speech in this sad case—to whom he reluctantly gave place, deprived the world of a genius so unique that the gods have never vouchsafed us his like.

and the Grand Duke, her son, was rewarded with the rank of Baron of the Empire, Councillor of State, Physician to the Empress, and a pension of 1,200 roubles.

Dr. Granville, for a journey to St. Petersburg in the early part of the century, received £1,000 and travelling expenses.

A well-known popular specialist of the present day, Dr. ——, got, on two occasions, 1,000 guineas for going to Pau, and a fee of 1,500 guineas for going to Pitlochrie and remaining a week with his patient.

Gui Patin and André Falconnet.

There is extant, a curious and voluminous correspondence, not intended for publication, which passed between two famous French doctors of Molière's time, Gui Patin and André Falconnet, the former being a confirmed *Sangrado*, and the latter as devout and conscientious in his belief in the efficacy of antimony as a panacea, as was Bishop Berkeley, in his advocacy of tar-water.

Dr. Reid was *not* a sharer in Patin's mania, for he declared that the lancet had caused more slaughter than the lance: a story is told of a French physician entirely opposed to the blood-letting system who, nevertheless, fell a victim to its application to himself. He fell down in a fit, and a colleague having been called in, he was at once bled. On partially recovering consciousness, he fancied himself at the bedside of a patient, and seizing his own wrist, proceeded to feel the pulse—Suddenly he started, aghast,—"Good God!" he exclaimed, "I have been called in too late! the patient has been bled! he is a lost man." His verdict proved only too true. Bleeding, as a remedy *à tout propos*, and especially when a doctor found himself out of his depth, prevailed to a surprising extent, up to an almost recent period; for there long survived some old-fashioned people of the blood-letting school, who could not be persuaded of its fallacy—to use no stronger term. Without being as rampant in its favour as the aforesaid Gui Patin, who must have thereby slain his thousands, the advocates of the lancet, the leech, or the cupping-glasses were formidably numerous and fearfully determined, and some of them were deterred by no consideration for age or feebleness.*

Old Squire Waterton, of whose very persistent medical convictions I shall have to speak in a separate work, had his own notions on this subject, and always *treated* (he used to say *cured*) a cough by this means! Not long before his death,

* Sir H. Sloane boasted he had once bled a patient five times in the foot and arm in twelve hours: but Dr. Cheyne was opposed to him in this and many other details of his treatment.

and after he was eighty, he got an obstinate cough for which he said he knew there was only one remedy; so, one fine morning, he bled himself to a considerable extent. It was an alarming expedient for a subject already advanced in life and whose complexion was remarkably bloodless. Provokingly enough, it appeared to be successful, for the cough left him; but though this was probably a coincidence rather than a consequence, the old man became more confirmed in his theory than before.

It must be a matter of serious consideration to all conscientious medical men, whether they ought to warn a patient of approaching death, when they believe it imminent. Of course this will be more or less a question of circumstance, and there are many patients so situated as to render it imperative to reveal to them the whole truth—as far as the physician himself knows it. A great difficulty, however, must always present itself, in that, first, the physician does *not* always know, and secondly, that the imaginativeness of the patient has to be taken into account, and that according to that, he either adds to, or detracts from, the importance of the doctor's intimations, which thus become of doubtful advantage.

Balzac's doctor.

The deathbed of Balzac, as described by Arsène Houssaye, offers a noteworthy instance of the result of too much openness on the part of the doctor, who cannot be *sure* of his opinion, and may just as well give the poor patient the benefit of the doubt. The scene is dramatically interesting. Balzac's wife had succeeded in cheering the patient so effectually, that he had become calm, and even hopeful; but he yet desired to arrive at the opinion of his medical attendant, perhaps because he hoped to hear an official confirmation of the view taken by his wife.

"My dear doctor," said he, "you must not treat me as an ordinary patient; there still remain so many things that I must bring to a conclusion, that it is absolutely essential I should know my exact condition."

The doctor replied evasively. "Yes, my dear friend, you have built up one of the literary monuments of this nineteenth century, but how many statues, how many sculptures are wanting to complete it!"

Balzac entered into the spirit of this metaphorical reply, and by the animation with which he took up the matter, greatly increased the feverishness of his condition.

"Doctor," he continued, "you see then, how much I need to have my life prolonged, and you, who are one of the princes of science, you will tell me truthfully, how long you can give me. . . . I am afraid I am more seriously ill than I thought; but a man of my stamp must not die like an every-day mortal; I owe some testamentary bequest to the public; let me have time to attend to that."

The doctor remained mute.

"Come, doctor," said the patient anxiously, "you deal with me as if I were a child; be candid with me; you may let me know the worst."

At last the doctor spoke. "Tell me," he replied, "how long will it take you to accomplish all you have planned," for he began to fear that Balzac might have in contemplation other and perhaps domestic testamentary dispositions, and these, for the sake of his wife and child, he would not prevent him from arranging.

Balzac seemed to be making a mental calculation, and then as if moved by a vague misgiving, answered in an inquiring tone, "Six months?" and he fixed his eyes eagerly on the face of the physician as if he felt he would learn there his doom.

"Six months! six *months!*" answered the man of medicine with indiscreet surprise—the dying are very quick at catching an impression.

"Ah!" said he, "I see; perhaps I ought to have put it at six *weeks:* but I might do much, if I work night and day, even in six *weeks*."

The doctor shook his head mournfully, and Balzac started

up as if under a sense of injury, for he really seemed to have brought himself to believe in the power of his physician to shorten or prolong his life: the doctor does not appear to have taken alarm at the effect produced upon his patient by his reply and attitude, for he had made up his mind to take him at his word and to tell him what he fully believed to be the truth, as frankly as he had been asked it. Balzac read in the doctor's face the gravity of his condition, but was unwilling to be satisfied with merely inferring it.

"I see," said he, at length, "that I am a lost man, but I shall have the courage to hear your verdict; say, you give me perhaps no more than six *days?*" The doctor could not find it in his heart to reply, the tears came into his eyes, and he turned away to hide them.

"Well!" said the sick man with a deep sigh, "since it must be so, I will hurry the work; I must do it roughly; my friends will dot the i's: I shall *make* time to over-run my fifty volumes; I will obliterate all the questionable passages and will emphasize the pages I find good. Human will can accomplish a great deal; God created the *world* in six days: I will employ *my* six days in giving an immortal existence to the world *I* have created: I will rest on the seventh day."

But what a despairing expression, what a despairing sigh accompanied these broken phrases!

While Balzac had been pleading with the physician—wrestling as it were with death—ten years seemed to have been added to his age; a choking sound proceeded from his throat, and the hoarse efforts at utterance made by the doctor in reply, equally failed to produce an intelligible sound.

"My dear patient," at last he contrived to say, while attempting a faint smile, "none of us, you know can reckon upon a single hour, and there will be many who are now in perfect health, who will die before you, yet; but . . . . you asked me for the truth, and I feel bound to be candid with

you: you spoke of testamentary declarations to your public . . . . Well! make them to-day. . . . Perhaps you have other testamentary dispositions to make . . . . don't leave those for to-morrow."

Balzac could not but understand: he raised his head and exclaimed with terror—"I have then, perhaps, not six *hours!*" and he fell back upon the pillow. The doctor's last words had proved his death-blow.

He, who had once been Balzac, was already no more; he spoke not again; that creative imagination was enveloped in the mists of death; that luminous spirit was passing into its dark shadows. He had insisted on knowing the truth, and the truth had killed him before his time.

The doctor's name must not be revealed; he committed a grave error in unveiling death, who stood so near,

. . . ἡ σκίη παρέστηκε,*

when he might have yet, for a while, concealed his presence!

We should, perhaps, not have possessed another page of this author's hand, but, had Balzac not heard his condemnation, he might have lived a few more days, and he would have taken his journey into the unknown world with the illusions of a man who falls asleep in the belief that he will awake again amid all his familiar surroundings.

Mr. George Pollock.

Mr. George Pollock the surgeon, (nephew of General Sir George, of Indian fame) was once attending a relative of mine. "Well, Sir W.," said he, "I think we shall pull you through." The patient, who knew better, turned to me, as the doctor left the room, and remarked—"Il se dit chirurgien; tout de même, 'il ment comme un arracheur de dents.'"

His death took place that same day, as the surgeon well knew it would. However, we can scarcely condemn any medical man for adopting this policy: the *too* conscientious

* Herondas.

physician, as we have seen, often takes away the patient's last chance, by his questionable candour. Let him but read the word "hopeless" in the doctor's face, and however brave, he is lost: a dose of poison would not be more effectual. Faith in his medical attendant and faith in his recovery are the sick man's staff, and will often save him when "treatment" fails: the Greatest Physician told His patient in so many words it was "his faith that made him whole," and every doctor who is worth the extra shilling, to say nothing of the gold coin, knows the power of imagination.

Mr. C. L. Gruneisen.

I once knew a worthy man—a zealous "foreign correspondent" of the *Morning Post* in its palmy days: he travelled through Spain on behalf of that journal in the time of the Carlist disturbances, and having undergone fatigues, hardships, and even perils, as he was fond of relating, he returned in so dilapidated a condition that he could get no sleep without the help of narcotics.

After a time his wife, alarmed at the probable results of the dangerous habit he was acquiring, and convinced that his return to the repose and regularity of domestic life had sufficed to enable him to dispense with the artificial aid, proposed to him to abandon, or at least to modify, his recourse to it: of course he would not listen to the prudent suggestion, for his imagination had completely overmastered him. After another week or two, she again urged the reform, and obtained his consent to try the effect of half the dose; but next morning, he declared he had not closed his eyes, and begged she would not name the subject again. The following night she made up some bread pills, rolled them well about in the box, so as to impart the usual flavour and administered them in the usual way; no remark passed on either side, till about six weeks after, when she thought she might safely inform him he had been sleeping on Faith all that time!

Mr. Skey.

Somewhat similar was the case of a patient of Mr. Skey's

who, leading an idle, luxurious life, had gradually drifted into the hypochondriacal condition of an obese *malade imaginaire*. Every doctor knows how much less accessible to treatment are fancied, than real, ailments ; all that this poor lady wanted was the tone he knew to be attainable only by air, exercise, and regimen, but feeling it would be worse than useless to inform her plainly of her state, he recommended abstinence from some few over-indulgences, but made it a great point that she should, every morning before breakfast, drink one glass of water from St. Anne's Well in Kensington Gardens, the powers of which, he assured her, were quite unknown to the general public, although the source was so accessible. About a fortnight after, he called to learn how the remedy was succeeding, but finding her in the same low, nervous condition, he asked her if she had taken the prescribed dose regularly every day.

"Oh yes," she replied, "with one exception, and that day my maid had a cold so I couldn't send her for it."

So it turned out that the doctor's ingenious expedient had entirely failed in its object, the *walk*, and not the water, being the remedy he had relied on. No doubt this is more than half the secret of all "watercures."

Dr. Elliotson.

I used to meet Dr. Elliotson at the house of a common friend with whom he often dined. He was exceedingly unlike the typical M.D. ; he had a Jewish cast of countenance ; and, in disaccord with the usage among physicians he discarded the conventional accessories of costume, and also wore a great deal of hair on his face; he was an extremely agreeable talker and was very popular in society, as (until his secession from accepted medical principles) he had been, in the profession. His figure did not suggest the idea that he lived by the best medical rule, for he was unusually stout. Dr. Elliotson's character stood high for honesty and conscientiousness, but he was decidedly crotchety. He had risen rapidly in his practice, and for a long time was making an almost incredibly large income, when he abandoned his

old system of medicine and took to mesmerism. From the time this became known, by his introducing it into his practice, most of his patients abandoned him one by one; and he was of course compelled to give up the medical appointments he had long held with credit and honour as well as financial advantage; still, being a man of high principle, and, regarding as matter of serious conviction what appeared to others to be fads and whims, he was content to let his position go, rather than abandon his belief. Elliotson was the son of a druggist, and was born in 1791; he had been educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge, but did not become an M.D. till 1821: he died in 1868. Together with much intelligence, he had a vast store of energy and perseverance, but was always remarkable for a love of originality. Notwithstanding this, he was highly esteemed by members of the profession, and his lectures on diseases of the heart added considerably to his reputation: he was the first who employed the stethoscope, and attached great importance to its use.

After his adoption of his new ideas he used to give mesmeric *séances* at his house; these were largely attended, and the usual experiments were exhibited, but, if believed in by some, they were scoffed at by others; he also started the *Zoist*, a mesmeric monthly, which he continued for some years. Dr. Elliotson's diagnosis was considered very careful and correct, and as long as he practised on the normal principles of medicine, his patients had great confidence in his perspicacity.

Dr. Elliotson was what the French call *frileux*, and had a dread of draughts. One day Haydon the painter calling on him, was shown into his morning-room, while the servant went to apprize his master.

"Phew!" exclaimed Haydon to himself, "how can he live in such an atmosphere?" and without further reflection he threw up the window-sash. Presently the doctor came sliding in, after his gentle manner, and, shaking his visitor by

the hand, heartily welcomed him, when suddenly he became aware of a chilly sensation which seemed to horrify him; for, flying to the bell which he rang violently, he exclaimed, "Good God!—why!—have the servants gone mad? An open window!" and when the servant appeared, he addressed him with a vehemence which would not be appeased, and left no opening for an explanation.

But it was a mania of Haydon's to live with *open* windows, and he is said to have behaved in a similar way at Lord Yarmouth's. His lordship, however, took it differently, for he simply closed the window, and entered into conversation.

The friend, through whom I knew Elliotson, used to tell of a cure he had effected on her maid, by the simplest means, and without medicine: the young woman was continually subject to a complaint, not uncommon among "pampered menials" —indigestion. Dr. Elliotson's remedy was the enforcing of a very simple rule: he probably knew what are the habits of the class to which she belonged, and desired her to abstain from liquids, before, or while, eating, allowing her one draught (if necessary) in the middle of dinner (the *coup du milieu* of Brillat-Savarin) and one more at the end, alleging that nature supplies the right sort and the right amount of moisture during mastication, and resists the interference of any extraneous assistance. This was an ancient rule observed in the nursery and schoolroom of the last generation, when the beverage of children was good, plain, wholesome toast and water.—I don't believe a modern child knows the taste of it!—and the allowance was limited to two draughts during the meal. I have heard a French physician say that the sip of sherry or Madeira after soup, called by Brillat-Savarin the "*coup du médecin*," was, in his opinion, so useful it might be considered a "*coup de pied au médecin*," but it was only to *be* a "sip." *

* A "sip" is a somewhat vague and arbitrary measure. On certain grand occasions, the Temple dinners terminate with the passing round of the loving-cup

Many years ago I was attended, for an accident to my hand, by Charles Lever, then practising as English physician in Brussels, cordially hating his profession all the while, and struggling like a caged bird, not only to spread his wings but to fly—into the realms of literature. As he made no secret of his proclivities, I don't think his patients can have had much confidence in him, in his medical capacity; he always appeared in his consulting-room habited in a black velvet dressing-gown tied with a scarlet silk girdle and tassels, and always carried a pen behind his ear, not so much for writing prescriptions, as to be ready to rush to his MSS. the moment he had disposed of his patient. Charles Lever had considerable musical genius, as those who know that inimitable little bit of musical Irish humour, "*Widow Malone*," can testify. As a writer, his admirers are, or rather were, very numerous: but writers of light literature now succeed each other so quickly, the old have to make place for the new.

Charles Lever, M.D.

The mention of this arch little song recalls the first time I heard it sung, and with admirable appreciation too, by an English medical specialist of repute, at an hospital entertainment. It was doubly good-natured on the part of one of the faculty, as it is generally (though I venture to to think mistakenly) supposed, that medical men can never exhibit a proficiency in any extraneous accomplishment, without compromising their professional character. So far from sharing this view, I can only say that I was so favourably impressed by the evidence this gentleman's performance afforded, not only of the versatility of his genius, but of the

containing white wine, sweetened and curiously flavoured, called "sack." The butler hands and replenishes the cups, each student being allowed *one sip*. It is stated, however, that so cleverly are some of these "sips" managed, that a much larger quantity of liquor disappears than would be supposed possible, and on one occasion, the number of diners being under seventy, they contrived to "sip" away thirty-six quarts among them, making an average of over one pint to each person—rather a copious "sip"! We might say here—"There's many a 'sip' 'twixt the cup and the lip."

cheerfulness of his character, and the human side of his nature, that I immediately thought if ever I required the lights of a medical man in that branch of the profession, I should certainly prefer him to any other.

Campbell de Morgan.

Campbell de Morgan, the great cancer-specialist, was an admirable flutist, but it was with great difficulty he could be induced to play in society, I believe, from entertaining the feeling that such an accomplishment detracted from the seriousness of his character.

I once heard an amusing anecdote of a well-known vegetarian doctor residing not a hundred miles from Cavendish Square. The narrator was a Yorkshire Squire leading an active country life, joining heartily in its sports, and indulging as heartily in the pleasures of the table. He used to boast that he thoroughly enjoyed his four meat-meals a day, and the *régime* answered very well . . . for a time; but there came a day when there was obviously something wrong, and the symptoms went from bad to worse, till a friend urged him to run up to London and see Dr. ——.

A vegetarian doctor.

The doctor diagnosed the case, shook his head, and told him there was only one remedy and that was in his own hands; he had simply to diminish the quantity of flesh-meat he had been allowing himself; week by week he was to knock off a certain amount of meat at each meal, till he took none, and then to proceed on a system of vegetable diet. The patient consented, and at the end of a twelvemonth was perfectly cured. When, however, he came to the end of six more months of what he called his "vegetating life," he felt so well and hearty, he thought himself cured for good and all, and, as he had left off his heavy feeding by weekly intervals, so he returned, by the same procedure, to his old course. By the end of the second half year he was once more seriously ill, and went back in great alarm to Cavendish Square.

"Ah!" said the doctor, with a toss of his head the moment he recognized him,—and he turned away and waved him off. "It's useless your coming to me; *I* can do nothing

for you; I see what it is, you've been at your nasty carcases again."

As to vegetarianism, is it quite clear that those who adopt it are practically satisfied with a doctrine so plausible in theory? And is it not perhaps true (as has been asserted) that those who debar themselves from animal food, secretly hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and when they refuse roast-beef are very glad to get its gravy over their vegetables? I know vegetarians who, having brought themselves to death's door, have very quietly consented to be brought round by beef-tea, and are willing to wink at its being administered, provided it be "unbeknowns" to them.

The last time I was at Pisa I had the curiosity to visit the curiously beautiful old market-place, but, having to return through the shambles, so horrifying was the sight of the local "butcher's meat" as it hung there, that I became a convert to vegetarianism on the spot. Gradually the impression faded and so did my vegetarianism; but I do my best never to revert to it, and forbear to enter, even here, into a description of what I saw. If I mention it at all, it is to facilitate the efforts of those who are trying to dispense with animal food, by advising them to inspect that department of the Pisan market, for themselves.

Vegetarian advocates argue, not without plausibility, that a man who would shrink from killing a sheep, has no right to eat mutton. If this doctrine were accepted, there would soon be an end of the meat-market. When the meat-market is gone, however, we shall have to consider how we are to get on with the other details of life, without slaughtering animals. It does not seem to have occurred to vegetarians to dispense with shoes, boots, harness, saddles, book-bindings, portmanteaus, and other indispensable articles made from leather; they refuse to eat jelly, but allow the use of glue; they shrink from the flesh of hares and rabbits, but readily employ their fur, and we never heard of a vegetarian lady who, declining a slice of a

pheasant, yet considers it criminal to adorn her head with his feathers. Vegetarians, taken on their own principles, are, therefore, ludicrously inconsistent; and, moreover, they eschew wine and beer, though essentially vegetable compounds. Those who take the humanitarian view of the matter are inconsistent in another way, for while they would not kill a bullock for the world, they express no compunction at the wholesale murders they occasion every time they eat a cabbage!

There are sects even among vegetarians. Animal food, such as it is, they consume without being conscious of it, but those who depart from the strict vegetarian code and consciously comprise in their diet Vegetables, Eggs, and Milk are contemptuously designated by their more rigid brethren, themselves vegetarians *purs et simples*, as "Vems."

Prince Hohenlohe.

Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, much talked about in the early part of the century, obtained extensive credit all over Europe. A relative of my own, afflicted with a cancer, and alas! having practically discerned that "physicians were in vain," sent to the Prince a notice of her case and asked his prayers. She received a considerate and sympathetic reply with the most consoling promises, but—from whatever cause—they remained ineffectual and she died of the complaint.

A case recorded in the press of the time, February, 1834, however, represents the Prince's powers as occasionally only too efficacious. This case was that of a beautiful young lady, whose rare charms were marred by an unfortunate disfigurement; the left leg being shorter by four inches than the right. Prince Hohenlohe was asked to say four masses, one, apparently, for each superfluous inch! Unfortunately he misread the request and said *eight* masses instead of four. The consequence was disastrous, for it was now the right leg which had become too short, by four inches.*

* This untoward success recalls the story of an old Irish woman found praying,

This was the Prince's last miracle, for he was so distressed at the mischief he had occasioned, that he renounced any further attempt to interfere with the decrees of Providence. It was said, however, that he, somewhat illogically, transferred his powers to an old woman of Sonnendorf, in Saxony, Schumann by name.

Dr. Taylor of Brighton.

There is probably no one among those who knew Brighton in the earlier half of the century, who does not remember "Dr." Taylor (as he was called) of "Newnham and Taylor" on the Old Steine. Very popular he was among young and old, rich and poor, and as jolly a doctor as perhaps ever bled a patient or prescribed a bolus; for, even down to Taylor's days, the *Sangrado* theory was still in vogue, though not to the rabid extent of a somewhat earlier period: no, in Taylor's days it was rather—

> "The blue, blue pill,
> And the black, black draught in the morning!"

Taylor, in due course, slipped out of the Newnham partnership, and set up on his own account. He drove not only a flourishing business, but a splendid pair of bays, during an incredible series of years—I don't mean to say that the patients out-lasted the whole period of Taylor's practice, any more than the horses—it was like the brook which we habitually call the same, though each day, nay, each minute, whether we note it or not, it is a new brook that flows at our feet. I can remember him late in the twenties, in full practice, for he was one day summoned to ascertain

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by a passing tourist, who inquired what it could be she was asking for with so much vehemence.

"Faith, yer Honor," replied the poor old soul, "my darter's been marrid this two year, and niver a child, and I'm askin' the Blessed Virgin to sind her a baby."

A year after, the tourist returning by the same road looked in at the cottage and inquired what had been the result of the prayers.

"Och, yer Honor! would ye belave it; I can't have explained meself roightly! the Blessed Virgin has sint me two grandchilder instid av one, but it's me *un*-marrid darter they've come to."

that there were no broken bones after a fall I had from my pony at Boss's riding-school. He continued to dash about Brighton with the reputation of a "Jehu" long after he had retired from professional duties, his jolly face and jovial manners still helping to render him a universal favourite. There were, during Taylor's practice, several physicians in Brighton making sorry attempts to gain a footing, but as long as Taylor was to the fore, they seemed to have no chance; it was *Figaro quà, Figaro là, Figaro sù, Figaro giù*. He was in constant requisition, and Brightonians of all classes, visitors and residents, were perfectly content with his ministrations. His manner was bright and hopeful, his bills . . . comparatively moderate—for he made his claims in the form of bills, and there was no question of that puzzling remuneration—a fee.

The generality of patients are apt to expect too much from the Faculty, and hence their disappointment at the frequent failures of doctors. It is wonderful, however, to what an extent a shrewd and politic doctor can supplement the limited means he really commands, by drawing on the imagination of his patients and leading them to believe in him and trust him.

Nature, of course, must have done something for such a doctor, for it is not given to all to inspire their patients with this trustfulness. A bright face, a cheery tone, a self-confident air are part of the physician's stock-in-trade, and if not born with these qualifications he must contrive to acquire them, if he would succeed. If their attainment prove beyond his efforts he had better shut up shop—or rather, he had better open shop; he might *sell* medicines, but could never arrive at *prescribing* them. We may depend on it the *Blandi Doctores* are the most popular, though there is a certain affectation of roughness which exercises its influence also.

Mr. Richard Partridge.

I knew a lady who was attended by Mr. Richard Partridge, and after his death by a medical baronet, still living,

whom I will therefore not name. I have heard her say that after a visit from the former, though the time had passed mostly in friendly chat (with but a slight allusion to her ailments) she felt herself a different being for the rest of the day; whereas, the mere sound of the carriage-wheels of the latter, as they drove up the street, would throw her into a state of depression which did not leave her even when she heard them roll away: she told me his presence always suggested that of an undertaker; and yet there could have been no comparison between the professional abilities of the two doctors.

It is curious to note the variety of tones adopted by different members, or rather classes, of the Faculty. The rough-and-ready style culminated in Abernethy. His originality and his successes excused it, and his patients liked to repeat his odd sayings. There have been few such since, unless we may classify with him the late Dr. Matthews Duncan, nicknamed by some of his patients "Dr. Gruffy." Doctors who adopt this method of treating their patients, generally know what they are about, and probably possess a peculiar gift of manner which enables them to employ it with advantage, for we find that class of doctor rarely disliked; but no doubt a certain knowledge of human nature and also of individual temperament, guides the doctor's instinct, and tells him which of his patients will prefer, and which will resent, it.

Dr. Matthews Duncan.

In some cases it is the soft and sympathetic tone which alone serves, and the doctor must needs gain a habit of expressing himself as if he were actually associated with his patient in trying the remedies he proposes. Doctors who feel this, have the art of identifying themselves with their patients and putting themselves, in imagination, in the same position; an ailment is softened to the sufferer when it can be made to appear it is shared. I knew a doctor who had acquired such a habit of taking part in his patients' complaints that he one day said to an old lady who con-

sulted him for a cold: "'We' will tallow 'our' nose, and put 'our' feet in hot water, and then 'we' will go to bed."

Of the blander class, too, was the doctor of whom, when attending the Princess Amelia, the old king asked if she might take an ice.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

"As many as your Majesty thinks fit," replied the courteous Court physician, with an obsequious bow, "provided they are warmed first."

The last illness of the Princess Amelia, if it supplied a medical joke, was marked with a very sad interest: she was

the King's favourite daughter, and her too obvious condition of health filled her poor old father with the most wearing anxiety: more than this, when she was on her death-bed, a fearful shock awaited him. It was only then that she confessed to him for the first time, that she was secretly married. The King was struck aghast; but when,—on his inquiring to whom, the Princess replied, "To a man you have always honoured with your special favour—General Fitzroy,"—the King uttered a cry of horror, and fled from the room. Neither the General nor the Princess were in any way aware of that officer's parentage, but the King knew only too well who was his father. The Princess died shortly after making this ominous revelation, and the terrible nature of it, together with her death, proved too much for the already impaired mental condition of the King, whose severest attack, from which he never recovered, was thought to have been hastened by the effect of these disasters.

Dr. ——, the famous oculist.

Of the bluffer school of medicos, was a famous oculist whom I was urged to consult about twenty years ago; and who was much put out by my absolute refusal to submit to an application of belladonna, without which he said, he could not make a satisfactory diagnosis: however, he examined my eyes, affecting an ominous and perplexing silence, all that he condescended to utter, being a mysterious grunt: provoked into an inquiry, I said at last:—

"What is it, doctor? have you discovered that it is a cataract?"

"Cataract? no"; "I wish it *was!*" he answered in a hollow and foreboding voice.

As he vouchsafed no further information I had to conclude that he thought it a very serious case: if he did, all I can say is, his opinion was as bad as his grammar, for I have steered clear of oculists ever since, without being any the worse for it.

Dr. Wolcot.

Cyrus Redding tells a story of Dr. Wolcot which is not without point: visiting him one day, when he was very

old, he found him in his bedroom, laid up, and with a bandage over his eyes.

"Why, what has happened, Doctor?" said the visitor.

"Ah! since you were here," he answered, "Adams the oculist, (afterwards Sir Wm. Rawson), who goes about blinding everybody, persuaded me to submit to the operation of couching."

"And you consented?"

"Not on both eyes; I only agreed that he should try what he could do with one."

"And with what success?"

"Oh! of course so famous a practitioner *could* not fail, and he has succeeded in curing my eye, for ever, . . . of seeing. I could, before, distinguish the figure of any one between my eye and the light. I have just escaped an inflammation that might have reached the other eye, besides enduring three or four weeks of confinement; I outwitted him, however."

"How?"

"I gave him the worst eye to block up. He had persuaded me into it; but at eighty it was folly; he only wanted my name to puff a cure with."

Taylor, the oculist.

Taylor, a well-known oculist of a somewhat later day, was famous for drawing the long bow, especially when recounting feats of his own performance. One day when this specialist was dining with the barristers of the Oxford Circuit, and talking overmuch of the clever things he had done in his time, Bearcroft began to be irritated by his vanity, and turning sharply on him said:—

"Chevalier, you have told us of much that you have done and *can* do, isn't it about time you tried to tell us of something you *can't* do?"

"I can manage that without much trying," answered Taylor; "I *can't* pay my share of the dinner-bill, and that is a thing *you* can do much better than I."

Mr. Richard Partridge.

Mr. Richard Partridge, the surgeon whose cheeriness of

manner (already mentioned) stood him in good stead, I often had occasion to see. It will be remembered that he was sent over to diagnose the condition of Garibaldi's wounded foot. In this case he entirely failed, and even advised amputation; however, Perizoff, the celebrated Russian surgeon, who was also despatched to the patient, was equally at fault: last of all came Nélaton, whose reputation was based principally on the rapidity and penetration of his medical judgment: he could take in the

Dr. Nélaton.

LE DOCTEUR NÉLATON.

detail of the most complicated case almost at a glance, and his first opinion was generally correct.

His remedies, modified with judgment according to the circumstances of the case, were always marked by extreme simplicity. The cause of the condition which the wound had reached at the time that the Italian surgeons had abandoned the patient, and that these foreigners had been called in, was at once manifest to the French practitioner. He dif-

fered in opinion from his English and Russian colleagues, and was perfectly satisfied as to the presence of the bullet, and of this he proceeded at once to convince them. The discovery was ingeniously made by sounding the wound with a small porcelain ball on the point of the probe. Garibaldi's gratitude to his deliverer was extreme, and Nélaton might have pocketed a large sum, but he (diplomatically?) refused to accept any fee, giving fine, sentimental reasons for this forbearance, to the effect that it was enough for him to have saved the life of the greatest hero, &c., &c. If I say "diplomatically," it is under the impression that it was not in Nélaton's habits to display so lofty a spirit, and if he did not take the fee on this occasion, his celebrity so greatly increased after the incident that it led to his taking many others; for he died worth 6,000,000 (*of francs*), but even in francs it was a respectable sort of fortune for a doctor to have accumulated, though he had had the good luck to marry a young heiress.

Dr. Birch told me, as authentic, an amusing story of this eminent French doctor. He had been attending the young and only son of the *Comtesse de* ——, who had met with a not very severe accident at play. The mother, however, measured her gratitude more by the value of the child's life and the anxiety the accident had caused her, than by the services of the surgeon, who nevertheless had brought him through very satisfactorily. When he was taking leave after his last visit, wishing to express to him a sense of her recognition of his care and patience, she presented him with a handsomely embroidered pocket-book, expressly worked for him by her own fair fingers, and she intimated to him that she had paid him this little compliment. To the *Comtesse's* surprise and mortification, not only did Nélaton not show any appreciation of her amiable intention, but contented himself with bowing stiffly, and ignoring the gracious offering.

"*Madame la Comtesse*," said he, "the pocket-book is quite

a work of art, and I admire it exceedingly, but my fee is two thousand francs."

"Not more!" said she; then opening the leaves she took out a little bundle of five one-thousand franc notes, and from it selected two, which she presented to him, bowing stiffly in her turn, and retiring with the rejected pocket-book and the remaining notes.

Whether Nélaton repented of his *maladresse* I know not, but Louis XIV. would certainly have classed it among those "blunders" which he considered "worse than crimes."

To balance this, anecdotes more favourable to his character have been related of Nélaton; he was born in 1807, and died in 1873.

Dr. Blundell.

Apropos of fees, I remember a good story of the late Dr. Blundell—perhaps his name would have described him more accurately with a different termination—of Great George Street, on whom a patient, a relation of my own, called one day, and as he was too ill and infirm to leave his carriage, the doctor was obliged to get in and hold the consultation there. Infirm as he was, however, the patient was a wag, and had an irrepressible way of making a joke of everything. The doctor felt his pulse, and, assuming a grave look of wisdom, stated solemnly that he did not exactly like the symptoms, but was not quite prepared to say what course should be followed; "In fact, Sir Charles," he said, "it will be necessary for me to see you at least three times before I can determine the nature of the case."

"Don't you think now, doctor," said the facetious patient, coaxingly, "that if I were to give you the three fees down, you could tell me at once?"

"Sir Charles," replied the doctor with offended dignity, "I don't know whether any other member of the Faculty will be willing to advise you, but you must excuse *me* from attending you any longer;" and with that he withdrew loftily into his own house, and the patient drove away chuckling over his joke.

I don't know who said that the letters *M.D.* after a physician's name stood for "Money down," but the explanation is certainly plausible.

Dr. Radcliffe.

There are many well-known anecdotes about Dr. Radcliffe, but, while on the subject of fees, I venture to cite one which I do not think is among the more hackneyed. The doctor was tempted to risk £5,000 in the South Sea Bubble, and lost it. In reply to the friend who informed him of the collapse, he is said to have replied with admirable equanimity, "It is only going up five thousand more flights of stairs." He was pretty sure of *his* fees apparently.

As an instance of the patient's view of fees, I may quote an anecdote of Quin, around whose sick bed four doctors were consulting as to the best mode of producing a perspiration: the humourist, overhearing the discussion, said, "Send in your bills, gentlemen, that will do it at once."

There is a celebrated physician still living, and not a hundred miles from Harley Street, whose name I therefore withhold, who was consulted a few years ago by a friend of mine, not for the first or even the second time. It was just after the public had been given to understand that the old-fashioned guinea fee had become obsolete, and was to be doubled.—I may remark, *par parenthèse*, what an opening this gave to the medical practitioner!—On taking leave of this physician, my friend inquired, "What am I to give you, Dr. Blank?"

"Ah, yes; well, as it is not a first visit I suppose you will not care to give more than a guinea."

"True; but I thought, perhaps, as it is a fresh consultation, it might come into the category of a first visit."

"Ah, yes; you are right, ... but" (with a bland smile, and turning out the palms of both hands) "give me what you please."

Of course there was but one way of meeting so expressive an attitude.

I was once weak enough to be persuaded into consulting

Erasmus Wilson. I went by appointment, and was punctual to the minute: notwithstanding my exactitude, he had the cheek to keep me waiting one hour and a half.

Erasmus Wilson.

My resentment at this unjustifiable snub, for as such I regarded it, was augmented by the insolent grandeur of the doctor's mansion; the noble proportions of the staircase and vestibule, the solemn correctness of the butler, the costly fittings and decorations of the rooms, the valuable collection of works of art—of course some of these may have been "G.P.'s", or they *may* have been hung there by an understanding with the painters; but, more probably, they were *boná fide* property, and if so, so many proofs of the credulity of his patients and of his own ingenuity; in any case, I could not help thinking how unwise it was to display all this magnificence to one whose susceptibilities he was at that moment bruising—as if to remind him he was individually adding to the number of dupes.

When at length I was ushered into the *sanctum*, instead of offering any explanation or apology, he blandly expressed a hope that "I had found something to *amuse* me!" evidently expecting a string of compliments on the taste and wealth of his collection.

"*I* have no time for amusement, Doctor," I replied; "I have employed the time while I was waiting, in writing a fresh chapter to a volume I am preparing for the press."

"Ha! and what is the title of your book?" said he, patronisingly.

"I haven't yet decided on the title of the *book*," I answered, "but the title of that *chapter* will be 'THE HORRORS OF THE PHYSICIAN'S WAITING-ROOM.'"

Erasmus Wilson had, no doubt, very good reasons of his own for his persistent recommendation to his patients to employ Pears' Soap.

In July, 1834, there died in Harley Street a quack doctor, by name of St. John Long, who professed to cure con-

sumption. He was only 35 when he died, of the rupture of a blood-vessel. There must have been some believers in the potency of his remedies, for his executors sold his secret for £10,000. Perhaps it may be known among the Faculty what this secret was, and whether the investment proved a profitable one to the purchaser. What if this should turn out to be identical with "Dr. Koch's discovery"? or the more recent improvement (?) on it by another German visionary?

Dr. Henry Monro.

Through the Rev. Edward Monro, the late conscientious, ingenious, cultivated, and indefatigable Rector of Harrow Weald, whom I knew intimately, I became acquainted with his brother, Dr. Monro, the specialist in lunacy cases; the father of both, also belonged to this branch of the profession, and was one of the physicians of George III.

Dr. Monro went by the name of the "Boy-Doctor," from the smoothness of his chin and the general juvenility of his appearance, from which it was difficult to form any estimate of his age. He must, however, at the time I speak of, have possessed considerable experience and knowledge, for he was head-physician at St. Luke's.

He one day kindly offered to take me to one of the periodical balls given at that hospital for the benefit and entertainment of the inmates, and it certainly proved a very interesting experience, for it was impossible not to be surprised at the tranquility and order with which all the detail went on. It was difficult to realize to oneself even that there was anything abnormal in the condition of things; the "ladies and gentlemen" behaved with the greatest propriety, and the little *minauderies* of the former, to attract the attention of the other sex, were fully as flirtatious as the small devices employed by their sisters of the so-called saner world. They country-danced, and they quadrilled, and "polked," and waltzed, and promenaded, and drank weak negus and lemonade, and, in fact, "went on" to all intents and purposes as if their ball-room were *not* the

refectory of a mad-house, with the benches and tables removed, and the boards scrubbed.

The antecedents of the improvised dancing-room were so cleverly masked with draperies and devices, flowers and banners, that no one ignorant of the fact, would for a moment have suspected where he was.

I entered into conversation with a respectable-looking fellow of middle age, and whose speech seemed to me to betoken a rather superior education for one of his class. He told me he had travelled, and that it was in Germany (in answer to a question of mine) that he had learnt to waltz so well. He told me of many national characteristics he had noticed in that country, which showed him to be shrewd and observant, and he spoke the language fairly well, if with a pronounced Prussian accent.

He said, "Yes, I brought away from that country a good deal of knowledge I didn't take there; but," he added, "I also brought away a great many different salts."

"Salts!" said I; "and what are you going to do with *them*?" for I began to think he might be in the drug line.

"Oh!" he replied, laughing—"*Going* to do with them! it's too late for that now, I've given them all away; they were valuable in many ways, and I was so teased for them I was glad to get done with it, so I gave 'em away, all . . . . except; ah, yes, *except* the salt of wisdom, and *that* nobody asked me for; indeed they wouldn't have it when I offered it."

"Well, I'm as much surprised as you, one would have expected that to be the first asked for."

"Ah! yes, wouldn't one?"

"Well, you needn't have it on your hands any longer; give it to me, I'll gladly rid you of it," said I.

At this he put on a cunning look, and whispered in my ear, "Look you, the fact of your asking for it shows *you* don't want it, so I shall keep it for myself." Then he went on, "I daresay now you're surprised to see me in this . . . this

. . . *club*, but the fact is I came back to England to be made a ward in Chancery, and as they told me there were a great many *wards* in the *club*, I thought it would be a good place to lodge at."

This poor fellow had quite a musical genius, and the fact having transpired in the course of our talk, he asked me if I should like him to play something; and hastening to the piano he seated himself, and performed a curious but brilliant and astonishing consecutive medley, into which he introduced the best known of our national airs; but when he rolled out "God save the Queen," and all present stood up and joined in the chorus, he showed himself so wildly enthusiastic that it became pretty evident he had gone too far. In the midst of it, an attendant approached and tapped him gently on the shoulder. It was like magic; he turned round, and recognizing the official, in an instant he had become another being. He rose, said not a word, and followed the man with the most lamb-like meekness; but he did not forget, as he passed me, to say a respectful "Good-night." "Good-night," said I, and gave him my hand. I was glad I had thought of this, as an expression of true pleasure, touching to witness, stole over his face, and when he reached the door he looked back again with a calm smile on his face, and bowed once more to me, saying, "Thank you." Seldom probably is it that these poor creatures meet with sympathetic notice.

This musical escapade and the genius it betrayed, brings to my mind a visit I once paid to the criminal ward of Bethlehem Hospital, when the parricide Dadd was undergoing his lifelong seclusion. It may not perhaps be remembered by many at the present day, that this unhappy creature conducted his old father to the brink of a ravine, precipice, or pit—I have forgotten the locality—and then deliberately pushed him over. He was acquitted on the plea of insanity, but sentenced to be imprisoned for life, and being by profession a painter, was allowed the use of brushes, colours, &c., in his confinement. When I entered the cell or room

allotted to him, he had his back turned to the door, and was busily engaged on a canvas that stood on his easel.

It was one of the most singular productions imaginable. The colouring was brilliant; a number of figures were introduced, all most carefully painted; but they were of various sizes, and the grouping seemed to be altogether accidental. As soon as the artist became aware there were persons present, he turned round and bowed courteously, begging us to approach and examine his work.

"Now what do you think of that for a subject?" said he.

"It is a very complicated and highly-finished composition," I replied, evading the question, from a reluctance to wound his vanity, by confessing an utter inability to make it out; happily, he did not press the inquiry; but proceeding with some volubility, he seemed to take it for granted that I understood that it represented a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* I don't think any other proof was needed of the abnormal state of the man's mind.

Samuel Cartwright, the dentist.

With that branch of medicine, or rather surgery, known as dentistry, I have been more familiar than with any other, for the very simple reason that in that respect Nature was not sufficiently left to herself. My good father thought two visits a year to the dentist—one before leaving London for the summer, the other after returning—were indispensable to the good ordering of the mouth and its furniture.

Consequently, once in every six months we were taken to that solemn and purgatorial mansion in Old Burlington Street occupied by the famous Samuel Cartwright, and admitted, only by favour of an "appointment" made some three or four weeks previously, through the patronizing intermediation of the dignified Cerberus. This functionary sat in a ponderous hall-porter's chair in the spacious vestibule, and kept an ominous doomsday-book filled with entries of real (and also, I suspect, imaginary) dates and names. It has often amused me in later years to remember the well-assumed gravity with which this keeper of the dentist's

conscience would deny the possibility of fixing any day and hour less remote than the one he considered sufficiently distant to be imposing; he would prolong his hesitation as to according even that one, till he had thus drawn a *douceur* of half-a-sovereign out of my father's pocket. This was followed by a refresher of at least five shillings more when the *dies iræ* arrived, and was supposed to insure as speedy an admittance as possible. The appointment so costlily bargained for, was virtually of little or no avail, and I can only too well remember on the occasion of those dreaded attendances, the added horror of often from two to three hours' anticipation in that huge and dismal waiting-room, and it was usually pretty full. I have since had good reason to believe about half the number were dummies, who, like the real victims, were silently called out as their respective turns came,—or were supposed to come,—and appeared no more; just as each one of us is beckoned out of the world at his appointed hour by the scarcely more weird finger of Death. In fact, the whole thing was a solemn farce; but somehow it "took," and fashionable patients were so ingeniously brought to place the most implicit and irrational confidence in the great dentist, that they readily submitted to all these indignities, if they could but, at last, obtain the privilege of having their sound teeth extracted by this bold and successful *charlatan*.

How well I remember that grim waiting-room, its lofty stucco walls of a dingy green, hung with dark pictures in heavy gilt frames; the ponderous furniture, leather-covered arm-chairs, Turkey carpet, and then that long, massive table, covered with a dark blue cloth and strewn with the dreariest old books. Periodicals were few and costly in those days, comic papers had not yet come into existence, and the three volumes of *Brambletye House*, Cooper's *Spy*, Scott's *Red Gauntlet*, and an odd volume or two of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, figured in a more and more torn, dog's-eared, and dilapidated condition year after year. Dreary and dismal

indeed were those three or four mortal hours spent in momentary dread of the fatal summons. Each time the door opened to admit a new patient, or to call out a fellow-sufferer, it aroused a conflict of emotions between the terror of finding oneself the destined victim, and the grim satisfaction of feeling oneself reprieved for a little while longer.

On one occasion, after a roomful of about twenty had passed through this fiery ordeal, the butler appeared at the door to solemnly and respectfully inform Mr. Cartwright's patients that that "eminent" . . . humbug—"would not be able to see any more of them that day, as he had been summoned to attend one of the Royal Family." An excellent *réclame*, no doubt!*

Ah! but when one did get admitted to the operating-room . . . what a business-like place that was, and how grave and solid this same humbug could look. He never let you go till he had pulled out half the sound teeth in your head, and he had a clever knack of concealing the extracting instrument up his sleeve, and saying, "Just allow me to look," with an air of such candour that you never suspected treachery and yielded confidingly to the insidious request. Then lo! before you could say "Jack Robinson," yea, in the twinkling of an

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* This medical dodge, practised in many tolerably well-known forms, such as being fetched out of church, or summoned from a dinner-party or ball, for a supposed patient, was carried out in perfection by a French doctor—Portal—who, without any medical skill, contrived to make his way to earthly glory by following the advice of his master, the famous (charlatan) doctor, Tronchin, 1798: "N'ayez pas de talent," he would say to his pupils, "mais faites parler de vous." The result was that Portal ended by finding himself, long before his death, in 1832, *M. de l'Académie des Science*, *Président de la Faculté de Médecine*, *Professeur au Collège de France*, and Court Physician to Louis XVIII. In the early days of his career, Portal had recourse to the following stratagem. After disguising his face, he donned a grand livery, and going about the town late at night, attacked the most magnificent mansions, making a loud knocking at the door and inquiring whether it was not there that the great Dr. Portal was attending a patient, as he had not been able to find him at his house, and he was wanted immediately for his master, the Duc de ——. This proceeding he repeated sufficiently often, to impress his name on those at whose houses he applied, and succeeded in ultimately obtaining the largest practice of any physician in Paris, together with the attainment of all the professional dignities above enumerated.

eye, you fancied you recognized six wrenches, and didn't you feel them smartly when, a minute after, you saw a corresponding number of fine shiny, white, unblemished teeth standing in a ghastly group, each in its little crimson pool, on the turning-table beside you. Alas! what would you not give to have them in their places now? It was the smartest conjuring-trick imaginable. Oh yes, of course he could "replace" them . . . with sham ones, and this, naturally and necessarily, was part of his little game. Several guineas passing from the hand of one individual into that of another closed this comical, and at the same time, tragical scene, and then Mr. Samuel Cartwright, with an oily "Good-day," conducted his fleeced and bleeding victim to the door of the room. As he held it open, by pressing his foot on a spring in the floor, he communicated with the obsequious attendant, who, after showing out *that* sufferer, ushered another into the dread presence. What a relief it was to find oneself once more disembarrassed and free! One forgot the irreparable injury with which this freedom had been purchased; forgot the precious spoil left behind, the value of which would come to light only at a future day; the present fact was enough for the moment: Cartwright was done with for six months! An age, at that time of life!

It is to be deplored that the more respectable class of doctors should think it necessary to impose on their patients those weary and trying hours of waiting; but the blame in a great measure rests with the patients. Why do they submit to the treatment? It seems to me a gross impertinence on the part of a medical man to keep a patient waiting, who has been punctual to the appointed hour, and the patient should in that case *not* be *too* patient. If he had the pluck to resist or resent it, the imposition would soon come to an end.

In some (perhaps most) cases, no doubt, it is a mere "trick of the trade," and as such should be exposed. In others it is quite possible the physician may be occupied, but surely

he can arrange his work so as not to make a rule of overlapping the time due to one patient by that given to another.

Dr. Buchan's descendant.

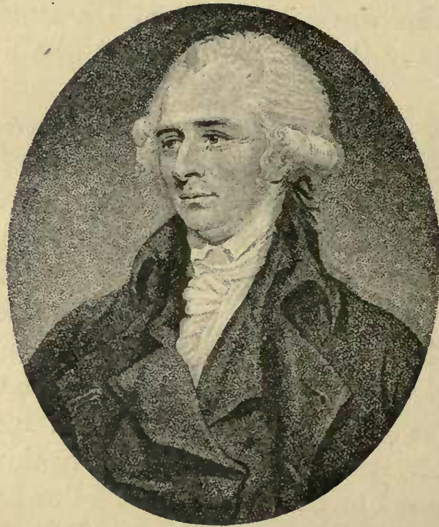
On my father's property in Radnorshire we had an old Highland shepherd, by name Buchan. He died many years ago, but I can recollect his tall, somewhat gaunt figure, clad in a long grey garment resembling the "ulster" of the present day. He spoke chiefly Gaelic, but could make himself understood in English, which he flattered himself he spoke fluently; the Scotch accent was, however, tolerably marked, for he used to state not only that he was of Scotch origin, but that he was a kinsman of Dr. Buchan, the well-known physician of the last century, but who lived five years into this.

The old fellow was one of those good-tempered old servants of the *ancien régime*, who took an affectionate interest in the families they served. Whether he inherited his knowledge of the healing art by atavism from his medical relative, or acquired it while tending his flocks on the mountains, by studying "simples," I cannot say; but, whenever there was an ailment in the house, he always expected to be consulted, and as he was generally liked and respected in the household, his humour was often indulged, whether his advice were followed or not. Sometimes his prescriptions—verbal, of course, for he was one of those honest fellows who could not write, any more than the great Bertrand du Guesclin—had very excellent results, and it rejoiced his old heart to be told he was a worthy successor to the genial and venerable M.D. whose patronymic he bore.

Dr. Buchan.

As for this same doctor, he, or rather his book, was not a favourite in the nursery. There was too much of the Jean Jacques about it, and it was to him that the children of that day owed their having been brought up on oatmeal porridge, brown bread, and raw milk; butter being scouted in the diet of children, by his ascetic code. This book of Buchan's, entitled, *Domestic Medicine*, was the first volume of its kind that had ever been published in England, and its success was

enormous. It went through nearly twenty editions during its author's lifetime, and the number of copies sold before his death, was something like 100,000. He might well have called it a vexatious success, for he had sold the copyright for £700, and the profit all went into another's pocket. It was translated into most European languages and circulated all over the civilized world, and the Emperor of Russia thought so highly of the man who wrote it, that he sent him a gold medal as expressive of his admiration. Buchan was



Dr. Buchan.

physician to the Foundling Hospital at York till the office was suppressed, and it was by practical experience there, that he gained so useful an insight into the diseases of children.

Buchan was an amiable, philanthropic, and most genial man, and a favourite with his patients. He was not without humour, and a story is told of his having, one day, remarked to a veterinary surgeon that a great difficulty he had to contend with consisted in being seldom able to get children to describe the symptoms of their complaints.

"Ah!" replied the "vet," "I know something about that, myself, for still less can you get a horse to tell you what ails him."

"Oh," said Buchan, "don't bring your cavalry against my infantry, or it is plain I *must* get the worst of it."

There have been many medical men, Dr. Wolcot among the number, candid enough to admit the value of infusions and decoctions of simples resorted to by country folk, and that in a general way "their nostrums did good, but he did not know how."

Dr. Wolcot.

"The most extraordinary of these I ever met with," he said, "was the broth of a boiled thunderbolt for the cure of rheumatism!"

Further questions elicited that he had gone into the matter and discovered an old woman in the act of boiling one, which she had to keep on the fire a prescribed time. He took it out of the saucepan and "found it to be one of those relics of the stone age often found in Cornwall, about which antiquaries can never agree, some asserting them to be chisels, while others pronounce them to be spear-heads."

Somewhere in Espriella's Letters I have seen greyhound-broth recommended to a man who had over-eaten himself with roast hare, probably on the principle acted on by the boy, who, seeing a mouse in the milk-pail, threw the cat in after it.

I ought, perhaps, to have headed instead of concluding my recollections of the "Faculty" with Dr. Kitchiner, because I cannot remember, out of my own family, any personality with which I became acquainted at an earlier period of my life; but I had my scruples as to ranging him with M.D.'s. Though he was duly entitled to inscribe himself among the fraternity, medicine certainly did not occupy the first place in his many-sided life; he scarcely practised, his ample fortune rendering a profession unnecessary. It is, indeed, difficult to classify so versatile a character; you think you have him as a doctor of medicine; you suddenly find he

Dr. Kitchiner.

is not only an equally intelligent oculist, but also an optician, and you discover with surprise his wide and profound knowledge of the human eye, its capabilities, its diseases, and their remedies : you are amazed at his elaborate ingenuity and experience in the matter of those instruments intended to aid and preserve sight and to advance its usefulness, when you find he has insensibly assumed the prerogatives of an astronomer, not only improving existing telescopes and inventing new instruments, but applying himself to sweep with them the heavens, and to afford fresh and valuable information respecting those mysterious luminaries about which the wisest of us know so little. Having recognized in him an eminent natural philosopher, you have not half exhausted the catalogue of his surprising capabilities; no, indeed, not by a great deal: though his comprehensive genius has soared to heaven, you soon find he has not abandoned earth, and that he is as respected an authority on most sublunary things, as on the abstruser mysteries of astronomical research.

Nothing, indeed, can be more practical than his published works, whether on science or on domestic life. Few amateur musicians have attained to the eminence he achieved, and he was as thorough in that fine art as in all else that engaged his ubiquitous attention. It was in his nature to treat all things scientifically ; and he understood music theoretically as well as practically. His compositions have been approved by a great authority, Sir George Grove, though he never posed in music as a professional, any more than in any other science he studied, and music was one of the delights of his life. He made a science of cookery, and his *Cook's Oracle* was so much admired and approved by the public, that it brought him in a handsome income ; he did not, however, need money ; his father, who was a coal-owner in a large way of business, had left him, at an early age, a very handsome fortune and a good deal of house property : the well-known house he occupied, 43, Warren Street, was his own.

After writing elaborately and with shrewd common-sense on cookery, housekeeping, travelling, astronomy, optics, and music, he summed up with a treatise on the art of invigorating and prolonging life, and another, on the "duty and pleasure of making a will"!

It would be as unfair to my readers as to the subject of these few and merely suggestive lines, to attempt, within the limits of the space I could find here, anything that could be called even a monograph on Dr. Kitchiner. His character and his occupations were so diversified and so full of incident of an entirely original cast, that they constitute a combination it would be most advantageous to study in detail. To those who knew him, it seems extraordinary that no one should have written a biographical account of a man of such marked individuality, the more so that a rescript of his intelligent, common-sense views of social economy in so many of its bearings, would be most opportune at the present time. Dr. Kitchiner's life is one, the tenor of which is calculated not merely to astonish and amuse, but from it might be acquired much matter for reflection and practical application to the present moral condition of society. It is also highly interesting to infer from his pages the curious social changes that have gradually and imperceptibly taken place in the habits and accessories of our every-day life since his time. Dear old Dr. Kitchiner! I have never forgotten him. I don't know why I should call him "old," except that he seemed old to me then, and though, now, I have far outstripped him in years, the impression of the difference there once was in our ages, still remains. There can be few, if any, surviving, who know as much about him as myself, for he was a very intimate friend of my father's, who held him in the highest esteem, and deeply lamented his comparatively early death.

How well I remember his spare, tall figure, his kindly face, and genial voice, and the benevolent attention with which he condescended to children, and made himself the idol of the

nursery. I can see him now as, seated at the piano with myself on one knee, and a small brother or sister on the other, he would play and sing to us the nursery songs he had set to music. I believe he enjoyed as much as ourselves the fun of inviting us to feel in his coat-pockets for barley-sugar "kisses," folded each in a different coloured paper, and when we had dived deeply, seizing our hands and imprisoning them until we had purchased our liberty with a kiss, *not* of sugar.

Dr. Kitchiner was brought up at Eton, and there, at thirteen, lost the sight of one eye while playing at a game so dangerous that it is wonderful it should have been permitted. He died in 1827 very suddenly. He had been dining with Braham, who then lived in Baker Street, and had ordered his carriage at 8.30, but, enjoying the society of Mathews and other professional friends who were of the party, he stayed on till 11. On his return home he ran upstairs more quickly than usual; his valet followed him, and saw him throw himself on the sofa. He never spoke again, and died in about half-an-hour. He was aged not quite fifty.

It is curious that a man who wrote so learnedly on the care and preservation of the eyesight, should have been blind of one eye; that although he published an excellent and well-considered book on the art of invigorating and prolonging life, he should have lived but half a century; and that having enforced on others the duty of making a will, he should have died with an unsigned codicil in his pocket. Though married, he had no children by his wife, from whom he was separated for twenty years; but, on a principle which he did his best to impress on others, he behaved with great liberality to his son, to whom he gave an expensive education, and who was an undergraduate at Cambridge at the time of his father's death. He was a strikingly handsome, elegant, and gifted young man, and his life was quite a romance, with a very tragic *dénoûement*.

Dr. Kitchiner had, by his fascinating manners and cultivated conversation, drawn round him a large circle of

Dr. Kitchener.

literary friends, and held delightful weekly conversaziones as well as periodical dinners, at which they met. There would be much to say about these gatherings, their detail being eminently characteristic of the many-sided mind and varied accomplishments of the host, and I hope in a future volume to supply an account of the dear old friend of my childhood, more in accordance with the singular qualifications of his character.

Satires on medicine.

It would be interesting to know when it was *not* considered "smart" to hold medicine up to ridicule, and to make jokes on physic and physicians; no subject probably has been more fertile in puns, notwithstanding that if it be bad policy to affront one's cook, there must be equally cogent reasons for not quarrelling with one's doctor: the Scriptural injunction—"*Honora medicum propter necessitatem*"—is of obvious sagacity, and Hippocrates says, "The physician stands before his patient in the light of a god: the issues of life and death are in his hands."

From the mordant criticisms of Martial to the irrepressible censures of Le Sage, of Cervantes, and of Molière, encouraged as was the last-named, by his Royal patron—not to enumerate the droll and well-known diatribes of a later date—the flow of sarcasm against medicine and its professors has never run dry; yet probably these merry jesters, when sick, have not been unwilling to avail themselves of such knowledge as might be possessed by those whom they had employed the cream of their wit in ridiculing.

It is an instructive warning to such, that Jean Jacques Rousseau (who, among many other malicious remarks, was wont to say that "Doctors killed the majority of their patients by ignorance, and saved the minority by accident") lived to recant, and later in life, told Bernardin de St. Pierre that, "of all *savants*, he considered that physicians not only knew the most, but knew the most thoroughly, all they did know."

Do not let us forget that Temple, Dryden, Pope, Black-

stone, and many other equally distinguished men have spoken of medical professors to the same effect; and Johnson bears his solid testimony to "their benevolence, dignity of sentiment, and disinterested readiness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre."

We are all too apt to yield to the temptation of saying a clever thing, the humour of which we feel would commend it to the company, without pausing to consider whether it is generous, or even just; this weakness of our common nature will go far, not only to explain, but to explain away, most of the censorious witticisms which seem unfair to what by universal consent is, after all, a great profession. We may therefore conclude that there is rarely any real malice in medical *bons-mots;* and that they are for the most part harmless, is evident from the fact that we recount them in the presence of the Faculty, who often repeat them themselves, and are as heartily amused at their ingenuity and drollery as are the laity. They are not often as harsh in their significance as the saying of the Oriental Jews, who also probably meant it for a joke, that "All ass-drivers were rogues; all camel-drivers, honest; all pigeon-fanciers, liars; and all physicians, children of hell." But what *were* these "physicians"?

The severest of Molière's severe remarks was very probably true enough at the time; and he only showed up the medical ignorance of his day when he defined medicine as "the art of entertaining the patient with frivolous reasons for his malady, while Nature was curing or Death destroying him." *

"The Faculty of Molière's time," says Taschereau, "were naturally not much distressed at the death of a man so well

* Pitcairn, however, recommended this course, when he said, "the last thing experience teaches a physician is to know when to do nothing, but quietly to wait and allow Nature and Time to have fair play in checking the progress of disease and gradually restoring the strength and health of the patient." It may be mentioned, *apropos* of Pitcairn, that he was such an advocate of opium that his practice was called by his brother physicians, "*Currus triumphalis opii.*"

informed on all their weak points, and so brilliantly clever, as well as so recklessly unscrupulous, in exposing them; as may be supposed, they were only too delighted to take their revenge by attributing to the just judgment of heaven his sudden death when in the very act of ridiculing their profession." Madame de Gaffigny, however, who lived in the succeeding century, used to expatiate with wonder on the extraordinary prescience of Molière, who, she declared, had, with as much accuracy as had been manifested by the prophets in foretelling the Messiah, pre-described, in his characters of Drs. *Diaforius* and *Purgon*, a certain Dr. Malouin of Tours.

Notwithstanding the witty dramatist's apparent hostility to the Faculty, he was on the best possible terms with his doctor, Mauvillain, even availing himself of the King's favour to introduce him at Court, where Louis XIV. received him most graciously.

Palissot tells us that one day, when both were dining at the Royal table, the Monarch said: "So this is your doctor, Molière; now what does he do for you?"

"We argue together, Sire," replied the wit; "he prescribes for me; I don't take his medicines, and I recover."

Rabelais could not resist his joke against the doctors, not only in their presence, but on his death-bed, as they stood round him after holding a consultation.

"Dear gentlemen," said he, "a truce to 'remedies'; let me die a natural death."

Whether, after this exhortation, he finished off, as some have said, with "*Tirez le rideau—la farce est jouée!*" has never been fully authenticated.

Frederick the Great, who, like the *Grand Monarque*, was fond of firing off his wit upon doctors, met his match in Dr. Zimmerman, the Court physician, of whom he one day asked how many men he had killed.

"Far fewer than your Majesty," replied the wily medical courtier, "and with far less glory."

A wise discrimination, it will be seen, is needed to distinguish between "doctor" and doctor; for, various indeed are the qualifications of those who profess the healing art. "Credulity and superstition—twin sisters—" writes one of the profession, "have in all ages been the source whence priest-craft and quackery have derived their success: next to these, fashion, or the adoption of medicines set in vogue by princes and nobles."

Dr. Paris, who entered on his office as President of the College of Physicians in 1819 by the delivery of a series of lectures on the *Philosophy of Materia Medica*, "showing its importance in affording lessons of practical wisdom, reminiscences of its past uses, and beacons for future guidance," said, "Its records are the symbols of medical history—the accredited registers of departed systems, founded on ideal assumptions and of superstitions engendered by fear and ignorance."

I will not part with those who have followed me through this chapter without assuring them that, whatever remarks of a satirical nature I may have quoted on the subject of medicine, as far as I am myself concerned, they are "without prejudice" to that noble profession—for it may thus be justly qualified: why not, indeed, "nobl*est*"?

If the soldier risks his life in the cause of duty, so also assuredly does the physician. The incentive of *promotion* may exercise its influence in both cases, but in the profession of arms there is the additional inducement of attainable *glory*. The soldier, when he risks his own life, is also bent on taking that of another, or *many* others; the physician seeks only to save or prolong life: not only this, but he risks his own, again and again, when exposing it to the results of dangerous experiments intended to prove beneficial to the human race. Many valuable lives have been thus sacrificed by willing martyrs, who have given themselves unreservedly to science and to the public service, always ready to respond to those who are pleased to draw upon their resources.

When we find ourselves, or those dear to us, in a supreme emergency, have we ever paused to consider that the infection of a virulent disease, which has made our house the terror of the neighbourhood, has to be braved without hesitation by any doctor it may please us to call in? and does it occur to a man who lies wounded on the field of battle, that the surgeon he has called to him must pass through the "thickest of war's tempest" to reach him?

Even the chances of longevity are against the doctor.* Mental perplexity, moral anxiety, physical fatigue, vigils, irregularity of rest and of food, exposure to changes of temperature, to bad air, and to contagion, sufficiently account for the brevity of their life, and ought to constitute a title to public respect.

These and other contingent considerations may be regarded as the heroic opportunities and ennobling privileges of a great calling; and by the reflecting, they are accepted with a just pride, which suffices to maintain among the Faculty the elevating sentiments of their traditional self-devotion.

* There is, according to reliable French statistics, no liberal profession of which the members are so short-lived as Medicine. Out of one hundred, only twenty-four, on an average, reach the age of seventy, and whereas, in other professions, the mean age is fifty-nine, in the medical it is only fifty-six.

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The Gresham Press,
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