REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE

CHARLES MACFARLANE

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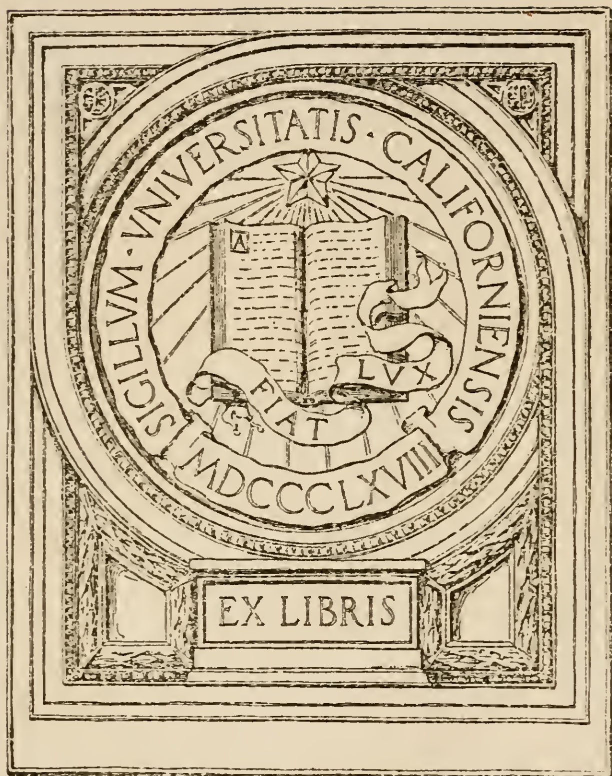

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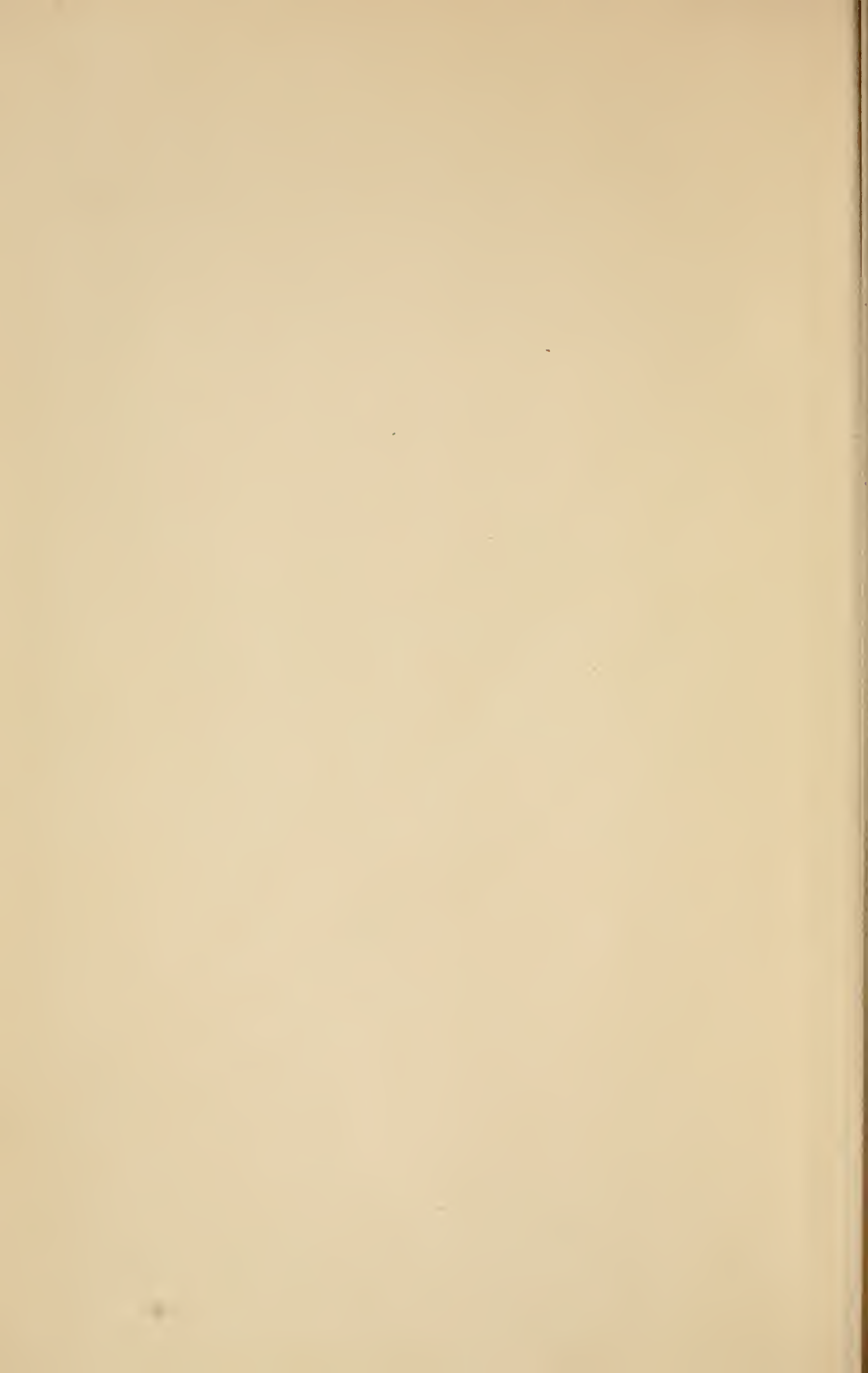

REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE

REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE

By CHARLES MACFARLANE
1799 - 1858
AUTHOR AND TRAVELLER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN F. TATTERSALL

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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TO

MY NEPHEW

JOHN TATTERSALL

IN NEW ZEALAND

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INTRODUCTION

In the spring of this year I noticed in the catalogue of Mr. Frank Woore, antiquarian bookseller, of St. Peter's Street, Derby, two quarto manuscript volumes containing the reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane. The name of the writer was not known to me; but as the manuscript made mention of the names of Shelley, Keats, and Hartley Coleridge, with those of others who will not soon be forgotten, I obtained, by the kindness of Mr. Woore, a sight of the two volumes, and found their contents even more interesting than I had anticipated. Mr. Woore informed me that he had bought them at a country sale, among a number of old ledgers and account books, and that they would probably have been sold as waste paper and destroyed had he not noticed the interesting character of the contents.

My task has been to arrange them, and to correct, to the best of my power, the errors of the amanuenses employed by the author, where their work had not had the benefit of his revision.

I have omitted only a few entries of minor interest, and a few allusions to families which still have living representatives, when I considered that MacFarlane's outspoken remarks might possibly give them pain. I will now give such few particulars of MacFarlane's life as I have been able to gather, referring the reader to the "Dictionary of National Biography" for further information.

Charles MacFarlane, author and traveller, was born on the 18th December, 1799, and died a "Poor

Brother of the Charterhouse" on the 9th December, 1858, after eighteen months' residence.

On a printed leaflet prefixed to his anecdotes, dated "Charterhouse, August, 1857," he records thirty books written and published by him between the years 1820 and 1857, besides a large number of articles contributed to magazines (*cf.* Appendix).

Between 1844 and 1846 he wrote three novels or "Historical Tales," the best of which, "The Camp of Refuge, or the Last of the Saxons," found considerable favour, and may have given Kingsley the idea for his well-known novel, "Hereward the Wake."

MacFarlane arrived in Italy in January, 1816, and lived at Naples till the year 1827, when he visited Sicily, Malta, Greece, and Turkey, the result being his "Constantinople in 1828," published in 1829. In the spring of that year he arrived in London. The autumn and winter of the same year he spent at Brighton, with the object of restoring his health, which had suffered from malarial fever, contracted during his travels. At Brighton he made the acquaintance of his life-long friend, William Stewart Rose, "a man to my heart of hearts," of whom, and of his friend the Rev. Charles Townsend, he gives such an engaging description.

Soon after this he must have married, for his eldest son Charles was born at Edinburgh on the 4th July, 1832. He lived at Friern Barnet from 1832 to 1846, when he again visited Italy and Turkey with his eldest son, the result being two books, "A Glance at Revolutionized Italy in 1848," and "Turkey and its Destiny" (2 vols., 1850).

On his return to England he settled at Burgate, Canterbury, till his admission to the Charterhouse, on the nomination of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in June, 1857. Towards the end of his life, MacFarlane seems to have fallen on evil times. His health gave way, and the satisfactory income which he had derived

from literature for a quarter of a century began to fall off, largely, according to his own account, from the fault of his publisher.

It may have been about this time, as recorded in his reminiscences, that he made an application to the Foreign Office for a consulship abroad. He writes: "I had been making application for a consular appointment in Italy or somewhere else in the Mediterranean, and was feeling a pang in sickness of 'hope deferred,' when Lord —— suggested to me that I should have a better chance for some appointment in the Colonies or in the Colonial Office, as that was much more promising than the Foreign Office. I wrote instantly to Rose, who took a warm interest for me, and who had still some little (and little it was) political or parliamentary or ministerial interest. In reply he said: 'Lord —— is quite right: the Colonial Department is *very* promising; it promised me a berth for a young friend ten years ago, and it keeps promising still.'"

I am indebted to the Rev. Gerald S. Davies, Master of the Charterhouse, for the information that MacFarlane, at the time of his admission, had five children living: two sons, Charles and Victor, and three daughters, Arabella, Blanche, and Marion.

Charles entered the East Indian Army in 1851, nominated to a cadetship by Sir James W. Hogg, M.P., at the recommendation of the Countess of Jersey. He had a distinguished career, serving in the Burmese War of 1852-53, and during the Mutinies of 1857-58. He was present at the final assault and capture of Delhi, and commanded his regiment (1st European Regiment) after Colonel Gerrard had been mortally wounded. He was also present at the final siege and capture of Lucknow, under Lord Clyde, in March, 1858. He obtained his captaincy in January, 1863, and became Major in January, 1871. He obtained two years' leave to Europe in

December, 1871, and died on the 2nd March, 1872.

His younger brother Victor was born in 1838, and at the age of eighteen he enlisted in London as a private in the East India Company's 2nd Bengal Regiment. He served in the siege and capture of Delhi, where he was wounded in the thigh. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of sergeant, and died on the 5th June, 1859, thus surviving his father only six months.

J. R. Planché, who died in 1880, described MacFarlane as "a most amusing companion and a warm friend," and I think that those who peruse this book will not be inclined to dispute his judgment. We learn from his Memoirs that he was a little man, proud of his Highland descent, a sturdy Conservative, Churchman, and Anti-Republican. Living, as he did, during his "hot youth" in Naples, where he seems to have experienced much kindness and cordiality in Court circles, he was blinded to the defects of the Bourbon rule, and he did not believe that the Revolutionists had men able enough to overturn it and to erect on its ruins a stabler and better form of government.

The happiest years of his life were spent in Italy. He writes in his entertaining book, "The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World" (1st edition, 1831), in one chapter of which he describes his own capture by brigands when travelling with his friend the Prince of Ischitella. "And now good-night to Italian brigands, and once more farewell to Italy!—a country where my brightest days have been passed, for I can never hope to retrace the pleasant period of life between seventeen years and twenty-seven; a country for which I may assert a heart-warm admiration, knowing it and living in it so long as I have done, without, I trust, incurring the suspicion of sentimentalism or

affectation ; a country where I have had, and am confident still have, some of my best friends, and where, next to my native land, I should prefer to end my life, and find, with

> "'*Un sasso*
> *Che distingua le mie dalle infinite*
> *Ossa che in terra e in mar semina morte,*'

a quiet and a humble grave."

I have not been able to find any portrait of MacFarlane. Is it possible that the "handsome sort of album," in which his friend Brockedon the artist had drawn his "effigies," is still in existence ?

Many of those who peruse the following pages will no doubt first turn to what MacFarlane writes of Shelley, Keats, and Hartley Coleridge.

What a life-like sketch he draws of the wayward and lovable Hartley, as he walked on that fine day of late autumn from Grasmere to Bowness, kicking before him the drifts of sere fallen leaves which impeded his progress, and stopping now and then to stamp his little feet when he wished to emphasize some point in the flow of his discourse! My aim is, however, only to introduce to readers an author who, I fear, is now almost forgotten, though most of his works are still worthy of perusal. Should those who dip into these desultory pages find in them some distraction from sad thoughts in these stern times, some solace for a few hours in these memories of years which now seem so far away, my task in preparing them for publication will not have been undertaken in vain.

J. F. TATTERSALL.

BISHOPSTONE,
December, 1916.

PREFACE

At fifty-seven, the heartiest of us is no longer young. It is time to think of the past and prepare for the great future. I am in my fifty-seventh year, and in no good case in mind, body, or estate. My anxieties are numerous; I have had two of the "Three Warnings," being lame and purblind, such property as I ever had is departed from me, and literature no longer affords me the ample income I derived from it during more than a quarter of a century; yet all is not gloom: my memory is unimpaired, my spirit often buoyant:

> "*Il cor mi sento in sen' vegeto e fresco,*
> *Ed in vecchi anni giovenil pensier.*"

Now, I have thought that, while this memory lasts, I might, at least, amuse my solitude by jotting down some of my reminiscences. I have been, to a considerable extent, a traveller and sojourner in foreign countries, and it has been my fortune, both at home and abroad, to be thrown among very many remarkable persons, of some of whom the world still talks and writes, and will continue to talk and write. I will say my say of these, and give some of their sayings and doings. I have never Boswellized; I have never thought it fair to go from a man's table straight to one's diary, and before his dinner be digested or the flavour of his claret passed away, to sit down and enregister all that he has been saying in the confidence or carelessness of conviviality. But though I took no "notes," I pondered over and treasured what I heard—as also what I saw—and as my memory has

been very retentive, I think that I may report with tolerable accuracy.*

I cannot promise to myself that in these souvenirs I shall be always and invariably eulogistic. I have known something as well of the bad as of the good side of human nature; and that which I have by far most frequently encountered has been the mixture of the good and bad, or that *vertu mediocre* which makes no impression and leaves no remembrances.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a benevolent-looking maxim, but it will not do in practice; it would be the death of history, of biography, of anecdote. I believe, however, that my tastes, habits of thought, and natural disposition, will lead me to dwell much longer on the good than on the bad, and to deal much more in praise than in censure. As for mediocrities,

"*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*"

I have no intention of making any present use of these memorabilia; but they—or at least some of them—may be published hereafter; and, if they are not, the books which contain them may interest my children, and recall to their memory the valuable friendships I have enjoyed, and the numerous acquaintances I have had from my boyhood upwards. By one, for a certainty, this will be prized as an heirloom; I mean, by my eldest son Charles, who has been separated from me these last five years and six months, who has been campaigning in Burma, who is now at Cawnpore in the Oude frontier, but who, before going to India, travelled with me in Asiatic and European Turkey, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, Alsace, down the Rhine and through Belgium, and who always delighted to hear my stories of past times and anecdotes of early friends, with not a few of whom he became personally acquainted, as we—at

* Thus far in MacFarlane's distinct but tremulous handwriting; what follows is written by several amanuenses, except on a few pages which will be indicated.

a very slow pace and with many a halt—were journeying homeward from Constantinople.

To Charles—should God only grant him life and health—these notes will be very dear; and to him, by anticipation, I inscribe them.

Possibly the books will include descriptions of scenes and places as well as of persons, personal adventures, and some recollections derived from my varied reading. I have written a great deal, but I have never yet gone through a work and brought it to its close in strict conformity with my original plan, or in precisely the manner I contemplated when beginning it. I suspect that no author has ever done this *au pied de la lettre*. I shall attempt no order, no chronological or other systematic arrangement, but shall dictate my anecdotes as they occur to my memory.

Canterbury, 1855.

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REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE

CHAPTER I

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

It was some thirty-seven years ago, at Naples, and in the matchless Royal Bourbon Museum, near the end of those sculpture galleries which occupy the whole of the ground floor of that spacious edifice, or the whole of it which lies to the left of the main entrance. I was standing and admiring, perhaps for the hundredth time, that exquisite antique statue of a Roman matron seated on a low-back chair which, without any sufficient reason, is called Agrippina, the mother of Nero.

I know not how long I had been there, when I was startled by an English voice close at my ear, and on turning my head I saw an unmistakable and most interesting-looking English gentleman, in appearance not more than five or six and twenty. There was not much in the remark he had uttered, as if unconsciously; it referred to the gracefulness of the statue; it was little more than a truism or commonplace, but of that sort of commonplace which is not heard from the vulgar; and the tone of voice with which it was delivered struck me as peculiarly soft and touching. The speaker was very evidently in delicate health; he was very thin, and would have been very pale but for a little flush at

the upper edge of the cheek; his eye was rather sunken or hollow, but at the same time uncommonly quick, brilliant, and glancing; his hair was long and wavy, curling naturally; the expression of the countenance melancholy, but a melancholy frequently irradiated with liveliness and even with joyfulness. Though negligently, he was neatly if not elegantly dressed. He never could have been taken for anything but a true thoroughbred English gentleman, though there were personal peculiarities about him. We fell into talk, just as if we had been old acquaintances.

I told him that the Bonaparte family always chose to consider the sitting Roman matron as the very image of Madame Mère; and that when old Lætitia was here, her daughter Caroline, wife to Murat, and then Queen of Naples, made her sit by the side of the marble and made a large party remark the striking resemblance. I added that, though I had never seen this close juxtaposition, I thought from what I had seen of her at Rome that the mother of Napoleon did really resemble the reputed marble mother of Nero, and that her attitudes and her habitual pose were very like those of the statue.

My unknown friend had not seen Madame Mère; but he said he would think of the statue if he should chance to see her on his way back through Rome. We returned together through the galleries, and as we did so, with frequent halts to look at this work of ancient art or that, I could not help discovering that I was in the society of a rarely-gifted, original-minded, imaginative man—a poet, though he should never have penned a verse. We lingered a considerable time at the pedestal of the Kalipygian Venus, the most exquisitely formed, coquettish, licentious little woman that ever lived in next to immortal marble. "There are people," said I, "who prefer this glittering little Venus to the Venus di Medici." "I know it," said he, "and I know such people; but they are

wrong, wrong, unspiritually, carnally, grossly wrong! This is all woman; beautiful, if you will; but all woman, and nothing else; some might call her a strumpet in stone, but I won't. The Medicean Venus is a goddess, and all over a goddess!" He told me the story, then new to me, of the young French maiden from Provence, who went to Paris while the spoils of Italy were still in the Louvre, saw the Belvedere Apollo, became enamoured, and died of love of that quasi-divine, but cold, inanimate marble. In return I told him a story of quite recent occurrence: how a priest from the provinces, a middle-aged and hitherto discreet man, had been brought to see this luscious little Venus; how, day after day, he had returned to gaze and gloat upon it; and how he had terminated his visits by going stark mad about her, and by being confined, as he then and long afterwards was, in the great lunatic asylum at Aversa. "I pity the French girl much more than the priest," said my delightful unknown.

Our next pause was, I think, before that simple, magnificent, sublime statue of Aristides, which I always considered one of the greatest treasures of the Neapolitan collection. "I trust," said my chance companion, "that the man was quite as just as he is said to have been; but I confess I sympathize with the Athenian who voted for his banishment because he was sick and tired of hearing him eternally called 'The Just.' And then, Justice, by itself alone, is no such very engaging quality! Had they called him 'Aristides the Merciful,' or 'Aristides the Benevolent,' as well as 'Aristides the Just,' I should think a great deal more of him!" Gabriele Rossetti, with whom at that time I was well acquainted, came up, and *alla maniera franca Napolitana* entered into conversation with my unknown companion as well as with me. He held a comfortable little place in the Museum, which he owed to old King Ferdinand's morganatic Sicilian wife, the Princess Partanna; and

his pay, added to what he got as *Improvisatore* and *Maestro di Poesia*, enabled him to eat his macaroni in great ease and comfort.

When the Carbonari and William Pepe made their insane Revolution of 1820, and bullied the old King into swearing to the Spanish Constitution—not one of them knowing what it was—Don Gabriele was not very grateful to the Princess or for the Court patronage; he made himself the Tyrtæus of the Carbonari, wrote revolutionary songs and a play to show how men were to die for their country and the Constitution—which none of them would do—wrote lampoons on his benefactress the Partanna, and then, when the Austrians were coming, fled to an English ship and got to Malta, whence he transferred himself to London, where he died, not long since. I would not be over severe upon him: he was a poet, and he got his head turned by clubs and secret societies. He was a southern Italian, and with a head on fire he took to politics; and never yet did I know an Italian of his class, whether from the South or from the North, embark on the billows of politics without losing rudder and compass, and becoming distraught. Better, a thousand times better, were it for them to improvise, sing, and fiddle. Like nearly every professional Italian *litterato*, Rossetti was considerably a pedant, and a dreadful fellow after those ancient Greeks and Romans from whom the French poet prayed to be delivered. But he now and then made a happy classical allusion. My dear unknown expressed his astonishment at the vast number of statues, bronzes, vases, and other works of Art that had been discovered, and that were still in process of being discovered, within the limits of the Neapolitan Kingdom.

"Yes," said Rossetti, "we may say with Pompey that we have but to strike the soil with our foot, and legions arise! Tread where you will, there is a world of buried yet living past beneath you." This was

good; and we felt it, and we told him so. *Peggio* followed, for the poet repeated the *dixit* to nearly every foreigner with whom he afterwards came in contact, and he always gave it as a sudden thought. With my own ears I heard him parallel Pompey to Lord Orford, Sir William Gell, Colonel and Mrs. Bonar, Sir William Drummond, Dr. Milnes, and I should fancy half a score more of "us Britishers." He became rather wearisome to my unknown—to say nothing of myself—the said self being then a petulant youth, always, and even now in decrepitude and age, rather intolerant of a bore. We went upstairs to those wondrous rooms which contain the exhumed wealth of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabia, and of only a few other places; thence we went into the library, still one of the best in Europe; and there, being well acquainted with all the librarians, I showed my unknown a number of rare books and some MSS. which he was eager to see. The head sub-librarian, Canonico ——, asked me who my friend was. "Canonico," said I, "I can't tell you, for I don't know even so much as his name. I know only that he is a man of taste, a scholar, and an English gentleman." "*Senza dubbio,*" said the Canonico, with one of those nice layings of the hand to the heart, which only Italians can do, *come si deve*. The day was pretty well consumed; and it was locking-up time at the Museum, and so we left. I had an engagement, but was so delighted with my companion that I believe I should have broken it; but as we were walking down the street which leads to the Toledo, I encountered Maestro Rossini and Giacomo Micheroux, driving in a hack-carriage for Capo di Monte, where we were to dine, at Madame F.'s. They hailed me, and stopped the fiacre. In parting with my unknown I believe we shook hands, and I know that he thanked me in the kindest and most graceful manner for the little trouble I had taken for him in the library.

" Who is your friend ?" said Micheroux. I could only repeat that I did not know. " Why, I thought from your greetings that you were brothers or first cousins. What a *mattone* (madcap) you are !" said Rossini. " Your friend looked very much like a man of genius," said Micheroux; " that's a face one cannot easily forget." " I thought he looked very much like a *mezzo-morte, un etico*," said the Maestro. We had a merry dinner up on the hilltop, as we always had when Rossini was present; but my thoughts several times ran down the hill after my unknown friend.

The next morning I met my unknown at the end of the Toledo, walking with Mr. Roskilly, an English medical practitioner who had married a Sicilian wife and settled down in Naples. " Here he is to speak for himself," said R., " if this is your man." My unknown held out his hand, and the good-humoured practitioner said, " Mac, I introduce Mr. Percy B. Shelley; Mr. Shelley, this is Charles MacFarlane." At that time I had read nothing of Shelley's but his " Queen Mab," and its controversial, crotchety, and somewhat violent notes; and I must confess that I thought that both the verse and the prose savoured of insanity.

But, at the same time, from his talk of yesterday, I could have vowed that there were better, higher, and purer things in the man than his " Mab," and that these, in time, would well forth from him, as water from a perennial fountain. Roskilly, having his patients to visit, gladly left the poet with me, and we two presently arranged a trip to Pompeii. Though it would have been cold wintry weather in England, it was a cheering, glorious day under the unclouded sky and warm sun of Naples. We hired one of those queer national vehicles called a *calesso*, drawn by two black, fiery little horses, one harnessed between the shafts, and the other running, almost loose, outside the off-shaft. We flew through the air;

the rapid motion, the breeze from off the bay, the populous, busy, cheerful towns and villages rapidly succeeding each other, the bright sunshine and the varied and exquisite scenery, exhilarated poor Shelley and brought a glow to his cheeks, while I was in that perfect rapture familiar to a youth of nineteen, in perfect health, and with not a care in the world.

We entered the exhumed city, the "City of the Dead," as Walter Scott called it when he was first conducted thither, not by the barracks of the Roman soldiers, as it is generally entered, but by the Street of Tombs, as it always should be entered. We stayed for hours, and in the scarcely injured house, called *La Casa di Pansa*, partook of an excellent refection, with fruit and good wine of the vintage of Gragnano, on the shelving hills near Castellamare, all furnished by the provident care of two old *ciceroni*, who were already my old friends. While standing at the top of the amphitheatre, and looking seaward, the poet was much struck by a small, old castle, built on and quite covering a lava rock, at a very short distance from the shore of the bay; and he was still more interested when I told him the castle had been built by the early Norman conquerors of Apulia, Naples, and Sicily, by one of the heroic race of Guiscard, whose well-authenticated history reads like a romance. On leaving Pompeii, Shelley proposed that we should take a nearer view of the castle, and go down to the beach. This we did, and sat on a lava rock, with the sea almost washing our feet, until sunset. The overpowering beauty of the place, the time and tide, subdued us into a solemn, musing, meditative, and long silence.

We spoke not a word, and other sound there was none except the rippling and plashing of that tideless, tranquil sea, as its waters creamed, in a long curving line, on the smooth sands, or gently struck the blocks of ancient lava which lie rather thickly in that part of the bay.

If one is never merry when he hears sweet music, so is he never merry when witnessing a sunset in scenery like this; but my companion's expressive countenance was languid, despondent, melancholy, quite sad. He did not write them here—he certainly wrote nothing when I was with him, and was not the man to indulge in any such poetical affectations; but he *thought* here those thrilling verses which in the collection of his minor poems are called "Stanzas, written in dejection, near Naples." Some of those lines, ever since I first read them, have haunted me, have been upon me like a magic spell; and I really believe that not a day or night have passed without my repeating them to myself, and recalling the image of Shelley as he sat on that seashore, with the glowing sunset shining full on his pale, haggard face.

I might have said, by anticipation, what Byron afterwards said of Tasso and his excessive susceptibilities—

> "Of such materials wretched men are made."

His own "Sensitive Plant" was not so sensitive, so impressionable, as Shelley himself. He was all over feeling, and all his feelings were of the acutest sort. Had he not been drowned as he was, he never could have lasted; the bright, sharp sword had already outworn the scabbard. Twice when, without being observed, I looked earnestly at him, I read on his countenance, and in the whole of his delicate, excited frame, the words, "Death, early death!" Yet—and because he was so impressionable, so thoroughly alive to external nature—we had scarcely got back to our very queer and very rapid conveyance than he rallied, joked in good Italian with our driver, and became most cheerful and facetious. We pulled up in the town of Torre Annunziata, where the best macaroni is manufactured in immense quantities, and as I took him over one of the manufactories, and showed him how they worked the lever by

springing up and down, astride of the timber, like little boys playing at see-saw, he showed all the hilarity and fun of a schoolboy. At the door was the usual number of beggars, to call us "milords" and to beg for farthings. Shelley emptied his pockets, and away we went in the *calesso*. I spoke of the mendicants as "poor creatures." "Not a bit of it," said the Poet; "they are happier than I—I dare say they are happier than you. With such a sky over their heads, with no nipping cold, and with full liberty to wander about and beg, they are happy people. Take all the advantages of the climate into the account, and I would ten times rather be a Neapolitan beggar than an English artisan or maid-of-all-work." He had a fit of moodiness as we rattled over the lava-buried city of Herculaneum, and saw a short column of fire projected from the uppermost crater of Mount Vesuvius; but it soon passed, and we re-entered the city of Naples in a cheerful, talkative disposition.

That evening, I saw his second wife, the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, the "twice illustrious, in her sire and mother," as he has styled her. She was, at that period, a very delicate, elegant, charming person; and there seemed to be great affection and an entire confidence between them.

On the following day I went off on a visit to the old town of Montesarchio, at the very foot of *Monte Taburno*, Virgil's mountain, and not far from the ancient city of Beneventum. A day or two after, Shelley left Naples for Rome, being, according to Roskilly, in a very poor way when he started on the journey. I did not see him again till late in the year 1820, and then I saw but little of him, for he was staying at Pisa with Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, Captain Medwin, and one or two others, and I was only passing through Pisa on my way to Florence. I saw him no more, though I was very near meeting

him at Leghorn in 1822, and just before his boat was capsized in the Gulf of Spezzia. But in the interval I had heard a great deal of him and of his generous doings, from Keats, Severn the painter, Bopp the sculptor, and others; from Italians as well as English; and after his death, when I visited Lerici and the places where he had lived on the Riviera di Genova, I heard a great deal more of his philanthropy, his self-denial, and his active, self-sacrificing benevolence. When weak and ill, and in rough weather, he would cross the mountains in the rear of the Bay, to carry medicine or some succour or comfort to the sick family of a poor chestnut-eating peasant; when in money difficulties of his own, he would give away his last dollar and trust to Providence, or to his credit in the place.* I know for a certainty that when he raised £1,600 to clear Leigh Hunt and his family in England, and to get them out to Italy, he was himself embarrassed; and that Lord Byron, who was to have furnished a part of the funds, left Shelley answerable for the whole, or for very nearly the whole. All that Leigh Hunt says on this subject is entitled to full credit. Perhaps it would have been better if he had never told so many truths about his lordship, in whose house he was for a time living; but he was certainly "hardly entreated" by Don Juan; and in all essentials, Hunt's benefactor was Shelley, not Byron. Yet Shelley, this practical and daily-practising Christian, had written in a public book the word "Atheist" after his name, and had been from his Etonian days a scoffer at Christianity and a contemner of all revealed religion. A sad mistake, but one from which he was freeing himself at least three years before he perished. But, in fact, his was never atheism, but a sort of indescribable

* In July Byron gave Leigh Hunt "The Vision of Judgment." On the 21st July Shelley had written to his wife that Byron had offered Hunt the copyright of "The Vision of Judgment" for his first number. "This offer, if sincere, is more than enough to set up the Journal; and if sincere will set everything right."

pantheism. As far as I could understand him, he had put in the place of the Invisible, this visible and no doubt very beautiful world; and for God the Creator he had substituted God's Creation. This he worshipped, and this he revered, more fervently, more entirely, than most men revere God Himself. He quibbled about the immortality of the soul, but he infused a soul into matter, and with him matter was to be sentient, eternal, and eternally improving. He shrank with horror from the idea of a "be-all and an end-all"; his soul was too expansive for that. If one could only have made one or two changes in his vocabulary, poor Shelley must have been considered as a reverential, devout man. For God, he read Nature. I do not believe that he could have lived much longer than he did; but I do most thoroughly believe that with him a prolongation of days would have brought a thorough reformation of doctrine; that perishing as he did, he was getting his philosophy and his religion all right. He had become an assiduous reader of the New Testament, and of the most striking books of the Old Testament; evidence of this Biblical reading may be traced in the later of his productions. When his body was found in the Gulf of Spezzia, a well-worn pocket Bible was found in his sea-jacket. With his pen, with his young head inflamed by a liberalism which he did not understand, against tyrants and oppressors in the abstract, or men whom he considered as such, Shelley no doubt could be vituperative, violent, uncharitable, to the utmost extent of his liberalism; but I should say that he never spoke an unkind word of any living creature he had personally known, and that no man could be more averse to uncharitableness of opinion, or calumny, or any species of denigration. It was a mistake, it was one of his many hallucinations, but there was a distinguished man in England whom he considered as his oppressor, as a legal tyrant, and as his mortal enemy; yet in speaking

of him he said: "No doubt that man has his good qualities, and many of them."

I may return to poor Shelley again; but, this time, before we part, I would say one word more for him. Delicate, tremulous, nervous, over-sensitive as he was, I firmly believe that for the sake of a principle, or for the sake of covering the weak flank of a friend or of any unfortunate, ill-used person, he would have faced a park of artillery, or have braved the scaffold or the penal fire.

CHAPTER II

JOHN KEATS

The enlightened British public never committed a greater mistake than in believing, on the rhymed " dixit " of Lord Byron, that John Keats's " fiery particle " was snuffed out by a single *Quarterly Review* article. John was the man to stand whole broadsides of such articles, whether from *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh*, or from both, with a united and concentrated fire. Little in body, like Moore, he was, like Moore, thoroughly a man. He was one of the most cheery and plucky little fellows I ever knew; and though it may look like self-flattery, I think I may safely say that neither pluck nor fortitude always choose bulky frames and lofty statures for their lodging. Keats could hardly see a London street row without the impulsive wish to be in the midst of it; and in not a few rows he had his wish gratified. This was mere frolic and youthful love of mischief and excitement, or it was an innate love of fair-play; but I firmly believe that by the side of any friend Keats would have faced a battery, and would have stood under a shower of cannon-balls, chain-shot, canister or grape. Though he belonged to rather an affected school, at times a hectoring and pretentious school, poor Keats had an exceedingly small allowance of literary vanity. He would often say: " I have a notion that I have something in me, but that I shall never be able to bring it out. I feel all but sure that I never shall." When dying, the motto he dictated for that tombstone, which his and

my dear friend Joseph Severn saw erected to his memory, was this: "Here lies one whose name is written in water." Poor fellow! he died, not of an article, but of consumption, as an elder sister, and I think a brother, had done before him. When he first came to Naples, and even when he was proceeding thence to Rome, it was thought that he might rally, and even recover; but it was not to be. I loved some of Keats's poems then, when I had not completed my twenty-first year, and I love them still, now that I am hastening to the conclusion of my fifty-seventh; but I rather think that what I most admired in Keats were his pluck and thorough abhorrence of what—after my friend Thomas Carlyle—we now call "shams."

Late in the autumn of 1820, when he arrived at Naples, or rather at the commencement of the winter of that year, he was driving with my friend Charles Cottrell from the Bourbon Museum, up the beautiful open road which leads up to Capo di Monte and the Ponte Rossi. On the way, in front of a villa or cottage, he was struck and moved by the sight of some rose-trees in full bearing. Thinking to gratify the invalid, Cottrell, a *ci-devant* officer in the British Navy, jumped out of the carriage, spoke to somebody about the house or garden, and was back in a trice with a bouquet of roses.

"How late in the year! What an exquisite climate!" said the Poet; but on putting them to his nose, he threw the flowers down on the opposite seat, and exclaimed: "Humbugs! they have no scent! What is a rose without its fragrance? I hate and abhor all humbug, whether in a flower or in a man or woman!" And having worked himself strongly up in the anti-humbug humour, he cast the bouquet out on the road. I suppose that the flowers were China roses, which have little odour at any time, and hardly any at the approach of winter.

Returning from that drive, he had intense enjoyment in halting close to the Capuan Gate, and in watching a group of *lazzaroni* or labouring men, as, at a stall with fire and cauldron by the roadside in the open air, they were disposing of an incredible quantity of macaroni, introducing it in long, unbroken strings into their capacious mouths, without the intermediary of anything but their hands. "I like this," said he; "these hearty fellows scorn the humbug of knives and forks. Fingers were invented first. Give them some *carlini* that they may eat more! Glorious sight! How they take it in!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL

My great intimacy with the poet began in the winter of 1829, and terminated rather suddenly in the autumn of 1832, in a quarrel, or rather in an offence he took at some remarks I hazarded on the Poles, their former history, and their late revolution. He bounced out of the house where we had been dining in a red-hot passion, telling our host that I had been talking about what I did not understand; that all the books I had quoted were false and fabulous; that Ruilhière's book on the anarchy of Poland was a perfect romance; that a history of Poland, upon national authorities, was yet to be compiled; and that, perhaps, he might write it. I was exceedingly sorry at this rupture, for notwithstanding sundry infirmities of temper, and not very agreeable irregularities of conduct and manners, I was disposed to cling to the man. I highly admired—no one more—the poetical genius he had displayed in early life; he was a Scotsman, nay more, he was all but a Highlander, claiming affinity with one of our noblest clans; he was my superior in learned accomplishments, and my senior by a good many years. With all this I could not be, and I am quite sure I was

not, disrespectful or intemperate in my language or manner towards him. Seeing how widely we disagreed on the Polish question, I twice tried to change the subject, but he would not let me; he would go on to convince me against my will, or rather against my better judgment. The very next morning I sent our mutual Scottish friend, L. M., to sue for peace. "Tell him," said I to the mediator, "that I beg his pardon, that I will never again dispute with him about Poland, that for all that I shall say to the contrary he may make demi-gods of all the Poles, applaud their elective monarchy system as the perfection of good government, and declare that no British Parliament was ever to be put in comparison with the Polish Diet held on horseback with drawn sabres, and that the most constitutional mode of disposing of a troublesome minority was to cut its throat or shoot it, as his admired Sarmatians had so often done." The friendly mediation failed. Tommy would not be pacified. During several more years we met rather frequently, at Miss G.'s, now Countess of H., at John Murray's, at Longman's, and at other places of resort, but he always gave me the cold shoulder, until one damp, cold, foggy morning I met him in the narrow part of Argyll Street, looking ill, seedy, and quite shaken. I was so affected by his altered appearance, that not without some fear of a rebuff, I crossed the street and addressed him. This time he held out his hand, and was quite gentle and even friendly. He told me that he had been ill, very ill, but that he thought of going over to France, and that would set him up. His remarkably fine dark eyes were still brilliant and flashing, though less so than formerly. We parted with cordial hand-shaking, and I never saw him again. When I related our *brouillerie* to W. S. Rose, he said: "Oh! I could have told you beforehand that if you got upon Polish ground with Campbell, a squabble would be the inevitable consequence. Tommy is a

Polomaniac, and has been so ever since he wrote that famous line in the 'Pleasures of Hope'—'And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell'—not that there was much freedom in that land of serfs to shriek—and that line, and the few which precede it, have made him a sort of rallying-point, and an idol with all the Polish fugitives who get to England. These men flatter him and bedaub him with praise. Oh, how they do lay it on! But poor Campbell likes it—nay, he loves to be flattered and bedaubed. With the single exception of old 'Oberon' Sotheby and Lord Byron, I think he is about the vainest man I have known; but Byron had the good taste to love praise from the *Laudati*, and would very soon get impatient and angry at the compliments of nobodies, or at coarse, clumsy, vulgar laudation. I once told Campbell that when he went forth to walk through the streets he ought to have a barber's pole carried before him, and that a barber's pole ought always to project over his street-door. I wonder that he never catches the itch from some of his frowsy associates, for I am told that the itch is much more a national complaint in Poland than ever it was in Scotland. But let us return to good nature. I liked poor Campbell; I would give my left hand or both my ears to have written some of his best lyrics. Tell him I say so, and shake hands with him for me when you meet him, or when you make up this Highland feud."

For a very long time I rarely met the Bard of Hope, in street, house, theatre, or elsewhere, without finding him attended by a longish Polish tail. From circumstances previously explained, he could not by any possibility take very many of his refugees into decent houses; but still he introduced a considerable number in good society, and among these were some who did no honour to his introduction. I remember being told that he was disquieted by a story about the mysterious disappearance of

some silver spoons and forks, after a supper *chez Madame* ——, to which he had conducted some of his *protégés*.

The clear distinction necessary to be made between Upper Seymour Street and Lower Seymour Street will sufficiently explain Tommy's convivial foibles. While our friendly league and covenant lasted, he would often come in upon me late at night. Often when we had dined together at John Murray's, and each had taken more wine than he ought to have done, he would, at midnight, or even at a later hour, go home with me "to finish the evening," as he facetiously called it. I was as yet a bachelor, living in very comfortable, choice apartments, in Berners Street, Oxford Street, in the house of good little Rolandi, the Italian bookseller, who allowed me the bachelor privilege of the latch-key, and always saw, before going to his own early bed, that my fire was in good burning order, and that my little comforts were at hand. "And now, Mac," the bard would say—"now, Mac, for a glass of toddy! Your whisky is very good, and we will have a crack. Time was made for slaves." Three or four times he remained till daylight, and twice he slept on a good broad sofa in my sitting-room, and stayed till twelve or one o'clock next day. Warned by what had happened to K. and B. S. L., I preferred accommodating him with a sofa to adventuring with him in a hackney coach, though I had a coach-stand conveniently near. I cannot plead the nocturnal water-drinking of poor Sir Walter, but I rather think that for one tumbler of toddy that I took, Campbell must have taken three. The worst of it—or at least a very bad part of it—was, that drink did not improve Tommy's temper; it made him impatient, captious, and querulous, and at times violently passionate and uncommonly unpleasant.

So long as his poor wife lived, and they sojourned

in the cottage at Sydenham, he was kept in tolerable order; and was, on the whole, a douce, prudent, quiet-going bard. "You should have known him then," said his very old Scottish friend, Mrs. E., "and you must not judge of him as he was then, by what you see of him now. From the day of his wife's death, or at latest from the day when he got over his grief for her loss, Tommy broke loose, and has never brought up since. It is a sad pity, for all we London-dwelling Scots honoured him and were so fond of him, and he might have done so well. One by one he has contrived to quarrel with or to annoy, beyond bearing, nearly all his old friends, whether Scottish or English. The last time he was in my house he broke the claret-jug and three glasses."

I remember as one of Campbell's characteristics that he could not bear to be, after dinner, in the same drawing-room with Moore, because the Irish minstrel sang his melodies and accompanied himself very sweetly on the piano, thus attracting much of the homage for which Campbell was so greedy, and absorbing all the attention of the company, of which he would fain have made a monopoly for himself. I have heard him very, very severe on Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and on his poetical style generally. He called it "washy," a word he had taken from the vocabulary of his sometime close ally, Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress, of whom, after her death, he wrote a very incorrect, "washy" Life. But I believe that of the said Life or Memoir, he himself, in reality, wrote very little.

The bard of "Hohenlinden" for many years wore a wig, of which mention will be found in my book of "Table Talk," biography, and literary souvenirs. It was a wig not at all suited to his age and complexion; it was a fine black wig with Hyperion curls, and generally well oiled and perfumed. One

night, after a very jovial dinner at old John Murray's, and while the claret-jugs were still in rapid circulation, Theodore Hook was called upon to sing one of his improvised songs. He was in "keff" and in vein; he sang three songs in succession, and really excelled himself. Campbell, considerably more than three-parts "fou," went off into an ecstasy, and taking his wig off his head, he threw it across the table at Theodore, shouting, "There, you dog! Take my laurels! They are yours!"

The laughter was uproarious, and it did not cease until long after the elder bard had recovered his wig, and had covered his bald, shining pate. Washington Irving laughed until his sides ached, and then with a sly, demure face told Campbell that he had never before fancied that those poetical locks were not of his own growth. In those days—between 1829 and 1833—we had very frequently high jinks in Albemarle Street. Then, too, there was fat, jolly old bibliopole and opera man, old Andrews of Bond Street, who now and then gave a dinner to authors and wits, and gave it in good style, with champagne and claret *à discrétion*, or rather *à indiscrétion*. It was at one of this very fat man's symposia that the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" so far exceeded limits that a hackney coach had to be sent for, and C. K. and B. S. L. were obliged to see him home.

Tommy was past speech, and Andrews, in giving his address, forgot to give the important word "Upper." The coachman drove as directed; and then, descending from his box, gave a violent tug at the bell, and played an equally violent "rat-tat-tat" with the knocker. Presently the head of a man was projected from an attic window. "Who's there?" cried he. "Mr. Campbell," said C. "D—— Mr. Campbell!" cried the man. "This is the third time within a week that I have been knocked out

of my bed in the middle of the night on his account. He lives in Upper Seymour Street. This is Lower Seymour Street!" He banged down the window, and the two friends conveyed their rather troublesome and quite unconscious charge to his own door.

CHAPTER III

GEORGE DOUGLAS—SIR WALTER SCOTT

George Douglas was the son of Dr. Douglas of Galashiels, the near neighbour and bosom friend of Sir Walter Scott. I met him at Smyrna, late in the summer of 1827. It was at a cheerful merchant supper, after the departure of the post for Constantinople; a supper such as we are beginning to lose the remembrance of, not only in the West, but in the westified East.

We sat together and swore an eternal friendship; not quite so ungroundedly as the two ladies in George Canning's mock drama;* for he had known something of me through a friend of twelve years' standing, and I had known something of him, and a good deal of his father, the Doctor.

George had been merchandising at Trieste, and was now attempting to merchandise at Smyrna.

In my great ignorance of the subject, I should not like to venture anything at all approaching to a decisive opinion, but it seemed to me that Douglas had small aptitude, and still less taste, for commercial pursuits. He also had a competency which relieved him from any vigorous attention to trade, or to figs, opium, valonia, carpets, rugs, or to anything of that kind. He was a man of humour, if there ever were one; he was a man of wit, with a marvellous memory. I shall never forget that, for months and

* "The Rovers; or, The Double Arrangement," a Parody, by Canning and Frere, of Schiller's "Robbers" and Goethe's "Stella" (Poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*, 4th June, 1798).

months, his Smyrna barracks were for me a home; and still less shall I be oblivious of the fact that my first introduction or presentation to Sir Walter Scott was through, and directly by, George Douglas. Poor George! *Il était un tant soit peu trop bon vivant.*

He came home, and having nothing in the world to do—about the worst calamity that can befall any man—he took to late whist parties and Glasgow punch, and so died, prematurely, and to my great grief, in the city of St. Mungo.

He stayed with me in London in 1831, and he was my host at Glasgow in the spring of 1832, when he, William Hamilton, and I, planned and executed a delightful trip through a part of Argyllshire, which included dear old Arrochar, the chief *nido*, or nest, of Clan MacFarlane. George had quite a reverence for Walter Scott, whom he had known from his youth upwards; and through the great intimacy his father, the Doctor, had enjoyed with the poet and novelist, he was in hereditary possession of many facts regarding the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and of "Waverley." He said that the mystery, so long maintained, about the Waverley novels was no mystery to him, for from the first he recognized so many of the anecdotes, Scottish quiddities, and odd sayings which he had heard from his own father, and which his father had told to Scott.

"Many of the good things in those tales," said he, "were quite family property, for my poor father, who was amazingly fond of such things, had inherited most of them from his father, who also was amazingly fond of old stories, bits of humour, and drollery.

"Sir Walter never seemed to be more happy than when there was nobody with him but his own family and my father, myself, or my sister. He would generally lead off with some 'auld tale,' which my father would cap; then would follow another from Sir Walter, and then this would be capped by

the Doctor. There was the most perfect understanding, sympathy, and community of taste between them. From Galashiels up to Abbotsford is, as you know, but a short walk. In the daytime Sir Walter was frequently in our little town, and at our quiet house; and in the evening we frequently walked up to Abbotsford. I remember one night, when my sister had seen by the timepiece that it was near twelve o'clock, and she was nudging her father to start for home, how Scott exclaimed in his beloved Doric: 'Toot, toot, lassie! Dinna fash! Bide a wee, lassie! Dinna break good talk! The Doctor is in excellent vein to-night. Let him finish his story, and then we won't go, but just have one story more, and the stirrup-cup of toddy!'

"And so," continued George, "we stayed into the small hours, and then walked home by clear moonlight. By habit, Scott was not at all a late sitter, for he liked to rise early, and to get through a good day's work before many of his neighbours were out of their beds.

"But he did not mind making a night of it now and then, and generally when my father, or that brave old soldier, Adam Ferguson, was with him, he would sit rather late. I remember his coming into Galashiels one morning very early, and looking as if he had not been in bed, or had not slept. My father noticed his unusual appearance, and asked him what he had been about. 'To confess the truth, Doctor,' said he, 'I have been sitting up all night with that wild Hielander, Captain Mac——, drinking brandy and water.' 'Brandy and water! And all night!' said my father, in astonishment. 'Just so, Doctor; but the Captain drank the brandy, and I the water.'" There was another tie that united the Doctor and the poet. Both were exceedingly fond of agriculture, planting, and all rural occupations; and the Doctor was, to a very great extent, an agricultural improver.

He had written and published several valuable treatises, which Scott took for his guides, and he had made some valuable innovations on the farming system of the district. When they were not at their anecdotes, they were almost invariably talking about plantations or farms, kine or other stock.

It was from Dr. Douglas, who had inherited it from his father, that Scott purchased the small property which became the nucleus of Abbotsford. It consisted of only a few acres, and a small fishing-house, used by the Doctor and his family as a place of occasional resort during the summer and autumn. Well had it been for Scott if he had merely enlarged the house, and had abstained from land purchases! He was so ill-provided with "siller" when he made his first purchase, that the whole of the money was not paid up for several years. In remitting the last cheque Scott very characteristically enclosed it in a rhyming letter. I forget most of the doggerel, but remember that it ended thus—

"So, Doctor and friend,
We come to an end;
The goud's thine,
And the land's mine."

Dr. Douglas was very reluctant to sell that little bit of paternal estate, but he was fond of Scott, and could not resist his importunities. The poet must have that fishing-lodge, that bit of Tweedside, and nothing else; and he had a hundred reasons to show why it suited him and his poetical avocations better than any other place on the beautiful river. Yet Abbotsford, even now that it has been improved by Scott's plantations, is very far from being the most picturesque place in that vicinity. Ashestiel, higher up the Tweed, where Scott lived so long, and spent by far the happiest part of his life, is far preferable; and both above and below Abbotsford there are sites infinitely more picturesque. But Sir Walter loved Abbotsford for its traditions, as may be learned

from his letters and his Life by Lockhart. George Douglas more than confirmed all that has been said about the exquisite pleasantry in conversation, the accessibility, the good nature, the thorough kindliness of heart, and the *bonhomie* of Sir Walter—the *bonhomie* being, however, always attended by a vast deal of shrewdness.

"By means unknown to me," he said, "my father became aware of the fact that Scott's affairs were in an embarrassed and rather perilous state some years before the great crash of 1825, and he used to groan over the enormous expenses the poet was incurring in entertaining great lords and ladies, and every stranger that presented himself, and in purchasing at unreasonable prices unproductive and most unprofitable lands. He saw, too, that the poet's hilarity was somewhat on the decline, that his brow was not unfrequently clouded, and he used to say to my sister: 'Eh, lassie! poor Scott was a happier man before he set up for a great laird, and turned the fishing-lodge into a château!'

"I was in Italy," continued Douglas, "when the blow fell. I was deeply grieved, but not astonished. I have not seen Sir Walter since then, but learn from my sister that he is sadly altered."

This was said at Smyrna in 1827. In the summer of 1831, my friend, who had just returned from Turkey, accompanied me, one fine morning, to the British Museum. As he wanted to see everything, I took him through the library; and there, in an inner, private room, seated at a table with an open black-letter volume before him, was the author of the Waverley novels. Douglas started, coloured, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Sir Walter!"

Scott rose, perused his face, and in an instant grasped his hand most heartily, saying, "Georgie, my man! Is it really you? I thought you were living like a Mussulman among the infidel Turks! In the name of the Prophet, figs! I hope you have

made a fortune by figs?" Then followed a long series of questions on both sides about long-parted friends, and old scenes and places. Nothing could well exceed the kindness and cordiality of Scott's manner. I had stepped aside and had taken up a book, when George came to me and said that Sir Walter would like to shake hands with me, as he liked some of my doings, and that he was much inclined to like anyone that was a friend to George Douglas.

When I was quite a boy, the poet had been pointed out to me in the streets of Edinburgh as one that did honour to old Scotland; but this was my first meeting and shaking hands with him. At the time, I could scarcely have desired anything more delightful. We sat with him for a good hour, when we were interrupted by old Sir Henry Ellis, the Chief Librarian, who brought in from the public reading-room a dingy lady in black—an authoress or *bas bleu*, I presumed—who was dying for a sight of the bard.

"He is sadly altered," said George, as we walked to another part of the Museum, "but I have not seen him for a good many years; and time, even without troubles, works sad changes. Did you observe how lame he is, and how feeble? His voice and his laugh are lowered, quite altered. I can remember him when he was the boldest rider, the most active man in all Selkirkshire, and when you might have heard his loud, hearty laugh half a mile off. How grieved would have been my father if he had lived to see this change!"

I believe it was the very day after this rencontre in the library that I met Sir Walter at Albemarle Street, in John Murray's well-known, and at that time much-frequented drawing-room. He told me in rather a melancholy tone, and with an expression of countenance that plainly said, "I would rather stay at home by my own Tweedside!" that he was going for the benefit of his health to Malta and Italy,

and he asked me a few questions about interesting places, distances, and the best mode of travelling in the Peninsula. I was delighted with him, but grieved at the state he was in, which induced me to doubt if he would ever return alive. Murray pressed him to stay to dinner, as Washington Irving and other friends were coming; but in the kindest and most truly polite way Sir Walter excused himself. He sailed for Malta a few days after this meeting, and I saw him no more.

When he returned in 1832, and stayed for a short time in London, at the Waterloo Hotel, Jermyn Street, St. James's, he was too ill to receive any but members of his own family, a physician, and a very few old and particular friends.

I well remember the bright June day, when, in a dying state as I was told, he was lifted into his carriage to be conveyed to Abbotsford, where he died on the 21st September. Quite a crowd had gathered in Jermyn Street, and there were heads projected from nearly every shop door and window. A proper reverence was paid to departing genius and worth. Nearly every man, gentle or simple, took off his hat as the carriage rolled past.

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

A MISERABLE malaria fever, caught in the neighbourhood of Constantinople in the summer of 1828, returned upon me in London in the spring of 1829, and reduced me to a pitiful case. That same year I went down to Brighton, to pass the autumn and to get through some of the months of our English winter, with which I had had no acquaintance for the last nine years. King John of Albemarle Street—John II.—gave me a letter of introduction to Horace Smith, who had long been settled at Brighton in a very pleasant and well-frequented house. It was here, two or three days after my arrival, that I first met poor dear Rose. I liked Horace pretty well, but here was a man of my own kidney—a man to my heart of hearts.

The *soirée* was rather a full one, and contained a fair sprinkling of celebrities and characters, such as Thomas Campbell, the poet; poor Kenney, the dramatist; Thomas Hood, of facetious and pathetic memory; Miss Crump, the authoress; old Masquerier, the once fashionable portrait-painter, whom I had known in the great Babylon in the days of my youth, and who had now retired to Brighton on a decent fortune obtained by marriage; old Tommy Hill, who sat for the portrait and character of Paul Pry; little wizened Mandeville, who was only remarkable from being the oldest *attaché* in the Service; and Beau Cradock or Caradoc, now Lord Howden, Ambassador at the Court of Madrid, and at this period one of the most handsome and elegant men in Europe. As I had

known Colonel Cradock in the East, in 1827, just after the Battle of Navarino, we renewed acquaintance, and I was talking with him when the name of William Stewart Rose was announced. I had long been most anxious to meet this prince of humorists and of gentlemen. Murray, who was much more intimate with him than with Horace Smith, would have given me a letter; but quite recently Rose had been suffering a bad attack, and Murray thought him too ill to receive company or to go into it. In a very few minutes I was introduced by Horace, and in the course of a very few minutes more Rose and I had shaken hands and become fast friends. He had travelled over my ground in the East; and, like myself, he had resided a long time in Italy, and had quite a passion for Italian literature, Italian art, and for nearly all things that are truly Italian. In addition to these tastes in common, he had even more than my love for anecdotes, *mêmoires*, and droll stories about beasts. It must have been this last taste which led him to translate the witty, but very licentious, Abbate Casti's "*Animali Parlanti.*" He had been pleased with some things in my first book of travels* in Turkey, published in the spring of 1829; chiefly, as I imagine, because they had recalled the memory of earlier, happier days, and of scenes and places where he had himself lingered. He paid me a few compliments, which I might easily have returned in kind, as at that time I knew his charming letters from the North of Italy almost by heart, and could have repeated a good many hundred of his verses. We sat in a corner nearly the whole of that evening, and had many a chuckle, and not a few hearty laughs. He inquired after all the oddities he had known in the Levant, and told some good stories of poor old Lady Liston, wife of Sir Robert, our very old Ambassador at Stamboul; who, in a grand diplomatic gathering, had styled herself "*la plus ancienne femme publique*

* "Constantinople in 1828," 2 vols., 8vo., 1829.

de l'Europe," and who always talked French in a style quite peculiar to herself.

Among others who called on me the next morning was Rose. He came with *empressement* to invite me to dinner on the following day, and to tell me that there would always be macaroni and a knife and fork for me at three precisely. He sat with me a long time, and again a good deal of our talk—

> " Not tuned to one key,
> Ran on chase, race, horse, mare, fair, bear, and monkey."*

This first dinner was thoroughly Italian, in the best style of that cuisine, and consequently delicious and easy of digestion. I thought that he must have an Italian cook. " No," said Rose, " this is all done or directed by a thorough John Bull, a very queer fellow whom I caught in his cub-age in the New Forest. By the way, it is time that you should know Dan Hinves, my valet, cook, factotum, everything, who has travelled with me wherever I have travelled, and has been constantly with me these last thirty years and longer. John ! tell Dan to step up and show himself !" And presently in trotted Dan, the never-to-be-forgotten, real, original Dan Hinves. He was a shortish, very stout, rubicund-faced, strong-looking, merry man, apparently about fifty years old. He had on a white cotton cap, such as French and Italian cooks always wear; a coloured chintz jacket, such as is worn by English butlers; and a very ample white apron. He had a round, twinkling eye, and his whole face was full of fun and drollery.

" Dan," said his master, " you have distinguished yourself to-day. That *timballo di maccheroni* was exquisite, so were those cutlets *aux olives*. Mr. MacFarlane here is a connoisseur. You ought to feel proud of his approbation !" Hinves made a bow, and a short, neat speech, in which the Hampshire dialect

* This line in C. M.'s writing. The quotation is from Rose's Epistle to J. H. Frere, " Rhymes," by W. S. Rose, Brighton, 1837. —ED.

and accent were sufficiently *prononcés*. Rose kept him in the room for a few minutes, and then dismissed him, chuckling with a joke. What amused me a great deal was that the opening of the address to Hinves was appropriated from a joke I had told him the day before.

Old M. Leroi, a French merchant at Smyrna, was a great *gourmet*, and kept a female Greek cook, reputed the best cook in Smyrna, where good cooks were, and still are, exceedingly rare. Whenever he had a dinner-party, and Katinka did well and pleased his critical palate, he called her into the dining-room and thanked her, before all the company, in these words, "*Katinka, ma chère, vous vous êtes bien distinguée aujourd'hui !*" Rose, who could drink very little wine himself, produced *au dessert* a magnum of old hock, the very best Rüdesheimer, which I and his two other guests, Count P. and Major B., enjoyed as we ought. "It is very old," said Rose; "it belonged to my father, and he and Mr. Pitt had many a good booze over it—that is, when Mr. Pitt could be seduced from his favourite port. I have still a good quantity in the cellar. Come here to dinner every Sunday and you shall have a magnum. On weekdays you must be satisfied with port, sherry, and tavel."

From this time, through four months, I was with Rose nearly every day, dining with him two or three times in the week, and never leaving his pleasant society without regret. He had been a remarkably handsome man; but, rather early in life, a paralytic attack had nearly deprived him of the use of one side, and he was now very lame, very weak in the limbs, and subject to rather frequent attacks of a painful disorder. Yet his face was still fine, and the expression of his countenance witty, humorous, and benevolent. He had an affectionate, caressing tone of voice, and his manners were perfect. Disguise, travesty himself as he would, there was never any possibility of taking Rose for anything but a thorough English gentleman.

This character, indeed, peeped out even through his buffoonery, and presided over all his jokes. Never did he let drop a word that could offend the feelings of any of his listeners.

Dan Hinves and I soon became almost as thick as Rose and myself. One particular day, after dinner, when Dan had again been called up and thanked in the manner of M. Leroi, his master said, "You seem to be pleased and amused with my factotum; shall I tell you something about his natural history?" "*Andiamo! Rosa senza spina!*" said we; and off he went, not at score, for he always spoke very deliberately, but into the very pith of the story.

"In my younger days, when I was living, building, and moon-carving at Gundimore in the New Forest, I was sorely tormented by valets. I tried Italians, Germans, Swiss; and could never get a right one. A Frenchman turned out such a very fine gentleman that I discharged him, with the resolution of never having anything more to do with such fine people. I was looking out for something rustical, young, and rough, when one day as I was riding through a village at the edge of the New Forest, I heard a fellow roaring like a bull, and on looking over a garden wall, I saw a man belabouring a stubby boy with a stick. 'Oh,' said I, 'don't hit the boy so hard! What has he been doing?' 'Doing, sir!' said the gardener; 'why, sir, he has been stealing my apples, and when I caught him up in the tree, he pelted me with my own apples because he said they were sour! Yes, sir! pelted me with my own apples, and a pretty job I have had to get him down from the apple-tree!' The delinquent was my now long-tried and faithful henchman, Mr. Dan Hinves. 'Hang it!' thought I; 'this must be a lad of promise, there must be some fun in him.' I took him home with me, sent for his father, and took him into my service as valet that very afternoon. He was then between fifteen and sixteen years old, and rough and ragged enough in all conscience.

"He had evidently eaten a good many sour apples in his time, and cannot have been much accustomed to good fare, for though his face was puffed and chubby, he was very flat and thin in the barrel and about the calves. We soon got him into condition, and as he filled up, his fun and drollery began to ooze out. His lingo was scarcely intelligible to ears polite, but we soon mended that also; or, to speak more correctly, we somewhat improved it, for Dan has never quite lost his Forest vernacular, and I should be sorry if he had, for his Hampshire terms now and then help me in my etymological studies. He could read a little, and I got him a village schoolmaster who improved his reading, and taught him writing and arithmetic. Since then, as you will find, by living so much among books and literary people, and by travelling about so much with me, he has become a bit of a literary character himself. He has long been in correspondence with Walter Scott, who sends him his Scottish novels as they appear; and he often exchanges a letter with John Hookham Frere and Mr. Hallam. You can see, in his room, that he has quite a library of books, these books being, for the most part, presentation copies. He is very proud of his extensive acquaintance with living authors. He keeps a sort of diary about them. I have no doubt that he has booked you by this time. Dan was certainly a bit of a pickle at first starting. He had frequent fights with the cook about pudding, and combats with the gardener about apples and pears. Besides this, he had a pernicious tendency to quarrel with my pet goats, four fine long-bearded fellows that I used to drive in a light chaise, and which, to tell the truth of them, were about as mischievous as Dan himself. To cure him of his pranks, I dressed him up as a devil. I invented a capital costume for him, and got it made up by an ingenious tailor and an enterprising toyman at Christchurch. It consisted of a long pair of black bull's horns, a black, very ugly mask, with nose like

George Cruikshank's, and a long red tongue hanging out of the mouth, of a dress made of skins and black cloth, which sat close to his skin, and covered him from shoulder to hoof.

"We took a deal of trouble about these hoofs; they were, of course, cloven; the colour was black, picked out with fiery red. You must have concluded before this that Dan had a tail pendant from the breech, and a splendid tail it was—thick, long, tufted, and forked at the extremity. I was rather proud of that tail; for, to tell you the truth, I made it myself. Well, until Dan got out of his cub-age, whenever he misconducted himself he had to wear that demoniacal dress. My words of command were these, 'Go and be devil! Go and stand behind the door until further orders!' This masquerade and this whim of mine were a good deal talked of, and soon understood. But before this came about, a more than half-cracked neighbouring squire came one morning to pay me a visit; he rang the bell, and Dan, who had been naughty and was *en diable*, opened the door. The squire set up a scream of horror and fright, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him, to tell the good people that he had seen the devil at Mr. Rose's, and that I had his Satanic Majesty for door-porter. I could tell you many stories about this crazy squire. Like myself, he belonged to the Hampshire Yeomanry —I was Captain and he a Lieutenant in that warlike corps; and I remember that he was always tumbling off his horse, or breaking our line, or riding over the trumpeter, or getting into some other scrape. When all the Forest, and all the country along that coast, were ringing with alarms of invasion and reports that Bony was coming, he said to me, one fine hot summer's day, as we were riding home from exercise, 'Rose, let them come! I will settle them. I have hit upon such a plan!' 'What is it?' asked I. 'Listen,' said he; 'you know something of our Forest flies, and how they sting? Well, I have bottled a pretty good

lot already; I shall bottle more as my people catch them. I hope soon to have a binful.' 'I see,' said I; 'when the French cavalry land, you will meet them near the beach and uncork your bottles?' 'Just so,' replied my squire exultingly, 'and I should like to see how they would stand it!' But this is *par parenthèse*. Let us return to Hinves. By degrees Dan developed a very considerable talent for cooking, as well as for booking. This he improved in the course of our travels. Barty Frere and I nearly lost him in the Troad. We were fording the Scamander, when it was very much swollen by recent rains, and was dashing along like a river worthy of its name. Dan took the ford rather too low down; his horse lost its footing, and in struggling to recover itself it threw our squire out of his saddle. The current carried away Dan, who bawled like a Sancho Panza. Luckily for us, and still more luckily for him, there was a sand-bank a very little way down the river, and on this he recovered himself. Frere wrote some doggerel upon the incident, which began—

> "'Goosey, goosey gander,
> Floating down Scamander.'

A day or two after this, Dan danced a *menuet de la cour* with a stately stork, in the bazaar of the town of the Dardanelles, to the infinite amusement of a number of grave, turbaned Turks there assembled. I can't say he much enjoyed his travels in Turkey, or his stay at Constantinople. He thought of the natives of all races and classes as Sir John Malcolm's sea-officer thought of the Abyssinians: 'As for manners, they have none, and their customs are very disgusting.' He was perfectly horrified one morning at seeing three heads, without their bodies, lying at the Seraglio gate. 'What a set of beasts are these Turks!' said he; 'they are always cutting off heads, or beating poor men's feet into jellies with their bastinados! Oh, Lord! Master, do let

us get out of this! Do let us go home or get into some Christian country at least!'

"But for the language, which he could not pick up, he would have been very happy and cosy in Italy. He used to say, 'I can't understand how English gentlemen who can live in a country like this, and as long as they like, should go scrambling about Turkey and Greece, certain to be half-starved, and eaten up by vermin, and nearly every day running the risk of being murdered.' When, after our long wanderings, we landed in England, Dan's joy was most enthusiastic; he capered about like a man demented for a good half-hour, and energetically declared after dinner that there was nothing like English beef-steaks and London porter. At Gundimore, when we had been annoyed by a shoal of memoirs written by people who were nobodies, and who had nothing to tell, Barty Frere and I set Dan to write his autobiography. He took a splendid start, made a most splendid beginning: 'My name is Daniel Hinves. I was born in the parish of Christchurch, by the New Forest, in the county of Hampshire. My father was a Church of England man, but my mother belonged to the Methodists' connection. Father used to larrup me because I did not go regularly to church; and mother used to slap and pinch me because I would not go regularly to meeting; and so, between the two, I had rather an unhappy life of it, until I was caught stealing apples.' Here Dan stopped. He had begun in too high a key. It was quite impossible to keep this up. He has never tried again.

"Dan's criticisms on some of the writers of the day are rather amusing. What do you think he said of Coleridge, who had been staying with me a week or two at Gundimore? 'Master, you say this Mr. Coleridge is a wonderful man, and so says Mr. Frere, and so say all of you; but I can't make him out! I can understand Sir Walter Scott perfectly;

I can understand both the Mr. Freres; I have no difficulty in taking in what Mr. Gally Knight says; Mr. Hallam talks plain common sense that a child may understand; I can even make you out, my master, pretty well, when you steer clear of Latin and Greek and foreign lingos, but I can make nothing, nothing at all, of Mr. Coleridge. Still, as you all say so, Mr. Coleridge must be a wonderfully clever man—but what a pity it is he talks such a deal of nonsense!' "*

At this time Rose was finishing the last cantos of his version of the "Orlando Furioso," and was casting about him for some fresh literary occupation. Though so frequently ill, he could not be idle. He had kept up his Greek well. One morning, on going into his study, I found him declaiming aloud, *ore rotundo*, one of Homer's battles. "Ah," said he, "you have caught me at it! Your friend, and my friend and physician, Dr. Todd, recommends reading aloud as capital exercise for a man who cannot take much exercise, and is obliged to lead a sedentary life. Now, I prefer reading Greek, because it has

* In the notes to "Rhymes, by William Stewart Rose, 1837," it is recorded that a copy of "Christabel" was given by Coleridge to Hinves, with the following letter on the fly-leaf:

"DEAR HINVES,—Till this book is concluded, and with it 'Gundimore,' a poem by the same author, accept of this *corrected* copy of 'Christabel,' as a *small* token of regard, yet such a testimonial as *I would not pay* to one I did not esteem, though he were an emperor. Be assured, I will send you for your private library every work I have published (if there be any to be had), and whatever I shall publish. Keep steady to the FAITH. If the fountain-head be always full, the stream cannot be long empty.—Yours sincerely, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"MUDIFORD, 11*th Nov.*, 1816."

Rose adds: "With respect to the phrase 'keep steady to the faith,' I imagine he was cautioning him he was addressing against Foscolo's supposed licence in religious opinions. 'Gundimore' was never completed, nor (I believe) ever begun. I will, however, stoop to pick up one of the morsels that was destined to enter into its composition. Walking with him upon the beach, a long wave came rolling in, and broke at our feet. 'That wave' (said he) 'seems to me *like a world's embrace*, and I shall introduce it into 'Gundimore.'"

so much more sound and volume in it than any other language that I know. I mean to spout Greek for an hour every morning, before taking my bath." And on he went with his Homeric battle.

One very cold winter day, as Rose, leaning on Dan's arm, was walking through one of the inferior streets of Brighton, his eye and fancy were struck by a very light drab greatcoat, hanging out at the door of a common slop-shop. He stopped, felt it, and otherwise examined it. " Dan," said he, " this is a sensible coat, this is really a *great* coat. Your fashionable tailors make little greatcoats with thin, flimsy cloth; here there is plenty of substance; this is a coat to keep one warm. Dan, I have a great mind to buy it, and wear it home." " Master," said the henchman, " if you do I will leave you here, and send John for you. I hope I am not too proud, but hang me if I can be seen walking through the streets with such a greatcoat ! Why, it is what the Charlies used to wear ! It is fit only for a watchman or a pauper." Rose gave up the idea of purchase.

While the Reform Bill tempest was raging so furiously, and was carrying so many anxieties and fears into so many hearts, Rose became greatly alarmed, for he held a patent, and almost sinecure place; and with the exception of what he derived from it, he had but little income or property. For a long time he felt quite sure that the reformers would begin with him by abolishing his place, as he was a Tory, and the brother of a warm Tory, and the son of a conspicuous Tory who had been the bosom friend of Mr. Pitt, the *bête noire* of the Whigs and Radicals. But even when he most felt this anxiety, and the dread of a violent political change, he could often make his joke about it. " Dan," said he one day after dinner, " the world is to be turned topsy-turvy; the great are to be made small, the small great; the rich are to be made poor, the poor rich; the master is to be turned into the servant, the

servant into the master. Dan, when this comes off, will you hire me?" "Oh Lord, no!" replied Dan. "Oh dear, no, sir; I knows you too well!" I never saw him wanting in real respect, and I believe he had a wonderful admiration of his master, and that he really loved and respected him; but Dan had been so many years with him, and for so great a period of that time Rose had been so entirely dependent on his services, that it was not at all surprising that the henchman should be somewhat familiar with him. At this time I could not conceive what my friend could possibly have done without his Hinves.

Though most scrupulous as to cleanliness, Rose, at one time a dandy and a companion of Brummell, Sir Harry Mildmay, and that set, had become careless and even slovenly in his dress. He cared not what coat he wore, nor what hat he put on. Dan, at times, would tell him that he looked like an old clothesman. "You are not going out that figure," said he one morning, "with those old trousers that are too short for your legs, with the tie of your cravat turned round to the back of your neck, and with Mr. M.'s snuff sticking to your waistcoat!"

To change the nether garment was too serious an operation, he being so very lame on all one side, but he submitted to be brushed, and to have his cravat set right.

At another time Dan came to me with a very serious and imploring face. "I wish," said he, "that you would persuade my master to buy a new hat. He has been wearing that tile these three years, until it has neither nap nor shape!" One summer Rose started a white hat, with broad brims that were green underneath. It certainly was an ugly, shocking bad hat, and shabby-looking from the first. Hinves always maintained that his master and his donkey-boy had bought it second-hand at the slop-shop where he had been enamoured of the drab

greatcoat. When reproduced for a second summer's wear, it was a sight to see! Hinves protested, and we all protested. What in the end made him discard that head-covering was my remark that a white hat was a symbol of Radicalism. "Hang it," said Rose, "so it is! Orator Hunt always wore a white hat—strange that I should never have thought of that! Hinves, take this *chapeau* and give it away immediately to some poor man." "I hardly know the poor man who will thank you for it!" replied Hinves.

Rose kept a French poodle, an improper thing for any English gentleman, being a sportsman, to do. But, as I once kept a poodle myself, at Naples, and spent a mint of money in having his hinder-quarters clean-shaved twice a week, I must not raise a quarrel on this account. Then, again, Rose's dog was maintained for the delectation of an Italian lady, an inmate of his house. The Italian name "*Furbo*," in our vernacular, would signify rogue or scamp, and certainly poor Furbo was a bit of a scamp to those who did not like his species. Old Sam Rogers hated dogs, and consequently Furbo declared an eternal enmity against the banker poet. Sydney Smith—the parson, not the Admiral—said that if you venture to visit *un homme de lettres* at Paris, you will be certain to have your ankles or calves assailed by a little waspish dog. Furbo, generally in Rose's study, had not so universal an appetite for human flesh, but he hated Rogers with an intensity of canine hatred, and old Sam could hardly gain access to the studio without the convoy of Dan Hinves or of some other person on better terms with the poodle. I well remember that one morning he halted in my rear for a good ten minutes while I pacified Furbo. On returning from that morning visit, the poet said in his blandest manner, "I wonder that some attached, confidential friend of Rose's doesn't poison that beast of a poodle that

is always running at one's legs, and is always making such a disgusting barking!" I could not tell the old man that the dog never ran at Mr. Hallam, nor at Mr. B. Frere, nor at me, nor at many others who loved dogs; but I said that to take off poor Furbo would be to abridge the fun and the comfort of the house. Rogers left me at the corner of a street in very ill-humour. I have no doubt that Furbo, on some occasions, was not much of a favourite with Rose's guests. If there was an evening party, the dog, after bow-wowing at those he did not like, and pestering with caresses those whom he did like, would sprawl out in the middle of the room, and bark loudly when the music, or the accentuation or something else in the talk, did not please him. Rose used to say, "I really believe that dog thinks that we are all met here this evening on his account, and to amuse him. Only look at the toss of his snout and the wag of his tail!"

One quarrel I certainly had with poor Furbo, who must have gone to the bow-wows years ago. I was listening with all my ears and with all my attention to one of Rose's stories about monkeys, and poodle, without the exertion of a spring, stole from my plate the wing of a delicious partridge. There was a jealousy between Townsend's "King Charles" and the French dog, but on the whole the two, after belligerency, managed matters pretty well, and got up a canine *entente cordiale*. But how Rogers did hate poor Furbo! More than a year after, he asked me whether that beast were living or dead. I rather think that Rose, with all his admiration for the poet, an admiration which he frequently expressed, was not altogether unhappy at seeing the poodle charge up to old Sam's legs, or to hear him vociferate at his approach. That which vexed Rose was that he had never been able to establish a perfect harmony, or even anything like sympathy, between Furbo and his little jackass, Velluti.

There was one other man that Furbo persecuted, Terrick Hamilton, *ci-devant* Oriental secretary at Constantinople, translator of "Antar," a very worthy man, a considerable scholar, and the greatest bore then in existence. Poor Rose used to say that the dog showed more than a doggish instinct, that Furbo knew how wearisome Terrick was, and did all that he could to prevent his entrance and to promote his exit. We engaged to write an epitaph for poor Furbo in Italian, but I broke down in the second or third line, and Rose never did a bit of his part, his feelings being too much hurt by the anticipation. Yet dear Rose could never bear to have the poodle following him out of doors, for it was so foreign-looking and French-like. *Pax tibi Furbe!*

When Rose was in a condition to perform the duties of his place in the House of Commons, he had a lodging, for the Parliamentary season, somewhere down in Westminster, near the House. Growing weary of the same rooms, and fancying he would have more air on the second floor than on the first, on leaving town at the end of the season he arranged with his landlady that he should be transferred to the upstairs apartment. When Parliament re-assembled, he returned to town, and to the house where he had been living for some years. With his usual obliviousness, he bolted into the first floor which he had long occupied, and there, to his astonishment, he found a stout, elderly, rubicund, wigged gentleman in black, sitting with his feet on the fender. "Sir," said he, "may I ask to what I am indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" "Damn it, sir!" said the rubicund old gentleman; "I think it is for me to put that question!" Rose looked about the room, saw that his books, his library table, his easy-chair, were all absent, remembered that he had bargained to change his degree of altitude, blushed, stammered some excuse, bolted out of the room, and went upstairs, *au second*.

Although he could not take much of it, Rose very much enjoyed a pinch of good, wholesome, unsophisticated snuff, and would very often help me to empty my box; but he had a most perfect horror of artificial mixtures and scented snuffs, like that called the "Prince's Mixture." He used to damn them and call them "snuffs of Sodom and Gomorrah," and conceived a repugnance to Colonel —— because he took them. He had a theory of his own about stenches. "I cannot help fancying," said he, "that stinks might be harmonized, or that they might be introduced, with good effect, as discords are in music; nor am I quite sure that a Rossini or a Beethoven, turning their attention this way, might not make a very pleasant tune of stenches. Think of this, and when you go to London, talk of it to the musicians and chemists, and to all the philosophers you meet." His sense of smell was most acute—painfully so. I told him of a family who were utterly devoid of that sense, as many persons are. "Lucky people!" said he; "I can smell a stink a mile off, and I am afraid that for one 'in populous cities pent' there are rather more stenches than sweet odours. Upon the breezy downs, or in the garden at the parson's nest, it is different; but only smell the by-streets of this Brighton, and Brighton is pure compared with most towns! We English boast of our neatness and cleanliness, but, as yet, we are very far from being a cleanly people. Stir up your friend, William Mackinnon, who is waging war on smoky chimneys—stir him up, rouse and excite him on the grand subject of cesspools and drains! There is an immortality to be gained in that direction.

"As a Highlander, you must remember the story of the first milestones, and 'God bless the Duke of Argyll!' Well, I, for one, would cry, 'God bless the Laird of Skye!' if he could only relieve my nose from some of its acute sufferings."

CHAPTER V

SAMUEL ROGERS

I BELIEVE that for a time there was something very like a feud between those two Whig wits, Samuel Rogers and Sydney Smith, and that there was never very much cordiality in their friendship. The parson had forestalled the banker in some *bons mots,* and old Sam was exceedingly jealous of other men's success in society, and was always so peevish and irritable. I have heard him say exceedingly ill-natured things of the author of the "Plymley Letters." For example, he one night told Count Pecchio, myself, and two or three others, that Sydney's father was a bum-bailiff by profession, and a very low fellow. On reporting this to W. S. Rose, he said: "That is so like Rogers! He knows as well as I do that Sydney's father was a gentleman, but he fancied that you might not know this, and so take his fib for a fact."

Rogers had brought out another most choice and costly edition of his poems, in which were inserted several new pieces. The book was lying on the drawing-room table, and among others Sydney took it up. "What's this?" cried he with a chuckle. "What's this? 'Lines written at Paestum'? Why, here is a poem of some two hundred lines! If written at Paestum Rogers must have stayed a tremendously long time in that bare and very unhealthy place!" Mr. Hallam said that W. S. Rose was there with him. The wit in orders turned to Rose, and asked how long he and Rogers had stayed at Paestum?

Collecting his thoughts, which were rather apt to go wool-gathering, Rose said that what with the time employed in examining the three temples and the ancient gateway, and with that employed in refreshing the horses and themselves, they might have been some four or five hours at the spot. "Then," said Sydney, "these lines could not have been written at Paestum, and Rogers has been fibbing; for we all know that when he is delivered of a single couplet, straw is spread in St. James's Place, and his friends call with anxious inquiries, and are told that he is as well as can be expected after his labour."

In good humour, in good temper, and in readiness of real wit, I should say that the parson was worth twenty of the banker. Rogers could bear neither children nor dogs; Smith was very fond of both, as every good-natured man must be. I have seen children, as well as dogs, resent old Sam's unkind antipathies, for both know by instinct those who like and those who dislike them. I have often wondered how the poet's calves could be safe in walking up the Haymarket.

When the author of "*Méditations Poétiques*" came over to London, Prince Talleyrand, then Ambassador, invited, among other English poets, the Bard of Memory to meet him. The two bards sat down to dinner side by side, but did not at all cotton. As Lamartine was, as yet, a scarcely converted Carlist and Legitimist, and was all for Royalty, Authority, and aristocratical forms of government, he could not have been in good odour at Holland House; and as Rogers took his cue from that Tabernacle, it may be supposed that he was not very cordial with his brother-poet. At a jerk, he asked Lamartine if he knew Béranger. "No, sir!" said Lamartine. "And I never would know or associate with a man of his revolutionary, republican principles! I would rather walk five miles out of the way than meet such a man." "And I," said Sam, "would walk

ten miles, even through this wet night, to meet and shake hands with the greatest poet of modern France!"

Now, considering that Lamartine confidently held himself to be by far the greatest poet then in the world, this was rather sharp and hard of Rogers. But, as regards Lamartine's subsequent political gyrations, this little anecdote is worth preserving. The two poets did not fight, but up in the drawing-room they got into opposite, if not antagonistic, corners. I heard Rogers himself tell the story by dear Rose's fireside at Brighton; and such was his obtuseness in certain things that he did not seem in the least aware that he had offered an affront to Lamartine.

When a man once gets an established reputation as a sayer of smart things, it is astounding what platitudes he may emit, with the certainty that they will be taken up and cried over half the town. There are always so many who cannot discriminate between a good joke and a bad one, and who are always so glad to repeat somebody's "last." In former days there was a certain friend, whom I will not denote even by initials, who had this failing to excess. On arriving at a dinner party, he said, before he could sit down, "Have you heard old Sam Rogers' last?" We had not. "Well, I had it from him yesterday morning at breakfast. 'I hear,' said the poet, 'that they are talking of erecting a statue to Tommy Campbell in Westminster Abbey, and of setting it up on a high and firm pedestal. Now you and I and all the town know that for the last fifteen years of his life Tommy was seldom able to stand steadily on his own feet.'"

The friend laughed at his own repetition; but the jest did not find favour with us. We thought it as dull as it was uncharitable. Yet I believe that Rogers had attended Campbell's funeral in the Abbey, and that he had begun to write some pathetic verses on it.

The old poet was exceedingly fastidious and critical about dinners, cooking, laying out a table, and waiting; as indeed he was about everything else that came home to him, or in any way concerned himself. There was a fat, strutting, pompous rector and schoolmaster at Brighton, who took it into his head to give occasionally a grand, crowded, full-dress dinner party, without having either the proper means or appliances or the good taste and substantial knowledge requisite to the direction of such affairs. One morning, at Rose's, the banker-poet told us that he had been invited to one of these banquets; and he seemed to think the rector had taken a great liberty in inviting him. "Shall you go?" said Rose. "I suppose I must," said Rogers, "for this is the third time of asking."

We met him on the Steyne the day after the feast. "Well, Rogers," said Rose, "how did it come off?" "Hem! Hum!" "Had you a good dinner?" "No!" "Had you good wines?" "No!" "Had you good company?" "No!" "Then what had you?" "Why," said old Sam, slightly elevating his nostrils, and speaking slowly and emphatically, "I will tell you what we had. We had nine red-faced bumpkins dressed out as footmen to wait at table, and every clod-pole of them had a pair of scorching scarlet red plush breeches, a pair of thick, coarse white cotton gloves, and a napkin under his arm as big as a breakfast-tablecloth. Something more I had to my own private account. I had some soup poured down the nape of my neck by one of the parson's masquerading ploughboys!" The author of the "Pleasures of Memory" would not soon forget, or cease to talk about, the rector's grand dinner. His wrath, his spite, in this brief description of it, were very amusing. The reverend rector, as was his custom, inserted a list of his guests in the "Fashionable Intelligence" of a Brighton newspaper, taking care to put the name of the distinguished poet at the

head of the list, and above the name of some undistinguished, unknown baronet.

I have often remarked that the English are the only people that advertise their own hospitalities in weekly newspapers. In this instance, I rather wished that the advertiser could hear what one of his guests said of the dinner. Rogers' account might have done the rector moral and spiritual good, by rebuking his pomposity, and by wounding his conceit and pride. Yet I am not sure: " a fool at sixty is a fool indeed," and likely to remain so through the remainder of his days.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Lord Ward, like all or most men of intellect and taste, liked to know all his contemporaries who were distinguished by their taste or genius. Moving in the society to which he belonged, and being a frequent looker-in at John Murray's, he of course knew all the literary men who were worth knowing; but poor Coleridge for many years of his life was very much of a recluse, being perched up on the Highgate fork of the London bi-forked Parnassus, and him his lordship had never met. He expressed his regret to Lord Dover, who arranged a meeting at a very quiet, small dinner party, providing—a rather necessary provision—for Coleridge's descent to Whitehall, and for his return to Highgate. The philosopher and bard arrived, with his laudanum bottle in his pocket, ate very little dinner, sipped a glass or two of wine, took another glass suspected to have been nearly all diluted laudanum, and then went off at score into a monologue which lasted the remainder of the dinner, the whole of the dessert, and for nearly an hour after. Nobody interrupted him, as nobody could have cut across his torrent of talk without being washed away. Lord Dover, who had had former experience, seemed

to enjoy it all; but not so the impatient, irritable Lord Ward; he liked to talk himself, and no man could better take his share at that exercise. As he took a hasty departure, he said: "Well! I have heard of the *summum bonum* before, and now I know what is the *summum bore-em!*"

I never could boast of a surplus stock of patience; I never could have understood the half of Coleridge's ultra-German, transcendental philosophy, but I could find high poetry in it, and could have listened to it—in the winter season when nights are long—from sunset till midnight. I met him but seldom, and then not in his best days—far from that; but each time I was astonished and delighted while I was with him, and left him with a perhaps unpleasant bewilderment or swimming of the head, but with an innermost persuasion that I had been, not talking with, but hearing talk, a wondrous man. My friend G. L. Craik, who saw him more frequently, and who was incomparably more of a metaphysician than I, has told me that he always left Coleridge with the same impression. The awful thing was to hear a second or third hand repetition of Coleridge's theories and splendid dreams. Those from poor, kind, thoroughly good—at least as far as regarded Coleridge—Mr. Gillman, the medical practitioner at Highgate, in whose house the philosopher and bard lived for so many years, and in whose house he died, were almost enough to make one jump out of the window, or to cry out, with Lord Ward, *summum bore-em!* Nor do I think that the matter came very much mended from the lips of Coleridge's bosom friend, and for a long time my near neighbour, Joseph Green, the eminent surgeon and pre-eminent German scholar and metaphysician, and the man whom Coleridge appointed to be his chief literary executor.

I intend to return to the subject of the illustrious Coleridge—and illustrious he was in spite of every drawback—but I have broken many an intention, and

life is, at fifty-seven, and in a condition of infirmity, uncertain; therefore I would fain enter a little record here. Than Coleridge, no distinguished man, no eminent veteran in literature, could be kinder to the young, struggling aspirant, and none could take more diligent interest in putting young men in the right way in matters of belief. He was the better qualified for the last-named office from having himself commenced life as a free-thinker, a Deist, a Socinian, and a Unitarian.

His discourse was best described by Stewart Rose, who called it " rapt talk."

> " And these 'ribbed sands' was Coleridge pleased to face,
> While ebbing seas have hummed a rolling bass
> To his rapt talk."
>
> W. S. ROSE: *Rhymes*, 1837.

CHAPTER VI

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

It was on a glorious autumnal evening, late in October, 1838, that I drove from Mr. Wordsworth's at Rydal Mount down to the village of Grasmere, following the shore of that beautiful little lake, which was shining in the setting sun like a gilded mirror with a veil or crape of amber and rose colours spread over it. I very soon reached the church and quiet churchyard where now lie Wordsworth and poor Hartley, and easily found out the humble stone-built cottage, close to the church, where the junior of the two poets then, long before, and for years after, resided. He was not at home; but a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little maiden told me that I should be sure to find him at the village inn. Thither I went, and there, in the kitchen, by the side of a crackling wood fire, and in the midst of a group of waggoners and statesmen, for the most part drinking beer and smoking pipes, I found the object of my search, the always original, always vivacious, always interesting Hartley. The reader must not be misled by the word "statesmen," or for one moment imagine that these companions of the bard were men like Mr. Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, or Sir Robert Peel; still less that personages like Lord John Russell or Viscount Palmerston, whose society would not have been very acceptable to the poet, were drinking beer and smoking with waggoners in the kitchen of that rustic inn. A "statesman" in Cumberland or Westmorland is merely a small freeholder or landed proprietor

who cultivates his own acres and farms his own land. I made my bow to the poet. There was no mistaking which was he, for his very small frame was delicate and scholar-like, contrasting strongly with those Anaks who were with him; and though his black coat might be rather "seedy," he was dressed as gentlemen dress, and as statesmen and waggoners don't. Besides knowing his father, I had once or twice met his brother Derwent, in Pall Mall, at Charles Knight's; but Hartley himself I had never seen before, and therefore the bard of Rydal Mount had furnished me with a slip of paper on which he had written my name, and little more—a very little more—yet still "more than delicacy suffers me to write."

I handed the slip to Hartley, who told me that he revered Wordsworth, but that I had no need of any such introduction to him, that my name was enough, that he knew of me through some of my books, and through Matthew Davenport Hill, and other friends. He and I were fast friends in five minutes, or in less time. We sallied out to the margin of the lake, only a few paces from the inn door; but we did not stay there long, for the sunset and twilight came on with a chilling autumnal breeze which drove us back to the kitchen fire, where we sat with the statesmen until a more private room was prepared. I was hungry as well as cold, for I had ridden since the early morning all the way from Penrith and Brougham Hall. I had been too much occupied by Ullswater, the other waters, and all that beautiful scenery, to think of eating or drinking, and I had taken only a glass of sherry and a biscuit at Mr. Wordsworth's. I was really famishing and impatient for my dinner. Hartley said he would see to that, and vanished out of the kitchen like a little sprite.

I had scarcely seen so very small and yet so compact and active a man; my "maximum" in littleness had been Crofton Croker, author of those admirable

Irish tales and fairy legends; but Hartley appeared in my eyes to be even smaller than he, though he afterwards assured me he was nearly an inch taller. He was presently back with the soothing intelligence that some good warm soup, some fresh trout, and other comforts, would be ready "in no time," and that a good capon was already spitted and roasting at another kitchen fire. "Coleridge," said I, "I hope you haven't dined; but whether you have or not, you will keep me company?" Putting on a semi-serious face, but having comedy in his eye and about his mouth, he replied: "I can't say that I have not eaten to-day; but as for dining—regularly dining—that's a fault I am seldom guilty of." "The more's the pity, poet!" said one of the statesmen. "Let me see," said Hartley, "I think the last time I sat down to a regular dinner was some four or five weeks ago, when your friend H. and his wife were here, and put up for a day or two at this house." "Then," said I, "you will dine to-day?" "With all my heart," said he, "and I can assure you of a good dinner. Homely as the house may seem, it affords good provend, and the host has some tip-top port in the cellar! Do you drink port?" "Any port in a storm, or any port that comes under the lee," said I. "Then I'll order a magnum, and see the chill taken off it," said the poet, and so saying the bibulous little sprite vanished again for a few minutes. "That's a wonderful gentleman," said one of the statesmen, "a very wonderful gentleman! Some do say that he has more book-learning than Mr. Wordsworth, or than Professor Wilson, and that he can beat them hollow at verse-making. We all love him, sir, for he is so good and kind, and so fond of our children. We would do anything for our poet, that we would! But it's a great pity that he is not more steady and more regular at his meals, for tippling, though only with this small ale, is bad on an empty stomach, and when he gets queer in the

head he doesn't always know what he's about; more's the pity, for he's a gentleman, every inch of him, and would not hurt a worm."

Hartley and I were soon seated in a cosy little room—and I know no room so cosy as the best parlour of a country inn of that sort—with a good sea-coal fire burning, a table nicely spread and well covered, and the magnum of port glowing in a couple of decanters, one placed by the poet's plate and one by mine. Soup, fish, fowl, wine, and everything were excellent, and no doubt all the more so from the keen appetite I had brought to table with me. I was in little humour to talk till after the removal of the trout, by which time poor Hartley had told a dozen amusing anecdotes, and had nearly emptied his decanter, much applauding the wine at every glass he took, and getting into such a full flow of spirits as I had seldom witnessed. After the capon, we had potted char, biscuits, and rather a nice dessert, and the poet began proposing toasts to this friend or that, to this man of genius or that other—personally known or unknown did not signify—beginning with Wordsworth as "the greatest poet since Milton," and then passing to John Wilson as the "heartiest and best fellow that ever lived and wrote a rhyme," and so on to others and others. The formula was this: he would mention the name of some living writer, or I would do so, then he would ask me if I knew him, and on my affirmation he would fill a bumper and say: "Suppose we drink his health!" His own bottle was soon finished; and mine, with two pulls upon it, did not last long. The bell was rung for more wine. Fearing for the effect on him, and thinking of to-morrow morning for myself, I ordered a single bottle, but his logic presently turned this order into one for another magnum. He knew that the port in the magnum bottles was by far the best in the house, and he was rather decidedly of opinion that an extra quantity of such good, sound, whole-

some, cheering drink could do us no harm. "John Wilson," said he, "would take a couple of magnums to his own share, and be all the better for them!" I thought of Wilson's sturdy, massy, tall, capacious frame, his almost constant hard exercise, and his robust constitution, and felt that I, and still less poor little Hartley, could never do what the author of the "Noctes" might have done with impunity; but the second magnum, nicely warmed and decanted, was there; and, as Mrs. Quickly says, "when one has a cask close at one's elbow——"

From authors we fell upon authoresses, most of whom he quizzed as "affectatious"—a pet word with him—and as "*précieuses ridicules*," but speaking with genial, glowing praise of three or four of them. I chanced to mention old Miss H. M. "What! do you know her too?" said Hartley. "Only by sight," was my reply. "Then," said he, filling his glass to the brim, "suppose we drink d——n to her! I abhor the woman as a woman, and I detest her rampant irreligion and all her principles!" The second magnum was telling on him; but he continued to talk, and to talk admirably, consecutively, logically, and with a vast deal of originality and spirit, about books, poetry, history, men, and politics, uttering many an admirable specimen of table talk; this he continued till nearly the midnight hour, when the wine was all gone, and when, quite suddenly, his senses went too.

"Never mind, sir!" said the landlord, who came in with a servant and chamber-candlesticks, "we know his ways; we are used to him; we will put him to bed upstairs; his landlady won't expect him at home, and he will be all right to-morrow morning."

So upstairs they carried the little poet, a feather-weight, and as unconscious as an unborn babe.

I was up the next morning, dressed and out by eight o'clock, but Hartley had been out more than an hour before me, and had been stretching his legs

on the hills which lie behind Grasmere Church. I found him, standing meditatingly, on the margin of the lake, only a few yards from our hostel. He was as fresh as a daisy, and as gay as a skylark in June. He made no allusion to the symposium beyond saying that he had passed a very pleasant evening. At breakfast his flow of spirits was quite astonishing. Being Sunday morning, we went to the village church, wherein a good number of his favourite "Dalesmen" were devoutly assembled. He himself was quite earnest in his devotions; and on his return towards the inn, he made several remarks on the surpassing beauty and sublimity of our Liturgy.

We were preparing to start for luncheon at Rydal Mount, when the considerate hostess said: "Mr. Coleridge, as you are going to Mr. Wordsworth's, don't you think you ought to put on a clean shirt, for you have been sleeping in this, you know?" "That is well thought of," said the poet; "wait here, I will be back in five minutes, and will bring with me my manuscript poem I mentioned last night." He was true to time; he was very rapid in his movements, rather running or trotting a short trot than walking; but when he felt in his pocket for his poems, they were not there. "That's odd!" said he; "for I am almost certain that I took them from my lodgings with me!"

"I tell you what it is," said our host, "you are always forgetting or dropping that book, and some day you will be losing it for good, and that will be a pity!" As Hartley and I were walking towards his lodging, he was accosted by a little peasant boy, who had just picked up the manuscript by the roadside, and who appeared very well to know its owner. It was a common schoolboy copybook, but the marble cover—if it had ever had one—had been replaced by a wrapper or cover of common brown paper; it was rolled up into the form of a baton, and tied with a piece of common string. But there were beautiful,

unpublished verses under that homely cover, some of which he recited in a most telling, striking manner, and some which I read as we walked onward for Rydal Mount. Wordsworth and his wife received the little poet most cordially. Mrs. Wordsworth's affection for him seemed to be quite maternal and *caressant*.

I had not the pleasure of seeing Miss Wordsworth. Dora was absent on a visit. Her two doves, of which she had several couples in large wicker cages, cooed harmoniously and most lovingly as we sat and talked cheerfully at our luncheon, where Hartley paid due homage to some brisk, sparkling table ale.

The senior poet conducted me again to the favourite culminating point of view in his circumscribed but beautiful domain to which he had led me on the preceding evening; and he stayed there some time, admiring the different aspect of the same scene—the same wooded banks, grassy margins, tranquil lake, and bold mountains—under a difference of light and shade, it being a bright afternoon instead of an evening sunset. Hartley had stayed in the library with Mrs. Wordsworth, who I believe employed part of the time in motherly, gentle admonitions. Wordsworth spoke of him to me with great admiration, and, I thought, with quite as much affection. All that I saw of the veteran bard certainly went against the too commonly received theory—a theory very earnestly and ungratefully propagated by De Quincey—that Wordsworth was a circumspect, cold-hearted man. He seemed to think that Hartley had been rather harshly treated at Oxford, and that that blow, that uprooting of him from the soil for which he was best adapted, had exercised an evil influence on all his after days. Poor fellow! He had gained distinction, of which he could never have failed—he had gained his fellowship, and with it either a provision for life or an

adytum in a good living or an advantageous station at the Bar; but during his first or probationary year he committed some indiscretions—not worse, I believe, than other men at that period committed with impunity—and in consequence had been deprived of his fellowship and driven from his Alma Mater, without money, without any means except such as he might derive from a few friends or from the precarious resources of poetry and general literature. I never knew it to be the fashion of one University to take up the quarrels or complaints of the other; but I have been told that the half-crazy conduct of Hartley's father at Cambridge weighed against him at Oxford, inflamed the heads of the "Heads," and tended to his expulsion. If so, it surely was hard that the son should be visited for the offence of the father, who, some thirty years before, had "bolted" from classical Cam., and had enlisted in a regiment of dragoons as Silas Titus Comberbatch!

Wordsworth, so intimately connected with Southey and his family, and with all the Southey-Coleridge connections, did not allude to that "tender passion" which I have been assured finished the unsettling of poor Hartley's mind. He had been deeply, passionately, long in love with his charming cousin, Edith Southey; and, from first to last, he had loved without hope or a single gleam of hope. See his exquisite sonnet addressed to Edith. From the time of his awakening from that uneasy dream, he had had a strong aversion to female society. Fine ladies he particularly dreaded, and would say so twenty times a day. Except with Mrs. Wordsworth, Dora, and John Wilson's homely, kind-hearted, sonsie, thoroughly Scottish wife, he did not feel at home with any woman.

Captain Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton," and of a history of the Duke's campaigns in the Peninsula, a very accomplished, agreeable gentleman,

had a pretty place in the Lakes not far from John Wilson's, and had Hartley rather frequently for his guest; but from the time the Captain married that fair widow, Lady Farquhar, the eccentric little poet ceased his visits, and never again went near that door. He told me that a "My Lady" was the very thing he could never face. There were few good houses within the Lake regions where his name would not have procured him a welcome; but he would visit only old bachelors, or widowers who had married off their daughters. He might often have been at Lord Lowther's, where Wordsworth was on a friendly and even familiar footing, but he would not hear of such a visit; and I fancy that Wordsworth, fearing his indiscretions, which by this time were not always under control, be the place where it might, did not much press him. "It is a sad case," said the sober, aged bard, "but I cannot help thinking his infirmities are strictly hereditary, and I sometimes think it better that he should drink as he does than take to opium like his father. He has positively no other vice; he is as innocent and guileless as a child, and as gentle, feeling, and compassionate as the gentlest of women. If he could only exercise a little self-control, and a little steadiness of purpose and application, he might yet do great things; he has far more learning than I am competent to judge of, and in poetry his ear, like his father's, is faultless, perfect."

I said that he had promised to send me some articles for which I was pretty sure to find a good market, to which Wordsworth replied that he only wished that he might adhere to his intention and keep his promise. It appeared that, for some time, Hartley had been entirely dependent on an annual fund of some £40 or £50 supplied by relatives—a bare sufficiency, but still, without his propensities, a sufficiency in that cheap, quiet nook. I could give full credit to Wordsworth when he said that, in spite of his poverty and all his irregularities, there was

nobody in all those vales or among all those mountains more cherished than Hartley Coleridge; that he was beloved by men, women, and children; and that the door of every farmhouse, of every peasant's cottage, was open to him at all times, by day as well as by inght. "A lucky thing," added the bard, "as otherwise Hartley in his wanderings would have rather frequently to sleep in the open air."

In returning to our inn at the end of the lake, Hartley took me into his lodging to show me some books. He had two plainly furnished, but clean and comfortable rooms, a very proper apartment for a recluse student. He had not many books: they were nearly all Greek or Roman classics, and most of them of large, excellent editions, and well bound. I took down several: their ample margins were postillated and in parts quite covered with notes in his own hand. If my memory do not betray me, the window of his sitting-room looked on or towards the quiet churchyard where, after ten more years of fitful existence, he was to be interred.

The dinner, the evening at the inn, went off much as the previous day, only rather more quietly; when bedtime came Hartley was not absolutely under the necessity of being carried upstairs. The next morning he was awake and up with the village cocks, and as cheery and crowy as they. But all the time I was with him I scarcely saw one sad or lasting expression on his countenance, or heard a melancholy word drop from his lips. He said he despised "lackadaisicals," and had a contempt for the man who could not be cheerful whenever he had a congenial companion. Now and then, when I caught his mobile features and changeful countenance in repose, I could read in them the man who had deeply thought and deeply suffered, but this was but for a moment; some sudden thought, some odd conceit, would flash from him, and the whole man and countenance would be changed. He talked well always, but I

fancied he talked best when walking fast, or in going his trot. He had one peculiarity which much amused me at the time, and of which I have very often thought since. In mid-career of talk and walk, he would suddenly pull up, and stamp his little foot on the ground, much in the manner of a goat or young buck, as if to mark the emphasis or the point of his argument or story. When much excited he would stop and stamp his feet six or more several times. I rather think that while culminating his complaints against Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, brother of Amos Cottle the writer of epics and the butt of Lord Byron, who had recently been bringing out what Hartley considered a very disrespectful book about his father, he must have stamped at least a dozen times. He seldom made use of hard words or of any improper language. I have given the one word of that sort which I heard from him, and that was given in frolic and not in anger.

On this Monday morning, after breakfast at our inn, I hired a chaise for Windermere, and Hartley gladly agreed to accompany me to Bowness, and be my *cicerone* on the lake. It was a splendid day; that fine, bright, brisk, autumnal weather still favouring and blessing me. We had a charming drive; but I rather think that we walked more than we rode, for we alighted at the foot of every hill, frequently diverged for the sake of some choice prospect, and loitered and sauntered along the high road whenever the scenery was particularly fine. The sere and yellow leaves had fallen and were fast falling, coming pattering down with every gust of wind. The road in places was quite thickly strewed with them, and they crumpled and rustled under our feet as we walked. I still see poor Hartley raising his small foot and kicking them before him, where they were so thick as to impede his progress. In the action, in his guilelessness and singleness of heart, he reminded me of the little Dauphin, the son

of Louis XVI., who on an earlier day of autumn kicked the fallen leaves in the garden of the Tuileries, as he was being conveyed with his father and mother, his sister and aunt, from the beleaguered palace to the National Assembly, thence to pass to the Temple, to torture, horrors, and death.

It was yet early in the day when we descended at that most comfortable, cosy hotel at Bowness, where everybody seemed to be intimately acquainted with my comrade and to give him a cheering welcome. While I ordered dinner he went to hire a boat. He was as well known to all the boatmen and people along the bank as he was up at the inn; his arrival made quite a *fête* among them. We rowed for a couple of hours on that beautiful lake, which, with its neighbours, I could admire after all the lakes I had seen in Switzerland, Italy, and Asia Minor. We pulled up at that bowery, fairy little island facing Bowness, an island which, but for the public-house or inn on it, might have recalled the Douglas Isle in the "Lady of the Lake." Hartley jumped out of the boat and ran away among the trees. I stood for a few minutes at the water's edge to take in the opposite scenery; and by the time I went through the avenue and reached the house of entertainment, the poet was seated within the porch, with a bottle of port wine and glasses all ready.

He assured me that the port was almost as good as that in the magnums at Grasmere. Rather fearing such strong potations before dinner, I called up our two boatmen and gave them a full tumbler of the port, which diminished our mischief; but, with Hartley's ready aid, the rest was drunk off in no time. When I stepped aside with the landlord he would not take my money, saying that the wine was paid for. As I shrewdly suspected the poet had not a sixpence, I concluded either that his credit was good, or that the host, for the poet's own sake, or for the sake of Professor Wilson and other richer friends,

had felt happy to treat poor Hartley with a bottle. Returning to Bowness, we had merry talk about John Wilson, the universally acknowledged "Admiral" of the lake, who for many years presided at the regattas, and took an active part in every manly sport and pastime that was toward. All would have been well with my companion; but while I walked up to the inn, he must needs make a call on some old crony, and that worthy man, North-country fashion, could not let him go without a drink.

Thus the poor poet was a bit fuddled before we sat down to table; yet during the whole of the dinner, and for a good hour after it, his conversation was rich, racy, full of point and wit, and quite delightful.

Before his evanescent turn, I spoke about the articles which he was to send me; and in as delicate a manner as I could manage, I extracted from him, not without difficulty, the confession that he was, at the moment, penniless. I had no money about me that I could spare, but I was happy in being able to give him a cheque upon a London banker, which he said he could easily get cashed. I would gladly have stayed a day or two longer at the Lakes, but my absence from home had already been longer than calculated at starting, and I was called back by work to do and by domestic considerations. On arriving at Bowness I had ordered a chaise to convey me to Staley Bridge, at the end of the lake, where I was sure of finding the public conveyance for Lancaster and Preston at an early hour next morning. The chaise came to the door about eight o'clock in the evening, and coincidently with its arrival was the retreat of Hartley to a sofa in the room, near a comfortable fire. The poet was past speech, and in a minute or two he was fast asleep. I called up the worthy landlord, thought it prudent to tell him about the cheque, and begged him to take care of the poet.

Like our host at Grasmere, he told me that he knew his ways, and that the people in the house were used

to him. "Every care will be taken of him," continued the host, "and he will be all right to-morrow. I will cash the draft, but will take good care that he shall not have all that money at once. Bless you, sir! if he had, he would not get home, and would probably not be heard of for a month to come! He shall have what is necessary for his return to Grasmere, and I will send the rest of the money, by a safe hand, to Mr. Wordsworth or to his landlady; so have no uneasiness about him." I shook my recumbent and quite unconscious friend by the hand, left that warm fireside for my open chaise—and never saw him again.

The next morning I had for a companion in the stage-coach a young Cumbrian who was going up to Cambridge, and who, a year or two before, had been pupil in a school where Hartley had undertaken the drudgery of an under-master. According to the young man's account, he was steady and quite exemplary for a time, but he then broke loose, and there was then hardly ever any chance of catching him again. The boys all loved him, would have done anything and everything for him; being so much liked and having such a way of engaging their attention, and such a happy knack in teaching, they learned more from him in three or four months than they would have done from any other master in thrice the time. The head-master and the good lady his wife did all they could to conceal his irregularities, and to amend them; but, unhappily, the last was not to be. Yet, at the very end, there was no dismissal, no weariness in their generous efforts on the part of that excellent pair; Hartley took himself off with a few shillings in his pocket, and returned no more. He had told me at Grasmere that he had once been a dominie, and found the life insupportable, but he had gone into no particulars.

Some six weeks after my return home I received, by coach, a queer little parcel done up in grocer's

brown paper, and tied with a bit of twine, without any security in the way of sealing. It was from poor Hartley. It contained, not the promised prose articles, but copies of some of the small poems which I had so much admired in his old copybook, with two quite new sonnets, one being that exquisite little piece on a Confirmation of young children. The letter which accompanied the MS. was short, and almost all about this Confirmation, with the sight of which he had been deeply and lastingly impressed. Although I knew poetry to be rather a drug in the market, I entertained some hopes, which were not realized, of being able to turn his beautiful verses to some account. I wrote to him for the more vendible articles in prose, and received no answer. Hard work, severe sickness, and increasing family cares, quite absorbed me, till it seemed too late to renew the correspondence. I was wrong; I ought to have written again and again. I ought to have made further efforts to be of use to him, and I now bitterly regret that I did not. There was, however, this additional *impedimentum*, or discouragement: the dear "Trade" would not hear of his name —"he was so poor, so unpunctual, so irregular, so never to be depended upon, etc., etc." Poor dear Hartley Coleridge! Next to Shelley, and in degree scarcely inferior to him, he gave me the idea of what I understand by a "Man of Genius." He was all over genius, and his father was conscious of it. The "old man eloquent" used to say that his son Derwent had his genius, but that his genius had Hartley. He was, in fact, possessed as by a spirit that was not to be cast out, or rebuked, or restrained. Derwent wrote pretty poetry in his earlier days; and is now, and long has been, a quiet, respectable, industrious, altogether reputable clergyman and schoolmaster.

CHAPTER VII

THOMAS MOORE

THE first time I met this usually merry man, he was in no Anacreontic humour. It was in the spring of 1829, when he was mourning for the recent loss of his only daughter. To all appearance this sorrow did not last very long, but it was deep while it endured; and was, I believe, all the deeper from the attempts he made to suppress or conceal it, and to keep his own as songster and wit in fashionable and literary society.

"Give sorrow vent," is an excellent maxim; and I think, with Jeremy Taylor, we ought not to bear too philosophically the extreme visitations of Providence, but should show by tears and otherwise that we feel them at the heart's core.

> "All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
> Is not so dear to Thee as one good groan."*

The place of our meeting was John Murray's Albemarle Street dining-room, by the fireside, and just under the portrait of Lord Byron by Phillips, which then hung over the mantelpiece. I was at my ease with Moore in a minute; and before we parted, after a talk of nearly two hours, I felt as if we had been old familiar friends. What Walter Scott says of him is perfectly true. Though so fond of society and pleasure, and though so very small in person—smaller even than myself—Moore was thoroughly a manly fellow, and except on certain rare occasions, utterly devoid of pretension and affectation. He

* George Herbert's "Sion," 1633.

was then engaged in editing the letters and writing the Life of Lord Byron, and most of our conversation turned upon or round that subject. He asked me for some information about the different parts of Italy where Childe Harold had resided, and for some Italian anecdotes about him. I did my best, on the spur of the moment, to satisfy him both ways. He inserted some of my anecdotes and omitted others. A day or two after we met at John Murray's hospitable table, at that time frequented by some of the most amusing and best society of London. A little later in the season I met Moore at one of Lady Jersey's "At Homes," and before the season ended I encountered him rather frequently in other places. I think that it was late in June that I had with him a little adventure, which rather nettled me at the time, when I was young in authorship, but at which I have often laughed since. Through Count Pecchio, who had met the philologist at Madrid, and had there taken him for an active Member of Parliament, or for the head of a party, seeing the extent of his political correspondence, I became acquainted with Bowring, at that time designated Doctor, and now —with your *bene placet*—Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong-Kong.

He was editing, for old Jeremy Bentham, who paid the piper, the *Westminster Review*, which went the whole length and breadth of Utilitarianism and Radicalism. He was living in that recondite nook of London, Queen Square. Though rather in low water, John liked to make a display and give *soirées*, whereat there was nothing but talk, and that talk nearly all his own. His entertainments must have been cheap to his purse, but I fancy they must have been very costly to the patience of his guests. One evening, Moore and I were dining at John Murray's with a very choice and cheerful party. Just as we were getting into full swing, at about ten o'clock, I rose to take my departure. "Where are you going so

early?" said King John II. I said that I had accepted an invitation to a *soirée* at Dr. Bowring's. "Dr. Bowring be d——d!" said His Majesty. "Not so fast!" said Moore. "Remember, he edits a Review, and has some influence on the sale of new books. He has invited me, and I will go with Mac. If we don't go, he will take offence, and cut up my Life of Byron and Mac's book of travels." "And if you do go," said Murray, "he will cut you both up all the same. As a Radical he must hate MacFarlane's politics, and as a leveller he must hate Byron as a lord, and hate you as having the *entrée* with society from which he is excluded by his principles, manners, and eternal babbling." I think that but for Moore and the sure pleasure of his company, I should have stayed where I was, but he ordered a hackney coach to the door, and we went. It was a tedious, desolating affair, full of foreigners and political fugitives from all countries, and the agreeable pastime was to hear the Doctor talking Magyar with a Hungarian, Slavonic with a Pole, German with a German, and Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, and Dutch with representatives of these nations.

No doubt it was very wonderful—but at the same time it was quite as *ennuyant*. I never saw such a display of vanity, and never heard such volubility: the Doctor was one continuous torrent of talk. His foreigners, as in duty bound, turned up their eyes, clapped their hands, and expressed astonishment and enthusiastic admiration.

Neither Moore nor I could do this; but I think that we behaved with discretion and politeness, and I know that we stood it all for nearly the space of two hours. "Good heavens!" said Byron's biographer, when we got out into the Square and the streets, "was there ever such a talker as this! And nothing to wash it all down with! People may well call him 'Boring'! I am exhausted, quite done! I must really have some sherry and water." We

went into a coffee-house near the British Museum, the first we found open; and there, over our tumblers, discussed the pleasures of our *soirée*. But we were not quit for this. Murray turned out to be a true prophet. Only two mornings after our visit in Queen's Square, out came the new number of the *Westminster*, and in it two violent, abusive articles, the one on Moore's "Life of Byron," the other on my first book, and both written by the Doctor himself, who must have had them printed and ready when he invited us, for the first time in our lives, to his house. I confess that I was very angry, and though Moore treated it as a jest and farce, I think he rather felt it, or at least that he inwardly resented Bowring's impertinent duplicity.

The man had almost been down on his knees to the poet to beg for the "honour" of his company, and had extracted from him a positive promise that he would be at the *soirée*. Murray laughed at us, and triumphed over us with little mercy. "I told you how it would be! You had your warning, and yet you would leave me to go to that Radical's! There is one comfort: I don't think his review will do either of you much harm." It certainly did not. After this, I was rather frequently in the same room, or at the same party, as the Doctor, who would have been as free and familiar as ever; but though my anger had subsided, my aversion to the man and to his rampant conceit remained, and I always avoided him as much as it was possible to do consistently with the forbearance and politeness to which one is bound in mixed society, or in chance meetings at the dinner table. One summer evening in the next season (1830), I met him at a dinner party at Henry Lytton Bulwer's, who then had a house in Hill Street. There were present, among others, Edward Lytton Bulwer, the author, our host's brother; one of the sons of Count Lieven, the Russian Ambassador; and Mr. Fitzgerald—not he of Freemason's

Hall and Literary Fund Dinner notoriety, but a minor poet, who wrote rather pretty *vers de société*, and was on the whole an accomplished young man. Before the soup was off the table, Boring took the lead of the talk, and he kept it. How the two Bulwers, both of them rather impatient, impulsive men, and both of them men of fashion if not quite dandies, stood it all, I could not imagine. There is, however, this to be said: both were authors, the Doctor had lauded everything that they had produced, and was quite ready to do the same by everything they might publish hereafter. Henry certainly got out the value of the Doctor's share of his pudding, in praise. Young Lieven was quite *obsédé*, overpowered and crushed; and to create a diversion, as we were sitting over the dessert, he proposed calling in and up a poor Italian who was playing the guitar and singing, not unmelodiously, in the street. Our host consented, and Lieven's motion was carried *nem. con.* But at first the experiment seemed likely to be unsuccessful, for Boring began firing off his Italian, in round shot and grape, at the poor minstrel.

Lieven, however, started the guitar, and all we who were anti-Boring kept the fellow going for a full hour or more. Edward Lytton Bulwer was even then rather deaf, and did not much enjoy the music, which was only just tolerable; he went into an inner room, whither the Doctor followed him, and there, during all the time the minstrel stayed, he pinned the novelist in the corner of a sofa, and kept entire possession of his ear. When the party united, the man of many tongues was as full of tongue as ever. As I was walking homeward with young Lieven, who had been educated in England and was more than half an Englishman, he said to me: "Wherever did Bulwer pick up that eternal talker? Who is he?" "They call him Dr. Boring," I replied. "And not without reason!" said the Russ. When I described this party to Moore, he laid his hand upon

his breast, and said with mock solemnity, "My dear fellow! I pity you from my heart!" In this season, or very late in the preceding autumn, Moore kindly introduced me to Luttrell, then one of the greatest of our London wits, author of "Advice to Julia," and of more *bons mots* and good things than could be counted on a summer's day.

I thought Luttrell's manner perfection itself, and his wit was of that quiet sort which I could best enjoy, being, like Stewart Rose's, blended with humour, and in fact being on the whole rather humour than wit. I now regret that I did not see him more often; I did not see him half so often as I might have done. It grieved me to hear how he had gotten married in his old age, and quite broken up. Moore had an amazingly rich repertory of his sayings and good things, but I do not see the best of them in Moore's letters and journals which Lord John Russell has so mis-edited.

In spite of the vast deal of bad in the noble rhymer that had come to his knowledge, in the famous autobiography which the executors withdrew from Moore and committed to the flames, in suppressed letters and journals, and from numerous other sources, Moore seemed to me to retain a strong affection for the memory of Lord Byron, and to be averse to hearing any man speak ill of him. Leigh Hunt's statements about the author of "Childe Harold" I believe to be, in the main, correct and unexaggerated. Every detail he gives, and every bit of conversation he quotes, is so like Byron, is "Byronic" all over. It will be remembered that there was a feud between Hunt and Moore, and hence it may be suspected that Hunt would not report favourably the words that Byron was accustomed to say of Moore! I am happy to say that this feud was made up several years before the death of the Irish melodist. Hunt declares that Byron used to ridicule Moore's tuft-hunting, or veneration for rank, and to say:

"Tommy dearly loves a lord!" Now, at Genoa, just before his departure for Greece, Lord Byron used these very words to my friend T. H.; and when in Greece, at Missolonghi, he repeated them more than once to his physician and my friend, the late Dr. Milligen. I have heard others taunt poor Moore and his memory with the same foible; but if Moore loved a lord, it was, I think, indispensable that the said lord should be a man of wit or ability, or be in possession of some endearing and more solid quality than that of a mere title. The lords whom Moore frequented, and the ladies at whose parties he joked, played the piano, and sang—no doubt rather too frequently—were one and all highly accomplished persons. If talent, vivacity, *esprit*, and a social humour happen to be united with rank, I cannot see that they ought to be shunned or not courted on that account. I am fain to confess that I admire them rather the more for their union with rank and station, and I believe that nearly every man in England, if he would only be frank and truthful, would make the same confession. I never saw, on the part of the melodist, any toadying, subserviency, truckling, or meanness; he knew the world, and had too much taste and tact for that. He would not have been in the society he frequented if he had insulted its good sense and correct taste by sycophancy and flattery; he maintained his position in it because he had a manly, independent spirit, and the proper self-respect of a scholar and gentleman.

To within a very few years of his death, whenever not depressed by family troubles, Moore's spirit was most hilarious. It was impossible to be with him and not be caught by it. His hearty, though not very loud laugh, was irresistibly catching. I have been in his company at times when I was beginning to feel, like himself, the heavy weight of family anxieties and worldly cares, disappointments, and troubles, but I could never hear that laugh without joining in

it. Poor Tommy Moore! His harp grew mute at last, and out went all the dazzling lights in his fancy's hall! Not very long before his death, my friend Creswick, the distinguished landscape-painter, paid him a visit at his Wiltshire cottage, which rejoiced in the not very poetical name of Sloperton.

He found the poet, much aged, walking in his limited grounds, which he had rather abundantly planted with laurels. He appreciated Creswick's exquisite talent in delineating rural, rocky, and watery scenes; he was cordial, and for a short time rather cheerful; but the merry mirth-provoking laugh was no longer to be heard. He made one joke; and, I think, only one. "You find me," said he, "reposing upon, or among, my laurels." The painter had heard that he was engaged on some work in prose. "No," said Moore with a tremulous voice, and with a cloud on the brow which had so long reflected little else but fun, drollery, and wit, "no! I have done with prose, and—what is worse!—with poetry too."

Creswick set me right in one rather important particular. I had long understood that the Marquis of Lansdowne, to whom Sloperton Cottage and its little *entourage* belonged, had placed the poet in it free of rent, and without the quarter-day's annoyance—a small matter for so wealthy a man and so near a country neighbour, and for one who had had the closest intimacy with the poet, and was one of his most frequent hosts. Moore was, and always had been, a paying tenant; the Marquis, through his agent, received the rent. For the present, enough of Tommy Moore, of whose acquaintance I was proud, and whose memory I shall cherish until the curtain drops upon me, as it has upon him.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

This good old poet, and excellent old priest and prebend, who did good to literature by inspiring Coleridge and Southey, and who did still more good to society by setting an example of charitableness, contentment, and cheerfulness, had many little peculiarities, in addition to his amusing, quite amiable little vanities. He was very short-sighted, but, being fond of the saddle, he nearly always rode to dinner parties in the country on horseback, and returned in the same way. In these excursions, which often ended at rather a late hour of the night, he was attended by a hybrid fellow, half gardener, half groom, who did not ride behind in groom fashion, but in front, to guide his master.

Notwithstanding this good arrangement, the reverend old poet rather frequently lost sight of his man, diverged from the road, and got a tumble, or fell into some other disaster. At last he hit upon this happy device. When the night was at all dark he made his man slip a snow-white smock over his dress, and carry a big lantern fastened to the cantle of his saddle.

It was thus next to impossible to lose sight of him, and by steering close in his wake, or by keeping the nose of his own horse close to the tail of the man's horse, he could travel through a dark night in comfort and safety. With this oddly-equipped attendant before him, and the grins and titters of all the flunkies in the hall behind him, he would often ride from the Marquis of Lansdowne's door at Bowood. But often his road from other houses lay across a part of Salisbury Plain, or through solitary, haunted lanes. The Wiltshire peasantry of the neighbourhood were very superstitious, and it took time and practice to reconcile them to the sight of a sheeted ghost on horseback, with a trail of fire, followed by the devil on horseback, dressed all in black.

Several benighted clowns were scared out of their wits, and told frightful stories of what they had seen; but by degrees the mystery was explained, and it became known all over the country that the supposed devil was good Parson Bowles, and the ghost his man Tom.

He was very fond of sheep and the sound of sheep-bells. A good flock was always feeding on his glebe, or on the lawn close to his house. One day a great musical idea seized him. "Those bells," thought he, "are all tuned to one key, and produce only one note. If I get bells made in different keys, hang them on different sheep, and disperse them through the flock, I shall get a tune, a harmony; at least something as musical and regular as a peal of church bells." It was easy enough to make or to obtain sheep-bells of different keys, but when he came to hang them upon his fleecy, four-footed ringers, somehow or other they never would run about and ring them at the proper time, or in any accord with their fellow-ringers. When the poet wanted C sharp from some of his muttons or lambkins, the rogues were sure to come out with a G sharp; whenever he wanted a bass for his treble, he was sure to get more treble, and the further and further continuance of it. In short, he could make nothing of it; but he never could make out why his experiment should not have succeeded, and have given constant music to his rural parsonage.

Bowles and Tommy Moore were for a long time dwellers in Wiltshire, and agreed much better than might have been expected from two near neighbours, being poets both; but the prebend was thoroughly a kind, easy, gentlemanly old gentleman; and Moore, in essentials, was always a good fellow. Tommy, like W. S. Rose, would often "quiz" the veteran sonneteer, but it was in a way to make one love him, and love him all the better for his whims and oddities.

I never knew so ardent an admirer of Bowles's

sonnets as was rough, hearty, thoroughly manly John Wilson. For myself, I loved them dearly when a boy, and knew most of them by heart. I can find great pleasure in them still, a part of the pleasure coming, no doubt, from early recollections and associations. For example, I perfectly remember the beautiful spot, on the right bank of the Thames, between Reading and Sonning, where I first learned one of the prettiest of them:

> "As on we went beneath the summer wind."

CHAPTER VIII

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

I HAVE been reading two volumes of autobiographical sketches, published in 1854, by this strange and more than half-crazed writer. I can hardly see anything that is plainly or naturally told, nor can I find a single fact but requires confirmation.

I would not accuse the "Opium-Eater"—at least, not often—of intentional, deliberate falsehood. As his friends have long known, the man is incapable of even seeing the truth, and to his diseased brain and morbid imagination all the stories he has invented of himself at various times, within these last thirty or forty years, no doubt assumed the character of the most perfect and unquestionable truths. He has lied so long to himself that he believes in his own falsehoods or visions. The grandeur of his father, the English merchant, the style in which his mother and the family lived after his father's death, and all the incidents of familiar friendship with the great and noble of the land, are exaggerated beyond all discretion.

This was always, and still is, one of his greatest weaknesses. He would impress the world with the belief that his family and family connections were highly aristocratic people. To further this delusion, and to gratify his own eye and ear, he affixed the aristocratic *De* to his name. His father called himself Quincey, and old Mrs. C. of Clifton-by-Bristol, and a good many other old gentlewomen of that

mother; who, then at least, never went by any other name than that of Mrs. Quincey, a common name enough on both sides of the Atlantic. I cannot see that in any place he correctly states where he was born. This event certainly came off at Wrington, a pleasant village between Bristol and the Cheddar Hills, which has also the honour of being the birthplace of Locke. The village is at a short distance from Cowslip Green, so long the residence of Hannah More; it has a fine old church with a very massive square tower.

I passed a day at Wrington in the autumn of 1840, and conversed with a good many people who had known the Quinceys. To hear the Opium-Eater talk of his mother, while she was yet alive, one could hardly help, while carried away by his eloquence or verbosity, and the deep, solemn tones of his voice, fancying her a duchess or something still greater. As Dr. Johnson said of Queen Anne, by whom in his childhood he had been touched for the King's Evil, I could hardly avoid having a vision of a lady in black velvet and diamonds, as one night, after supper at John Wilson the poet's, he held forth on the subject of the maternal genius, virtues, and dignity. Now Mrs. Quincey was a gentlewomanly English gentlewoman enough, and nothing more; and as for her fortune or income, it was hardly more than a tithe of what her son chose to represent it. Many and many were the pulls he made upon the poor old lady's purse, for he could never live within his own limited allowance, and could very seldom make up his mind to earn money by literary labour or any other kind of work.

It is rather annoying to see this confirmed swiller of laudanum, this man so dilatory, so procrastinating, so infirm of purpose, dwelling with critical severity on the infirmities of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He alleges that while he himself was forced by a painful malady to have recourse to opium, and to continue

the practice so long that it of necessity became an incurable, ineradicable habit, Coleridge resorted to it merely for the sake of mental excitement, and of the brilliant visions engendered by the noxious drug. Coleridge told a different tale, and Coleridge's conscience would never have permitted him to publish a book like De Quincey's "Opium-Eater," which conveys very false notions of the operation of the poison, and which certainly had the effect of inducing many to become eaters of opium or drinkers of laudanum. Through the agonies of tic doloreux and other painful maladies, suffered in Italy, at Smyrna, at Constantinople, and in various parts of England and Scotland, it has been my fate to have had rather an extensive experience of this narcotic and of its effects. These effects vary *ad infinitum* according to the infinite variety of human constitution, stomach, and nervous system; but I never knew the case where they at all agreed with De Quincey's descriptions. In me, the excitement of the night was always followed by the horrible depression of the morning; and the brain, instead of being cleared, was clouded. I forget, at the moment, the quantity to which De Quincey carried his daily dose —I know it was very high; but I also believe that, for the sake of a startling effect, he made it much more than it really was. He could do nothing without this stimulant. When invited out, he carried his laudanum bottle with him to dinner-table and supper-table. This used greatly to annoy John Wilson, his frequent host, and at that time the most jovial of poets and of men.

"Hang you, De Quincey!" he would say. "Can't you take your whisky toddy like a Christian man, and leave your d——d opium slops to infidel Turks, Persians, and Chinamen?"

Whenever he had engaged to write a magazine article or to do any other work for the booksellers, those gentlemen were almost certain to receive from

him, in a day or two, a note stating that he was out of laudanum, that he had no money to buy more, that he could not go on with the work without his customary supply of doses, and that he must entreat them to advance him a few shillings on account. I have one of these autographs in my possession, and may insert it in a future page. At times his demands were not quite so moderate, and when he got any considerable advance it was pretty certain the publishers would never get the work out of him. He made them feel, with a vengeance, what is called "working the dead horse."

If he could and would have worked like other men, he might, through John Wilson, have made a good annual income by *Blackwood's Magazine* alone. After many trials the poet was obliged to give him up. And what did the Opium-Eater do then? Why, he, a Tory of the deepest dye, a would-be aristocrat of the first water, went and connected himself, for a considerable time, with an ultra-Liberal Whig Radical publication, *Tait's Magazine*, in which he vented a good deal of spite, malice, and calumny, on Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others of his early associates and close friends.

One beautiful morning, as we were walking along the banks of the Grasmere Lake, Hartley Coleridge said, in his quick, emphatic way, "I will tell you what De Quincey is; he is an anomaly and a contradiction—a contradiction to himself, a contradiction throughout! He steals the aristocratic 'de'; he announces for years the most aristocratic tastes, principles, and predilections, and then he goes and marries the uneducated daughter of a very humble, very coarse, and very poor farmer. He continues to be, in profession and in talk, as violent a Tory and anti-reformer as ever, and yet he writes for Tait. He professed almost an idolatry for Wordsworth and for my father, and quite a filial affection for Mrs. Wordsworth, and yet you see how he is treat-

ing them! The fellow cannot even let Mrs. Wordsworth's squint alone! You see the pains he has taken to describe it to the world! And for that same"—here the little man stamped his little foot on the ground in a manner peculiar to himself—"and for that same I should not be very unwilling to pitch the Opium-Eater into this lake!"

It must be said that De Quincey, who elaborated everything he did, was always a very slow writer. Had he been firm of purpose, persevering and steadily industrious, instead of being the very reverse of all this, he could, to all appearance, not have produced very much, but he might have produced enough to keep himself and his family above dependency and a wretched mendicancy. When Charles Knight was publishing his "Gallery of Portraits," a book of engravings with biographies attached to them, he engaged De Quincey to write for it, as G. L. Craik, Professor De Morgan, Professor George Long, and I and others were doing. He allowed him the choice of his subjects. For a beginning, the Opium-Eater chose Milton. Knowing his man, C. K. took him into his own house, a comfortable residence in Pall Mall East, gave him a bedroom and study, and supplied him with all the books he required for his task. He spent the far greater part of his time in bed, or in talking, or in very desultory reading. At the end of three months, and not before, the Memoir of Milton was finished. It would not make more than sixteen ordinary octavo pages. It was well thought out, it was ably written; but no more than this for three mortal months! When he had been nearly a week in the house, Mrs. K. could not but observe that his clothes were almost ragged, and that he was wearing a very dirty shirt. She spoke to her husband; and he, with as much delicacy as he could muster for the occasion, spoke to his guest. "Why, to tell you the truth," said Quincey in his slow, solemn manner and with his deep, hoarse

voice—hoarse from the effects of opium—"to tell you the truth, I have, at this precise moment, no other shirt in the world. I left my last but one in a poor lodging-house in the Hampstead Road, because I could not pay for my night's lodging."

For some time before Knight found him out and took him in tow, he had been lying out in the suburban fields, or sleeping in retired doorways, or upon bulk-heads, after the fashion of poor Savage the poet.

It was a dangerous thing to offer him a dinner and bed, for if he found himself at all comfortable he would never think of moving for a month or two. John Wilson told me one evening that his family were literally half starving, and that he was very much afraid the children had found their way to papa's laudanum bottle. When I returned to Edinburgh, in the spring of 1847, I inquired after this strange, unaccountable being. "Oh," said Wilson, "a Glasgow friend invited him to his house about six months ago, and there he has been ever since, and there he is now, taking no heed of his poor children, and in all probability never giving them a thought." For all that he did, they might have died of starvation. He left them in a little cottage at that pretty little village of Lasswade, one of Sir Walter Scott's pet places. When he had been gone some time, the minister of the parish observed some children begging about the village for food, and looking both sickly and hungry. On inquiry, he found that they were the luckless progeny of the Opium-Eater! The minister and his wife supplied their immediate wants, and then we raised a small fund for them—in Edinburgh, where their father has had his hand in nearly every man's pocket. And yet, when he returns—if he ever should return—he will come spinning eternal sentences about the strength, depth, and unimaginable vivacity of his paternal affections. I have now lost all patience with him. I can no longer tolerate his solemn cant.

JAMES MATHIAS

For a good number of years I was rather intimate with the author of "The Pursuits of Literature"—that is, about as intimate as a volatile young man like me, at that period, could possibly be with a sedate, phlegmatic old man like Mathias. I think that it was in the summer of 1817 or 1818 that I first met him. I cannot be quite sure of the date, but I can never forget the place. It was that lovely village-dotted plain, between the mountains and the sea, *Il piano di Sorrento*, in that quiet, shady nook, embosomed in groves of orange and citron trees, called "*La Cocumella.*" He was staying there in the same rambling, quaint old lodging-house which I believe had once been a nunnery, with Mariana Starke, authoress of the well-known guide-book for English travellers on the Continent, which after a long run, and a very extensive sale, has been superseded by Mr. Murray's excellent handbooks. We sat for an hour or two on a rustic seat at the edge of an orange-grove which overhung the sea and commanded a full view of the bay, Mount Vesuvius, with the lofty ridges of the Apennines in its rear, the whole of the city of Naples, with the castles and monasteries, behind it and above it, the enchanting promontory of Posilipo, the Cape of Misenum, the coast of Baiæ, the low, bright, glittering island of Procida, and the lofty, volcanic island of Ischia—a view which I shall always maintain, and religiously believe, to be the finest in the beautiful globe which God has allotted to us for a habitation. We talked a good deal about living or recent English poets, and I well remember that he gently reproved my too warm admiration for Lord Byron, an error which has long since been corrected by time, experience, knowledge of the world, and careful study of our truly classical writers. He stood up stoutly in

defence of Gray both as a man and as a poet, and was quite indignant with old Samuel Johnson for having written what he had about poor Gray. I should think that in person, as well as in most of his tastes and habits, Mathias must have very much resembled the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." He was a fragile-looking, spare old man; his head was almost entirely bald, and the little hair he had was very grey and fast turning into white. Yet he was active and capable of enduring a good deal of fatigue, and thus he continued to be eight or nine years after this meeting. He walked about a good deal; indeed, I hardly ever saw him ride in a hackney-carriage or vehicle of any kind. I soon met him again at Naples, at a dinner party given by my old friend James Ramsay, then a prosperous and very hospitable merchant, and fond of literature and men of letters. A considerable time after this I met him one morning in the house of Sir William Drummond, the diplomatist and author of "Academical Questions," "Origines," etc., and I heard him manfully maintain the cause of Christianity and the English Church, to neither of which Sir William was thought to be much attached. We met again at old General Grant's—he of Jamaica—and between the end of the year 1820 and the spring of 1827 we were very frequently encountering each other. Indeed, for nearly two years out of that time, we lived under the same roof, in a big *palazzo* upon the *Pizzofalcone*, which had in its rear a fantastic old-fashioned garden, with wooden statues of shepherds and shepherdesses, river divinities, and nymphs of the fountain, all painted over in the brightest colours. As his apartment, and also mine, opened upon the garden by a French window, we often met, and walked and talked there. I thought it rather strange that he should admire the place and its decorations. It was like a suburban tea-garden—very like what our Bagnigge Wells used to be when I was a little

boy. But in sundry other matters I thought that the tastes of the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" were rather artificial.

He had been writing and publishing various original Italian poems, and he was now turning the first two cantos of the "Faery Queene" into Italian *ottava rima*.

He did this kind of work very slowly. I have heard him say that he considered eight verses to be a very good day's work. He had but a scanty library, and in it only one book of a fine edition. This was an edition of Gray's works, the quarto printed at Glasgow by Foulis, and alluded to in the poet's letters. Mathias had illustrated it with a variety of engravings—English, French, Italian, and German; for in nearly every country in Europe the Elegy had lent inspiration to artists as well as to poets. He could be very thankful for any contribution to this quarto. At the time I had not many books myself, but I had admirable facilities for borrowing from the Prince of Colonna Stigliano, the Duke of Atri, the Prince of San Giorgio, and about a dozen more Neapolitan friends, who had inherited libraries and were annually increasing them. Then the admirable public library in the Bourbon Museum, with its 400,000 volumes, was always open to me, with the indulgence of a private room all to myself. I now and then borrowed for Mathias, and would have done so much oftener if he had wished it, but he appeared to me to read very little. What he liked, was to con over his Italian rhymes,* take a peep at his classics, and to muse and meditate in the garden, or in his room, or while walking, at a brisk pace, in the streets and suburbs of Naples. We should have been together much more frequently

* I have a copy of Mathias' "Poesie Liriche," 2 vols., octavo, Naples, 1825, inscribed in the author's handwriting, "Alla cultissima Signora, La Signora S. Canning, Da T. J. Mathias, Napoli, Marzo, 1829."—ED.

than we were, but for one little circumstance: he rarely went into Italian society, and I as rarely went into English. Now and then we would meet at dinner at an excellent restaurant, nearly opposite the Royal Palace, near the corner of the *Strada di Chiaja*, but this did not happen often, for I was a great diner-out, and the old gentleman, who was very fond of a good dinner, was a bit of a *Monsieur Pique-assiette*, and liked it best when it cost him nothing, and there were always plenty of English families too happy to have his company and to be his Amphitryons. I could not conscientiously say that I found he had much heart, or that his temper was very good. When I first knew him, he was rather in straitened circumstances, having, I believe, little beyond a mediocre pension from our Court, for having once acted as Librarian and Secretary to Her Majesty old Queen Charlotte; but in 1821 he began to receive an additional £100 per annum from the Royal Society of Literature, founded by George IV. This, in a country like Naples, set him quite at his ease. But, in his very old age, in 1830, on the death of George IV., and on the accession of William IV., or so soon after those events as the Whigs scrambled into office, the royal grant was withheld, and Mathias, like poor Coleridge and eight others, was deprived of that valuable supply. A hard case! but quite in accordance with the spirit and genius of Whiggery. He lived on for some years after this blow.

Once at that restaurant I saw him greatly ruffled and excited. A young Austrian officer, who had been taking rather too much champagne, fell into a passion and broke an empty bottle over the head of a waiter—a real Roman, if you please! We were seated at a table just opposite, and a fragment of the bottle fell among our plates and dishes, and nearly struck the old bard, who turned very pale, and then fell into a passion himself. He was for

going at once to the officer's Colonel; nay, he would go at once to General Frimont, the Commander-in-Chief, he would have satisfaction for the outrage; he certainly cared a great deal more for his own risk and the disrespect offered to him, than for the Roman's head, which, indeed, was very little hurt, for the fellow had on a cloth cap. I remonstrated, and tried to soothe him. If he had laid his complaint, the officer would have been severely dealt with, and the young man, a very handsome fellow, a native of Transylvania, who met his death about a year after this by falling backwards over the first landing-place at the Theatre of San Carlo, had been for some time my intimate associate, if not friend. The Roman had been exceedingly insolent to him, and I had overheard the words which had so provoked him. I went and brought him across the room to apologize to the old gentleman, which he did in a proper style, and in very good French; but unfortunately the poet was not accustomed to speak French, and not very quick in understanding it when spoken. His brow continued to be clouded, and it was not brightened by the waiter bringing in the *conto*. However, in the end I succeeded in my object, and Mathias, instead of going to the Colonel or to the General, went on with me, just across the way, to the Opera House. He was a great frequenter of that house, one of the most constant of its *habitués*, being exceedingly fond of Italian music and *ballets d'action*. He hired one of the numbered reserved seats in the pit, by the year, and all the other pit *habitués* treated the old man with great respect and kindness. Having many friends who had their boxes, to which there was free access without any payment, and without any ceremony after you had been once invited, I was an *habitué* of the boxes, and night after night, week after week, year after year, on looking down into the pit, I was sure to see the spare form, and lustrous, shining bald pate

of the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," not unfrequently indicating by its oscillations and noddings that the poet, soothed and lulled by the music, was indulging in a nap.

Ischitella's daughter, who knew him through me, and who often watched him in the pit, used to call his bald pate *il lampione*, or the great lamp, and when San Carlo was fully illuminated on Court Festival nights, it really shone almost as brightly as a lamp. His seat was just under Ischitella's* box. I see it and its occupant still; I shall never lose the vision of old Mathias's pate. He would never acknowledge the fact, perfectly well known to all literary people, that he was the sole author of the "Pursuits of Literature," and he could never, with anything like patience, hear that book spoken of or alluded to. One day, in our snug and trim garden, before I knew of this peculiarity, I asked him if he had a copy of that book, as I had not seen it for many years, and wished to improve my acquaintance with it. "No, sir!" said he, very sharply and almost angrily. "No, sir! I have no such book, nor do I know anybody that has, nor do I care to know anything about it!" I uttered an apology, and retreated to my own rooms. That evening, at an English party, he told my friend Mrs. I. that he thought me rather an impertinent young fellow.

However, I soon got over this. I wrote a short review of his version of Spenser, and of some other of his pieces, which was published, if I remember right, in the old *London Magazine*. A friend showed him this, and it had the good fortune to please the tetchy, very fastidious old poet. But we had our little tiffs afterwards. I could go almost entirely along with him in his worship of Gray. I could fully agree with him that in everything Gray had an

* Don Francesco Pinto, Prince of Ischitella, Minister of War, "Resided long in England" (C. M.: Letter to Lord Aberdeen, 1851).

exquisite taste, and that his letters are our best; but I could not be led along by him into an enthusiastic admiration of Mason's "Elfrida" and "Caractacus."

It will be inferred, from what I have said, that old Mathias had neither "chick nor child." He had never been married, and I can scarcely believe in the possibility of his ever having been in love. Like every old bachelor I have known, with the single and glorious exception of Mountstuart Elphinstone, he was amazingly attentive to his own comforts, great or small, and eminently selfish. An accomplished scholar he certainly was, but I should hesitate to call him a man of genius. His English poem, the "Pursuits of Literature," is but a tame, colourless production, and but for its foot-notes, which make ten times the quantity of the verses, it would never be looked at. In these notes, in addition to a large amount of classical and other learning, there is a considerable quantity of fun and quiet sarcasm. The hit at poor Poet-Laureate Pye will not be forgotten. "Mr. Pye, the present Poet-Laureate, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among the militia in particular.

Several of the Reviewing Generals—I do not mean the monthly or critical—were much impressed with their weight and importance, and, at a Board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common and at Barham Downs by the adjutants, at the head of five different regiments at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many others as were within hearing or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were all found fast asleep! Marquis Townshend, who never ap-

proved of the scheme, said, with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed "that Sleep is the brother of Death," 1796.

I left Mathias at Naples, in May, 1827, when I was going to Sicily, Malta, Greece, and Turkey.* He was living up on the *Pizzofalcone*, in the same quiet, retired apartment which opened upon the queer little garden and its gods and goddesses, and there he continued to live for some years longer, reading very little, scarcely anything English, and conning his Italian rhymes. I was vexed and grieved when I heard that the stopping of his £100 a year made him feel the *res angusta domi*, and deprived him of many of the little pleasures which had become habits of his life. He never spoke Italian very fluently. I suppose that in England, shut out from the Continent by the wars of the French Republic and then of Bonaparte, he had few opportunities of speaking it until he was advanced in years; but he could write it with great correctness and propriety, and in a manner to astonish the natives when they considered that he was a foreigner, and one who had never set his foot on their soil until he was an old man. Yet Italian critics would say that his "Rime" were little more than a work in mosaic, being made up of an expression of Dante here, of Petrarca there, of a bit of Ariosto in this line, a bit of Tasso in that, and so on through the "*Testi di Lingua*" or Italian classics, and though very cleverly and gracefully put together, the pieces and component parts of this mosaic, of so many different ages and of so many and varied styles, produced a rather incongruous and unpleasant effect. At the time, when I was reading a great deal more of Italian poetry than of any other, I fancied I could myself detect the incongruity and the artificiality. I may say that, at the very least, I could see that Mathias's "Rime,"

* This sentence in C. M.'s handwriting. Mathias was visited here by N. P. Willis (*cf.* "Pencillings by the Way," 1850).

"*ne coulaient pas de source.*" He was "*Pastore Arcado,*" an Arcadian shepherd, with the crook of the Roman Academy, a sort of Florentine *Della Crusca*. I wish I could see again his bald, shining pate in the pit at San Carlo. But he has been lying for years in the English cemetery just outside the city of Naples.

CHAPTER IX

MISS MARTINEAU

THIS lady is " unhappily indifferent to the truth of revelation, yet exercises the wildest flights of fancy in constructing something like a new scheme of theogony suitable to the ruins of Egypt. Pronouncing Moses an impostor, she gives implicit credit to that convicted charlatan, the ' Magician ' of Cairo—nay, even at home, believes in the supernatural powers of a cunning servant-girl " (*Quarterly Review*, clxxxi.). I met this rampant rationalist, this prophetess of mesmerism, this ill-favoured, dogmatizing, masculine spinster but once, and that was at a large dinner party of literary people, where I had the good fortune to be seated far away from her. I disliked the tendency of her writings, and I was disgusted with her personal appearance, her loquacity, and her positiveness on all subjects and things. My friend, Lord Brougham, was made very angry one day by being told that people were saying that Miss Martineau was, in person, so like his lordship that she might be taken for his sister ! Brougham, as everybody knows, was never a beauty of a man; but, compared with Miss Martineau, his face was charming, and Brougham had always the look and bearing of a gentleman, while the spinster had not at all the appearance of a lady.

How she did talk and " argufy " at that dinner ! She was as deaf as a post, and made use of an ivory ear-trumpet, attached to a long flexible tube, which looked very much like a snake, and which she was

constantly throwing across the table to some one or other of her interlocutors. I would not have been within reach of that tube for a trifle. Years after this meeting, I might have met her frequently at Charles Knight's, where, for a long while, she was very intimate; but I always avoided the house when I knew that she was there. One day she wanted to cure Margaret K. of a violent attack of toothache by means of mesmerism; but, upon trial, she completely failed. To me it seemed that after a visit of any length, she always left the odour of some of her bad principles behind her. I do not believe that either Mrs. K., or any one of her daughters was infected thereby; but she certainly had an evil effect and influence over the impressionable, changeable, volatile mind of Knight himself. When I first knew that clever, extraordinary man—and he was, and is, extraordinary in many ways—he was far gone in radicalized Whiggery, was clamorous for the Reform Bill, and was ready to advocate almost any innovation in Church or State. But years seemed to have sobered him down, and my collaborateur, George Craik, and I, and one or two others who were Conservatives and very much in his society, flattered ourselves that we had aided in his political conversion, and had brought him to be nearly as conservative as ourselves. I have often heard him and his great friend Matthew Davenport Hill, who had taken a very active part in carrying out reform, declare the Reform Bill to have been a mistake, and Municipal Reform to have been another. Both Hill and Knight had been shabbily treated and ill-used by the Whig Reform Government. When I started for Turkey in the summer of 1847, I thought I left Knight on the right road, "*et dans des bons principes politiques*"; but when I returned in the autumn of 1848, I found him relapsed into Liberalism. In the interval Craik had been living on his History Professorship at Belfast and Knight had quarrelled

with the other Conservatives; he had cut himself quite off from his old friends, and had formed new and sudden intimacies, with men like Charles Dickens, Mr. "Examiner" Forster, Douglas Jerrold, T. K. Harvey the poet—then editing the *Athenæum*—and others of that school: men who were, one and all, enemies to the Established Church of England, and friends to every rash experiment in politics, whether at home or abroad. Moreover, during my absence, he had contracted the closest intimacy with Miss Martineau, who had been living a great deal in his family, and had engaged her to do what I in justice ought to have done, that is, to write the history of the thirty years' peace, as a continuation to the history of the reign of George III., which stopped at the Battle of Waterloo and the Peace of Paris, and had been written by Craik and me. Nobody but Knight would have thought of employing such a writer for the continuation.

The woman's politics and other principles were wide as the poles asunder. Knight very soon and financially found out his mistake. Those who admired Miss Martineau's doing could not tolerate ours; and those who liked what we had done detested the tone and spirit of Miss Martineau. The book did not sell, and for a time it seriously impeded the sale of ours. Her performance was suited only to the taste of Radicals and Unitarians; and these classes, though they are great in the noise and bustle they make, and as seen through the dust they kick up, are in reality neither so numerous nor so liberal as book-purchasers as some good people imagine. By the scandalous way in which she handled the character and memory of the late Premier, Lord Londonderry, and by other calumnious and violent diatribes, she merited the words that were applied to her by John Wilson Croker in the *Quarterly Review*: "The false, foul, and unfeminine pen of Miss Martineau."

Not long after my return from the East, I heard

that Knight and his "*chère Harriette*" had had a quarrel which ended in a downright rupture. I knew how it would be. C. K.'s sudden intimacies and spasmodic friendships always ended in that way. Since then he has quarrelled with Dickens, Jerrold, and all that set; but I cannot see or hear that he has renounced their principles, or that he has at all moderated his rekindled Whiggery or Liberalism. He and I are now quite estranged, but I have not a grain of spite or ill-will against him, for I have a sincere affection for his family, with whom I was most intimately associated for the long term of eighteen years. With a little more ballast, with a little more fixity of purpose and principle, and a great deal less of his evil associations, Charles Knight, now a very poor man, might have been prosperous and even wealthy, and might also have obtained a very good standing as a man of letters. But I must say that with his innate and contracted defects he has proved himself, in spite of his ready arithmetic and great skill in every kind of calculation, about the worst man of business that has ever belonged to the "Trade," or that has ever speculated, in any other line, with his own, or other people's, money. Through him—and I may say almost entirely through him—I find myself, in fast-coming old age, and with many and increasing infirmities, *dépourvu de tout*, a ruined man. But I repeat, I nourish no spite, I scarcely feel resentment. I would say, "May peace be with my old ally!"—but Charles Knight will never know peace on this side the grave. Let me return to Harriet Martineau.

What could ever have induced this *raisonneuse*, this *esprit fort*, this downright sceptic, to travel through the Desert in the track of Moses and his Israelites, and to go to the Holy Land and to Jerusalem? That she should have gone into Egypt, being furnished as she was with the means of doing so in a comfortable manner, that she should have

visited the Pyramids and Catacombs, and that she should have foregathered with the mummies and stuffed crocodiles, would have been quite natural, and not out of keeping with her sentiments and ch racter; but, in the name of all that is holy there, what had she, or one like her, to do in the Holy Land, at the tomb of Christ! I know a part of what she did, while there: she scoffed at everything, she grimly laughed at all the local traditions, and she maintained long arguments in political economy, and about the too fast propagation of the human species—the last being a subject on which she thinks herself very luminous. My thoroughly believing, my pious, and at the same time very romantic friend, the Rev. H. E. W., whose head and heart are full of Scripture, and who has a faith even in legends, had the infelicity of having this unsympathetic female for one of his travelling companions. They crossed the Desert together, and they encamped together at night, tent by tent. She wore an Eastern male dress. Together they ascended Mount Sinai, and they were together at Jerusalem, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on Mount Calvary, at Golgotha, and at all those sanctified places.

She taunted my friend, and she reasoned with what she thought his downright idolatry and blind superstition; and because he took care not to insult the religious feelings of either the Greek priests and monks nor the Latin monks and priests, but to conform to some of the local usages and practices, she afterwards showed him up in her book of travels, and in a way to make him recognizable to all his numerous friends and acquaintances, and to many besides who were neither, and ready enough to get up an outcry against him on account of his Puseyism. My dear friend is far too good a Christian and too perfect a gentleman to resent conduct like this, or to indulge in any animosity. The harshest words I have ever heard him say of her were these: " Miss Martineau

worships Reason! She sets up poor fallible human reason for her god. I hope that she may live to find out her sad mistake."

WILLIAM GODWIN

Old Godwin greatly preferred a quiet game of whist in a cosy corner, to conversation. In his manner he was a quiet, retiring, unpretentious old gentleman. At first I was rather surprised to discover how much he had modified many of his political opinions, and how completely he had changed others. Some of his books had been dogmatical and positive enough; but now he never dogmatized, and to his very utmost shunned argument and discussion. A flippant young man asked him one evening, "What are your fixed opinions?" "Sir," said Godwin, "I have none; I left off my fixed opinions with my youth."

During the season of the great combustion about the Reform Bill, little Martin, the painter, took violently to politics. He would insist upon pledges from every candidate, or from every member about to be returned to the House of Commons; he would have no man give his vote without being sure of the pledge that the honourable gentleman would vote in Parliament as his constituents required, or vacate his seat. Martin had, on the whole, a consentient audience, for the party (with a supper afterwards) was in his own house, and the listeners were either artists or second or third rate authors, a class about as radical as the artists. But Alaric Watts stood stoutly up in opposition. "How!" said Martin, "all that I have said is in Godwin's 'Political Justice,' and here is Godwin, who will bear me out." Godwin, who was just sitting down to his *parti carré*, said that he might forget, but he did not think he had written anything of the sort; that if he had done so he must have committed a great mistake, and that

the imposing of pledges would turn a Member of Parliament into a mere delegate. The little painter and engraver was taken aback, but he had too much vanity and vivacity to hold his tongue. "But, Mr. Godwin," said he, "you will admit that your 'Political Justice' was all for knocking down the aristocracy and for throwing the whole power of the nation into the hands of the people?"

"If ever I said so," said Godwin, "I must have been under a mistake." "Mr. Godwin," rejoined the artist, now getting rather vexed, "I am afraid that you do not stick to your principles!" The old reformed revolutionist, who was taking up his cards and arranging his suit, said mildly and even meekly: "Principles and opinions! opinions and principles! perplexing things! When I really know what or which I am to stick to, I will think about making up my mind. It is very easy to stick when, like a mussel, one sticks to the side of a rock, or a copper-bottomed ship; when one doesn't think."

"But," said Martin, "we have had march of intellect, progress of education, intellectual development, throwing off of prejudices; and now the Nation, the People, thinks!" Old Godwin, beginning to lead in trumps, and transparently annoyed at the interruption, yet still as calm and cool as a cucumber, said: "I don't think that a whole People *can* think." "Then," said Martin, "you throw up the democratic principle?" "Perhaps I do," said Godwin, making a trick.

I liked little Martin, not for his vapid politics, nor even very much for his phantasmagoric pictures; but I liked him very much for his kindliness of heart and other good qualities that were in him. I also liked old Godwin, and all the more for his tranquil mood, and for the ease and honesty with which he made confession of past errors. For two or three London seasons I met him rather frequently, and always found him the same quiet, composed, retiring

man, averse to political or to any other sort of argumentation. There was no warmth or expansiveness about him, but I rather fancied that he liked me because I had known poor Shelley and his wife, who was his only daughter by Mary Wollstonecraft.

Lord Dudley and Ward, who had been, more than once, a Quarterly Reviewer, was in the habit of calling rather frequently at Albemarle Street, for a gossip in King John's drawing-room. One afternoon His Majesty told him that old William Godwin was in great difficulties and absolute distress. "I am sorry for that," said Lord Ward, "very sorry. He wrote some wild, perilous political trash in his young days; but the author of 'Caleb Williams' is a man of genius, and ought not to know want. It is a shame! and in his old age too!" He went into an inner room, as if to look for something, and on his return put a cheque for £100, quite slily, into John's hand, whispering him to get the cheque cashed, to send the money to Godwin, and to say nothing about it to anyone. And if King John had not babbled over his cups, and if his head clerk and "Fidus Achates," Mr. Dundas, had not tattled, Godwin would never have known whence the money came, nor would the world have known anything about it.

Such acts of generosity, and acts still more munificent, were by no means uncommon with his lordship. Miss M. R., cousin and *confidante* to Lady Lyndhurst, told me of a good many which had come to her knowledge, either accidentally or through Lady L.'s revelations; and no doubt there were many that neither Lady L. nor her cousin had ever heard of.

This admiration for "Caleb Williams" was not peculiar to Lord Dudley and Ward. Mr. Canning told his cousin Stratford (not Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) that the first time he took up that book he was thrilled and riveted by it; and that, though much occupied at the time, he could scarcely lay the book

down, or leave off reading, till he had finished it. I have heard Lord Brougham, and many other first-rate men, make the same confession; but of this I knew nothing when, quite in my young days, "Caleb Williams" fell in my way. This was one summer morning, in 1815, at Gibraltar, in the Officers' Garrison Library, which I did not leave until I had devoured the whole of the tale.

Nearly two years after this, I read it again at Naples, and was almost equally struck with it; yet, when I came to reperuse it last year (1855), I must confess that for me nearly all the charm was gone, that it hung heavily on hand, and that I could not imagine how it had ever so thrilled and excited me. I could no longer detect that life and very essence of reality for which it has been so long and universally applauded. How is this? It cannot be that my personal acquaintance with the author had anything to do with the matter; for, on the whole, I liked old Godwin, and much admired his old age gentleness. I can only say that so it is. Other works of fiction that amused me in 1815 divert and please me still, and among these are included Mrs. Radcliffe's Romances, which, nowadays, nobody seems to care about—except Mountstuart Elphinstone, who can still read them with pleasure. Quite lately, I took up Godwin's "Essay on Sepulchres," and was quite as much delighted with it as ever I had been. It is a very choice bit of English writing, and has a reverential and even a devotional feeling about it, which leads me to hope and almost believe, without a knowledge of the fact, that Godwin after all his vacillations and changes in matters of faith or unbelief, must at last have died a Christian.

CHAPTER X

LEIGH HUNT

THIS peculiar moralist had certainly very loose notions about money, debt, and all manner of pecuniary obligations.

A good many years ago, while that other very peculiar moralist, philosopher, and poet, Walter Savage Landor, was living on the Fiesole hill behind Florence, Knight said: "I understand that Landor has got over his difficulties, and is coming to live in his own country." "No," said C., "that can hardly be, for, poor fellow! he still owes nearly £20,000." "Poor fellow!" said Hunt; "why call him a poor fellow? I should rather call him a very lucky fellow, to have been able to get so much credit!"

Hunt rarely engaged to do any kind of work without asking for advances, and when he got the money, it was not always easy to get the work out of him. Old A. used to quote the proverb about "working the dead horse," and to say that, next to his friend Hazlitt, Hunt was in this sense the worst of dead horses.

Also, like Hazlitt, Hunt never seemed to consider that he had been paid for an article until he had sold it to three or four of the Trade. He greatly injured himself by these manœuvres, which he would explain and justify with a logic all his own, and with the greatest composure and most perfect *bonhomie*. Even when he applied steadily to it, which was seldom the case, he was very slow at his work. I have known him occupy a whole week in writing six

or seven pages of prose. K. on one occasion engaged to give him a weekly stipend of £6 for one or two prose articles. From the time of the bargain he scarcely furnished anything except extracts from new books, which his children copied for him. Mrs. Hunt was most punctual in calling for the money; but the articles—the articles were hardly ever forthcoming. Yet K. stood this for nearly a whole year. He had previously been a considerable sufferer by the Cockney bard. He had let him a cottage at Old Brompton, in which he had been living himself, and which was nicely furnished.

Hunt and his family stayed there, without ever paying a sixpence of rent, for nearly two years, when K. got rid of them by sending them a receipt in full of all demands, and then he had the additional satisfaction of finding that they had ruined nearly all the furniture. Yet I have heard the poet, in moments of anger, call the publisher an unfeeling, stingy fellow.

But Hunt had his good qualities, and a great many of them. We all believed he would have had many more but for his mismanaging, unthrifty wife, the most barefaced, persevering, pertinacious of mendicants. She held as an undeviating principle that everybody was bound to do homage to her husband's genius, and to administer to his wants and to those of herself and children, and that all literary men, whether rich or poor, were in especial manner under these obligations. She would never take a refusal; after asking for five pounds, she would go away with five shillings or a smaller sum. I believe it was my friend W. who first gave her the name of "Old Mother D——ble." Whenever she made a good collection she was sure to be seen the next day, with her daughters and a son or two, driving about London in what the French call a *voiture de rémise*, and what we used to designate a "glass coach."

I believe that Hunt, who remained at home tag-

ging rhymes or conning old books, or reading the last new novel, was not aware of anything like the extent to which his *sposa* carried her begging and borrowing; but he must have known that he, she, and family, were not fed by ravens like the prophet of old.

Thomas Carlyle, who had not more money than he knew what to do with, was frequently visited by Mrs. H. She began by borrowing five pounds, promising most faithfully to return the money by a given time. To Carlyle's astonishment, she did return it; but it was only to borrow it again in a week or two. Again she surprised the philosopher by repayment; but again, in the course of a few days, she reborrowed it. This went on for a long time. When the five sovereigns were at home, Mrs. Carlyle always put them in a corner of her *escritoire;* and the coin, done up in paper, was called "Hunt money."

At last the philosopher grew tired of this constant ebb and flow of capital, and the last time that Mrs. H. sent one of her children, he demurred. Mrs. C. thought that he might as well lend again; and the philosopher was divided between the opinion of whether he should or should not. To get out of his indecision and settle the matter, he took a shilling out of his pocket and said: "Well, if this comes down 'heads,' Mrs. H. shall have the sovereigns." He tossed; it came down "tails," and so old Mother D., like old Mother Hubbard's dog, had none.

When poor Hunt happened to have money, he was most generous with it; but the occurrence, or accident, was rare. I believe that at any time he would have divided his last shilling with a friend.

He was nothing of a sensualist; he could eat the plainest food, and cared little for wine, if he had to pay for it. I believe that at one time he had been rather particular about his dress, but when I began to know him intimately, in 1829-30, he had no expensive tastes or habits. By this time he had pretty well got rid of all the affectations and all the cox-

combry of which I had so often heard him accused; he was natural, easy, gentle, neither too emphatic nor too poetical, abounding in anecdotes and drollery, and on the whole I think he was about the best of our English conversationalists. We differed in politics, we differed about religion, we differed in almost everything; yet, in a quarter of a century, I have never received a harsh retort or an angry word from Leigh Hunt.

THOMAS HOOD, POET, PUNSTER, AND NOVELIST

Hood was a small, rather saturnine-looking man, with very weak and watery eyes.

Though so very witty upon paper, he was by no means happy in spoken, impromptu puns or other jokes. His puns required time, long thought, and elaboration. Those which he elaborated were innumerable, and about the best that were ever made. In conversation, I have heard him make very bad ones. One evening, at Horace Smith's—himself a pitiless punster—Colonel Cradock, now Lord Howden, was quietly relating how he had been attacked and wounded by an Arab while travelling to the ruins of Baalbec in the desert. "Colonel," said Tommy, "if you were a Scotsman, you might say that you were spiering your way." "No," said Cradock, "I was not spearing, I was speared."

Most people know that the Scottish verb, "to spier," means to ask, or to inquire. If a Scotsman does not know his way, he "spiers."

Cradock, though not much given to punning, could keep his own with most men; and, in conversation, was far too much for either Hood or Smith. I confess that I have always felt two puns in an evening—both taken after dinner—to be a dose. Horace had no discretion, and would give you twenty, one after the other, rat-tat-tat, like the shots of a

revolver. I sincerely grieved at the misfortunes, the poverty, the distressing sickness, in which the last years of poor Tommy were spent. For a considerable time he made a deal of money by his writings. His "Comic Annual," which was first suggested to him by my late friend Edward Bull the bookseller, must have been a little fortune to him; but, like the rest of us, he had no head for business, no system, no management, and he spent the money as fast as he got it. For some time, he occupied a pleasant little cottage in the right pleasant village of Winchmore Hill, between Southgate and Enfield. I was once very near taking that cottage for myself and family. It was certainly house enough for him; but Tommy did not think so, and all of a sudden he was invaded by the insane fancy that he could save expenses and even make money by farming—he who scarcely knew grass-seed from gunpowder. So, after a lucky hit with some book or other, he went away and took a large house on the edge of Epping Forest, quite a mansion or manor-house, with extensive gardens and about eighty acres of land attached. As the house was so roomy, he could give his friends beds, and as a general rule those who went to dine stayed all night, and a part of the next day.

The house was seldom devoid of guests, the distance was so convenient, and Tommy's cockney friends liked to breathe country air, and took up quite a romantic passion for the scenery of the Forest. His household expenses were treble what they had been in the snug, pretty little cottage at Winchmore Hill; and then the farm ran away with a world of money. It may be imagined how a thorough cockney, one born and bred in the Poultry, Cheapside, a poet and a punster, would farm! What with his hospitalities, and what with his agricultural expenditure, he became seriously embarrassed, and not having nerve to face his creditors, he quitted the

Forest, and flitted over to the Rhine. I do not remember how long he remained in Germany, but I think it was not quite a year. He could get nothing there, and could not, at that distance, do much with the London publishers.

Some arrangements were made with his creditors, by means of his brother-in-law, Reynolds, himself a poet and a debtor, and by some other friends, and Tommy returned to London with his wife and children. It was kind, it was noble, in Sir Robert Peel, to grant Hood the pension the moment he knew his sad condition.

HORACE SMITH

Poor Kenney, who wrote so many merry comedies and farces, and made so many thousands of play-goers laugh till their sides ached, was a sickly, sallow-looking man, much given to despondency and hypochondriasis. No wonder! for he was in poverty, and getting on in years. At a Brighton dinner-party given by Horace Smith, at which were present Charles Mathews, senior, three or four literary men, and three or four ladies, who had no pretension to the *bas bleu*, Kenney suddenly gave way to a violent fit of coughing, started up from table, walked across the room, coughing all the time, and getting almost black in the face. At last, with a violent effort, he ejected from his throat a big bit of cork, which he had not noticed in his glass, and which he had swallowed with his last gulp of wine. "Ah!" said Horace, "that was not the road for Cork, but it was the way to Kill Kenney!" I really believe that if the dramatist had been choked outright, Smith would have had his pun. He was not a cynical or unfeeling man; very far from that, but the opportunity of punning was a temptation he could never resist.

The worst of him was that he punned with a serious face. Though rather a good-looking man, there was no play or mobility on his features; his face and eyes did not "pun" with him. Rose used to say that he would just as soon hear his puns from an automaton, or through the open cherry lips of a perruquier's wax bust, as from Horace.

For some considerable time Kemp Town, Brighton, promised to be an unprofitable speculation to its founder and proprietor. Though the situation was good and the houses of a superior order, they did not let. I can remember when there were only one or two occupied by families. But the gas was laid on, and the whole place brilliantly lighted at night. Somebody said to Smith that he was afraid Kemp Town was not thriving. "How can you expect it to thrive, when it's all lights, and no liver?" punned Horace.

CHAPTER XI

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

A WRITER in the *Quarterly Review* has called Sir James the "most accomplished and the most ill-used man of the Whig party." He was all that. Not one of them could come near him in accomplishment, or in political knowledge, or in political wisdom. The Recordership of Bombay was but poor promotion; and afterwards, though with all the patronage of the State in their hands for years, he never obtained from the Whigs any higher, or indeed any other, employment. It is difficult to conceive how he could have been worse used. They might easily have made some proper provision for him on their advent to power in 1830, and they could have done so almost any day between this period and that of his decease. Was it that Mackintosh was but half a Whig, or, if a whole Whig, then the most measured, most moderate of them all? Many years before the Reform Bill agitation, Mackintosh had come to the conviction, and had openly proclaimed it, that the parliamentary franchise might be too much extended—that a mob could never govern a mob.

I first met Sir James at Mr. Henry Brougham's, in the spring, or rather the early summer, of 1829. I saw him rather frequently between that time and the beginning of 1833, when I went down to Scotland, and I would now gratefully bear testimony to his engaging simplicity of manners, his goodness of heart, his exceeding great kindness to young men of

letters, for whom he had always a word of encouragement, and very often a word of excellent advice. He gave me some valuable hints on "*La manière d'écrire l'histoire*," as the Abbé Mably called it. I heartily wish that my time and abilities could have enabled me to profit more by his suggestions, but my historical labours have been a sort of *travail forcé;* I have nearly always had to write against time, to feed the Press month by month, or even week by week.

In all his latter years Sir James was in straitened circumstances, and frequently in pecuniary difficulties; beset by creditors in a way that to any man of feeling, or to any man who had a respect for virtue and genius, it was quite painful to witness or to hear of. He might have obtained a great deal more money from the booksellers; but though he was so fluent and quick in talk, I believe he was rather slow with the pen; and then his attention was distracted and so much of his time occupied by politics, by society, of which he was always fond, by the London University, and by other concerns and concernments, that he could have had but a limited leisure for literature.

He was always exceedingly gentle, patient, and polite with his duns; and had, though in a rather different manner, some successes in this way that Sheridan himself might have envied; but he did not like to see them come to his private house in Portland Place, and he used to make appointments with them at a Life Insurance Office, of which he was an actuary, and from which he received an inconsiderable annual stipend. It was not always when they called that he had the money to satisfy them; and I was told that in these cases he would slip out at a back door, as they were about to charge in at the front. I will not answer for this, but I well remember a *mot* of Lord Alvanley's: "Every gentleman in money difficulties ought to live in St. James's

Place, on the left-hand side as you go up; not because two rich bankers, and one of them a banker-poet, live there, but because the houses have a back door, and a free issue into the Park." The two bankers were old Sam Rogers, and Lubbock, who lived within a door or two of each other.

MRS. JAMESON

I liked Mrs. Jameson, and have always considered her one of the best of our living authoresses. She generally writes upon subjects she well understands, and her various books about art and artists are likely to last. But Mrs. Jameson, though very fond of admiration, had never much personal beauty. At a *soirée*, she went and sat near my friend George Lillie Craik, who was turning over a portfolio of drawings and engravings. Except in one particular, I should not rank Craik among my absent-minded friends. He was *distrait* only in omnibuses, and in finding his way. He could seldom get from his cottage at Old Brompton to ours at Friern Barnet without committing some blunder or other. Generally, at our dinner hour, he would find himself at Tottenham, or Edmonton, or Enfield, or Ponder's End, or some other place five or six miles off, and with no cross-country conveyance. He had to change buses at the Angel at Islington; he usually got into the wrong one, fell a-thinking or talking, and took no notice of the road he was travelling. But in all other matters, Craik, for a Lowland Scotsman, was a smart, brisk, ready-witted fellow. He must have seen Mrs. Jameson scores of times, and must have known her freckled complexion, and the ardent colour of her hair. They came upon a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mrs. Jameson waxed eloquent on the beauty of the poor Queen. "I believe," said Craik, in his quiet way, "it is now

said we have no authentic portrait of Mary. I suppose she must have been beautiful, as it is asserted by so many of her contemporaries; and yet, I hardly know; I can't conceive a beautiful woman with red hair; and we are told that Mary was red-haired." He looked up from the picture, and saw the red locks of Mrs. Jameson, who presently beat a retreat. "I could have bitten off my tongue," said he, "but I had said my say, and could not unsay it."

When this authoress wrote her dismal book about Italy, entitled, "Diary of an Ennuyée," she was a spinster, living as governess with an English family at Rome, and she was quite desperately in love with Beau Cradock, Lord Howden; who, at that time, was as handsome as the Antinous, and as graceful as the Belvedere Apollo. Poor Cradock, who was never much of a coxcomb, admired her for her vivacity, talent, and eloquence; but he could hardly go farther, and so the *demoiselle* was sadder than Corinne.

Jameson, who became her husband years after this hopeless amour, had been a schoolfellow with poor dear Hartley Coleridge, who always spoke of him as a good fellow, and as a man of real original genius, who might have done a good deal in literature if he had tried. The common rule, that a very clever husband and a very clever wife seldom agree or live happily together, found no exception in this case. He obtained some Government appointment out in Canada; she remained at home, to write books, and to take care of her old father, a miniature painter by profession, whose sight had failed him. And nobly did she discharge her filial duty, and hard did she work that her father might know no want and miss no comfort. For this, even if her books should be forgotten, let her name be honoured, and let her be enshrined with Southey and other heroes in domestic life.

I think it was about the year 1840 that I was told she had gone out to Canada, to be reconciled to her

long-absent husband. To Canada she certainly went, for she came home and wrote a book about it, which might have been a better book if she had stayed a little longer.

MISS JANE AND MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER

I liked these two sisters exceedingly, although they were authoresses. I made the acquaintance of their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, the traveller, artist, diplomatist, and author, in 1829, at a house in Bolton Row, and was much pleased with him and some lively accounts he gave of society in Russia. The sisters I did not meet until 1830 or 1831, when they were staying with my friend William Mackinnon, M.P., at Hyde Park Place, just opposite Cumberland Gate. They were quiet, perfectly unaffected, rather retiring, very ladylike elderly ladies, neat and plain in their attire, and taking no pains to conceal the snow which Time was throwing on their hair. Jane, the elder sister, had still a good figure, was tall, and must have been rather handsome; Anna Maria was shorter and fairer. I should think she could never have had any pretension to personal beauty, but the expression of her countenance was gentleness and sweetness itself.

There was nothing blue, nothing of the *précieuse*, or professional authoress, about either of them, and I have seen them sensitively shrink at any allusion to their works, and almost run out of the room from an explosion of compliment and praise. One night, at rather a numerous party at my brother Highlander's, I saw their sensitiveness put to a severe test by old Sotheby the poet and translator, commonly called "Old Botherby."

Mackinnon had introduced him to the sisters. Addressing Anna Maria, who looked the elder of the two, he said in his peculiarly unctuous manner:

"Miss Porter, I think I have the honour of making my bow to the authoress of 'The Scottish Chiefs.'" "No, sir," said Anna Maria, with a slight blush, "that work was written by my sister Jane." "Then," said old Botherby, turning to Jane, and grasping her fingers, "I have the honour of shaking hands with the writer of the best and grandest historical romance that ever was or that ever will be written!"

Miss Jane reddened, and could say nothing; but when Sotheby went off at a tangent to explode to some other literary lion or lioness, she whispered, "How absurd! How can that old gentleman expect one to be flattered by such outrageous compliments, or expect that one can bear such things said to one's face?"

Old Botherby was soon back to our corner of the drawing-room. I fancy he had been collecting information, for he told Anna Maria that she had written "The Hungarian Brothers," and that that romance was, in its way, as admirable, as unrivalled, as perfect, as "The Scottish Chiefs." The poor little authoress winced, and when old Sotheby was again gone, she said she had rather never go into society at all than be frequently exposed to such assaults.

The last years of Miss Porter were saddened by domestic losses. Shortly before I met her she had lost her aged mother, and within a twelvemonth of that time poor Anna Maria died. In 1842 Miss Porter accompanied her brother to St. Petersburg, and he was suddenly carried off by apoplexy as they were on the point of returning to England.

Jane survived until 1850, when she ended her days at Bristol, at the good old age of seventy-four. I did not see her after 1833, but I was told, and can well believe it, that she was patient, amiable, and even cheerful to the last, and that her intellect was in no way affected by age. It was a remarkable and

exemplary family. The father, surgeon in the 6th or Enniskillen Dragoons, left them early orphans; yet by their industry, perseverance, and ability, they struggled on to comfortable positions in life, and to something more, for they gained the friendship of many of the best and most distinguished of their contemporaries.

Though not so old as was Botherby, when he paid his compliments, I should not like again to peruse the whole of either " The Scottish Chiefs " or " The Hungarian Brothers "; but I still remember the exquisite delight with which I read these works and other romances by the same writers, in the days of my boyhood, and I still think them pleasant and even improving reading for young people.

In this generation, young men, and young women too, appear to be getting rather too fond of realities, and much too indifferent to romance and sentiment. Too much romance is bad. Granted; but so is too much stern reality or worldly calculation. The hearts and intellects of young people will not be much elevated or improved by constant delineations of the weaknesses, absurdities, follies, and crimes of everyday life. We ought, at least now and then, to give them more generous, more glowing, more ideal pictures; and set up the heroes and heroines of our tales on the pedestal of romance, in a purer atmosphere. The danger now is, not that our sons and daughters will become too romantic, but that they will become too worldly, material, and selfish, and too apt to take mere Cockney or provincial slang for wit and humour. With only a few modifications, and one or two additional acquirements, another Jane and another Anna Maria Porter would not be misplaced in England, in the year 1856.

Jane, as we have seen, ended her days at Bristol; Anna Maria died in the neighbourhood of that city, at Montpelier, the residence of Mrs. Colonel Booth. Mother and daughters had resided at Thames Ditton;

but afterwards, and for a much longer period, they occupied a pretty cottage at Esher, close to Claremont. On their account, all the three places ought to have an additional interest in the eye of the visitor. "It was a family of love," said a very old friend, "and for many years that cottage at Esher was an Elysium."

CHAPTER XII

TOM GENT

Who, in London, a few years ago, did not know old Tom Gent, boozing Tom Gent, roguish Tom Gent, witty Tom Gent, Falstaff Tom Gent—a man who was supposed to have drunk more good wine and to have eaten more good dinners—without ever paying for them—than any individual of his time; a man who lived at the rate of £2,000 a year without having any visible means of existence, and, as far as could be discovered, without ever having a sovereign in his pocket?

For considerably more than a quarter of a century did this extraordinary genius live in Town and upon the Town; though how, or by what means or magic, it was seldom easy to discover. He may have got a good deal out of some of the greener members of the aristocracy; for without knowing anything of antiquities, curiosities, painting, or music, he set up for a *virtuoso* and *connoisseur* in all the fine arts, and enticed young noblemen and gentlemen into purchases of knicknacks and pictures, and into patronizing all manner of fiddlers, singers, dancers, and other stage actors and actresses.

For a long time he had fashionable apartments in St. James's, and held *levées* which were attended by lords, baronets, squires of substance, citizens of good repute on Change, artists, Green Room people, poets, reviewers, and journalists.

The inexperienced applicants, fresh perhaps from the country, and eager for money or for the fame

which would bring them money, were assiduous in their attendance and exemplary in their submissiveness to Tom Gent, who had the happy knack of persuading them that by his interest and influence he could make the fortune of every mother's son of them.

Some of these poor devils he rode very hard, and perhaps none harder than Joey Davis, the painter, known by the name of "Roman Davis," but who would be more correctly designated as "witty Davis." He sold one of Joey's pictures, made him spend nearly all the proceeds in a tavern dinner to which the guests were nearly all invited by Tom, then got from him a picture as a present, and then made him paint his portrait in kit-cat size, which, being hung in Somerset House at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, would bring Joey hosts of sitters, and make him the fashionable portrait-painter of the day, and a rich man in no time. Moreover, Joey was always saying good things and making excellent jokes, and all these Gent purloined, and retailed at dinner-parties and all over the town as his own. Yet more, Tom dribbled poetry, and could make nothing of it; whereas Joey was quick and clever at verse-making, and could now and then turn off a more than respectable poem. Joey's verses had the same fate as his jests—they were all stolen by Tom, who not only showed them, in manuscript, as his own, but now and then put them into print with his own name attached.

In the days of the Regency this modern Falstaff was very ambitious of getting the *entrée*, though only for once, at Carlton House. He thought this would give him an *éclat*, which he might turn to good account. The melancholy death of poor Princess Charlotte seemed to Tom to present an admirable opportunity.

He waddled to Davis's studio, bullied the picture he was painting, told him he would never succeed as

an artist, and reproved him for neglecting to cultivate the Muses, for a poet, and a first-rate poet, he might be. Joey, always rather prouder of his verses than of his pictures, felt his poetical vanity tickled, but said that he had no subject, that he knew not what to take up. " No subject!" said Tom. " Why, what an ass you are! Princess Charlotte died yesterday —highest rank in the Universe—baby dead with her —can't be Queen of England—dreadful thing—disconsolate husband—bereaved Royal father—not a word about her mother, if you are wise—venerable Queen Charlotte, the grandmamma—all the uncles, aunts, Royal Dukes and Princesses—three nations, England, Scotland, and Ireland, in tears—and John Bull leaning on a broken marble column under a weeping willow—there, Joey, there's a subject for you! Go to work and write 'A Monody on the death of Princess Charlotte,' and we shall see what will come of it!"

Davis did write the monody, and a very fair one it was. Gent was delighted. " Will you publish it, on your own account?" said he. " No," said the painter, " I have no money to risk or to throw away." " Will you send it to a magazine?" " I don't know any editor." " Will you send it to a newspaper?" " It is a great deal too long for that." " Will you give it to me?" " Willingly, if you want it." " Then the monody is mine. Now then, Joey, my boy! listen! The poem is mine, I am the author, don't blab! I will make it find the way for me to the Regent; and when I get my foot on the ladder, won't I pull you up after me, my boy!"

Davis could never have conceived it possible, but through Colonel MacMahon, or some other person about Court, the monody was laid before the Regent, and, shortly afterwards, Tom Gent, as its author, was presented to His Royal Highness.*

* "Lines suggested by the Death of the Princess Charlotte," were published in 1817, with a clever etched portrait of Gent,

Tom was wonderfully inflated by the honour, and spoke of it for a long time, in all places. But it did not put him upon the ladder of promotion, and if he derived other advantages from it, he did not share them with Joey Davis.

For years he kept reciting the "monody" as his own. It was a very long time after the visit to Carlton House, and after a "tiff" between the two, that Joey privately reminded him that *he* had written the verses. "You!" said Tom, in towering indignation, "you! You write that monody! It never was in you, you never could do anything like it! You never could come within a mile of it! I wrote the monody, and all the world knows it! I have printed it, I have circulated it! You will be taken for an arrant impostor if, at this distance of time, you pretend that it is yours!"

I once asked Davis what he said to this, and how he felt at it. "To tell you the truth," said Joey, "I was so brow-beaten by his voice and manner, his rapidity of utterance, and his gesticulation, that I could hardly say a word; indeed, I almost began to doubt whether I had ever had anything to do with the composition of the verses. You must remember that Gent was then even more of a Falstaff than he is now, and that I was younger than I now am.

"But whether old or young, high or low, Gent could, on occasion, cajole, bamboozle, perplex, and brow-beat every man with whom he came in contact.

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after J. P. Davis. Gent's "Monody to the Memory of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan" was published in 1816. The copies in the London Library are presentation copies to Dawson Turner of Yarmouth, with autograph letters from T. Gent. In the letter inserted in the "Monody," Gent writes: "It was suggested to me by a friend, on the death of Mr. Sheridan, that he thought he could put a copy of such a tribute to his memory into a channel that might eventually be of service to me. I confess I have not much reliance on any patronage arising from such a circumstance, yet, as the experiment only costs me a little of that leisure of which I have unfortunately too much, I thought it worth making."

Ask Matthew Hill, or Charles Knight, or that precise barrister, John Steer, or Tommy Campbell, or Lytton Bulwer, or even shrewd old Longman, or any other man you may know who knew him a few years ago !

" Barry St. Leger, another barrister, a man of fashion, one who was thoroughly a man of the world, and who was quick, witty, and voluble, determined one night to resist Gent's Falstaffisms, impudence, and paralyzing influence; but he was beaten, thoroughly discomfited, and obliged to succumb to the burly magician, like the rest of us. No ! there was no resisting Tom Gent ! Perhaps he carried the more weight with me as we were fellow-townsmen. I think that I never fairly made him wince but once—and that was when I called him a 'Yarmouth bloater,' and bloated he was, by that time. But, mercy on me ! With what a torrent of vituperation, with what an endless string of nicknames, did he not repay me !"

Tom went one day, in a great hurry, to Knight's shop or publishing office in Pall Mall East. He was hard up for money, and wanted to bring out a volume of poems. He had so many friends, he knew so many people, he was so extensively patronized, that he could easily dispose of an edition; and even 750 copies at 10s. 6d. each, paper, printing, binding, and advertising paid, would leave a pretty little margin of profit. " But where are the poems ?" asked Knight. " Here they are," said Tom, producing Davis's " Monody " and a few wretched madrigals and fugitive pieces which might have been written by himself—for though so witty with his tongue, Gent was a dunce with the pen. " But," said Knight, " these will not make a volume; no, nor half a volume ! nor the fourth part of a volume !" " That's just what it is," said Tom; " that's just where I want your assistance as a clever and much-attached friend. You know you love me, Charlie ! What a glorious time we had of it the other night at the

Beefsteak Club! You are quicker at verse-making than any of them, and I like your poems best. You must help me, Charlie! So must Matthew Hill, and that scrub, Joey Davis, and Steer; and then if you can only get a few verses out of some of your Etonian or Cantab. friends, we shall cook up a volume in a week, and have it out on magazine day, at the end of the month."

Over luncheon, and a glass or two of sherry, Knight agreed to do his part, and a good deal more. Gent next found out Hill at his chambers in Chancery Lane, and booked him; and later in the day, with a beefsteak, a bottle of port, and a glass of gin and water, he removed the repugnance or reluctance of Joey Davis. In a very short time the volume appeared, bearing on the title-page: "Poems, by Thomas Gent, Gent." I have not seen the book, this real curiosity of literature, for many a year, but I believe that not a sixth part of it was written by old Tom.

His verses may be known by Matthew Hill's parody of them:

> "Have you seen Distraction's child
> Wandering on the Desert wild?"

The Gentian verses all run to this tune. At one time, this Falstaff of the nineteenth century was said to purvey, in more ways than one, for Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the minor theatres, and Vauxhall. At the last-named place ludicrous, side-splitting scenes used to take place between Tom and the Master of the Ceremonies, that poor crack-brained creature, Simpson, whose eccentricities, and public and constant exhibitions of them, were fair matter for joking and quizzing, although a very heavy "droll" in *The Times* newspaper wore the matter threadbare, and ended by exciting compassion for the insane caperer.

Whenever Tom arrived, which he never did without having half a dozen or more young and frolicsome

fellows with him, he would accost Simpson, flourishing his hat in his hand, and saying:

> "Well, Simpson, fine night!
> Stars shine bright,
> Moon gives light.
> Are there many here to-night?
> Are the gardens filling, you old scarecrow?"

Then, with a polite wave of his hat, the Vauxhall M.C. would say: "Distinguished visitor, great poet, most illustrious signor! the gardens are filling fast, and will fill the faster now that you are come! You will find an excellent lobster-salad in that corner box, near the Turkish kiosk!"

One of the principal occupations of Tom's life was getting up dining clubs, arranging hotel or tavern dinners, or picnics in Richmond Park, dinners at the Star and Garter, or whitebait dinners at Greenwich or Blackwall. Though they got no money from him, nor ever expected any, he must, during his long career, have put a world of coins and cheques into the hands of tavern-keepers and landlords. They were not ungrateful for past favours, nor unmindful of the future benefits he might confer upon their houses, by making parties or getting up clubs; he had a knife and fork at nearly every noted establishment in London, and the bottle of wine was always forthcoming. He would very often consider himself entitled to take a friend or two with him.

The "Freemasons," and those other great dinner-giving houses, had always such a larder!

Besides the profit they obtained, not from him, but by him, the worthy Bonifaces got a world of fun and laughter out of him. In this no man could be a truer Falstaff. Tom, like Sir John, was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. He was accustomed to say, that if he could eat them, he could, in any one day, get half a dozen dinners in London, without paying, and with thanks for his company.

Yet for many years that he was leading this rollicking, feasting, drinking tavern-life, haunting playhouses and green rooms, Thomas Gent, Gent., had a very ladylike, charming, and perfectly well-conducted wife. This rare, excellent woman, never complaining, seemed to her death to be much attached to a man who, after all, must be called a bloated buffoon—a coarse, drunken Mephistopheles, a seducer of young men, a corrupter of other women's husbands.

But there were more marvels yet in the life of this Yarmouth bloater.

When his first wife had been dead a good many years, when he was past the age of three score, when his hair was white rather than grey, he took to going to a church near Fitzroy Square, with no serious intent it is to be feared, and there struck up an acquaintance with one of the daughters of an eminent landscape-painter and Royal Academician, a well-educated, well brought-up, good-looking, graceful woman of about six or seven and twenty. He amused her by his wit and drollery, and ended by quite captivating her, or completely turning her head. "What can I do?" said Falstaff to Knight; "the girl will have me, the father can't stop it, and I can't help it. We must be married; and I, like Sir John, must try and live cleanly."

He put another colouring on the business: according to him, he had concerted no plan, had contemplated no advantages; he had turned the poor girl's head without wishing it, or thinking that he was doing it, and he would marry her only to prevent worse consequences. Married they were; but I suspect that Tom, who for some two or three years had been getting out at elbows, and who had been finding that his friends and boon companions were gradually falling from him, either by death or through weariness of his jokes and of his society, looked to his wife's proficiency and ability as a portrait-painter for the means of supplying in future his comforts and

luxuries, which last were always with him necessaries, absolute necessaries of life. I know that he turned "touter" for his new wife, and obtained a good many sitters. Shortly after this, we entirely lost sight of him; but I believe he died, in great ease if not jollity, about eighteen years ago.

CHAPTER XIII

VISCOUNT DILLON

On the fly-leaf of a copy of his lordship's wild poem "Eccelino da Romano," I have written:

"I have preserved this wild book out of regard for the memory of its author. Poor Lord Dillon! His eccentricities bordered on insanity, but he was kind to me, in my youth, and in a foreign land, where, as yet, I had all my friends to make."

I first knew him at Florence, when that fair city, rather full of English, was ringing with stories of his eccentricities, and with the fame of his daughter's beauty. He was frank, fearless, very capricious; but, as I believed, a generous, warm-hearted man. The worst of his eccentricities was a total disbelief in Christianity, or in any revealed religion—a sort of jumbling mad-reasoning materialism. And with him materialism was a very different and a much more withering and repulsive thing than it was with poor Shelley.

There was an epigram in circulation in the English part of society in Florence; I know not who wrote it, nor am I quite sure that I retain the lines correctly, but they were something like these:

"Dillon, go home! Consult thy daughter's looks,
Peruse them well, and burn thy atheist books.
Read in those angel eyes and heavenly face
That there's a God—then supplicate His grace."

Florence was almost raving about the beautiful Miss Dillon. Travelling much abroad, out of the way of English newspapers, and never being much

addicted to the perusal of births and marriages, I never knew until the other day that this charming person is wife to Lord Stanley of Alderley, cousin to my accomplished friend and kindest benefactor, the Rev. A. P. Stanley, and mother of Mr. Stanley, late of the Foreign Office, and now *chargé d'affaires* at Athens, a very clever young man, a Chinese scholar, an accomplished philologist, and a great admirer of my old, learned, and most ingenious friend, Edwin Norris.

But, being violently a philo-Turk, the young diplomatist was no friend to me or to my books about Turkey. Perhaps here I ought to have used the past tense, as before he had been a month at Constantinople he agreed that all I had said about that pandemonium was strictly true, and as he has now been living more than three years in the Levant, he must have greatly modified his philo-Turkism. I should always have towards him a warm corner of the heart on account of his maternal grandfather and the heavenly face of his mother, whom I have never seen since her Florentine days; or, if I have seen her, I have done so without recognizing her. How often does this happen! One passes in the streets, or in some crowded place of resort, a person in whom one was so deeply interested some thirty or forty years ago; one may stand side by side with such a person, in a state of the most perfect indifference, not knowing her or him—as the case may be—and not having the least consciousness of the presence of such a person. Then, in England, if one had, what could one say or do? After such a deluge of years, at least two or three reintroductions would be requisite.

Her ladyship's mother appeared to be a quiet, amiable, domestic woman; but I was told that she had, mixed with good common sense, a fair share of wit. One of the many subjects with which Lord Dillon, who would not take the Scriptural version, delighted

to cudgel his brain and to perplex those of other people, was the Origin of Evil. One evening at the Prince of I.'s, when she was with him, he rode this hobby at a most wearisome rate. Her ladyship, quite worn out, said smartly but not ill-humouredly: "Dillon, I know the origin of my evil. It was in marrying a metaphysician like you!"

SIR LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON
(1771-1850)

I knew, by sight, this rhyming, playgoing, comedy-writing, philandering baronet, in the years 1813 and 1814. I used to see him at the theatres, in the Park, or lounging in Bond Street. I was a boy at the time, and much addicted to rhyming and playgoing myself. He was first pointed out to my notice as a literary and dramatic celebrity, and as a London lion, by a lady who wrote occasional verses, and who had once written a tragedy, which, in the parlance of John Wilson the poet, had been "particularly d——d." His fame was now on the decline, for Scott, Moore, Byron, and others were in the field; but a few years before, and from about 1790 to 1809, the Baronet had been considered a star of the first magnitude.

Dear me! How easy it was for a man to get into reputation as an author in those days, especially if he had a bit of a handle to his name, an *entrée* in Society, a fashionable friend or two, and money to carry on the war for a while! My authoress still called him "the celebrated Skeffington." He had begun by acting in private theatricals, and by inditing

> "Songs and sonnets and rustical madrigals,
> Made out of nothing and whistled on reeds."

But these things had been declared to be charming, musical, exquisite; and the bard had worn laurels

enough to conceal his baldness. Afterwards he had written some half-dozen comedies, and had produced a very telling melodrama, "The Sleeping Beauty," all of which have long been forgotten. Even then he seemed, in my juvenile eyes, a battered, shattered, made-up old beau, wearing false teeth, a portentous and most artificial wig, and was suspected of painting his cheeks. He was styled "of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire," but he had nothing of the Leicestershire baronet about him. He was thoroughly a Cockney; born in one suburb of London (St. Pancras), educated in Hackney, he lived many years in Southwark, and passed nearly all the rest of his time in the purlieus of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. His father, the first baronet, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, Ferral by name, but he took the surname and arms of Skeffington, by Royal Warrant, in 1772. I thought "old Skeff" must have been dead long ago, when one evening in 1831, as I entered Drury Lane Theatre with H., who knew the whole theatrical world, and two ladies, we met the Baronet in the lobby, to all appearance not very much the worse for seventeen years more wear. H. accosted him with the familiarity of old acquaintanceship; "Old Lummy," "old Skeff," or "old Sleeping Beauty," for he had these nicknames and many more, was not the man to hurry from two pretty women; he buttonholed my friend, got into talk, and H. presented him to the ladies, and me to him. He was as gallant as an old French marquis of the *ancien régime*.

He left us to go behind the scenes and into the Green Room, where he had an appointment of importance; and we went into Lady Holland's private box, graciously lent to me by her ladyship for that evening. I expressed my astonishment at the apparition I had seen in the lobby. "Oh!" said H., "old Skeff is much as he was fifteen years ago, except that he stoops a little more, and wears a wig

made not of human hair but of black horse-hair, to which he attributes many advantages both of comfort and appearance. He must be getting on to seventy, but he still plays the young man, and his heart and head seem to be as young as ever." Presently we saw old Lum in the stage-box, at the opposite side of the theatre, now leering at the actresses on the stage, now ogling the ladies in the dress-circle and the private boxes, and now frequently standing up, projecting his horse-hair wig, and bowing to some gentleman or kissing his hand, *more antico*, to some lady or ladies.

Next to the actors and actresses, he was making himself the most conspicuous person in the house. Before long he was up in our box, and making downright love to Miss ——, who had great difficulty in preventing herself from laughing in his face, as he was so *outré*, and she could not help thinking of the horse-hair wig. He then rattled on, like one who has lived *la vie des coulisses*, about this actress and that, and this Green-Room quarrel and that other, and how Mrs. —— became too soon jealous of Miss ——, and thwarted her in her parts, and how Sir T. stood by Mrs. ——, and how Lord —— took the part of Miss ——, and got the parties reconciled in the presence of the stage-manager and half a dozen of the proprietors. He seemed to know all the traditions of the Green Room, and all its tattle and bickerings for the last half-century. This was not unamusing, but it did not bear thinking of afterwards.

To be so old, and yet so trivial! To have lived so long in the world, and to have one's head stuffed full of nothing but this, and "tags" of play-speeches and rhymes! To be so bent, shrunk, and withered, and yet never to think of death! Was there no honest rector, no zealous curate, no thoughtful friend, to tell him that he had an immortal soul, however little he might think of it, and to say to him, "Go to your prayers, old man!" Yet the Baronet lived a

good nineteen years after this, not dying until 1850, when he was in his eighty-fourth or eighty-fifth year. He was one of a good many examples I have known, that late hours and other irregularities of life do not, of necessity, or in all cases, abridge the duration of human existence. As the theatres declined, or as I lost my taste for that kind of amusement, I seldom again saw old Skeff, who I believe was to be found almost to the last at some playhouse or other.

I met him one morning at old Andrews' library in Bond Street; another day I met him walking towards one of the theatres with Liston the comedian, and the last time I saw him was about the time of Her Majesty's marriage with Prince Albert. At this period he was bent almost double, but the horse-hair wig was on his head and the rouge on his cheeks, and he was as frivolous as ever. The exoterics had been accustomed to call him a dandy. A great mistake! for his style and manners were reprobated by Brummell, Mildmay, and all the set, who pronounced old Skeff to be a quizzical guy. For the last forty years of his life he was quite unfashionable, and pretty well confined to the society of actors and actresses, and of a few young men of fashion, like my friend H., who had a mania for the stage and for private theatricals.

Old Skeff, who would dangle about fifty women at a time, was not the man to marry, and in him the baronetcy became extinct. He was thought of sufficient consequence to be satirized by Byron in "English and Scotch Reviewers," by Tommy Moore in his "Twopenny Post-bag," and by the Smiths in their "Rejected Addresses." Though often in debt, he had never known the pangs or the actual pressure of poverty, and the last twenty years of his life he is said to have had a free income of from £600 to £800 a year. I have seen it stated that he was the author of that rich piece of burlesque, "Bombastes

Furioso," which still keeps possession of the stage; but I rather doubt the fact. His " Sleeping Beauty " had a wonderful run. Though so unmanly and so frivolous, I never heard of poor old Lummy doing any great harm, and he was said to have been always amiable and good-natured. There were much worse men, in his time.

I think I have hinted that my acquaintance, fat old Andrews the bookseller, circulating library keeper, and opera-box letter, of Bond Street, was a *bon vivant*. He was a dreadful *gourmand*.

On the day when he was dying, and would not believe it, he ordered some fresh cod for his dinner. A servant took the dish to his bedside; he eyed it, missed the savoury bits, exclaimed in an excited manner " Where's the sounds ?" dropped his head on the pillow, and so died.

THE RT. HON. JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

I have known in my time a good many very absent-minded men, but never one that came near to this wit, poet, and *diplomat manqué*. I knew him at Malta in 1827, and received much kindness from him. He would dine at the same table and have long talks with you to-day, and would not know you if you met him in the streets to-morrow. If he called you by your right name in the morning, he would be pretty sure to call you by a wrong one in the afternoon or evening. Worse still, he would invite you to dinner, forget all about it, and have dined, or be dining, when you got to his house at *La Pietà*. If anything were told to him that was on no account to be repeated, he was almost sure to tell it to the first friend or acquaintance he met. His scholarship, his wit, his poetry, and perhaps most of all his school fellowship with George Canning, got him into diplomacy; the profession for which, of all others, he was

by nature, habit, and an incurable infirmity, about the least fitted.

He ought to have been a country parson with a good fat living, or the Dean of a Cathedral, though I fear that even in such a post he must have committed himself through his propensity to let his head go a-wool-gathering. The history of his embassy to Madrid, and his conduct there in 1808-09, which completely deceived Sir John Moore, and led to the disastrous retreat to Corunna, cannot be forgotten nor recalled without pain, nor without regret that he should have been diplomatically employed in such a country. In Spain, he was disqualified not only by his absent-mindedness, but by a blind uncalculating enthusiasm for the Spaniards—a malady which his friend Southey shared with him. He was very fond of Spanish literature, particularly its poetry. He had gained great reputation as a youth by a spirited translation of the "Cid"; he took the Spaniards to be as heroical as in the days of the Campeador, and he appears to have taken every Spanish Don or General for a real Cid.

He kept dreaming on, on the banks of the Manzanares, while the English army, abandoned by his Spanish heroes, was getting into terrible difficulties; and he did not awake until Moore was killed, and his army re-embarked for Portugal. It was Frere who, by his mistaken representations and earnest entreaties, induced our Government to order Sir John's advance upon Madrid. This was a responsibility from which the diplomatist could never be cleared. It was a mistake, a blunder; but Frere would remain less inexcusable if, after our retreat, he had not, to cover himself, accused Moore, as brave a soldier as ever drew sword, of something very like cowardice, as well as of indecision and want of military ability. This last was a black spot on Frere's scutcheon, but I believe the only one that was ever there. When the Duke took command of our forces in the Penin-

sula, he said to a friend: "I hope the Government will remove that wit and poet from Madrid, and send a man who doesn't dream, and has common sense, to supply his place!"

Government sent the Duke's own brother, the Marquis Wellesley; and Frere retired on a comfortable ambassadorial pension, and the honours of a "Right Honourable." He was never employed again, either diplomatically or otherwise, and never wished to be so. He fell back upon his books, and upon his rhymes, pleasant fancies, jests, and drolleries; and there he had few rivals. Not long after the peace he married the Dowager Countess of Errol, who had a comfortable jointure. Her ladyship soon began to suffer from asthma. After trying many places, she fancied that what suited her best was the island of Malta; and there they fixed themselves, remained many years without once quitting it, and there they both died and lie interred. Numerous were their deeds of charity; and great, and to some extent lasting, was the good done at Malta by Lady Errol and her poet. Her ladyship, in conjunction at first with the Marchioness of Hastings and her daughters, and then with Lady Emily Ponsonby, got together money enough to form a place of retreat for many aged and infirm Maltese, and to establish an industrial school, where children of both sexes were educated and brought up to be useful and gain their own honest livelihood. Lady Errol was the greatest benefactress of these institutions, for she gave to them not only her money but a great deal of her time and attention.

That pest of revolting mendicity and street begging, which had so troubled all strangers, had begun almost to disappear, when those who founded the almshouses and the school were recalled to England or removed by death, and when our reforming Whig ministry persisted in sending out reforming governors and systematizing commissioners, who chilled,

checked, and threw back the fountain streams of spontaneous charity and voluntary contribution, and failed to supply their place with other waters.

In 1847-48, I thought I saw more beggars in Valetta than I had ever seen there before. One of the most active of Lady Errol's helpers was poor Lady Flora Hastings, second daughter to the Marquis, who died in his government and was buried in Malta in the year 1826. There were some Maltese not destitute of gratitude, for in 1827 I found, nearly every morning, the grave strewed with fresh flowers.

The Marquis was succeeded by General Sir Frederic Ponsonby, one of the most distinguished of our Waterloo heroes, who remained until 1830, when Ministers, who wanted his place for a Whig, recalled him. With these two Governors the poet and his lady were in the closest intimacy and confidence; and they, as well as the whole island, had a happy time while this *régime* lasted, and while as yet our reformers had not turned the heads and alienated the affections of the Maltese people by giving them liberty of the Press, the right of choosing their magistrates and judges, and by making other concessions which never should have been made to such a people, placed in such circumstances.

Rose thought that now Frere must be driven home to England—an event which he heartily desired—and that with his strong Toryism he would never be able to stand these new Governors, these Commissioners, and all that Whig and Radical inundation which set in as soon as Earl Grey got to the helm and had command of the sluice-gates.

But Lady Errol fancied she could not live elsewhere, and the poet took to thinking of something else; not, as I fancy, that he had ever bestowed very much thought upon politics since quitting diplomacy and his country. Year after year I continued to receive by letter, or to hear, some account or other of his eccentricity, absent-mindedness, and

active benevolence. With a little more industry, or only a little more steadiness of purpose, he might have done more justice to himself, and have written a great deal more; but on the whole, he must have passed a very happy, or at least a very easy, quiet, dreamy life. He has left enough behind him to secure a permanent niche in the Temple of poetical Fame; his name will be kept alive in the popular mind by the correspondence of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and of others among the best of his literary contemporaries.

CHAPTER XIV

LORD DUDLEY AND WARD

In the neighbourhood of Rome, on the top of Mount Soracte, I met an English gentleman, followed by a high-bred, unmistakable English dog, the sort of dear creature I had not seen for some years. I was little more than a youth at that time (1821), and even now that I am getting into the *vecchi anni* I am not ashamed to confess that at the time of this meeting I was amusing myself by pitching stones down the steep end of the Horatian mountain, to see how far they would roll, and how many they would carry along with them; and that my acquaintance with an illustrious man was preceded by my making friends with his dog. The gentleman, a great many years my senior, addressed me, and we got into talk about the Campagna of Rome, a good part of which lay outspread beneath us, about the *malaria*, and other topical subjects. I was greatly struck by the originality and spirit of some of his remarks, and could easily make out that he was a high-bred and highly educated man. Such a description of person was not, and, thank God ! is not yet, very rare among Englishmen in easy or even uneasy circumstances.

We parted on the ridge of Soracte, without my knowing or much caring who or what he was. But, not many days after, I renewed my acquaintance with the beautiful dog and his master in the Colosseum, when the talking unit of the duo very kindly recognized me, and fell into talk—clever, original,

delightful talk. Shortly after this, I met him again at the house of Torlonia, the Roman Prince-banker; and there, for the first time, learned that he was the Hon. H. Ward, heir to the Earldom of Dudley and Ward. Even then, he was very wealthy, and was living at Rome in princely style.

We again met repeatedly; he was exceedingly kind, and what was more, exceedingly amusing; and if not instructive, suggestive. But I was shy of his rank; and had, at that time, rather a mistaken notion of the *morgue* of our English aristocracy.

Long after this, in the late autumn or winter of 1829, when I used to follow the harriers across Brighton Downs, I several times saw, and now and then rode side by side with, a very peculiar, odd-mannered gentleman who bent forward as he galloped, and was generally talking to his horse, quite audibly, as well as patting his neck. It struck me that somewhere in this wide world I had seen him before, but I could not remember where. Feeling a little excited by my uncertainty and doubt, I spoke to William Stewart Rose, who guessed from my description of the gentleman that it must be Lord Lake. But, one morning, as I was reading some Italian book, and Rose was spouting Greek, *ore rotundo*, in his library, Dan Hinves came in and said: "Lord, sir! here's Lord Dudley and Ward!" "Show his lordship in!" said Rose, and in came my acquaintance of Mount Soracte and of the Downs. Nine or ten years make a great difference in any man, whether he be young or old; but most, if the elder be not past the "*mezzo cammin*," in a youth. His lordship could not have recognized me, but I must say that I was excusable in not recognizing him, for he was sadly and fearfully altered and changed, far more than the mere progress of time would account for. He had been ill, excited and perplexed by the duties of office as Foreign Secretary; and for some time he had betrayed symptoms of the unhappy malady

which made him the object of a keeper's care, and which not long after this brought him to his grave.

But when Rose had presented me, and had said a few kind words about me, I recalled to his lordship the Soracte meeting, and spoke of a few other things which brought me back to his recollection, and upon this he cordially greeted me. We fell, *à la Rose*, into desultory and very cheerful talk, in which, with a few intervals of abstraction, Lord Dudley took his fair part. We talked so long that Dan Hinves came in to announce our early dinner. "Rose," said his lordship, "will you let me stay and partake of your *polenta* or *minestra?* I am amused where I am, and don't know how much I may be bored where I may go, if I leave you." My host was delighted at the proposition. Here this man of high rank, of eminent wit, of social qualities, and of enormous wealth, made a confession which struck me and which has haunted my mind ever since, greatly to the disparagement of our stiff, formal, London society, that he hardly knew a man to whom he could invite himself to dinner, and that he knew only two or three houses where he could drop in to tea, or even ask for a cup of tea, without being invited. This was said at the end of 1829. Have we mended these matters since then? In the evening, Mr. Hallam dropped in, and the conversation, as befitting a grave historian, became more serious.

But here I was sorry to see that Lord Dudley became more abstracted and at times quite flighty. As I was putting on my cloak and wrapper to walk home with him, Hinves whispered in my ear: "Take care, zur, for he is queer in the head."

Rose, who had known him intimately for very many years, had a great affection and quite as much admiration for the man; and, like Mr. Hallam and other friends of his lordship, he hoped and seemed to believe that Lord Ward's infirmity would stop

short at excessive eccentricity, and that he might live to exercise his liberality and munificence to the fulness of years. "His mother," Rose would say, "has always been far more eccentric than he, yet she has reached a good old age, and still paints her cheeks, goes into society, and drives about the world in a coach and four. There is great generosity of heart, as well as cleverness of head, about Ward. He seemed destined to be a first-rate writer, and a first-rate statesman. George Canning always spoke of him as one of the cleverest men of the day. You remember he was Foreign Secretary under the Canning administration, and so continued under Lord Goderich. If, to make a good Foreign Secretary, a profound acquaintance with the Law of Nations, a statesmanlike view and grasp of political affairs, a wonderful ability in drawing up State papers, and a thorough sincerity and honesty of purpose would have been enough, then Ward would have been the very best Minister who ever presided in Downing Street; but, poor fellow, he early betrayed an infirmity that could not fail of being fatal to a Minister and diplomatist: he thought aloud, and would involuntarily give vent to what was passing in his mind, no matter where the place or what the audience. At times, these loud uttered thoughts were delivered without the least regard to *les bienséances*, not merely of diplomacy, but of general society. To me the effect was ludicrous, but to graver men it was often awful." Rose gave no illustrations of this; but he afterwards told me the following anecdote: When the Goderich Administration was dissolving in its own intrinsic weakness, but before the fact was apparent to the enlightened public, or known to the Foreign Legations in London, his lordship, as Minister, gave a grand diplomatic dinner, at his most elegant house in Park Lane. He did the honours admirably, he enlivened the conversation with flashes of wit and keen observation, but towards the close of the repast

he fell into one of his fits of abstraction; and then, at the head of his table, with the Ambassadors of Austria, France, Russia, and the Plenipos, Ministers, and Envoys of all the world sitting at the board, he thus spoke aloud what was passing through his mind: "I will resign. I know I must. By G——d! we must all go out! It is all up with Goody! Not a move to make, not a leg to stand upon!" The Corps Diplomatique stared at one another, with all their eyes, in mute astonishment.

One night at Brighton, when his lordship was no longer in office, he gave a dinner-party, and was collected and exceedingly pleasant till the dessert, when a servant brought in a note, and delivered it to the Count de C., a Frenchman, who was of the party. Without thinking of, or perhaps without knowing, the English formula, "Will you permit me?" the Count opened the letter and began to read it. Upon this the host rose, snatched the paper from his hand, and put it in the fire. His guests, mostly English, were "struck of a heap," consternated, and the more so as the Count was a fire-eating, duelling fellow, and was now in a towering passion. Ward's friends intervened, but in order to restore peace they were obliged to make the painful confession that his lordship was liable to temporary aberrations of the intellect. Not long after this incident, as Rose and I were going slowly up the London Road, towards Preston, his lordship overtook us, flanked Rose, and fell into pleasant talk. Rose was not riding Velluti, as it was evening, not morning, and we were going to dine at old General Calcraft's; but had he been on his donkey, it would have been all the same to Dudley and Ward. We had a very, very short way to go, but before we achieved the distance, a carriage drawn by four posters, and having within it a lady and gentleman, rapidly met and passed us. "So!" said Lord Ward, thinking to himself, "here comes Lady Holland and her atheist!" "Is it indeed Lady

Holland?" said Rose. "Yes, her ladyship and Mr. Allen," replied Lord Ward. "I have heard of a great lady never travelling without her chaplain—but an atheist!" said Rose. "Atheist?" said his lordship, "did I say atheist? Well, the thought rushed through my mind, and perhaps I was not so far wrong, for, if Allen is not an atheist, he is a philosopher of the Edinburgh school of the fag-end of the last century; and that comes pretty much to the same thing." I would not speak of hatred or malice, of which I believe poor Lord Ward to have been incapable, but to Lady Holland and to Allen, Lord H.'s *Magliabecchi*, provider, and crammer, his aversion and dislike were intense, and he never took any care to suppress or conceal his feelings. Old Sir Samuel Shepherd and his niece, Miss Runnington, were at a picnic, in Mr. Lock's park in the Harrow Road, and with many others were talking and laughing with Lord Ward, who was in the highest spirits and overflowing with wit and humour; but, on a sudden, he darted from them, jumped over a hedge, and disappeared. What was it? Nothing but Lady Holland approaching the spot where he had been, leaning on the arm of Mr. Allen.

He had not much more affection for old Sam Rogers than for her ladyship or Mr. Allen; he disliked him as a retainer and component part of Holland House, and for various other not very amiable peculiarities.

The banker-poet knew this, and hence this spiteful and untrue distich:

> "They say Ward has no heart, but I deny it;
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Old Sam carried a dirk, and on occasion never failed to use it. As for heart, I do not believe he ever had the tithe of Lord Ward's.

Although Hallam was an *habitué* of Holland House, his lordship had both esteem and affection

for him, and when his unhappy malady increased, when he was put under restraint, Hallam was one of the very few friends he would admit in his lucid intervals.

Next to Rose, this accomplished nobleman was, I think, about the best of our Italian scholars; he was deep in Dante, and spoke the *bella lingua* almost to perfection.

I remember how indignant he was at an insane attempt made by that Neapolitan improvvisatore and fugitive carbonaro, G. Rossetti, to turn the sublime language, imagery, and allusions of the "Divina Commedia" into the shibboleth, slang, or *gergo*, of secret, conspiring, political societies of the Middle Ages.

Lord Dudley and Ward had written one or two clever articles for the *Quarterly Review*. They were admirable, and attracted the more notice as being known to come from him; but John Murray, the proprietor, and old Gifford, the editor of the *Review*, had great difficulty in getting anything more out of him.

"My lord," said King John, "if you had only been born a poor man, and were now forced to write for your living, like Southey, what a first-rate reviewer you would have made!"

"Thank you, Murray," said his lordship, "but I think, on the whole, I would rather have the coal-pits and the peerage, than be *that!*"

Fastidious he was, in many things; but I fancy that what this extraordinary man most abhorred was affectation, whether in woman or in man, and that his passion for the first Lady Lyndhurst in good part arose out of her total want of that rather common quality. Old Sam Rogers, who returned, with interest, his lordship's antipathy and dislike, used to say that Ward himself was a "concrete of affectation."

Not so; it was not affectation, but a most acute

taste, and an innate, irrepressible oddity, strengthened no doubt by his malady; it was all natural to him; it was, in fact, his nature itself.

LORD DOVER

In the winter of 1832-33, a few months before his premature and lamented death, his lordship was staying at Brighton in very bad, and visibly very bad, health. His house was flanked on either side by a rich, pompous, party-giving citizen and citizeness. Those new Brighton houses were neither so comfortable nor so substantial as they looked outside; the partition walls between them were thin and porous to sound. One night, when he was very ill, his right-hand neighbour gave a grand *soirée* with a concert. There was no escaping the noise, and poor Lord Dover suffered from it. On calling upon him next morning, he said in his quiet manner: "I have had a bad night of it! I really believe that our next-door neighbour would give a ball and dance at his house, even if he knew I were in the very act of dying." A few nights after this, when his lordship was still worse, and when that neighbour knew it, the man on his left did give a ball, a crowded and very noisy one, for it was full season at Brighton, and a Cavalry Regiment was in barracks, and all the officers who attended the ball waltzed and mazurkaed with their spurs on. I say that this christianly neighbour knew his lordship's condition: he had been politely warned, though not by Lady Dover, or by any of the family. His answer was that "cards" had been issued, and that invitations could not be recalled. But who has lived in London, or in any "fashionable" or "respectable" quarter of it, without being made painfully sensible of the utter indifference of next-door neighbours? of the total disregard of No. 4 to the misery, agony, or death that may be passing at

No. 3 on the one side, or at No. 5 on the other? The lower grades of society are higher in this regard: a poor tradesman will not have song and supper, romp and clatter, if he knows that there is death or dangerous sickness in the next house; and I think I have observed that the very poor, the hard-working classes, are thoughtful and delicate in such occurrences. I take it that the heartlessness of English society—if we have anything left that can be really called society—increases in exact proportion to the increase of pretension and love of display, and that it is in part owing to the insane desire of doing in brick-built street or terrace houses that which can be done properly only in palaces or detached stone mansions. If, as a nation, we have much to be proud of, verily we have much of which to be ashamed! Our pretension, our egotism, our common lack of ease and amiability, will not recommend us in the eyes of posterity, even though that posterity should be worse than ourselves—a case, to all appearance, very likely to occur.

CHAPTER XV

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

'Of all the Messieurs we had at Vienna during the Congress and a year or two after it, whether English, French, or of any other nation, I shall always think that, next to Lord Castlereagh, the most graceful, elegant, polished gentleman was your painter, the Chevalier Lawrence."

So said the Princess Rosamoffski, Austrian by ancient descent and birth, and Russian only by marriage. The unmarried sister of the Princess, a Chanoinesse of Brunn, an accomplished, very tasteful person, echoed the opinion; which I also heard repeated by the Princess Jablonovski, the Countess Cléry, and by other ladies who were of *la crême de la crême* of Viennese society. At Florence, Rome, Naples, and wherever he went in Italy, Sir Thomas made an equally favourable impression.

I had known him in London in 1813-14, and had been wonderfully struck with what appeared to me to be the perfection of his manners. I believe he owed a good deal of the ease and natural elegance of his deportment and carriage to a taste he had cherished for athletic and other exercises; he was very clever with both broad-sword and small-sword, he could beat most men at single-stick, he was a first-rate hand with the boxing-gloves, few could compete with him at billiards, and he had dearly loved dancing. I saw him in Italy in 1818, but only *en passant* and when he was in a great hurry to get back to his London practice. I did not see him

again till the winter of 1829, when I met him at Mrs. Heber's, at John Murray's, and at one or two other houses. In my eye, he had grown very like Mr. Canning, and had a head quite as fine as that statesman's. His society was delightful—so calm, so easy, lively, and unaffected. He said and did everything with a grace. He took pains to do this, but the pains were not apparent.

He had for maxims, that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well; that nothing ought to be done by halves; that if he were a housemaid, he would take a pride in doing the work thoroughly. Even in writing a note to accept an invitation to dinner or to decline one, or on any other familiar or trivial subject, he took pains with it, always gave it some elegant turn, and folded it and sealed it with all possible neatness and elegance. And this he did with all persons. I saw a letter he had written to his tailor. But for the subject-matter, it might have been written to a duchess. Considering that his early education had been quite neglected, that he began to earn his livelihood by his pencil and crayons at the age of fourteen, that he had been so incessantly occupied with his portraits ever since, as to have had little time for reading or study, his range of information, his general knowledge and taste in literature, were quite extraordinary. Even in the company of professed scholars and *literati* he could maintain his share of the conversation, and could always say something agreeable or otherwise worthy of attention.

One night after dinner John Murray expressed his astonishment at the painter's acquirements, and told him to his face that he wondered how he had ever come by them. Sir Thomas replied with a smile: "Mr. Murray, I have always been a good listener. My profession for many years has brought me in close contact with clever, accomplished people, and I have always kept my ear open, and have afterwards treasured up what I heard." There is a good

lesson conveyed in these few words. A good listener is even a rarer thing than a good talker. Most people so much like to shine and talk themselves, that they do not listen at all. Yet let any young man of fair average intellect be thrown very much among accomplished persons, and let him only listen, and afterwards think, as Lawrence did, and in a few years he will have improved his taste and have picked up a good stock of information. One of the best-informed men I ever knew was a foreign nobleman, who owing to bad health and weakness of sight had at no time of his life been able to be much of a reader; but he was constantly surrounded by hard-reading, reflecting, accomplished persons; and, like Sir Thomas, he had always been a good listener.

I was shocked and grieved at the painter's sudden death. I had met him only a few days before, and was to have dined with him at Murray's the very day on which he died. The poverty and difficulties under which his life began have been under-rated rather than over-rated. Genteel biographies have made his father an innkeeper, or an hotel-keeper; but, in truth, he was neither. He was a publican, and kept a common public-house. Even when young Lawrence was making some way in the world, he was kept so poor by the pulls made upon him by his family, that he had seldom money to buy clothes, a case all the harder as he was always fond of being well-dressed.

I knew an old West of England lady, aunt of the present General Salter of the Bombay Army, who presented the limner with his first pair of black satin breeches, to enable him to go *comme il faut* to some ball or assembly at Bath. With his long foreknowledge of the evils of poverty, it is astonishing that he should not have taken more care of his money. After making a very large annual income for the space of a quarter of a century, at the least, he left

little behind him but debts. I never heard this accounted for. Though he lived as a gentleman, he certainly did not live extravagantly; I believe it was never heard that he gambled, or betted, or indulged in any very expensive habits or tastes. He bought old prints and old drawings, it is true; but his yearly outlay on these things did not, in proportion to his income, amount to any great matter. That he was in straitened circumstances was well known a good many years before he died. Old Northcote used to say: "Lawrence began his London life in debt and by borrowing from the Jews, and when once a man makes such a beginning he never makes an end of it, or gets over it, let his income be what it may." There may be a great deal in this. Old Jimmy was a shrewd, cunning fellow.

Sir Thomas, it will be remembered, had neither wife nor family. I believe he occasionally did something for two or three nieces. With one of these, a very pretty and coquettish little woman, I was slightly acquainted, a short time after her marriage. He had promised her husband a portion with her, but he was slow in paying it, and when he paid an instalment he had to borrow the money for the purpose. There was, I believe, some falsehood or exaggeration in a story current in London society a year or two before his death. A bond which he had given for £4,000 came into the hands of Messrs. Coutts and Co., the bankers, who demanded immediate payment, according to the purport of the deed. The chief partner and main proprietor of that bank was no less a personage than the Duchess of St. Albans, who had been previously Mrs. Coutts, and originally Harriette Mellon of Galashiels. According to the received London tale, Lawrence hastened to her, threw himself on his knees at her feet, and implored Her Grace to grant time and to hold the bond. Hereupon the Duchess called for it, put it into the painter's hand, and told him to put it into the fire, and to

think no more about it. Now, I cannot believe the kneeling part of the story, nor can I fancy that with such a winning gracefulness on one side, and so much occasional munificence on the other, the genuflection and abasement could have been at all necessary. What I can readily credit is, that to a man like Sir Thomas Lawrence, the Duchess was quite capable of giving a sum even larger than £4,000.

WILLIAM BROCKEDON, ARTIST AND LECTURER

Poor Brock is gone, and I am sorry for it. I had known him exactly a quarter of a century. He always appeared to be a strong, tough, hale man, likely to reach the age of fourscore. Of late years I had not seen very much of him, but at one time we used to meet rather frequently at John Murray's, Charles Turner's, Blewitt's, and elsewhere. The last time we met was in the summer of 1852, on board a steamer going from Folkestone to Boulogne, when I found my somewhat corpulent and grey-headed friend, equipped with a green wide-awake, and attired in very wide trousers, grey gaiters, and a drab-coloured blouse—a costume in which, it appears, our English tourists now like to exhibit themselves to the gaze of Continentals.

Being very much of a Liberal, he was wishing for another Revolution, or for more barricades to upset Louis Napoleon. But, among the many subjects which my friend would discuss with great vehemence and fluency, without understanding anything about them, politics stood conspicuous. But Brockedon had a great deal of merit and much varied talent. He was born and bred in the genial county of Devon, which has given birth to so many of our artists, and was brought up there to the very humble calling of a watchmaker, or rather watchmender. But he early displayed some ability in drawing and etching,

and he cultivated this talent, came up to London, and became an artist by profession. He began as an etcher and engraver, and did a quantity of creditable work in this line. He was more fortunate than the great majority of these ingenious adventurers; a marriage with a worthy person who had a moderate fortune set him quite at ease as to worldly circumstances. He now quitted the etching-needle and the *burin* for pencil, brush, and palette. I cannot conscientiously say that he very much distinguished himself as a painter, but he certainly gained distinction as a sketcher of scenery.

See his "Passes of the Alps," his views in Italy, and other works. He travelled considerably, and at the same time he addicted himself to physics or natural philosophy. He lost his wife, to his very great grief, but her property and a dear son remained, and on him he seemed to raise all his hopes for the future, all his bright visions. By degrees he had become acquainted with most of the celebrities of the day. He had a very handsome sort of album, in which he had cleverly drawn, in pencil or chalk, the portraits of all his friends or acquaintances—politicians, poets, painters, sculptors, and engravers. He did me the honour of including my effigies, and at a period when I was little known in England, in 1831. "I shall make no use of these things while I live," said he, "but it will be interesting hereafter. I intend it as an heirloom to my boy, and if he turn out a man of taste and feeling he will prize it, and if he choose he may have the sketches engraved and published." Poor Brock! Another striking specimen of the "vanity of human wishes." The child lived on to youth, and then followed his mother to the grave, leaving his father for many years if not a solitary man—for that Brock never could be—yet a man without Lares or Penates, with a lonely home-hearth. He betook himself more than ever to natural and experimental philosophy, and not con-

tent with dissertations at dinner parties and soirées, he took to public lecturing in the Royal Institution and other much-frequented places, too heedless of the fact that his knowledge of the subjects discussed was imperfect. On one or two subjects, such as the history of engraving, he had information to give, and was worth listening to; but, on demand, or on his own offer, he would take up almost any subject or topic. I never knew but one other man who was so bold and impromptu a lecturer; this was Captain Maconochie, of "Prison Discipline" and "Norfolk Island" celebrity. When through indisposition or other accident a lecturer failed in his appointment, people present would say, "Where's Captain Maconochie?" And the Captain would jump up and lecture away the whole of the time stipulated—about anything, or about next to nothing at all.

When wife and son were both gone, poor Brockedon became invaded with the spirit of money-making, and of commercial speculation. I know not how many schemes and joint-stock companies he took up or joined; but I remember that the whole aspect of his home—a very nice old-fashioned house in Queen Anne's Square—was entirely changed; for instead of meeting with artists, men of letters, and musicians there, one met miners, brokers, projectors, managers of companies, and other men who had "shares," "premiums," and "cent. per cent.," scarified on their countenances.

I think it must have been about the year 1836 that Brocky became excessively long-winded on the subject of stopping bottles. Meet him where you would, you were sure to hear a denunciation of corks. "Cork," said he, "is an antiquated barbarism, a vile solecism, a monstrous imposition on an ignorant, unthinking public! Cork never properly preserves your wine, but it often gives it a bad flavour, and so spoils it. For stopping your bottles and decanters there is nothing like caoutchouc,

commonly called india-rubber. I have joined in a patent, and am aiding in the manufacture of such corks. Take my advice, and furnish yourself immediately with india-rubber corks. You will find them a great comfort and a great saving. Hand me a claret bottle and that decanter, and I will show you how they act." And here he would produce a pocketful of his patented stoppers, experimentalize with them, and harangue about them as long as he could find a single listener. "Hang that fellow!" said Matthew Hill one evening. "I wish I could cork him! I wish I could stop him hermetically!"

Whatever he might be going to say—however trivial or trite—Brockedon always preluded by assuming either a very arch and knowing, or a very solemn look, in which he was aided by thick and projecting eyebrows and by other peculiarities of physiognomy. Miss Knight, now Mrs. George Clowes, who had a good deal of her father's wit, with a great deal more humour than her father ever possessed, said: "For a long time, and until I knew him better, I was always expecting that Brockedon was going to say something very witty or uncommonly wise; he is a disappointing man; I have heard nothing from him but commonplace." One might, indeed, have repeated of Brocky what Dr. Johnson said of a certain player: "His conversation usually threatened and announced more than it performed; he fed you with a continual renovation of hope, to end in a constant succession of disappointment."

William Brockedon was a friendly, rather warm-hearted, and "serviceable" man. He must have made very considerable sums by some of his publications, for he was always rather a keen man of business, and the property his wife brought him put him above subjection to the whims or the rapacious tyranny of the booksellers and publishers, and of the vendors of engravings. He had an affection for the memory of that oddest of odd artists, his

county-man, old Northcote. Sometime after that painter's death, he brought out an edition of his Fables, with a short Memoir prefixed, and with many choice woodcuts—a book well worth possessing. I know not of what he died, in 1854, at the age of sixty-six, but he is dead. *Cosi va! l'uno dopo l'altro!* Our friends fall fast; with those who remain we must close up the ranks, and stand shoulder to shoulder.

I knew James Northcote, R.A., a Devonshire man and confirmed old bachelor, in 1814, when he was living like a solitary old spider in a cob-webbed house in Argyle Street. Brockedon, who attempted to write his life, had many curious tales about him. Northcote had a cordial hatred for his county-man, poor Haydon, who, on his side, hated all the members of the Royal Academy, *quoad* Academicians, and who contrived to quarrel with nearly every man he met half a dozen times.

"Isn't this beautiful!" said old Jemmy, showing Brockedon *The Times* newspaper. "Isn't this charming! Here's the King has been sending for Haydon to go down to Windsor Castle, and to take the daub of a picture, called 'The Mock Election' with him! I wish to Christ the King had knighted him! I only wish he had knighted him! It would have shown how Art is appreciated by Royalty!"

CHAPTER XVI

SIR ROBERT PEEL

It has been said by a late writer that this was one of the most susceptible of men. "Sir Robert Peel was extremely susceptible, and like most persons of that constitution, he concealed the warmth, and even irritability, of his feelings under a cold and reserved exterior. But those who knew him best understood how easily he could be moved, and observed that tears would start to his eyes when his sympathies were strongly excited." This is fully confirmed by his friend Lord Hardinge. "Peel had the sensibility of a woman," says Lord Hardinge, "and he was obliged to be on his guard when in public or even when in society. It was nothing but this which made him appear stiff and formal to those who did not know him intimately."

The world will long remember his kindness and delicacy towards the dying Thomas Hood and his family; nor will it soon forget that, on repeated occasions, he was bountiful to Haydon, the painter, and that only a day or so before that unhappy man committed suicide, he applied to Sir Robert for £50, and got it. When Sir Robert heard of Haydon's catastrophe, he exclaimed, with streaming eyes: "Thank God, I sent that cheque! Thank God, I sent it immediately! If Haydon had not received it, I should have felt as if haunted by his ghost."

Sir Robert was fond of dumb animals, and was especially fond of his friend Lord Hardinge's pet, the little white dog, with which he would play for

ten minutes at a time. Not long after his accident and death, Lord Hardinge said to me: "The last time Sir Robert was here (South Park) I one morning left him alone in the drawing-room with my favourite for about a quarter of an hour. When I returned to him I found him playing with the dog, which he had put up on that marble mantelpiece, there—just by that enamel portrait of the Duke. He turned his head, and said: 'Hardinge, I do like this little fellow; he can't solicit, he can't ask for place or patronage, he can't din me with politics, he can't be ungrateful! See how faithful and fond he is to you! Now that you are come back, he won't stay with me!' He put down the dog, who came leaping into my lap. Sir Robert mused and looked melancholy for a minute or two, and then said: 'But it is an old regret that men should have less gratitude than dogs.'"

SPENCER PERCEVAL

Some scoffer said of this statesman, that he had missed his vocation; that in him a first-rate Methodist parson had been spoiled by being turned into a Prime Minister. Now here, as is usual with such sayings, there is more wit and point than truth. Mr. Perceval had nothing of the Methodist, nothing of the sectarian about him; he was a faithful, conscientious, devout member of our Church, regular in his attendance on its services, and pious without being in any way intolerant, sour, or fanatical. One Sunday morning, while he was Premier, he was going to church with his wife and children, at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and as he was almost at the church door, a nobleman, with four smoking post-horses, drove up and told him that His Majesty wanted to see him on important business, immediately, or as soon as might be, at Windsor. "My lord," said Perceval, "I must first perform my duty to

my Heavenly Master; and that done, I will instantly attend on my earthly master." He went calmly into the church and remained the whole time of the service, after which a light travelling carriage and four good horses swiftly wafted him to the King. This anecdote was told me, only the other day (August, 1856) by my very handsome, very amiable, but very eccentric friend, John Thomas Perceval, the Minister's second son, who had it from his sister's governess, who went with the family to church. John himself was of the party, but he was too young to remember the incident. In many other ways, Whig jealousy, malice, and virulence, did, and occasionally continue to do, gross injustice to the character, courage, and abilities of this Minister. If not a statesman of the very first order, the sort of man that appears scarcely twice in a century, he could never be fairly ranked low down in that order. He had great business talents, he was wonderfully steady to his work, thoroughly honest in his motives, and firm and consistent in his principles. Even as a lawyer, as a House of Commons man, as an orator, a debater, and as a writer of State papers, he had far more ability than many of those who lampooned him. It is highly honourable to the memory of the late Sir Samuel Romilly that, in despite of his strong Whiggery, he did justice to the virtues and talents of Perceval, in several of his letters and diaries, and left upon record what ought by this time to have corrected the inadequate, unfair appreciation so generally entertained of the unfortunate Minister, who fell murdered while in the act of serving his King and country. In justice to Spencer Perceval it ought to be remembered that the times of his Premiership were times which presented tremendous difficulties, not the least of them being the transfer of the Royal authority and prerogative from the poor, blind, mad old King, to his son, the Regent. Mr. Perceval manfully stood by our great Commander

when the Whigs were for recalling him, if not for bringing him before a Council of War, to ruin and disgrace; Mr. Perceval liberally fed the war in the Peninsula, and Mr. Perceval conferred an inestimable benefit on the Army, by having the moral courage, in 1811, to restore the Duke of York to the Horse Guards, in spite of Whig and vulgar clamour, and the scandals brought forth, in 1808, by Mary Anne Clarke and her *cher ami*, Colonel Wardle. Old Sir David Dundas, a mere martinet and a very incompetent man, had succeeded, during the short time he had been Commander-in-Chief, in disgusting or in indisposing the whole Army. Under his sleepy, dreary regimen, not a single thing had been done well at the Horse Guards, or across the way in the War Office. The Duke of York instantly put a new life into those departments, and into the whole Service.

I have said elsewhere, in a work which has long been before the world, and which is now being reproduced, with my name unfairly taken out of the title-page, "the public character of Perceval was much underrated, and his private character little understood. As a Minister, he showed courage when courage was most wanted, and when timidity and hesitation must have brought on the most ruinous and degrading consequences. His private character seems to have been not only without a blemish, but rich in some of the high and generous virtues; and, with qualities like these, his public character could not possibly be, as faction represented it, unmanly, vile, treacherous, and every way base. His disinterestedness seemed to be proved by the poverty in which he died.

"As a private man," says Romilly, "I had a very great regard for Perceval. We went the same circuit together, and for many years I lived with him in a very delightful intimacy. No man could be more generous, more friendly, or more kind than he

was. No man in private life had ever a nicer sense of honour. Never was there, I believe, a more affectionate husband, or a more tender parent."

Wilberforce said of him: "Perceval had the sweetest of all possible tempers, and was one of the most conscientious men I ever knew; the most instinctively obedient to the dictates of conscience, the least disposed to give pain to others, the most charitable and truly kind and generous creature I ever knew."

Mrs. Perceval was quite worthy of her husband; she was a most benevolent, tender-hearted, charitable person, an exemplary woman in all essentials and in every respect. I know a good deal of her from having lived nearly a twelvemonth on Blackheath, near to the family residence, and from my mother having rather frequently been the medium of her bounty to the sick and needy. There must be yet living in that neighbourhood many an elderly person to whom the name of Perceval ought to be dear.

Sir James Mackintosh, who had just returned from India, received a very friendly communication from Mr. Perceval the very day on which he was shot. Had the pistol missed fire, or had Bellingham missed his aim, Sir James would soon have been properly provided for. I have elsewhere shown how scurvily he was treated by his friends the Whigs. I shall never forget the mild May afternoon on which the murder was committed.* I was walking towards the Houses of Parliament, to look with boyish curiosity at the Peers and Members, when, in passing the Horse Guards, I saw two military-looking men walking and smoking in the open street. This was the very first time I had seen such a thing done by gentlemen, and almost the first time I had ever seen cigars. In my young days only old gentlemen smoked, and they made use of clay tobacco-pipes. Before I reached the lower end of Parliament Street

* 11th May, 1812.

I saw people running at full speed towards the old House of Commons, and I met an excited crowd, and heard many voices saying the Prime Minister had just been shot in the Lobby. The cigar-smoking in the street and the horrible murder have ever since been connected and linked together in my mind. When I think of those cigars I think of Mr. Perceval, and when I think of him, I think of those cigars. My old Scottish acquaintance, William Jerdan, originator and very many years editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was at this period employed as parliamentary reporter for a newspaper; he was in the Lobby when Bellingham passed him, and discharged the pistol, and he was the first to rush to the aid of the unfortunate Minister. I think he relates that he collared the assassin, and forced the pistol from him. Mr. Croker has convicted Miss Martineau and other writers of the Liberal school of downright falsehood in stating that a multitude yelled and exulted at the funeral of poor Lord Londonderry. I am afraid that I cannot controvert what Sir Samuel Romilly states in his diary respecting the death of Perceval. He says that among the multitude which rapidly collected in the streets, and about the avenues of the House, the most savage expressions of joy and exultation were heard. I can only say that they were not heard by me. I must, however, add that the person in whose charge I was grew alarmed at the crowd and rush, and soon took me away from the spot. Romilly says that he was induced to think that the English character must have undergone some unaccountable and portentous change. As I have stated elsewhere, I cannot believe that the national character was much committed. The savage cries, if really raised, must have proceeded from the very rabble of Westminster and Tothill Fields. I remember well walking through the populous streets and suburbs of the capital on that afternoon, and seeing the mixed feelings of indignation, horror,

and pity, expressed on almost every countenance. There may possibly have been among the rabble some few individuals above the common condition, or not of the very lowest classes, but these must have had their hearts turned and set on fire by rabid Whigs and Parliament reformers, by demagogues and haranguers, and by scurrilous party newspapers, such as the *Independent Whig*, which, if addressed to a more excitable and more sanguinary people than the English, might have induced some men not merely to applaud the deed, when it was done, but to have themselves undertaken the assassination of the Minister, as a foe of the people, a traitor to his country, and as the meanest and most hypocritical slave that had ever served an immoral, depraved, and tyrannical Prince.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HONOURABLE MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

For the long term of twenty-eight years have I been blessed with the friendship of this illustrious man, and most amiable and perfect gentleman. I first met him in the summer of 1828, at Constantinople, in the house of the Netherland Ambassador, the Baron Zuyler de Nyevelt. Mr. Elphinstone had resigned the governorship of Bombay and retired from the Indian Service about a year before. Although he had been upwards of thirty years in India—without ever leaving the country except when on his mission to the Afghans—his lively classical tastes and his love of antiquities and research made him in no hurry to reach the country and home he had left when a mere stripling: he had taken what is called the overland route; he had visited all the most remarkable scenes and things in Egypt and Syria, had explored all the most noted of the Greek Islands of the Archipelago, had visited the Holy Land, had come through the pass of Mount Taurus, and had traversed Asia Minor from that pass as far as Smyrna, and on to the Troad; and he was now contemplating a return homeward through Greece and Italy. He was accompanied by a Dr. Gordon, in the Company's Medical Service, and by Mr. Arthur Steel, of the Company's Civil Service, and a young man of very high promise, to whom Mr. Elphinstone was evidently much attached.

For the nonce, we were all Dutchmen—that is to say, we had all Dutch passports and were under

Dutch protection, for, in consequence of the Battle of Navarino, Sir Stratford Canning, as well as the Ambassadors of France and Russia, had quitted the Porte, and suspended diplomatic relations in the course of the preceding winter. In the honest, open-hearted, very hospitable Netherlander we all found an excellent protector. Two or three months after my arrival at Constantinople, when a quacking, careless Irish doctor was killing me by inches, I certainly owed my life to the Baron, his Lady, and a very able Swedish physician in their service. I never knew a stranger from any civilized country pass a first month at Stamboul, or anywhere in that neighbourhood, without an attack of some inflammatory disorder. Mr. Elphinstone and his companions all fell ill, and my turn came soon after. Mr. E. and poor Steel recovered rapidly; but not so Dr. Gordon, who died in Greece. Poor Steel was drowned in a ditch of a river in Ireland in the following summer. On my reaching England I renewed my acquaintance with this accomplished person, at the houses of Ben Hoare and of his father-in-law, dear old Brunel, the engineer. Steel was a ripe scholar, a clever artist, an able writer, a first-rate man of business; and he had before him the sure prospect of a brilliant Indian career. He was little more than thirty when he went over to Ireland to visit a schoolfellow—and to perish. "And I and other creeping things live on."

On leaving Constantinople Mr. Elphinstone had the kindness to say that we should be sure to meet in London, and that he would gladly renew a pleasant acquaintance. I reached home, in very reduced health, in the spring of 1829, and in the summer of that year met Mr. E. in the house, in the Regent's Park, of Bishop Heber's widow. There was a pleasant party, and I remember that among the guests were Mr. Hallam and Washington Irving, with both of whom Mr. E., who had not previously known them,

was much delighted. We sat till midnight, and, as our roads coincided, we walked home together, walking very slowly and talking the whole way. From that evening we became very intimate. I have said that our friendship dates from twenty-eight years back; but if I were to enumerate all the kindnesses, all the hospitality, all the instruction, and all the acts of solid, important service, rendered by him to me and mine during this long interval, it would be necessary to multiply 28 by 100. In the course of this season I visited him, and he visited me in my humble lodgings in Berners Street, Oxford Street, very frequently; and then we often met at Mrs. Heber's, at the Asiatic Society, at Mr. John Murray's the publisher's, at Mrs. Leaves', a sister of "Hadji Baba" Morier, and at other places of resort in good society. Wherever Mr. Elphinstone went, he was a favourite. With the exception of Lord Hardinge and only two or three others, I have never known any man to have been so universally esteemed and beloved. He was at this time in a tolerably good state of health; indeed, in very good health for one who had spent so many years of his life in Hindustan; but he had always rather a delicate look, and now through many years he has been a frequent sufferer. The varied learning, the amount of general information he possesses, by themselves alone, render him a most remarkable man. I have said that he went out to India as a mere stripling; and it was in that burning climate that he acquired nearly all that he knew or knows, and that, too, almost entirely by self-discipline and self-tuition. "In India," he says, "a man must either study or take to gambling or drinking. Everyone there, whether a military man or in the Civil Service as I was, has so very much time on hand." Bishop Heber, who visited him and stayed some time with him when he was Governor of Bombay, has left upon record the following striking and elegant tribute, for the perfect truthfulness of which I can vouch:

"Mr. Elphinstone is, in every respect, an extraordinary man, possessing great activity of body and mind; remarkable talent for, and application to, public business; a love of literature, and a degree of almost universal information such as I have met with in no other person similarly situated; and manners and conversation of the most amiable and interesting character. While he has seen more of India and the adjoining countries than any man now living, and has been engaged in active political, and sometimes military, duties since the age of eighteen, he has found time not only to cultivate the languages of Hindustan and Persia, but to preserve and extend his acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, with the French and Italian, with all the elder and more distinguished English writers, and with the current and popular literature of the day, both in poetry, history, politics, and political economy. With these remarkable accomplishments, and notwithstanding a temperance amounting to rigid abstinence, he is fond of society; and it is a common subject of surprise with his friends at what hours of the day or night he finds time for the acquisition of knowledge. His policy, as far as India is concerned, appeared to me peculiarly wise and liberal; and he is evidently attached to, and thinks well of, the country and its inhabitants. His public measures, in their general tendency, evince a steady wish to improve their present condition. No government in India pays so much attention to schools and public institutions for education. In none are the taxes lighter, and in the administration of justice to the natives in their own language, in the establishment of *Punchayets*, in the degree in which he employs the natives in official situations, and the countenance and familiarity he extends to all the natives of rank who approach him, he seems to have reduced to practice almost all the reforms which had struck me as most required in the system of government pursued in

those provinces of our Eastern Empire which I had previously visited. His popularity—though to such a feeling there may be individual exceptions—appears little less remarkable than his talents and acquirements; and I was struck by the remark I once heard, that 'all other public men had their enemies and their friends, their admirers and their aspersers, but that of Mr. Elphinstone everybody spoke highly.' Of his munificence—for his liberality amounts to this—I had heard much, and knew some instances myself. With regard to the free press, I was curious to know the motives or apprehensions which induced Mr. Elphinstone to be so decidedly opposed to it in this country. In discussing the topic he was always open and candid, acknowledged that the dangers ascribed to a free press in India had been exaggerated; but spoke of the exceeding inconvenience, and even danger, which arose from the disunion and dissension which political discussion produced among the European officers at the different stations; the embarrassment occasioned to the Government by the exposure and canvass of all their measures by the Lentuli and Gracchi of a newspaper; and his preference of decided and vigorous to half measures, where any restrictive measures at all were necessary. I confess that his opinion and experience are the strongest presumptions I have yet met with, in favour of the censorship. Mr. Elphinstone is one of the ablest, and most amiable men I ever met with."—*Indian Journal.*

Mr. Elphinstone has rather frequently changed his place of residence, has been several times travelling on the Continent, and has made more than one sojourn in Rome; but I have never been long without having the pleasure of seeing him, or that of hearing from him. For some years he kept his headquarters and his valuable library in the Albany. Three East Indians were living there at the same time, and in the same *corps de logis*, and I believe on the very same floor—Mr. Elphinstone, Lord Glenelg,

and Thomas Babington Macaulay, whom people will persist in calling *the* Historian, although with him History is little more than a romance and a political satire. I know that the three were every day ascending and descending the same staircase. Their apartments were in the principal block of the building—that which, in front, looks on the open courtyard and on Piccadilly. With easy, indolent, good-natured Lord Glenelg the case was different; but I believe that there was not, and never could have been, much sympathy between two men so different as Macaulay and Elphinstone.

As years and infirmities increased, my friend left London to reside almost entirely in the country. He had a pretty place by Dorking; and has now, and has had for some years, a very charming place, Hookwood Park, by Godstone, where I have the privilege of being a frequent guest. The quiet village church stands at the end of the park, and looks holy and beautiful, as seen from the library windows, peeping through the park trees. I scarcely know a more charming, more thoroughly English little vignette. The house is nearly all over library. On the ground-floor three spacious rooms open upon one another, and these from floor to ceiling have the walls covered with excellent books; while, upstairs, in bedrooms and dressing-rooms, there is another collection. The works are in a great variety of languages. Many are Italian, as he is very fond of that language and literature. It is delightful always to have so many good books of reference at hand, and to see how constantly and with what spirit he uses them. Though very infirm, and though suffering much in his eyes, he never calls in either servant or amanuensis, but always goes himself to the shelves and takes down the book or books he wants. He knows where to lay his hand on every volume, every pamphlet, every map and chart. He takes just as much interest in all that is doing in science, literature, and art, as he did when I first knew him. I never knew so keen an interest

in any man, for his time of life. He is almost sure to have read himself, or to have had read to him, the last new novel, for not even novels escape him. He sees but little society; for months at a time he lives alone with his books, thoughts, and remembrances.

When he goes to London for a few days he always puts up at the Waterloo Hotel, Jermyn Street, St. James's, because dear Sir Walter lived there and went thence to Scotland to die at Abbotsford. I have often heard him regret that when he went out to India he was too young to have made the acquaintance of the poet; and that when he returned, poor Scott was oppressed by his financial difficulties, and was rapidly declining. He, however, saw him rather frequently and always speaks of him with warm affection. No one living is better acquainted with his poems and novels, and very few are so capable of appreciating them. One of the old Scottish friends to whom he seems most attached is Lord Murray, the Judge and brother to the late Laird Will Murray, a very keen Whig, but a jovial, hospitable, open-hearted, open-handed man.

Mr. Elphinstone does not like rigid, stiff, sour people.

When Governor of Bombay, he lived like a Prince, or rather those about him lived as a Sovereign Prince's people might live. His cellar was as good as his kitchen; the best wines flowed copiously, but during many years he never tasted them himself. Within the last ten or twelve years he has taken up "the milk of old age" and enjoys a few glasses of good old sherry. The port and claret he leaves to me. He is obliged to live by rule. We always meet at breakfast at nine, and sit a good time over it. He then retires for an hour to the inner library to read or to answer letters. At about eleven we go out into the park, and sometimes into the village, talking all the time. At 2 p.m. we lunch, and again sit a good while, talking more than eating or drinking; next we go into the drawing-room and discuss books, and talk till about

five, when he takes another hour to himself; at seven we dine, then talk on till eleven, and then to bed.

I have led this life with him day after day, and think I can never have talked and listened so much to any other person in the same given time. No matter what be the subject introduced, he is sure to have information to give, or some new view to suggest. Unhappily, when I was last with him, in June, 1855, I found that an old tendency to deafness had very much increased, but still he could hear me very well, and he encouraged me to talk away as usual. In other respects there had been a visible change for the worse, and that within a very few months. He had had influenza, and was suffering from its consequences. On leaving him at the hall door, I could not avoid the melancholy impression that I had seen my friend and benefactor for the last time. It was a glorious late June morning, with bright sky and warm sunshine, and yet with a fresh, invigorating breeze.

The farmers had made and were carrying in the hay, the sweet odour of which, mingled with the scent of sweetbriar in the hedgerows, filled the atmosphere, and made it a delight to breathe; but my spirits were depressed by the condition of my friend, and by one of the most serious domestic calamities that have ever visited me. I rallied in the railway-carriage, between Godstone and London, being brought to myself, or rather taken out of myself, by a long-bearded Pole, and a longer-bearded German, Socialists both, and both makers of barricades. They were coming from Paris, declaring with many an oath that there was no living there now that the *grédin* Louis Napoleon had got the French into such a timid, submissive, anti-republican, anti-democratic condition. The Pole had taken to himself, at Glasgow, a Scottish wife; and she, during his late absence in France, had taken herself off, with another man, to the United States of America.

"I would not care the ash of this cigar for her," said the Pole, "but she has sold the furniture and carried off all the money." The German thought that if the secret societies and clubbists could only get the upper hand on the Continent, and put the guillotine *en permanence*, things might yet go well with honest men. "*Oui*," said the Pole, "*mais il nous faudra, au moins, un million de têtes*." A few weeks after this, my friend John Perceval heard the very same words from a French Socialist. People in England are not aware how little the spirit of Jacobinism is changed, or how far these horrible principles extend in France, throughout Germany, and in Italy. Let anything fatal happen to Louis Napoleon, and it will be found that we have been sleeping over the crater of a volcano.

MR. DAVIS, JUDGE AT BENARES

"Old Davis," as he was called—he lived to a very great age, and had children rather late in life—was a real character, and one of the bravest of little men. He was father of the present Sir Francis Davis, late Governor of Hong-Kong, and of Mrs. J. F. Lyall, who has been mentioned in connection with Lord Hardinge and his generous doings.

I know not how far back it was in the last century that Davis went out to India in the Civil Service; but when my dear friend the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone went to the same country and service, Davis was well up the tree of promotion. This was in the year 1797-98. Elphinstone was at that time little more than a mere schoolboy, having not yet counted his seventeenth summer. He was at once placed under Davis, who took him into his own house, and looked after him with all the solicitude of a father, while Mrs. Davis acted the part of a other towards the interesting youth—for interesting

Mountstuart must have been at every period of his life.

In his old age I have often heard him attribute his success in life to the fact of his having been at once put under the care and guidance of these excellent people. Only a few weeks ago, at his pleasant retirement in Hookwood Park, he returned to the subject. "I do really believe," said he, "that I owe more to good old Davis and his wife than to any-one else, or to all else, in the world. But for them, I might have gone into dissipation and excess, like so many other youths at that period. They kept me at home, and kept me employed. You may fancy that I had had but a very imperfect scrambling education. Besides, what can a boy of seventeen really know? Davis was well-informed, very clever as a man of business, and rather fond of literature as well as of art. He had good books, and we soon obtained more. I then took seriously to educating myself, and in Davis's family I may be said to have laid the foundation of such knowledge as I possess, or have possessed. I could not be too grateful to them."

Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned to England many years before Mr. Elphinstone, but when he came home he renewed his friendship, and he treated them as his most valued, best friends, until their deaths, only a few years since.

According to Mr. Elphinstone's account, while he was with him Davis was a spare, wiry, strong, but very small man. At times he was rather choleric and peppery in his temper; but this was natural enough, seeing that he was a Welshman, and was living in burning Bengal. He was very active, very capable of enduring excessive fatigue, and he had nerve enough for anything that might be done or borne by mortal man. The heroism he displayed in defending his house and family at the time of the revolt of Vizier Ali, and the massacre of Benares

(14th January, 1799), ought not to be allowed to pass from the memory of Anglo-Indians or of any Englishman. His son, Sir Francis, has published a small but very interesting book on the subject, which does not appear to be so well known as it ought to be. It presents one of the most exciting chapters or episodes to be found in British Indian history. At the time of the events, Sir Francis was a child; but when he wrote his narrative, he obtained, besides papers, the personal information and assistance of Mr. Elphinstone, who was on the spot, and was himself an eye-witness of some of the acts of the bloody drama.

The little book is as true as it is interesting; few narratives can have higher claim to implicit credit.

Vizier Ali and his band of assassins, after butchering Mr. Cherry, Captain Conway, and Mr. Evans, made a dash at Mr. Davis's house, situated outside the town. A single sentry, stationed about fifty yards from the door, was shot down. The Judge sent Mrs. Davis, her two children, and all the servants, to the terrace on the top of the house, and then ran for his firearms, which unfortunately were below. But the murderers, about two hundred in all, were already in possession of the lower part of the house; and the only weapon which Mr. Davis could reach was an Indian pike or spear, which chanced to be upstairs. This pike, according to his son, Sir Francis, was one of those used by running footmen in India. It was of iron, plated with silver, in rings, to give a firmer grasp, rather more than six feet in length, and had a long triangular blade of more than twenty inches. With this weapon, and single-handed, the Judge defended himself like a valiant soldier, and saved his own life, the lives of his wife and children, and of many others. Taking his station on the terrace, on one knee, just over the trap-door of the staircase, he waited for the assault. He was favoured by the steepness and narrowness of the staircase, which allowed only a

single man to ascend at a time. It opened at once to the terrace, like a hatchway on board ship; but it had only a light cover of painted canvas stretched on a wooden frame. This opening he kept uncovered, that he might see what approached from below. The first ruffian that came near shook his sword and made use of very foul language, to which Davis replied by telling him that the English troops were coming up from camp, and by thrusting the blade of the pike into his arm. The coward disappeared on the instant: another came up, but being wounded in the hand, he ducked under like his predecessor. No further attempt was made on that well-defended staircase; but the two hundred cowards kept firing up at the terrace, which luckily had a parapet. They also went round the house and the veranda in search of some easier means of getting to the house-top. The Judge could not quit his post at the head of the staircase for a moment to look out; and one of the female servants, venturing to look over the parapet wall, was shot through the arm. They could now only remain where they were, anxiously expecting the arrival of some of the military or of some of the police; and in this anxiety they were kept for nearly an hour and a half. At last Davis heard the noise of many persons hastily ascending the stairs. He grasped his pike, but the newcomers were friends, not foes—they consisted of a native officer of police and some fifteen Sepoys. Finding that he could muster such a force, with their firelocks, bayonets, and fifteen rounds each, the brave Judge now considered his danger as quite over.

"I believe," says Mr. Elphinstone, "that, at that time, little Davis with his fifteen Sepoys would not have hesitated to attack a thousand of the rabble insurgents." The vile gang went off at score to plunder and burn other English houses, and to murder, which they did, three more Englishmen. In a brief space of time a small advance party of cavalry from

General Erskine's camp came up to the Judge's house, and it was soon followed by the entire detachment, headed by General Erskine himself.

The insurgents appeared to be determined to make a stand, to plunder Benares, and then to set fire to the four corners of the city. In marching through one of the suburbs our troops suffered considerably by a hot fire from the houses, and both of General Erskine's orderlies were shot at his side. But they reached the Nabob's strongly-walled and fortified palace, blew open the gate with some field pieces, and obtained admission to the principal court and then into every part of the edifice, garden, and grounds. They searched there, but in vain, for the dastardly conspirator and assassin, Vizier Ali. He had fled northwards towards Betaul, accompanied by all his well-mounted horsemen.

In his early days, some time before the great French Revolution of 1789, Mr. Davis, then passionately fond of drawing and landscape-painting, travelled on the Continent and resided a considerable time in Paris, where he attracted some attention as an amateur artist. Some drawings he exhibited at Paris were highly admired and much talked of at the time. He continued to cultivate this taste in India. Being at an up-country station near to the ruins of Gaur, one of the ancient Hindu capitals, he set out alone, and on foot, one cool morning, to make sketches of those remains. He was intent on his work, carrying his eye from the ruins to his sketch-book, from his sketch-book to the ruins, and looking at nothing else, when all at once he heard a rustling noise, and a heavy tread. Looking sharply round, he saw, close on his right flank, a huge surly-looking bear, staring at him round the corner of a ruin. The only weapon he had with him was a penknife to cut his pencils. But he did not lose heart or nerve; he closed his sketch-book with a slap, raised a shout, and stood still with his open penknife in hand. Bruin

was alarmed, and took to flight. After seeing him disappear, the Judge finished his sketch, and then walked back to the station, vowing that he would have the bear's skin for a rug. He said nothing about the adventure, but the next morning he returned to the ruins with rifle and pistols, and a hunting-knife which might be useful if he and the bear should come to close quarters. He entered those mournful ruins of remote ages, and examined every part of them. There was no bear. The following morning he went again. Still no Bruin. He went again and again, until one fine evening he surprised the bear among the ruins, and sent his rifle-bullet through his heart. He then sent servants to bring in the dead monster, whose skin afterwards served the brave little Judge as a rug.

I first had this bear story from Mr. Elphinstone, but I have since heard it repeated as a family tradition by old Davis's daughter, Mrs. J. F. Lyall.

Mr. E.'s modesty never allows him to make himself the hero of his own stories. As he had so much to do with the preparation of Sir Francis Davis's Benares narrative, the fact is, of course, not mentioned there; but I have grounds for believing that it was through the courage, activity, and hard riding of my friend, who chanced to be in the town when the insurrection broke out, that the native police-officer and the sepoys were hurried to the Judge's house, and the cavalry and field-pieces were brought up so quickly and so very opportunely.

CHAPTER XVIII

ELIJAH BARWELL IMPEY

While at Oxford, where he became what is called "Faculty Student," Impey, whose temper and manners were always endearing, was a great favourite. He was quite a pet with the Dean of Christ Church, Cyril Jackson, who had previously been tutor to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. But the Dean, as a shrewd, practical man, could not be blind to Impey's shortcomings, and to defects in his intellectual conformation, which must bar his progress in anything like real, worldly, active life. Though an elegant poet, a good Grecian, a first-rate Latinist, a good modern linguist, knowing well German, French, Italian, and Spanish, poor Impey had no head at all for mathematics, and very little head even for the four rules of arithmetic. With all his accomplishments, he could never sum up an hotel bill, or divide a round number of pounds and shillings into three equal parts. I have seen him perplexed in the extreme by his housekeeper's account of a week's expenditure; and here I may as well confess that I could afford him little help, being scarcely better up than he in Cocker or Walsingham.

We had generally to call in Mr. A., who had once been in some trade or other, and who always remained, in heart, mind, and practice, a sharp man of business. I believe that A. was quite incapable of appreciating what was in us, and despised us for what was out of us.

Very many years before this, Cyril Jackson said

to my friend: "Impey, you are a clever fellow in your way, but you will never be a great man, for you don't know your multiplication table, and will never properly learn it."

But Impey was impeded by other circumstances; he started in life with that competency of fortune which generally proves fatal to hard work or persevering application; he had a very delicate, nervous, susceptible constitution, and at his first start in life he made a sad mistake in the choice of a profession. He entered the Army as a cornet of dragoons; after some months, being lodged in one of our cold, comfortless, damp barracks, he was attacked by a bronchial disease, which drove him from the service, kept him nearly all his life a valetudinarian, and never quite left him until death.

His father, the old Judge, had a brother who had been a physician; and he wished Elijah to follow the profession of his uncle, who I believe had left him a nice little property. But Impey would never have had nerve or decision enough for medical practice. Neither the Bar nor the Church was to be thought of, as he had an impediment in his speech, and a weakness of thorax and voice after his barrack malady. The bronchitis was an unfortunate incident; but from his short military career, and his careful drill, Impey derived the advantage of an easy and strikingly elegant carriage; and this, like the disorder, accompanied him to the verge of the grave. That for which he would have been admirably suited was some easy diplomatic employment, or some post in our Foreign Office, where trustworthiness, intelligence, and literary and philological acquirements were required. When well advanced in years and considerably reduced in fortune, he did apply for some such post, through the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose father had been his father's intimate friend. The Marquis told him that possibly with time and with great exertion—the applicant was already grey—

there might be procured for him a situation as précis writer in the Foreign Office, with a salary of from £200 to £300 per annum.

On this brilliant distant prospect my friend turned his back, not in anger, but not without contempt, for Lord Lansdowne owed him a kind turn; and other men being in office, or having patronage or influence, had given him promises. But it was quite natural that he should be thus treated by an ultra-liberal Whig Government. Though mild and considerate in politics, as in everything else, Elijah Impey was a Conservative and a High Churchman, a refined scholar, admirably qualified for the post he aimed at, and a most entire and perfect gentleman. When did the Whigs of our day ever employ such a man, being wholly or almost wholly without parliamentary or borough interest?

I was staying for a day or two with Impey down at Sandgate, in the old hotel close by the seaside, the then keeper of which was a very uncourteous, uncleanly Boniface. After enduring many discomforts and impositions—for he had been in the house some weeks before I joined him—he gently complained to the landlord, one morning after breakfast, of certain greasy plates and dirty napkins. No reproof could be more gentle, but that ill-conditioned Boniface took it in dudgeon, flew out in a passion, and in the peculiar style of such people told my friend to his face that he was no gentleman. "Am I not?" said Impey. "Then I have been living sixty-five years in the world under a great mistake. You had better bring your bill." The bill, an unconscionable one, was brought and paid, and we took our departure for the Pavilion at Folkestone, where we found much civility. In his later years, when his infirmities were thick upon him, and when even an hour's reading distressed him, poor Elijah would often complain to me that his had been a misled, idling, vacant, wasted existence; that he ought to

have taken up, early in life, some useful pursuit, to have cultivated some profession, the gains of which, added to his patrimony, would have enabled him prudently to marry some accomplished lady of his own condition. "Had I done this," said he, "I should not have known the wearying listlessness, the *ennui*, the spleen, which have so frequently tormented me; and now, instead of being alone in the world, dependent on mercenary domestics, who treat me as you see, I might have a faithful, affectionate companion, and a child or two sitting by my fireside!"

I always did my best to dissipate these vain regrets. I used to tell him, with all the sincerity of inward conviction, that his life had not been thrown away; that he had been highly useful in the world as reminding our ever-changing society of what the refined, accomplished English gentleman of the good old school had been; that his literary conversation, his just taste and criticism, had been serviceable to many younger men; and that some of his literary exercises would survive him and prove that he had been no sordid, sensual, or common man.

When I was departing for Turkey, in 1847, he was breaking up, and he expressed a doubt as to whether he should live to see me on my return. "Live on, my dear Impey," said I; "live on to give the world assurance of an English gentleman, a character becoming every day more scarce." He did live to witness my return in the autumn of 1848; but I saw him but once, and then both his wit and his memory were gone. He died in the following spring. I grieved for his loss; but it was better that he should go. He was well prepared. For many years his daily life had been a preparation for death; life no longer offered him anything but suffering.

Considering his temperament and his infirmities, it was quite wonderful he should have lasted as long as he did. He was nearly seventy when he died,

and was carried to Hammersmith Church, to be deposited in the family vault by the side of his mother and of his father, Sir Elijah, the much-calumniated, upright, able Indian Judge, and most excellent and able man. I still believe that my dear friend's life was shortened by the excessive anxiety he felt, and the labour he underwent, in justifying his father's memory from the reckless aspersions and ignorant, blundering, inconsiderate calumnies of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who, when convicted of misrepresentation, falsehood, and slander, would not confess either his mistakes or his sins, would not alter a line to accommodate it to truth; would not retract or cancel a single word. And not a word has this right hon. lampooner ever retracted, and his falsehoods, repeated in many successive editions of his Essays, are still running through a thoughtless, little-serious-reading world, and are accepted by most people as indisputable facts. Mrs. Harrison, wife of Archdeacon Harrison, our Canterbury neighbour, being a Thornton and one of that good stock so intimately connected with Reginald Heber, and which for so very many years knew and cherished Elijah Impey, can bear testimony to the acuteness of his suffering on the publication of Macaulay's atrocious attacks on his father's good name and fame; suffering which did not vent itself and evaporate then, but continued to the end of his days.*

Sir George Rose, Mr. Longlands, Mr. Gleig, and many other surviving friends can bear witness to

* See "Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey, Knt.," by Elijah Barwell Impey, 1846.

In the introduction to this book, written "in refutation of the calumnies of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay," the author gives an account of his first introduction to MacFarlane, and expresses his gratitude to him for his assistance in clearing his father's memory from the aspersions cast upon it. "For what the author of 'Our Indian Empire' has done towards the elucidation of truth, it behoves not only *me and my relatives*, but every honest reader of his country's annals, to be grateful."

the same point. But none know the case better than I do, for no one in the latter part of his life was so entirely in his confidence and so much with him, and nobody worked with him and helped him so much as I did when he was preparing the Memoirs of his father. Nothing short of his strong religious feelings, the alteration of public opinion and operative law as to duelling, and his conviction that though he might call Macaulay would not come, and so an air of ridicule might be cast on the whole thing, could, I am persuaded, have prevented Impey from calling out the essayist, after he had refused every sort of retraction, and had reprinted and republished his obnoxious essay, precisely as it originally stood.

Gleig, though in Holy Orders, after having been in the Army, had I believe an almost equal difficulty in restraining himself from calling to account the slanderer, who, in that essay and review about Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah, had taunted and grossly outraged him, in his twofold capacity of soldier and Christian priest. Would Macaulay have ventured on this outrage, if Gleig had still worn a black stock, and not a white cravat? I will venture to answer the question I have put. Macaulay, whose personal timidity is quite equal to his literary impudence and malevolence—Macaulay, who ran away from London at the mere scent of a distant and a problematical duel with someone of Dan O'Connell's tail, and who lay *perdu* nearly a week at Portsmouth before the ship which was to convey him to Calcutta was ready to take him on board, would never have so insulted Gleig if he had been in the Army instead of being in the Church. If Macaulay had declined to fight, the strong, high-spirited author of the "Subaltern" would have bestowed upon him that horse-whipping which he had so richly merited. The expected, but never fought, duel with the Irishman is a tale that I may tell hereafter. My friend, Matthew

Davenport Hill, at that time Member for Hull, was the party really assailed by the Irish Tail; for a time he was thought to be in some danger, but Macaulay was never in any peril at all. Yet he deserted his personal as well as political friend, M. D. Hill, vanished from the House of Commons, and bolted to the outport.

Kind, humorous, genial, gentlemanly Impey never disliked a joke, though it were ever so much at his own expense. In the later and rather uneventful stages of his life, there were three synchronisms—he went to live at Clapham, he began to write unsuccessful plays, and he made a purchase at Dollond's. Sir George Rose put all this into one of his innumerable jests in rhyme:

> "On Clapham Common lived a bard,
> And he was wondrous wise;
> So he took to writing spectacles,
> And wearing them likewise.
> And when his eyes were written out,
> Still worse the mischief grew,
> For the gods not only d——d his eyes,
> But his *spectacles* too."

With his own hand Impey copied the lines into a sort of album or scrap-book, which always lay open upon his drawing-room table, and he would often repeat them in society, as one of his friend Rose's very good things. This Sir George Rose, who had made his way at the Chancery Bar, was in no way related to or connected with old George Rose, the "Pitt" Rose; nor with old George's son, my inimitable friend, W. S. Rose. A droll he certainly was, and in many matters exceedingly ready, quick, and witty; but I don't know that his wit was ever very much to my taste, or that I very much liked the pompous, strutting, bumptious, corpulent little man.

I would not have given one of Rose's good things for a score of his; and, as for personal qualities, and likeablenesses, "*Oh! Signor mio! qual' lungo intervallo!*"

The great ex-Governor-General of India, Warren Hastings, held breakfasts to be a moral index, and always rather attentively observed whether his young friends, more particularly, made a good matutinal meal. Impey, in his Christ Church (Oxford) days, was his frequent guest, generally riding across country from his Alma Mater on a pretty Arab which Hastings had given him. One morning, next after his arrival at Daylesford, Impey's appetite failed him, and he left his ham and cold chicken untouched on his plate.

"Elijah," said the great man, "how is this? You don't eat your breakfast. I like to see a man eat a good breakfast; I take it as a sign that he is leading a moral and proper life. I never knew the loose, irregular liver that was a good breakfast-eater. Elijah, I hope that you do not sit up too late at night either over your books or at your Oxford wine parties?"

Impey in his old age confessed to me that at that period he very often did both by turns, reading late and drinking late; the last, if not the first, being the general habit of gentleman commoners in those days.

When in the country and in health, the ex-Governor-General who had saved and then so vastly extended our Indian Empire, always read family prayers before breakfast, and a short service in the evening before the household retired to bed. He composed some prayers himself. Impey possessed one of these, and used occasionally to read it in the evening to his domestics and the friend or two he might have staying with him. It was a beautiful prayer; better than commonly falls from our Bishops or Archbishops. I must try to obtain a copy of it from Mr. Archer.

Nearly everything I heard from Impey about Warren Hastings went to raise my already very high estimate of that remarkable man and for a time much-traduced personage. Every letter or paper

written by him—and Impey had mountains of such autograph documents—tended the same way.* Hastings was a mortal man; and he had been, in times of enormous difficulties, a Governor-General; he had his weaknesses, he had his moral shortcomings; but, in the main, he must have been a most high-minded, generous-hearted, disinterested statesman, and in private life one of the most affectionate and engaging of men.

* Impey gave these papers, by will, to the British Museum Library.

CHAPTER XIX

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA

I WELL remember the rainy, gloomy December day, in 1825, on which Count Stackelberg, the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary at Naples, invited a very numerous party to celebrate the anniversary of the Emperor's birthday. Prince Ischitella was one of the guests, and I was dining with his family, who occupied a part of the same immense *palazzo* in which the Count had his residence. At the appropriate time the Minister and all his guests stood up, glass in hand, to drink, with all the honours, the health of the Emperor Alexander. The Cavalier Don Luigi Medici, turning to the Duc —— said, quite *sotto voce*, "*Noi beviamo alla sua salute, ed egli è morte!*" ("We drink to his health, and he is dead!") The Duc was electrified, but said nothing. The toast was repeated, and the feast went on merrily to its conclusion. Just before going to it, Medici had received despatches by a quick courier; but he did not consider it consistent with Court and diplomatic etiquette either to interrupt the banquet, or to be the first to announce the fatal news to the Emperor's own Minister. Count Stackelberg's courier did not reach Naples till late on the following day. When the dinner-party broke up, Medici and the Duc imparted the tidings to two or three friends as they were leaving the Count. Prince Ischitella, who came up to us from the banquet at no very late hour, was deeply affected by the news, by Medici's whispered remark, and by the contrast between the jollity of

the scene and the fact of death. Yet the Prince was no partisan of Russia, and no personal friend of the deceased Emperor. When Murat was King of Naples, he served on his staff; he accompanied that daring, dashing *sabreur* all through the fatal Russian campaign of 1812, was in the Battle of Smolensk, and other murderous affairs, and was all but mortally wounded at the bloody Battle of Borodino; where, without counting the wounded, 10,000 French and about 15,000 Russians lay side by side, dead on the field, or in the redoubts. In the tragical retreat from Moscow, when he was suffering greatly from his uncured, open wound, and from the intensity of the cold, Murat divided with him his last bottle of wine, a magnum of burgundy.

GEORGE CANNING

When Stratford Canning showed his poem on the "Downfall of Bonaparte" to his gifted cousin, Mr. Canning said: "The verses are very well, but I wish, before writing them, that you had recollected our good Eton rule, never to strike your adversary when he is down. I, in my time, struck Bony pretty often, in prose and verse, and some of my blows were thought to be hard and telling, but that was *debout*, when he was up and full of fight. You hit him when he is prostrate." Sir Stratford told me this in London, in 1835, as he was giving me a MS. copy of his verses, which have been praised a great deal more than they deserve, for they do not ascend higher than respectable mediocrity.

NAPOLEON

In the uneasy interval between the two terrible battles of Leipzig, while he was making a last trial to win back his father-in-law Francis, he said to

Merveldt, that Emperor's diplomatist and General: "I see! Austria now wants to muzzle the lion completely! And she will not be content until she has cut off his mane and deprived him of his claws."

Quite recently M. Villemain has given these words, and given them correctly, in his "*Souvenirs Contemporains*"; I heard them thirty-five years ago from an Austrian officer, who had served on Merveldt's staff.

QUEEN HORTENSE: A MOTHER'S PREDICTION

In 1846, old Mr. B. being at Constance, made acquaintance with Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland, wife of Louis Bonaparte, and daughter of Joséphine Beauharnais, first wife of Napoleon I. The lady talked a great deal about her son, Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of the French. "The world," said she, "does not know my son. He is silent and retiring, more like an Englishman than a Frenchman; but he *thinks*—he is always thinking. I know him to possess extraordinary abilities, and a perseverance *à toute épreuve*. His past failures go for nothing. If he live, he will yet be Emperor of the French. I am sure of it." At that time no prediction could seem wilder than this. Old Mr. B. did not live quite long enough to witness its fulfilment; but he lived to see Louis Napoleon President of the French Republic, and that that Republic must very soon end in an Imperial despotism.

For a very long time, and down to the Revolution of 1848, and his recall to France, a very mean opinion was certainly entertained in London society of Louis Napoleon; but even then there were some who spoke very highly of his abilities. Among these were Lord Brougham and Count D'Orsay. I do not know that either predicted, years before the

event, that he would be Emperor, but they both thought that his talents would carry him on, and that his career would be a very extraordinary one.

ROSSINI

About the year 1817-18, this popular and eminent composer, who was a man of great natural wit, and one who would have succeeded in nearly any other science or pursuit if he could have seriously taken it up, when writing to his old mother, always addressed the letters thus: *Alla Signora G. Rossini, Madre del celeberrimo Maestro Gioacchino Rossini, Pesaro.* I think he did this in joke, I cannot think it was done in pride or vanity. He had no such bias. Rossini's passion was a love of money—he cared nothing for fame, except in so far as it might bring him in dollars, scudi, Napoleons, or English sovereigns. He is one of the very few men of genius I have ever known to be so mean, and in some respects sordid, and to have such a passion for mere gold. If a *fiacre* had to be discharged, or if there were anything else to pay, the *Maestro* never had any money about him, he had always forgotten his purse on his dressing-table. His friends, no matter how much younger or poorer than himself, must disburse for him, and he would pay them next time, which he never did, for there never was a time when he had his purse about him. Even in Italy, and long before he came to Paris and London, he made large sums by his compositions, hoarded what he made, and lived at large upon the *Impresarios* and others among his innumerable friends; and yet, to make his lucre more, he contracted a disgraceful marriage, and in a very disgraceful manner, with the Colbran, the mistress of Domenico Barbaja, the *Impresario* of San Carlo, in whose house and at whose table he had been chiefly living for four or five years. Yet would I

not be too censorious of Gioacchino Rossini, for I loved his drollery, and more than once helped to powder his head, and fit on his Court dress (*obligato* operations), when he was going to produce a new opera in the presence of old King Ferdinand and his Court, on a Gala night.

CHAPTER XX

COUNT PECCHIO

Giuseppe Pecchio, a Lombard and Milanese, was about the only Italian revolutionist or Liberal that I ever really liked, or with whom I could keep up an uninterrupted intimacy and friendship to the last. He had more wit, more general information, and more genius, than all the rest of the *Liberali* put together. He was also a fine, spirited, manly little fellow, exceedingly active, enterprising, and full of resources and courage.

Though bred in Italy, and only a civilian, he was fond of athletic exercises, rode boldly, and was first-rate with the rapier. It rejoiced my heart to see the spare little man, for many years nearly constantly a valetudinarian, disarm, in about two seconds, a big, hectoring Frenchman who came to Brighton with the reputation of a *grand spadassin*.

Then, Pecchio was always outspoken, sincere, and truthful. Most of the Italian refugees gave out in England that they had never done anything to deserve from their several governments either exile or any other pain or penalty; that they had been unjustly condemned on the evidence of suborned, hired witnesses; that they were as innocent as so many bleating lambs, and that eternal infamy would rest on their princes and governments for their condemnation, exile, and hard suffering in a foreign land.

Some of them, again, would shape their tale according to society and circumstances: if they found "fit

audience," which they frequently did among our ultra-Whigs, Radicals, and Levellers, they would take pride in, and claim credit for, their revolutionism, and tell how they had intended to dispose of their princes, priests, and aristocrats, had they only succeeded in their *rivoluzione;* if they fell among Conservatives, or men of moderate principles sure to be disgusted with secret societies, republican plots, and other political excesses, they would read their story backwards. They would say that they had never aimed at anything beyond a mild, limited monarchical constitution like that of England—for this they had wished and sighed; but they had never plotted or conspired to bring it about, they had never contemplated wrong or violence to their rulers, they were outcasts only for having entertained some liberal opinions, and for having secretly desired to be governed as Englishmen were, and could there be crime in this?

I have heard one of the most conspicuous of these refugees declare, in one sort of society, that he and his friend Major —— had originated and organized plots at such and such places; that they had arranged the means of carrying off their respective sovereigns to castles on the Apennines, or for cutting their throats, if need should be; that they had tampered with the troops, and had won over some of the police and *gendarmerie;* that they had pretty well all the professors and students at their beck and call, and that they had conceived and arranged the beautiful, strategical scheme of bringing over all the barges, boats, and punts, from the left to the right bank of the Po, so that, when the bridges should be broken down, the Austrian troops would not be able to cross the river and get at them. In company of another sort, I have heard this man, and still more his friend and brother-conspirator, the Major, solemnly protest that they had never been in any plot at all, that they abhorred conspiracies, that they had been sentenced

trymen ought not to forget, or to let perish. His "Life of Ugo Foscolo" is a very model of literary biography, an affecting account of the aberrations, sufferings, and enjoyments, of a man of poetical temperament, of a man of genius. On the whole, I think I prefer it to Johnson's "Life of Savage"; it seems to me more real, more true, and more touching.

Savage was but a mediocre poet at best; compared as a poet with Foscolo, he sinks into insignificance; and if reference be had to classical learning and varied accomplishments, he becomes, in the comparison, a poor creature indeed!

I have heard Tuscans, Italian purists, and other Della Cruscan critics, find fault with Pecchio's style as being not strictly "according to Cocker," but rather careless. They complained that not only many of his constructions and turns of expression, but also a good many of his words, were not Tuscan, but Lombard; with some deduction this may be true enough; but there was this charm in Pecchio's writing—it was always lively, animated, unaffected, perfectly natural; and these are qualities rarely to be found in any modern Italian prose writer, and never in a *toscaneggiando* purist.

These men will keep writing in the tone and style of the *Tre-Centisti*, or the *Sei-Centisti;* they must cast their sentences into the same moulds, they must employ the same formulas, they must on no account employ a word or a particle except strictly according to the Cruscan Academy and its Dictionary; they will employ hours in turning and furbishing a single period, almost sure to have the curse of pedantry, and to be "very inanimate and very round"; altogether, they bestow more pains and more thought on the way of saying a thing than on the thing itself, or the matter which is to be said.

Hence, chiefly, the weariness and dreariness of most modern Italian prose works. Except Manzoni,

Azeglio, and two or three others, who among them have been writing lively, unaffected, natural prose? Pecchio never wrote verse except in sport, or satire; he had no ear for it, nor did he understand its rhythm, cadence, or construction. To him, Italian poetry was valuable only for the vivid pictures, the feelings and passions it might contain; and as in that flowing facile language there are such mountains of verse that have neither pictures nor passions, neither thought nor feeling, that are instinct with nothing but mellifluous, ear-tickling sound, Pecchio had a fine, hearty, manful contempt for much of his native literature. He exceedingly relished Crabbe's rhymed tales, with their simplicity, unmawkish pathos, stern positive reality, and quiet satire; and he wished he could see them well done into Italian verse, for the benefit of his countrymen. He would have gone great lengths to drive some of their fiddling, guitaring, singing, and other branches of their *virtù* out of the Italians, and to put some more manly, sterner qualities in their place.

Yet never being dogmatical, never solemn for ten minutes at a time, he would often laugh and say that it was their *virtù* which kept the balance of trade pretty equal.

"We buy your Sheffield hardware and your Manchester goods, and pay the prices; we send you over fiddlers and singers, and get back our money in the salaries you pay to the Paganini, Pasta, Grisi, Malibran, Rubini, and others; and thus the beam of the scales is kept pretty well in a horizontal line."

Pecchio, Charles Knight, and G. L. Craik were about the only men I could ever patiently listen to for a quarter of an hour while they were discoursing political economy, without feeling weariness, head-ache, and a mortal *ennui*.

MacCulloch, Spring-Rice, Senior, and all of that school, or rather schools, choked one with their eternal "quarter of wheat," and their still drier and

trymen ought not to forget, or to let perish. His "Life of Ugo Foscolo" is a very model of literary biography, an affecting account of the aberrations, sufferings, and enjoyments, of a man of poetical temperament, of a man of genius. On the whole, I think I prefer it to Johnson's "Life of Savage"; it seems to me more real, more true, and more touching.

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MacCulloch, Spring-Rice, Senior, and all of that school, or rather schools, choked one with their eternal "quarter of wheat," and their still drier and

huskier "averages," Mark Lane prices, and other statistical returns, most of which were "cooked" to suit some particular theory or other, whilst the rest were seldom to be relied upon as correct. "I tell you what it is," said Pecchio, "your English economists have stripped off skin and flesh, they have taken the nerves, muscles, and sinews out of the subject, and have left nothing but dry bones, nothing but a whitened, harsh, repulsive skeleton, with limbs and parts badly wired together. I am not surprised that ladies and most young people should be disgusted with it."

These philosophers held a dining club, either at Freemasons' Tavern, or some other house near Covent Garden. Yes, they dined like common mortals, and, like true Englishmen, they imbibed their port and sherry. MacCulloch, the greatest luminary of them all, was a jovial fellow, with a sort of rough, ready, boisterous Lowland Scottish humour, which would flow pretty copiously as he approached his second bottle; but all the rest of that *Comitiva* were very methodical, slow, formalizing, positive, and positively dull fellows.

In virtue of his standing on the Continent as a writer on political economy — and Pecchio had written and published a good deal in that line—my animated, vivacious, and witty friend was invited by MacCulloch to dine with these economists. Stewart Rose, who had no liking for any of the sect, said: "Well, Pecchio, you are still alive! How did you get through it? Did you make any of your wicked jokes? In the name of figs, what did you talk about?"

"*Per dirvi il vero*" ("to tell you the truth"), said Pecchio, "we talked, discussed, disputed, jangled, and harangued, from seven o'clock till eleven, to settle the one question, 'What is Rent?' and we separated without settling it at all." "*Bel divertimento!*" quoth Rose, with a shiver and a groan.

Only allow poor Pecchio a little licence and margin for the introduction of a French or Italian word when the English one did not come to his tongue, and he could tell a humorous or witty story, or make jokes and fun, with the best of us. In this way he could even keep pace with Sydney Smith, who had been, in essential matters, his good warm friend, and to whom he was exceedingly attached, as well by gratitude as by his full appreciation and admiration of the parson's wit and humour, and genial happy temperament. In an evening I have heard Pecchio, in a society where people did not laugh at bad jests, raise quite as many hearty, unmalicious, innocent laughs, as the Rev. Sydney himself. He was the more amusing from his imperfect pronunciation of English.

For a foreigner, he knew our literature uncommonly well; he read our poets from Chaucer to Shakespeare and Spenser, and from them down to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson; but not beginning to talk English, nor to reside with English people, until he was somewhat advanced in life, he never got over some of our difficult articulations, and never got rid of his native Italian pronunciation of the vowels. With him, the article "the" was always "de"; the pronoun "this," "dis" to the end. The vowel "i" was always "ee," as in Italian. Thus with Pecchio, "ship" was "sheep," "slip" was "sleep," and so on. One morning, when we were riding on the Brighton Downs, he said: "To-day dare are many sheeps in de sea." "Sorry for it," said Rose, "the poor creatures will get drowned." But in these particulars there was no correcting our accomplished Lombard.

Through Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Holland, Mr. Hallam, dear Rose, "*la Rosa senza spina*," as he named him, through old Sam Rogers, the Harleys and others, he knew more or less intimately nearly every man, and woman too,

that was worth knowing in England; and having a thoroughly English wife, I believe he loved our society, in spite of its chilliness and drawbacks, better than that of any other nation. He had comparatively very few friends or acquaintances in France. Of a few Spaniards he was very fond: as of Martinez de la Rosa, the Duke of Rivas, Bardaxi the diplomatist, and the Canon Del Riego, brother to the unfortunate General of that name.

Whenever he made any stay in London, honest, impetuous, peppery old Riego, a great collector of black-letter and of all manner of old books, and a great original in every way, was a good deal with him; and very amusing it was to hear their frequent disputes, and to see their animated gesticulations, which would often bring all eyes upon them at a party or out in the streets, for the old Canon cared not where he held forth, moving his arms like the sails of a windmill.

He was nearly always "stiff in opinion, obstinately wrong"; but he was so single-minded, so honest-hearted, so abounding in the sweet charities of human nature. Moreover, he was a wonderful specimen of Spanish sobriety of life and contentment with little; he had nothing but a small English stipend or pension secured to him by the Duke of Wellington; but on this he not only lodged, fed, and clothed himself, but he also contrived to buy many books, and to give away money in alms. In politics, the poor deprived Spanish Canon was as ignorant, passionate, and insane as the rest of them, or as all the Spanish Liberals I have chanced to know, with the exception of Martinez de la Rosa and three or four others.

At Madrid, in 1822, Pecchio had made the acquaintance of that shallow coxcomb, that dull Neapolitan, that blundering conspirator and arrant traitor, General Guglielmo Pepe, and had taken a fair and correct measurement of his intellect and

abilities. "I was nearly three months with him," said Pecchio, "and every day he began to tell me how his Carbonaro revolution had failed.

"You know the sonorous mode of his country. He always solemnly and loudly started thus: '*Tre sono le cause per le quale la nostra Rivoluzione non sia riuscita come doveva, umanamente parlando, riuscire.*'

"Well," continued Pecchio, "so long-winded was he, and so rambling, excursive, and disconnected, that he never, in all that time, got over 'cause one,' or entered upon 'cause two.' Eleven years have passed since then; he has been hammering at his 'three causes' ever since, or whenever he has been able to find listeners; he is discussing them now at Brussels, and yet I would venture to say that he has never got to the end of his 'third cause.' Dulness is not a characteristic or national fault with the Neapolitans—*sotto quel cielo non nascono sciocchi!* In the masses, you find plenty of ignorance, but you don't find fools or naturals. Pepe is a rarity, quite a curiosity."

"Pecchio," said I, "I know him well. I knew him before he headed the secret societies and led the revolution, and when, like another Lafayette, he was perpetually capering about the *Chiaja*, the camps and the streets of Naples, with his tail of National Guards; but it is not I that would vote for preserving his body in a glass case!"

Returning from his Philhellenic financial mission to revolutionized Greece—whither he was accompanied by Conte Pietro Gamba, brother to Lord Byron's Contessa Guiccioli, one of the greatest gourmandizers that ever ate riso, polenta, fricassee, or roast beef, and where he behaved like a thoroughly honest man among a set of stock-jobbers and thieves, and like a shrewd, sensible, practical man among a set of madmen or dreamers and donkeys like Trelawny, or Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope—poor Pecchio had a dreadful passage, was near being drowned at

sea, and was after all landed, not in England, but on the coast of Ireland.

In Dublin he fell in with Lady Morgan, to whom his revolutionary and anti-Austrian politics were introduction and recommendation enough. He found her little leddyship already surrounded by a troop of Italian, Spanish, and other refugees; gentlemen who had found the London market overstocked with their commodity, and who had come over to the Green Island with a comfortable confidence in Irish credulity, warm-heartedness, and hospitality. I believe that their expectations were not disappointed. Her ladyship, and her husband, the *accoucheur*, could not do much, at home, in the hospitality line; but then she could take them with her to the dinners, evening parties, and suppers given by other people, and she never went anywhere without being attended by a long train of unfortunate, expatriated patriots.

The French and Austrian consuls used to call them "*les pendables de Mi Ledi Morgan*"; "and," said Pecchio, "putting politics out of the question, and speaking the plain truth, I am rather afraid that several of them had deserved hanging, before they fled from their own countries. At all events, every one of them was metaphorically marked with the rope—*marcato con la corda*—for they had all been sentenced *in contumacia*."

I was once at a party at Sablonières, in Leicester Square, with Pecchio and Panizzi; there were eight others, Italians or Spaniards. I made the eleventh, and out of that number I was the only one who had not been condemned to be hanged or to be imprisoned for life.

There was something dramatic or poetical in this; but I did not feel myself much lowered by being an exception.

The Austrians hanged none. If Pecchio had been caught, he could not have survived one winter of Spielberg. Count Gonfaloniere, a much robuster

person, came out of that captivity a martyr to rheumatism and other pains. Maroncelli, who suffered there the amputation of a leg, afterwards went to America, and turned out no better than a *marionciello*—which is Neapolitan for " a dirty little rogue."

Poor Pellico lived many years like a penitent Christian, and then died like a saint, hooted and execrated by all the Liberals of Italy, because he would not attack the Emperor of Austria, the Pope, and all the Princes of the Peninsula, nor enter again into any conspiracy.

In 1848, when I was last at Turin, where he long resided, and which might almost be called his native place, we could not obtain at the booksellers' a copy of his tragedy "*Francesca di Rimini*," or of any of his beautiful verses. It would hardly have been safe to ask for "*Le mie Prigioni*," which they were calling " the production of a vile, canting Jesuit." The ultra-Liberals were then in the ascendant, and they and their potential clubs had laid his works under interdict, and pronounced *anathema maranatha* upon the best poet Piedmont has ever produced.

It was not in this way that Pellico was judged by Pecchio, who admired his genius, was proud of his friendship, and spoke of him, to the last, with respect, tenderness, and affection.

MAZZINI

This revolutionist, who has been the cause of sending many men to the grave, has, like nearly every Italian I have known, a horror of death, and of everything strongly reminding him of mortality.

One morning, when landlady and servant were out, he answered to a knock, opened the street door, and shrank back into the passage in affright, for two undertaker's men, bearing an immense coffin, stood bolt before him.

"What for you bring dat to dis house?" he exclaimed; "here are no deads!" The fellows had mistaken the number; the coffin was for poor Ned Howard, the sea-novelist, who lived in the same street or terrace, somewhere in the Sloane Street district, but a door to two higher up, or lower down. As Ned had been an enormous eater as well as a copious drinker, he had grown enormously fat, and had been carried off by apoplexy. Mazzini, seeing the size of the coffin, might very well have thought it was intended for two or more single gentlemen. Hence his Italian use of the inadmissible English plural, "deads." His vernacular, which he put into English, would have been "*Qui non vi sono morti.*" His landlady or servant came to the rescue, found the Tribune of the People, the man who talks of "*Dio e popolo,*" very pale, and sent poor Ned's coffin to its proper destination.

I always thought that poor "Rattlin the Reefer" would not have ended so soon, nor have made so bad an end, if his old shipmate and then patron, Captain Marryat, had treated him more considerately and liberally, and had set him a better example in the late hours of night, and in one or two other particulars.

I have had reason to believe the fact, of which the poor novelist was very proud, that he was a natural son of the Duke of Norfolk, the "Black Surrey," of Whiggish, parliamentary celebrity. Poor Ned was not very aristocratic in manners or in personal appearance, but no more was his reputed father, His Grace of Norfolk; at least, not for many a long year before he filled a coffin big enough for "deads." But poor Ned, though an imitator and almost a copyist of Marryat his chief, had considerable ability and *verve*, as his novels will show. He had gone through a considerable variety of adventures. Before starting as a professional *littérateur*, he had been in the Navy; he had been a partner or shareholder in a gunpowder manufactory, which blew up and

reduced him almost to beggary; and he had been an usher in a boarding-school at Beech Hill, Essex, where he made love to Miss W., one of his master's daughters, whom he married. He had adventures after this; his first wife died, and left him an only child, a daughter, and not very long afterwards he married another Miss W., no relation to his former wife, but the very pretty daughter of a revolutionary scribbler for an infamous weekly newspaper.

COUNT NIEMCEWITZ

In my time, I have known and much liked many Poles, gentlemen as well as ladies, but I must confess that I have never had confidence in, or much sympathy for, Polish refugee patriots. With this old soldier, this companion in arms of Kosciusko, this man of letters, feeling, and imagination, I became rather intimate in 1831-32.

Lord Dover, ultra-Whiggish as he then was, used to say that the poor old Count was the only very interesting man that the Warsaw revolution of 1830 had thrown on our shore. With me, he did not talk of present or passing politics, but of the future destinies of the Slav race, with re-constructed Poland at its head.

Panslavism, though taken as a novelty in 1847-48, is far from being one. As a young man I could not dispute with one who was almost an octogenarian; and I hope I had too much kindness of heart ever to attempt to disturb the visions which solaced the aged and amiable exile. Though not left to want, he was poor, and debarred from many of the comforts to which he had been accustomed at home. Like myself, he was a frequent visitor at the house of the Hon. Mrs. Buchanan, aunt to the present Lord Elibank.

Late one night, one stormy winter night, when no

vehicle could be procured in the vicinity, the Count and I walked away together with umbrellas, which neither of us knew how to use, or how to carry in a storm of wind. On coming out into Piccadilly, the old man stopped at the sheltering corner of a street, and said with a tone that went to my heart, "This is rather too hard! Here am I trudging through rain and sleet, at this time of night, while Russians are riding in my carriage at Warsaw, *et à mon age on n'est plus jeune ni fort.*" I saw him to the door of the house where he lodged, and there I left him, sincerely mourning over the woes brought about by ill-considered revolutions.

Some Polish refugees were little better than impostors, or idle beggars, and became a downright nuisance. Lord Dudley Stewart, whom I had known in the days of his youth when he was living with his mother, the Marchioness of Bute, at Naples, and who afterwards became entirely possessed by Polomania, used to stock the Reading Room at the British Museum with them, by giving them introductory or recommendatory letters to good-natured old Sir Henry Ellis, at that time Chief Librarian. Now, unfortunately for me, for my friend Craik and others who had work to do and neither time nor much money to spare, too many of these patriots made the place a begging-beat, and begged in it importunately.

One morning, a tall, lank, sallow, rather ferocious-looking man, wrapped up in a camlet cloak, vexed me with a direfully long tale of woe and want, and he ended it by saying, "*Monsieur, je n'ai ni patrie, ni pas même une chemise!*" and by opening the folds of his cover-all to certify the truth of the last assertion. Though patronized by Lord Dudley and others, many of these Polish refugees were common, uneducated men who had been artisans in their own country, and who might have found work at their several trades in England if they had been so inclined. But

they were fit or disposed only for fighting or barricade-making. Except some four or five who entered into the employment of Mr. Clowes the great printer, as compositors or pressmen, I never knew any of them turn their hands to quiet, honest industry, or to anything that was useful. Next to the Spaniards, the most helpless of the refugees with which I have known London to swarm were certainly the Poles. But the Spaniards were exceedingly sober and abstemious, whereas the Pole dearly loved his glass and a bellyful. What with their singing, fiddling, and guitaring, painting and modelling, the Italian refugee patriots did the best; I have rarely known one of them to be in want. I have known many of them to be in a far higher state of prosperity than they had ever known in their own country.

CHAPTER XXI

CARDINAL RUFFO

I KNEW, in his old age, this chief and leader of one of the most sanguinary counter-revolutions recorded in modern history, that of Naples in 1799; and I have seldom known a milder or more amiable old gentleman. I first met him at the house of his niece, my very kind and hospitable friend, the Duchessa di Campomele, daughter of Don G. Ruffo, Prince of Scilla. I forget the date, but it must have been between 1819 and 1821. The Cardinal was very animated, affable, and communicative; but he did not like to talk about the "*Novanta Nove*"—still words of terror in Neapolitan ears—and he would seldom listen to any reference to that disastrous period, or to his own exploits. He was very attentive and even gallant to the ladies, and he appeared to be fond of children and young people.

At this time I was but a youth myself, and no doubt on this account he was the more easy and amiable with me. Once, and only once, I succeeded in drawing him out, to speak of his march through the Calabrias, his rapid advance on Naples, and the combats and horrors that followed. It will be remembered how the French Republicans had invaded the kingdom; how, being joined by many Neapolitans of the capital, and of some of the larger provincial towns, they had set up a Republic under the ridiculous name of "*Repubblica Partenopea*," and how old King Ferdinand and his Court had fled to Sicily in

Lord Nelson's ships. The reverses the French were sustaining at the hands of Suwarroff and his Russians in the north of Italy, obliged their General, MacDonald, to quit the Neapolitan territories with the far greater part of his Army.

General Championnet was left behind with only a few thousand French troops, but the Republicans of Naples had raised an army, and they and Championnet held between them all the castles and other fortresses. It was the Queen—Caroline of Austria, sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France—the Cardinal, and a Calabrian gamekeeper, an enthusiastic Royalist and a most devoted, daring fellow, who first conceived the notion of recovering possession of the Continental dominions, by collecting an irregular volunteer army in the Calabrias.

The Cardinal, notwithstanding his priestly office, his high rank in the Church, his total inexperience of military affairs, undertook to head and conduct this wild *levée en masse*. With very little money, with a few red cockades, and two or three white flags, impressed with the royal arms of the Neapolitan Bourbons, he crossed the Straits of Messina, and landed near to Scilla.

Here was his ancestral castle, and here his mere name carried immense weight. His brother, the Prince, a quiet, indolent old gentleman, very submissive to events and circumstances, was, as usual, living in the city of Naples with his family; but he, like many of his forefathers, had been a kind and indulgent master, and was much beloved by his tenants and vassals.

Though much broken in upon, a quarter of a century before this period, by the reforming Minister, the Marchese Tannucci, the feudal system was not yet abrogated, and the country people still prided themselves on the greatness or antiquity of their several lords and still called themselves, as they

were called by others, their vassals, a usage not altogether obsolete in some parts of the country even now. In his youth the Cardinal had lived a good deal at the old castle, and among these primitive, wild, fierce, but warm-hearted people. Now, so soon as he proclaimed the object of his coming, his brother's vassals rushed to him, almost to a man, and most of these mountaineers and sportsmen had their guns, their *couteaux de chasse*, or other weapons. From Scilla, the summons to arms flew across the neighbouring mountains and glens like the old war-signal of the Highlanders; and in the space of eight-and-forty hours, the Cardinal found himself surrounded by a numerically imposing force. The red cockades, the symbols of ardent loyalty to the Bourbon, were distributed, the white banners were unfurled amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and when the Cardinal had bestowed on his volunteers the imposing name of the "Army of the Holy Faith" ("*Armata della Santa Fede*"), and raised the rallying cry, "*Viva il Re Nostro! Viva la Santa Fede!*" the wild Calabrians were transported out of their senses, and demanded to be led at once against the detestable French and the Neapolitan traitors to their King and country.

The Prince of the Church did not keep them waiting. As he advanced rapidly towards the doomed capital, he was joined by more and more enthusiastic partisans. Every town, every village or hamlet, every hillside and every valley, contributed something to his forces. Among these fellows were a good many brigands and cut-throats. It was not a time to be particular, nor could the Cardinal have succeeded in purging or purifying his Army of the Faith, if he had tried ever so long or ever so hard to do it. The torrent rolled rapidly onward, nor did it cease to swell when the Calabrias and the Province of Salerno were left in the rear, and when the Molise was entered.

* Men poured, rushed down from their mountainous regions, like their own *fiumazzi* or torrents in winter-time; and all shouting "Death to the Republicans! Death to all Jacobins! Long live Ferdinand our King! Long live the Holy Faith!" Attired *in pontificalibus*, with a cross of gold upon his breast, a huge crucifix before him, and a numerous staff around him, composed chiefly of priests, monks, and brigand chiefs, the Cardinal rode at the head of this wild, disorderly, multitudinous array. Wherever they halted, they planted, not trees of Liberty, like the Republicans, but crosses and crucifixes; masses, matins, and vespers were regularly performed, and the multitude attended to them with every possible show of devotion and contrition. Yet Ruffo soon found that he could not control these masses, that he could not prevent their plundering and massacring, that he had made and armed a monster that was too much for him!

He could not recede, he could not retrace his steps, he could not unmake the monster, he could not steal away and leave it; his heart and soul were in the cause—truly the cause of Altar and Throne—and, with every prospect of success, he went on with his masses, attempting, when and where possible, to check their *furor cieco*, to moderate their excesses. It is not to be overlooked that the armed Neapolitan Republicans, and some of the French soldiers as well, had been, for many months previously, committing similar atrocities upon the Royalists. Ettore Carafa, a Neapolitan nobleman of very ancient lineage, who had gone crazed and turned democrat, who had adopted some of the bloodiest maxims of Murat, Robespierre, and St. Just, led into Capitanata and Apulia a republican *corps d'armée* that wasted those regions with fire and sword, and to the shibboleth of "*Libertà, Ugualità, e Fraternità*," left not unperpetrated a

* From this sentence to the end, in C. M.'s handwriting.

single crime in the long, black catalogue of human wickedness and depravity. So long after the events as 1816, when I first travelled through these interesting provinces, I found, in villages and towns and fair old cities, in ruins, in desecrated, unroofed churches, and smoke-blackened walls and skeletons of houses, many a mournful, ghastly proof of this republican *rabbia*, and saw people shudder and turn pale at mention of the name of Ettore Carafa. At a subsequent period, I knew rather intimately some of these Carafas, or Carafe: they dated their nobility from the first Crusades; they had been Signori (Lords or Princes) of Maddaloni, of Andria, of Ruvo, and of many other extensive fiefs and castles; they were now, one and all, in poverty and humiliation, little short of being *pezzenti*, or penniless, like all the rest of the true, ancient aristocracy of the Kingdom.

The Cavalier, Don N. Carafa, the musical genius, the composer of "Gabriella di Vergi" and of other operas and of very many separate pieces, who has been so long settled, and so widely known, at Paris, was of this stock. Conspicuous in the *personnel* of Ruffo's staff were those famous robbers Mammone, Sciarpa, and Decesari, and that still more famous brigand, Frà Diavolo, or Friar Devil, and each of these chiefs was attended by his band. This may account for a good deal of the evil committed. These were fellows who would not stick at trifles, nor hesitate at gigantic sins; but that the Cardinal himself ever ordered pillage, sack, and plunder, is what I cannot credit, in spite of the contrary assertions of Carlo Botta, General Colletta, W. Pepe, and fourscore other writers of the *Liberal* school. I have, in my early days, spoken and associated with hundreds of both sexes and of both parties, who were eye or ear witnesses of what was done in the dreadful "*Novanta Nove*," or this counter-revolution, and all admitted that Ruffo did all that mortal man could do to stop the effusion of blood. "I never thought

much of the niche I am to occupy in history," said he to me, " but I would observe that I was, and, as I hope, still am, a gentleman and sincere Christian (*galantuomo e sincero cristiano*); as such, I could not do what has been imputed to me; and as such I declare that I did it not. You have travelled through the Calabrias and all over the Kingdom; you have lived long among our people, and know their hot blood (*sangue caldo*) and how prone they are to revenge (*la vendetta*). Well, the affair of Ninety-Nine was a *vendetta ;* and, in good part, nothing more.

" It was a *vendetta* not confined to the ulcerated heart of Queen Caroline, and the hearts of her friends and courtiers ! Far from that ! It was a *vendetta* existing and raging throughout the popular, rural body, and in the heart of wellnigh every Neapolitan that was not a Jacobin and Revolutionist. Hundreds of those who joined me had had their relatives or friends massacred, their wives or daughters dishonoured by the horde of Ettore Carafa. Cruelty begets cruelty; let blood-letting once begin, and people will get an appetite for blood ! I *know* this, young man, and many a time then, and many more times since, have I mourned over it ! May God in His mercy keep us from such civil wars, from such revolutions and counter-revolutions and revolutions again ! You, in England, have happily escaped, but see what these things have done in this Kingdom, in the whole of Italy, in nearly the whole of Europe ! And, everywhere, have they not left *vendette* behind them ?"

I am not writing the history of Cardinal Ruffo's campaign. I wish I had sufficient materials at hand, for it has never been well or fairly or dispassionately written. In the accepted accounts of Botta, Colletta, Vincenzo Cuoco, etc., there are innumerable errors and intentional misstatements of facts. The Cardinal overcame every obstacle, beating his enemies wherever

he met them, and fearlessly and frankly exposing himself under the hottest fire. When not far from the city of Naples, he diverged to the right, crossed the Apennines, and fell, *à plomb*, on the vast plains of Apulia, where Carafa and his bands had done such mischief. Here, with admirable rapidity, he drove the Republicans from one town after the other, and pulled down the tricolour and re-erected the *drapeau blanc* in every fortress and position of importance.

He then turned sharp round upon the capital, tumbled over the Republicans in one of its suburbs, at the Bridge of the Maddalena, and entered the city, where all the *lazzaroni*, and every man belonging to what was strictly *il basso popolo* joined him, and actively and savagely co-operated with his Calabrians. And now it was that *vendetta* had an orgy and a glut, that unspeakable horrors were committed on the Jacobins, and that the spontaneous massacres performed by the Calabrians, *lazzaroni*, and other *canaglia*, were followed up by too many—far too many—judicial executions on the scaffold.

Naples had a remarkable crop of learning, talent, ingenuity, and even genius, in the course of the eighteenth century. About the last of it perished here, on the block, and the soil has never since sent forth such shoots and borne such a harvest; though, most assuredly, natural quickness, aptitude, and natural talent are not, and have not been, since the "Ninety-Nine," at all wanting.

In less than seven years, King Ferdinand was again in flight for Sicily, and Cardinal Ruffo with him. Marshal Masséna, with an overwhelming French army, took possession of Naples, and—the Republican democratic "dodge" being over—Europe was told that the reign of the Bourbons of Naples was no more, and that Joseph Bonaparte, brother to the Emperor of the French, was seated on their throne!

There was strenuous opposition in several of the

provinces, and most of all, and longest of all, in the Calabrias. Sicily was safe from the French grip through our fleets and the presence of a good English army of 10,000 and more men. The Queen and many others would have tempted the Cardinal to try again, or to do in 1806-7 what he had done in 1799. "*No!*" said he. "*Queste sono corbellerie che non si fanno due volte nella vita d'un uomo*" ("These are pranks not to be played twice in a man's life-time!"). He had had enough of it. He might have said, with the French, "*On ne parvient pas à se récommencer.*" Not long after, he rejoined the impoverished, persecuted papal court, and made his peace with Napoleon. He went even to Paris. This was, I think, at the marriage with the Austrian Maria Louisa, but I am not sure.

CHAPTER XXII

CAROLINE, PRINCESS OF WALES

The deception, the cheating, the plunder, practised upon this unhappy woman by the courier Bergamo, his sister, and other relatives, were astounding. Their systematic cheating brought great discredit on Her Royal Highness. In return for the loan of a house, and for other services rendered, the Princess presented the Duchess of Gallo, at parting, with a pearl necklace. The pearls were large, and thought to be of great value. But when the Duchess had worn them a few times at balls and parties, she thought she perceived some discoloration. She sent for her jeweller, who at once assured her that the pearls were all false, and not worth a dollar. This generous-minded lady understood how and by whom the deception had been practised; she never suspected for a moment that the Princess had given her sham pearls. *In other cases, with persons of inferior rank, when the Princess had promised to leave some tokens behind her, the presents were never received; Bergamo and his gang had, no doubt, intercepted them.

The way in which, on her first coming, she betrayed her insanity, was in making downright love to that *beau sabreur*, King Joachim Murat! At the Court balls she would waltz with him, must waltz with him, over and over again. He was tall, she rather dumpy and already very corpulent. "*Venez à mon aide, chère Duchesse,*" said Murat one night to the

* In MacFarlane's handwriting to the end.

Duchessa d'Atri, "*cette Princesse de l'Angleterre m'accable! Levez vous, je vous en prie, et allons faire un tour de valse. Autrement je serai confisqué de nouveau.*"

Murat's wife, Caroline Bonaparte, Napoleon's favourite sister, and the member of the family most like him, was far, far indeed, from being jealous of such a rival; in private, with her *dames d'honneur*, and with others, she amused herself at Caroline's expense, and at times laughed immoderately at her follies and at her personal vanity.

Far be it from me to turn up *les ordures* that were deposited and accumulated on the trial of this reckless, hapless woman; who, at the least, was quite as much sinned against as sinning; but I must say that never was Princess less fitted to be a Queen of England; that she had such manners and such moral defects as ought to have closed against her the door of the house of every respectable Englishman who had a family. God knows, the morals of Naples were not exemplary at this period—there has been improvement since—but married ladies observed *les bienséances*, and were quite *scandalisées* at many of Caroline's proceedings.

It was the same story at Como, where she lived so long with Bergamo and Co. I passed through that district in 1819, about a year before she came back to England to brave her husband and claim the crown matrimonial; I saw her delightful villa on the margin of the lake, and I saw her boating on the lake, with Bergamo close at her side, and his sister seated at some distance. Her Royal Highness had a very red face; but it was very hot weather. Everybody in the antique city of Como and in the romantic townships and villages round about, were talking about her, and her liaison with the low-bred man, and the way in which he and his relatives were feathering their nests, with her feathers. Most of these people had known the Bergami, a very few

years before, when they were menial servants, and as poor as poor could be.

By the favour of Caroline, Princess of Wales, Bergamo, the chief, was now a Count, Knight of her Highness's Order of Jerusalem, and his vulgar sister was a Countess—Contessa d'Oldi.

"The Princess," said the host at "mine inn," "is kind, compassionate, generous; but those who are about her stop supplies, pocket the money, and the poor and sick seldom get anything from that quarter!"

They all regretted that so high and great a lady should have formed such a mean and degrading connection. On her first arrival at Naples, and for some time after, Bergamo was a courier when she travelled, and a waiting-man when she was sedentary. In the latter capacity, he often waited at table on the Duchess of Gallo, her sisters, the fascinating Duchess of Atri, and the Princess of Francavilla, the Dukes of Gallo, Atri, and Campomele, Sir William Gell, the Hon. Keppel Craven, and others, English and Italian, with whom I became acquainted three years afterwards, or in 1817. "What first annoyed us," said the Duchess of Atri, by birth a Colonna Stigliano, "was to see this man suddenly set up as a gentleman and nobleman, and to see your Princess trying to make us treat him as such. A fellow who, not many weeks before, had stood behind our chairs and changed our plates! *Era un po' troppo forte!*"

Lord Brougham, one of her counsel on the trial, with Denman, Dr. Lushington, etc., has continued stoutly to maintain, and to believe, or pretend to believe, not only that Caroline was innocent as regarded Bergamo, but that she was altogether pure, chaste, of exemplary life, conversation, and conduct. Surely he must have known better! Surely this must be a bit of his lordship's acting. Of late I have not heard him allude to the subject; but, a few years ago, he would have thundered and lightened

at the man who hesitated to take his view of it. It would have appeared then, from his rhetoric, that there had been *one* virtuous woman in the world, and that her name was Caroline of Brunswick.

At no time of his life did Henry Brougham show any passion for amassing riches, as his predecessor, Lord Eldon, had done. Long before he reached the Woolsack, a solicitor in great practice was giving him advice, and telling him that if he would only do this and that, he might double, nay treble, his professional income. "My friend," said Brougham, "I don't want to make myself a funnel for the passage of a great deal of money!"

LA BARONNE DE FEUCHÈRES

There are some omissions, and two or three incorrect statements, in Thomas Raikes's account of this notorious woman. Her original name was Nancy Dawes, not Dawe. Her father was a boatman and fisherman in the Isle of Wight. I have known persons who remembered her brothers and others of her relations as labourers and fishermen. As a girl, she was not only very handsome, but also very clever. Her first lover was a young English officer belonging to one of the regiments or one of the depôts in the Isle of Wight. He took some pains in instructing her himself; and, on being ordered on foreign service, he sent her to a ladies' school at Old Brompton, where she certainly remained some time. According to one account, the officer was killed in battle; according to another, he died of a West Indian fever; and according to a third account —as likely to be as true as either of the others—he grew tired of the expense, and ashamed of the connection. It may be, that when she first attracted the notice of the Duc de Bourbon, she was living with the fruiterer in Oxford Street, just opposite

the end of Bond Street; not, however, as a servant-girl, but as an attractive shop-girl. But before attaining to this post she had gone through many adventures. When she went to live with the Duc, she was quite an accomplished person, and said to have been as witty as her co-peeress, the Duke of York's Mary Anne Clarke. It is not to be believed that the Duc ever attempted to pass her off as his own illegitimate child. Raikes gives the best account I have seen of the mysterious death of the imbecile old Prince. Another account, with details and circumstantialities which savour strongly of invention, will be found in Louis Blanc's "Histoire de Dix Ans." I have scarcely met the Frenchman or Frenchwoman that did not firmly believe that the Duc de Bourbon was murdered by Madame de Feuchères and her friend the Abbé. It is quite true that the said Abbé died suddenly a month after the Duc, and that the "confidential servant," who might have made terrible disclosures, was found dead in his bed very soon after the demise of the Abbé. The Paris nickname was a good one—"La Baronne de Serrecol." Nothing could well be baser than the conduct of Louis Philippe in these transactions. He wanted the Duc's wealth for his son, the Duc d'Aumale, and he certainly got an immense portion of it. When Madame de Feuchères went to Paris, after the supposed murder, he visited her in private, and received her several times in his family reunions at the Palais Royal. Though King of the French, he had not yet taken possession of the Tuileries. My informant wondered how his devout Queen and his very moral sister could possibly sit in such company. Raikes winds up that story by saying that the fisherman's daughter died "in great distress in London." She died in France, and bequeathed rather a splendid fortune to her nephew, J. Dawes.

She had previously taken care of this precious relative, for he had been brought up in good English

schools, and had held a commission in our Army. It has been my fate or fortune to hear a good deal about this rich ruffian. When my *ci-devant* friend, N. C., married a common strumpet, and ran away to the Continent to escape from her and from the debts she had contracted, he became acquainted with this Dawes, who was then residing at a splendid Château—Monfontaine, I think—on the French coast, and indulging most extensively in yachting, boating, hunting, shooting, drinking, and other delights.

My friend got domiciled with him, and stayed with him at the Château for some months.

How he survived the visit I could hardly make out, for Dawes was constantly putting his life in jeopardy, either by sea or on dry land. I have rarely heard, or read of, such a dare-devil, godless ruffian. But, though a tremendous bully, the fellow was no coward. It may be fancied how he, a rich Englishman, and rich by French spoils, and the nephew and heir of such a woman as Madame la Baronne, was treated by the Frenchmen who lived in his neighbourhood. Before he had been two years in France, in possession of the estate, he had fought about a dozen duels, and had each time come off triumphantly. Rapier or sabre, pistol or rifle, all was the same to Dawes. At the time of my quondam friend's visit, he had so established a reputation for courage, daring, and address, that the French had made up their minds to leave him alone. This was about the year 1843. A year or two later, he purchased a beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, his native place as well as that of his notorious aunt, and here he established his headquarters; and here, I believe, he is now living (1856). N. went several times to the Isle of Wight to visit him. He had collected a set of ferocious dogs, a wolf or two, some foxes, an enormous eagle, and other beasts and birds of prey, and these were so disposed round the house and in the grounds that it was very dangerous for a stranger to walk there.

He was always committing some assault, or getting into quarrels or litigation. The poor dreaded him, and none of the gentry would associate with him. With all his means and appliances he was generally a solitary, sulking man. His friendship with N. had a very sudden termination. One night—in the very middle of a dark, cold night—he startled his guest out of his bed, and swore that he would blow out his brains if he did not take his departure on the instant. My quondam friend, who merited the treatment he met with by associating with such a ruffian, and by having meanly submitted to many previous humiliations, at once dressed and left the house.

Such was the nephew and part-heir of Madame la Baronne de Feuchères. Louis Philippe's son, His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale, was a co-heir.

CHAPTER XXIII

SIR SIDNEY SMITH

THE Hero of Acre met in Sicily, at the house of a Neapolitan Royalist and fugitive, an old French refugee who had suffered greatly during the Reign of Terror in France, and who was deploring, in no very manly way, the loss of estates and titles, and stiffly maintaining that under the *ancien régime* nothing, in politics, had been done amiss. " I beg your pardon," said Sir Sidney, " it was under your *ancien régime*, and with a Government despotic at home, that you interfered in favour of our revolted American colonists, who were going for a democratic republic. " *Monsieur, vous avez préché la révolution chez nous, et la voilà chez vous !*"

Although, like all men who talk too much and are overdosed with vanity and conceit, the Hero of Acre too frequently talked nonsense and rendered himself a bore even to his best friends and warmest admirers, he had, very often, *le mot heureux*, and the clever, quick, sharp, cutting epigram or antithesis.

One night, at the Opera of San Carlo, he spoke at me for three mortal hours, despite of Rossini's music and Vestris' ballet, and this without a single pause, and without the least regard to those who were in the same box with us. He had taken into his head that I intended to attempt writing his life; a task performed many years later (1839), and not very well, by my sometime acquaintance, poor Ned Howard, author of " Rattlin the Reefer " and of other sea novels, in the manner of Captain Marryat.

Sir Sidney had fallen into the mistake through the interest I took in all military and naval matters, and the anxiety I had several times shown to hear his adventures from his own lips. The interest, the anxiety, were not abated—but three consecutive hours, and at the then best Opera in Europe! "*O! questa sera ci siete capitato!*" said Madame C., who knew him well. "*Non ne posso più!*" said I.*

I have already spoken of the vanity and loquacity of the Hero of Acre. I first met him at Rome, in the winter of 1816-17, where Madame Mère, and I think nearly every other member of the Bonaparte family, with the exception of Joseph, who was gone to America, and of Caroline, Murat's widow, who was living somewhere near Trieste, had taken up their abodes, and were maintaining a very good, if not splendid, style of life. It was curious to see at Roman balls and *conversazioni*, and at the houses of the foreign ambassadors and ministers, these dethroned Kings and Queens and Potentates, mixing with English Admirals and Generals, British peers and distinguished members of our House of Commons, and with warriors, statesmen, and diplomatists from Russia, from Austria, from Prussia, Spain, and Portugal, and from every country which had been so recently waging the fiercest of wars against Napoleon.

Sir Sidney, who had a quick sense for contrasts, and a keen eye for the picturesque and dramatic, seemed wonderfully to enjoy these "*réunions mélangées*." He had with him his wife and his two stepdaughters, the Misses Rumbold, at that period splendid women, objects of universal admiration, the cynosure of all eyes. I grieve to add that they set no bounds to their flirtations, or to their extravagance. A pair of such daughters—and Sir Sidney always treated them as his own—was enough to ruin a much richer man. Not many months after

* Thus far in C. M.'s handwriting.

this, I met Sir Sidney at Naples, and became rather intimate with him. He had not been there long when I began to hear stories about his thoughtlessness as to money matters, his debts, and other difficulties.

When he received money, he never rested till he had spent it all on dinner parties and other festivities. As poor Count Pecchio said of Ugo Foscolo, Smith never knew how to keep any balance between the *Dare* and the *Avere*. I have known him to be reduced, in a foreign country, and even with persons who were comparatively strangers, to very humiliating resources, but I never knew him to be the less cheerful and good-humoured for this. At times his conversation was instructive and altogether delightful. Animated it always was, but this excess of animation was at times very oppressive. I have gone away from him with my head giddy and swimming, as if I had been in a swing or on a roundabout. Most of his time, at Naples, he had with him Captain Arabin, who appeared to me to be a very brave, very clever, right-minded, right-hearted man. It would have been well for Sir Sidney if he had always had such good companions. Unfortunately he was far from being particular in choosing his *entourage*, and at least on two occasions I knew him to form an intimacy with a defamed man. He was incessantly talking of his own exploits, and repeating the story of how he defended Acre, over and over again, often to the selfsame persons, and very often to Neapolitan ladies who cared nothing about it, and who, for the most part, were Napoleonists *au fond du cœur*. How he could fancy that he could amuse young, handsome, and fashionable women with this talk, I could not comprehend. At times, too, he was unlucky in his references to past events. One night, in rather a large party, he said to the fair and graceful Duchessa di Gallo, wife to the well-known old diplomatist, " Duchessa, when I used to come into the

bay with the *Tiger* and squadron, to disturb your French King, I used often to think how easy it would be to knock your house about your ears, and to destroy all your fashionable houses from one end of the Chiaja to the other!"

"We are much obliged to you for not having carried that idea into execution," replied the Duchessa. At least one-half of the persons present had long had houses in this fashionable suburb, which lies quite open to the sea, and which had suffered somewhat from a cannonade in the troubles of 1799. Another *mal à propos* was his violently abusing not only the Government at Naples, but the personal character of Joseph Bonaparte, to a lady who had been one of Joseph's many favourites, and who had had a child by him, a boy then living, and astonishingly like the Bonaparte family.

In spite, however, of these wearisome details, Sir Sidney was quite a favourite in the best society of that capital. It was, indeed, very difficult to dislike him, for he was so brave and chivalrous, so generous and good-humoured, and had always such a stock of cheerfulness.

He used to drive about with his wife and step-daughters in a great big lumbering, antiquated landau, the panels of which were completely covered with arms, supporters, emblazonments, orders, and flags. It was a thing to exhibit at a public show; but it was very indicative of its owner's failings. I know not how many good jokes the wits of Naples made upon that *carrozzaccio*: they did not at all discompose Sir Sidney, who must have heard some of them. One day towards the close of the year 1817, he made himself superlatively ridiculous. The dethroned old King of Spain, Charles IV., came from Rome to Naples on a visit to his brother, old King Ferdinand. In honour of the visitor, rather a splendid review was got up at the Campo di Marte.

Sir Sidney, who never absented himself from anything of the sort, must needs go, and go in full uniform, and attended by a mounted aide-de-camp. Several English officers, of Army and Navy, then staying at Naples, declined the honour of riding after the Admiral. What was to be done? At last he lighted upon a certain Mr. O., who had once been an officer of Marines, but who had married a Sicilian wife, and had left our service under circumstances not very honourable. He made this poor devil put on an old and shabby uniform, and mount a hack-horse, as he himself was mounted. The steeds were the merest rips; at that period, at Naples, there were no good hacks to be hired, and indeed but few good saddle-horses of any kind. Horseflesh has been much improved since then. I was riding gently up the fine sloping road which leads to the camp, in company with Captain C. and another English officer, when we heard a tremendous clattering behind, and were presently passed by the Admiral and his Marine, who were "going the pace" with a vengeance.

Sir Sidney was covered all over with insignia, like the panels of his own coach. He had put on all his orders, ribbons, and other badges, and of these he had a great many, being *decoré* by England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sardinia, Naples, Sweden, etc. The very broad, bright, blood-red sash of the Order of St. Januarius was very conspicuous on his chest; but, altogether, with all these trappings dangling about him, he looked like a rat-catcher equipped for business. "What a pity," said C., "that, with all his good and high qualities, Sir Sidney should not have a little modesty, a little common sense!" But on went the brave sailor, cantering among the carriages, saluting all the ladies, caracoling along the lines, talking to King Ferdinand, disappearing and quickly reappearing, and always with Mr. O. close astern. It was astonishing how

the poor hacks stood it. They and their riders seemed gifted with ubiquity.

For that climate, it was a damp and cold day; the review did old Charles IV. no good; but it was a boar-hunt in the woods of Persano, by Paestum, that carried him off, very soon after. That evening, accoutred and encumbered as he was, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," Sir Sidney went to the Opera at San Carlo, and sat full in front of his box. He loved to have all eyes fixed upon him, and to hear people say, "*Quello è il famosissimo ammiraglio Sir Smitt!*"

His own account of his escape from the prison of the Temple at Paris was very interesting, but it has often been told. He always expressed an entire conviction that if he had fallen into the clutches of Napoleon and Savary, he would have been murdered in prison like Pichegru and Wright.

"I did him so much harm," said he; "and then in Egypt our enmity became personal, and a pretty hot, personal quarrel it was! He gave me the lie, and I sent him a challenge, which he would not accept."

Although he committed sundry diplomatic and other errors, Sir Sidney really did good, excellent service in Egypt, as well in the year 1800 as in 1799 at Acre, and for these he could not be otherwise than esteemed by his brother officers and by his superiors in command. Both Admiral Lord Keith and General Sir Ralph Abercromby had a due sense of his merits, but they disliked his loquacity and his practice of intermeddling with everything. One morning, as they were preparing for the disembarkation of the troops in Aboukir Bay, Lord Keith, the old General, and Sir George Murray were walking the quarter-deck and concerting measures. Suddenly the Admiral stopped and looked over the bulwark. "Yes," cried he, "there is no mistake! D—n it, Sir Rafe! Here comes that talking man again!"

Sir George Murray, who told me this, told me a great deal more about poor Sir Sidney, which all went to prove that he was sadly indiscreet, and that Government could hardly have helped shelving him as it did, even though he had never gone into those gallantries at Blackheath, and there had been no such person in the world as Caroline, Princess of Wales.

The Prince Regent and King (George IV.) was, however, of too vindictive a temper ever to forgive him his Blackheath adventures, and that postern-gate at the back of the Princess's grounds, and that suspicious latchkey or *passe partout*. Only once did I hear him speak of Her Royal Highness, and then it was manfully to assert that she was an ill-used, innocent woman.

This was said in a party of Neapolitans, of whom several could have borne evidence that if not guilty with Bergamo, she was the most indiscreet, imprudent of women, and one who, in their city, had set appearances at defiance. The charming Duchess of Gallo, who lent her a house, and who of necessity saw a great deal of her during her stay at Naples, could have told Sir Sidney—as she had told me and others—more than one story quite decisive as to the Princess's manners, and even *mœurs*. The facts were of the Duchess's own knowledge.

It would not be easy to find in talk, or pen in hand, so great an egotist as the Hero of Acre. With him it was one eternal "I." He had some merit in exciting Europe against the Barbary, and most barbarous, Corsairs. Long before 1816, he had warmly advocated an attack on Algiers, and the rest of those piratical nests.

But, after Lord Exmouth's successful expedition, Sir Sidney seemed to claim the entire merit of the deed. "I published two pamphlets at Paris. I stirred up my old friend Louis XVIII. I excited even the cold and cautious Talleyrand. I stirred

up my old friend the King of the Netherlands, who sent a part of his fleet to join ours in the bombardment. I got up an agitation on the Continent, and it was through *me* and the effects *I* had produced on the Continent that Lord Castlereagh, and the rest of our own Ministers, were shamed into that affair."

Sir Sidney left Naples rather deeply in debt, and I lost sight of him for more than twelve years. In that long interval, however, the fame of some of his doings reached my ears. Being in Holland, somewhere about 1828, he took to inventing lifeboats. Having constructed one, which he was quite sure could not fail, he resolved to try it himself. But as he must have an *aide-de-camp* with him, he took, in that capacity, that utterly ruined and disgraced spendthrift, L. G. The famous lifeboat upset at a very short distance from shore, and Sir Sidney and his *aide* had a very narrow escape from drowning. Still, I believe, the inventor continued to maintain that his plan was founded on infallible principles, and that the little accident was entirely owing to the stupidity of the Dutchmen who built the boat. In the spring of 1830, my ally and crony R. L. E., who had been well acquainted with the Hero in Turkey and elsewhere, learned quite accidentally that Sir Sidney was in London, and staying at a house in Bedford Square. The next morning we went together to pay him a visit. We had to knock and ring several times. At last a drab of a servant-girl came out into the area; and, after keenly eyeing us, asked what we wanted. "Is Sir Sidney Smith staying here?" The girl muttered something which we could not hear, and then disappeared. In a minute, however, the door was opened by a lad, who before answering our question examined us and asked our names. When I say that the door was opened, I am not quite correct, for it was only partially opened, the chain being

kept up. We gave our cards through the aperture, and remained standing on the stone steps. "This looks as if Sir Sidney had not been getting richer," said E.

But in a trice the boy came running to the door; the impeding chain was removed, and we were admitted.

The house looked very much like a lawyer's house, but we saw no people about it. We found the Hero upstairs, in a back drawing-room, seated at a table covered with papers, some in print, some in MS. Twelve years had produced a very visible change in his person, but his eye was as bright, and his heart as buoyant, as ever.

He was astonished that E. had discovered his whereabouts, and he cautioned us to preserve a prudent silence as to his being in town. We could not but understand what this meant; but he was quite and fully explicit—there were writs out against him, and he was afraid of being "nabbed." "There are times," said he—not with a sigh, but with a laugh—"when one cannot tell everybody where one lives." Subsequently I was reminded of these words by what fell from my former acquaintance, T. K. H., the poet. "H.," said one of his intimate friends, "where do you hang out now? I don't know where you live!" "Very few do," replied the poet.

Yet, though thus playing at "hide-and-seek," and though otherwise in great straits, poor Sir Sidney's heart was as large and as generous as in former times. He had been sending money to the distressed widow and children of an officer who had once served under him, and he was exceedingly anxious about some old friend who had been ruining himself by speculations in Change Alley. He talked of getting up a merry little dinner party at some out-of-the-way house of entertainment, where we might talk over old times, and where he would not be known.

Two or three days after I called again, and saw only the servant-girl of the area. Sir Sidney was gone. She knew not whither. Not many months after this he reappeared, and could show himself in public. George IV. had gone to the vaults under St. George's Chapel, and William IV. was on the throne. As Duke of Clarence, William IV. had associated a good deal with the Hero, and had always expressed for him admiration and affection. Sir Sidney, counting on these sentiments, was confident that he would soon be employed, and even be promoted. He must have made some arrangements with his troublesome creditors, for the "good things" were not yet come; they were only coming. One day, as I was perched on the top of a coach, going to Brighton, I saw Sir Sidney walking along Piccadilly, with a quick, elastic step, and a very cheerful countenance. A very short time after this, my crony, R. L. E., was invited to meet the Hero at dinner, at the country-house of that kind and very hospitable old Turkey merchant, Mr. N. K., who was a very old friend of the Admiral. Sir Sidney was true to time, but the dinner was kept waiting by the non-appearance of that exemplary scamp, L. G., who was again hanging on to the Admiral, and doing all kinds of work for him, and giving himself the title of "Secretary." When, at length, Mr. Secretary made his appearance, Sir Sidney, who was hungry then, and impatient always, said, "G., why the devil can't you be punctual? We have been waiting nearly an hour." "Sir Sidney," said the rogue, with a gravity that struck E. as being exceedingly laughable, "Sir Sidney, I was obliged to wait for the despatches!" And here he produced three or four letters, which, to E.'s eye, looked very much like lawyer's letters. The merriest man—we need not add, the most talkative—at that hospitable table was the Hero of Acre, who, as an inevitable necessity, told over again the incidents of that siege. E. rode

back to town with him; and though himself a great and a rapid talker, he could scarcely " get in a word edgeways." Sir Sidney was building up most splendid castles in the air, and making plans and projects that, in execution, must have taken half a century; and at this time he was getting on towards the threescore years and ten.

King William did not disappoint him. He obtained the command of one of our Home Stations, and was made General of Marines. This ought to have set him at ease as to money matters, but I believe that it did not.

CHAPTER XXIV

SIR GEORGE MURRAY

When the Duc de Montpensier, the son of King Louis Philippe, came over to England in 1845, he was Master-General of the Ordnance in France. As Sir George Murray then held the like appointment in England, he was invited, or bidden, in the style royal, to the first dinner given to H.R.H. at Windsor Castle. The two Masters-General—the one advanced in years, and a tried old soldier, the other an inexperienced young man, who owed his high military rank to the accident of his being a King's son—had a good deal of conversation after the repast. The Duke expressed, in anxious terms, the desire to be shown over Woolwich Arsenal as soon as possible. Sir George, as a matter of course, allowed him to name his day and hour. Sir George was too busy to go himself, but he sent an *aide-de-camp* and his own son-in-law, Captain Boyd, to attend His Highness, who took with him some half-dozen French officers.

No reception could have been more respectful, and at the same time more cordial, than that which these foreigners met with. They were shown over every part of the Arsenal, into all the workshops, model rooms, and into the laboratory; they were allowed ample time to examine everything they chose, whether of old or of recent invention; and the inspection being over, they were entertained at a splendid luncheon in the mess-room of our Artillery, who know how to do that sort of thing in the very best style, and who have plenty of plate and all other

necessary means and appliances. About a week after the return of the Duke to Paris, Sir George Murray's *aide-de-camp* received a letter from one of the *aides-de-camp* of H.R.H. I was with Sir George, in the Ordnance Office, when this letter was brought to him. After glancing his eye over it, he smiled and said: "Here is rather a nice specimen of French impudence! Read this!" The letter contained a request, on the part of the Duke, that Sir George would have some drawings made of some new gun-carriage and other newly-invented machinery, and that these drawings might be forwarded as soon as convenient. "His Royal Highness," said the *aide-de-camp*, "though he very attentively inspected all that came under his eye at Woolwich, does not quite distinctly remember the construction and application of some of these objects, and would be greatly assisted by some correct drawings." "It is really cool," said I. "What answer will you give, Sir George?" "A polite but a positive No!" said he.

I am not aware how Englishmen visiting French arsenals were treated at that period, or how they may be treated now; but I can speak to the reception I, in my humble capacity, met with at Toulon at the beginning of the year 1829, while as yet Charles X. was King; I went to the Arsenal with a letter to the Commandant from a respectable merchant and banker of Marseilles. This officer received me with very scant courtesy. He abruptly asked me whether I were "*militaire*." As I had just returned from travelling in the East, I still wore a moustache and had a sunburnt face. I assured him that I was not in the Army; and he had the rudeness to betray, by his looks, the suspicion that I was telling an untruth and that he did not believe me. After a very little talk, he called up two *gens d'armes*, and told them to conduct me over the Arsenal. With one of these fellows on either flank, I was hurried and trotted

through the Arsenal. I must have looked something like a criminal condemned to the galleys. I was not allowed time to examine anything; I was hurried on from place to place, and many places I was not allowed to enter at all. I threw away a five-franc piece in a vain endeavour to soften these two police-soldiers, "*Allons, Monsieur! Marchons!*" And away they hurried me. Beyond the roguish countenance of a fellow who was "*aux bagnes*," for having stolen the jewels of Mademoiselle Mars, the famous actress—the beds or boards on which the *galériens* are chained and fastened down side by side at night, their legs being secured in a sort of long iron stocks—I really remember next to nothing of what I so hastily saw in the Arsenal and dockyards of Toulon. I hope that they now manage these matters better in France, and that less jealousy and more liberality are shown to us English, who are so liberal towards the French; but from some few things which have recently come to my knowledge, "*j'en doute.*"

One morning that I called at the Ordnance Office, Sir George was going to attend the Committee, at that time, if I remember well, sitting in consultation on some of the Park or other West End improvements. He was ill, very ill; already yielding to the maladies which were so soon to bring him to the grave.

He was out of humour with most of the decisions the Committee had previously come to, and with nearly everything that had been done under their auspices; and as a man of taste and sound judgment, he might well have been so. "I wish I were not going," said he; "I would much rather stay here and talk over the Marlborough despatches with you!" He was then editing those despatches, and I was occasionally giving him a little assistance. He said: "It seems to me that this Committee does hardly anything that is right. If twenty or thirty architectural plans and designs be brought before them,

it is the toss-up of a halfpenny that they do not choose the very worst and the most expensive. Was there ever anything worse than the Nelson Column, with the queer statue a-top of it, that looks like a man with a tail! Two sailors were coming out of the Strand into Trafalgar Square. 'D—— me, Jack,' said one to the other, 'if they haven't top-masted the Admiral! There's a pretty go! I wonder what next!' I think," continued Sir George, "that I shall cry off. I am sick of voting in minorities, and of seeing things adopted of which I cannot approve. It is the old English story: there are on the Committee men of indisputable taste and ability, men quite incapable of being swayed by partialities, or prejudices, or self-interested motives; but these men are not regular in their attendance, or strenuous in their exertion; while, on the other hand, a set of inferior individuals, inferior not only in taste but also in other qualities, are constant in their attendance at the Board, and by coalescing and clubbing together, they generally manage to carry everything their own way. Yet all things are done in the name of the Committee, as one; and I and your friend, Mr. Hallam, and old Sam Hughes—not to mention others—are members of that Committee, and are often held to be, in part, responsible for the solecisms and blunders that are committed. The Duke laughed at me for accepting the nomination. If I had taken the Duke's advice, I should never have been on the Committee of Taste. The Duke's plain common sense always leads, and always did lead him right. One of his maxims has been, never to undertake work with your arms tied; another, never to seek reputation, or the power of doing good or preventing evil, as a member of a Committee or any such body! For, though you will get neither credit nor praise for what it does well, you will not escape blame for what it does ill."

When Moore was on the advance to Salamanca, a party of our light cavalry, one fine afternoon, suddenly surprised and took, with all he had upon him or with him, a French Cabinet courier who was coming from Paris and seeking the Emperor Napoleon, whose whereabouts was at the moment rather uncertain. Besides despatches, the courier was the bearer of a magnum of the choicest burgundy, no doubt a present from the thoughtful Cambacères, who always held that, whether in war or diplomacy, there was nothing like good cheer. Having read or deciphered, as far as they were able, all the despatches and letters, Sir John, turning to George Murray, said laughingly: " Now after this day's work let us wet our whistles, and try what's in the bottle !" Murray, nothing loath, drew the cork, and clean glasses were forthcoming, and were filled in a trice. " Burgundy, by Jove !" cried Murray. " And of the very first quality !" said Sir John, taking his first sip of the glass. " Murray, it must be '*Vin de Nuits!*' " Here a timid, cautious *aide-de-camp*, turning pale as he spoke, and almost taking the glass out of his General's hand, said: " Stop, Sir John ! For Heaven's sake have a care ! The wine may be poisoned, and the courier and the bottle may have been purposely thrown in your way to take you off !" " A most improbable conjecture," said Sir John, emptying his glass at a draught, and passing the bottle to Murray, who confessed that his mouth was watering. " But who knows," said the cautious *aide-de-camp*, but that some mortal enemy at Paris may have drugged the wine, to take off Napoleon himself ? He has many enemies in France who would be quite equal to such a deed !" " Pooh !" said Murray, who had finished his first glass while the officer was talking. " If there is poison here, I wish we had a hogshead of it ! It is pure, unalloyed, unmistakable burgundy, of the very best vintage. Take a glass, man, and thank your stars for throwing such a

prize in our way, in this hungry, sour-wine, barbarous country !" Seeing no ill-effects either in the General or the Quartermaster, the *aide-de-camp* filled his own glass, but he sipped it rather cautiously, and was not at all anxious to replenish it. As he was not familiar with the peculiar odour and flavour of burgundy, he fancied there was something queer, if not deleterious, in the wine. "And so," said Murray, "the General and I had pretty well all the magnum to ourselves, and very merry we got over it."

Sir George Murray told me this little anecdote, with many others, in the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, in the summer of 1844, when he was Master-General of the Ordnance, and not many months before his death, deeply lamented by me.

"When that magnum fell in our way," said the veteran, the accomplished and free-hearted soldier, "we had been for weeks on rather short commons, drinking nothing but common Spanish wines, which all savoured strongly of the goat-skins in which they had been carried into the market or the camp; so that I must confess I was quite greedy after the burgundy, and enjoyed it amazingly, as did also poor Moore." And Sir George spoke as if he had still on his lips and palate the flavour of that delicious wine—lost to Napoleon, and drunk by his foes.

CHAPTER XXV

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT HARDINGE

For all the favours, important services, and benefits for which I am indebted to my generous patroness and friend, the Countess of Jersey, I count among the greatest of all, my acquaintance, and I may now say friendship, with this brave soldier, able statesman, and excellent and most kind-hearted man. I was well acquainted with his noble character, with his conduct on the field of Corunna, with his admirable decision at Albuera, with the whole of his military career from the time that he first drew his sword in Portugal, down to the time when he sheathed it in India, after achieving the two glorious victories of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. As Sir Henry Hardinge, I had often admired him as a spirited debater and a clear-headed man of business, in the House of Commons.

No one ever brought up the Army Estimates, or discussed matters connected with the Service, as well as he did when Secretary of War. He did not pretend to be an orator, or a maker of long, set speeches; but he was uncommonly smart and quick as a debater, and could always keep his own, and reply on the instant to his adversaries. In this respect he was not inferior to the long-practised and very literary John Wilson Croker; while his manner, his tone, and personal bearing, were far superior to those of the cold, sarcastic, ex-Secretary to the Admiralty. Sir Henry could say his sharp, cutting things, and he did say a good many of them during

those last stormy, tempestuous debates on the Reform Bill; but there was so much heart and earnestness in all that he said, that few or none could take offence. He would never go beyond his depth, or affect to be learned. He could never forget the advice the Duke gave him when he was entering Parliament for the first time, and much doubting of success.

"Hardinge," said Wellington, "speak only on subjects that you well understand, never quote Latin, and you will do very well." This story has been applied to Sir George Murray. A mistake. Sir George was a very considerable scholar, which Sir Henry had not had time to become, as he joined his first regiment in Canada when he was little more than fifteen years of age. One day, Lady Jersey, in her kindest manner, told me that I had an admirer in Lord Hardinge, that he and his sons were greatly pleased with my History of British India, and that his lordship wished to make my acquaintance, and to do me a good turn. I was introduced in the course of that same day, a bright, cheerful, sunny day of June, 1850; and from that day to this, 25th August, 1856, I have been almost constantly receiving some proofs of his lordship's kindness.

I have never applied to him in vain for a favour; in most instances he has anticipated my wishes. His open countenance, his frank, hearty manner, his cheerfulness, the clear ring of his voice—like a silver bell—the penetrating yet caressing glance of his bright grey eye, won my heart at once, and now that I have nothing more to hope from him, now that he is departing from this world, I can safely say that no man was ever more grateful or more attached to him than I have been, or am.

When his lordship knew me only by my books, and by the too partial account of me given by Lady Jersey, he had rendered, through her ladyship, an important service to my son Charles, and at our very first interview he rendered him and me another.

"I see," said his lordship, "that Sir James Hogg has appointed your son to the Cavalry and to the Bombay Presidency. This won't do. I have not a very high opinion of our Indian Regular Cavalry; in it, your boy won't learn his trade. It must be Infantry. Then, it will be best for him to go to Bengal, and to be near to Headquarters. I will give him a letter to Sir William Gomm, the Commander-in-Chief, and another to my good friend Colonel Birch, Military Secretary. They can help him a good deal; he will find them both at Calcutta. But now, do you go back to Lady Jersey, and get her to see the appointment set right. Sir James Hogg, who gives the cadetship, will have no difficulty in making the alteration. Who can refuse anything to Lady Jersey? But go at once! Her ladyship may be going out. My brougham will be at the door in a minute; take it as far as Berkeley Square, and then send it back for me, and come here to-morrow and tell me that we have succeeded." I found Lady Jersey at home, and on the evening of that same day she did succeed with Sir James.

In the course of that summer, 1850, I had dinners and rather frequent and long interviews with Lord Hardinge, who had then, as he was holding no office, plenty of leisure time. At the end of the season, when London was emptying itself into the country, he invited me to South Park, and told me to come for two or three days, and to come often.

"You shall see my farming," said he. "You shall see my tree-planting, in which, at least, I pretend to be as knowing as the Earl of Peterborough, who trimmed vines and planted quincunxes for Pope. You, who are a poet, can ramble about Penshurst Castle and Park, and think of Sir Philip Sidney and Arcadia. Our place is just above Penshurst."

In October, on leaving Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone's (Hookwood Park), I drove across the country

to Penshurst and South Park, a delightful drive of some fourteen miles, through a quiet, secluded country which contains one or two old castles and some fine old manor-houses. At my arrival his lordship was out, but Miss Hardinge told me that I should find him in a part of the plantation to which she pointed. As I approached it I heard the sound of someone sawing, and on getting up to the spot I found that his lordship was the sawyer.

With the stump of his left arm resting on a big bough, and with the saw in his right hand, the venerable statesman and warrior, the hero of Albuera, of Ligny, and of all those other fights, was sawing away that bough which interfered with a charming view of the grounds from the house. He welcomed me most cordially, but he did not talk much till he had finished the job. He then took me up a steep hill, on the summit of which he was building, with wood felled in his own park, a curious and picturesque summer-house, in imitation of one he had often admired at Simla in the Himalaya mountains. He was very proud of his work. "With a little aid from the carpenter and builder of the village," said he, "we have done it all ourselves; Charles and I drew the plan, and our own people carried it out. I like to be improving, I like to be doing, and cannot bear idleness in any form. I never could." A lady once paid him this compliment: "Lord Hardinge, I almost think it is lucky that you have but one hand, for if you had two hands you would never find work enough for both!" From the Himalayan kiosk we went to see some experiment he was trying in soils, manure, and pasturage; and thence to the farmyard, and to the splendid *basse-cour* or poultry-yard. Everything was of the first quality, and in tip-top order. He was very curious in poultry, and had all manner of breeds, from Cochin China, Malacca, Siam, China, and I know not how many other countries. He told me, in a very laughable way, why he did not

encourage the breeding of bantams. It was quite delightful to hear how he talked with the bailiff and with the farm-labourers, and to see his solicitude, his tenderness for a poor fellow who had been very ill. "You must get up your strength, John! A little port wine will do you no harm. Mr. Bixey will give you a bottle. Go up to the house and get it. Take care of yourself, for we can't do without you in the plantation, and up at the summer-house." This was the tone I invariably heard him use with his people, and it was this that made them so love him. Always close at his lordship's heels when out, and always close at his side when in, was a very beautiful, high-bred, little pet dog, of which he was exceedingly fond. The affection was mutual, for never was dog so much attached to his master. The poor thing evidently pined and fretted if deprived, only for a single day, of his lordship's company. He had another pet in the shape of a very peculiar Nepaulese dog, but he was getting old and lazy, and soon came to the end of his days. But the place was full of pets—as we generally find the country residences of affectionate people. Lady Hardinge had hers, Miss Hardinge hers, and the sons theirs. Going round to the stables, I was introduced to his lordship's favourite Arabian, poor Aliwal, who had carried his master at Moodkee and Ferozeshah, and who now frequently carried him over the greensward of the tranquil park, and down to the village of Penshurst, but seldom much farther. He was a beautiful horse, but not above the average height of Arabian or Persian Gulf horses. He whinnied before we got to the stable-door, and as his master petted him and caressed him with hand and voice he showed every symptom of equine delight. "Aliwal," said his lordship, "is a gentleman; he has a deal of gallantry; let a man mount him and he starts off at a bound, and then continues to play sundry little pranks that are not quite agree-

able to timid riders. He does this even with me, at times. But let Lady Hardinge or my daughter mount him, and he is as steady as a judge, at setting off, and continues to behave with the greatest discretion." I had afterwards opportunities of witnessing Aliwal's exemplary behaviour with the ladies.

The house was delightful; not large, though his lordship had recently made some additions to it; it was tasteful, simple, and most comfortable—such a residence as any private English gentleman might possess and occupy. The dinner and the evening went off quite merrily, like every hour I have since passed in that hospitable place or in his lordship's society. He was full of anecdote himself, and he was pleased with some he drew from me. The next morning, immediately after breakfast, I witnessed for the first time, but far from the last time, a little domestic scene which went to my heart, which brought the tears to my eyes; and which, by me, will not be forgotten until sense and memory utterly fail me, or until the hand of death be upon me. I would fain recall it when dying, and few things more touching or more holy could be recalled in one's last moments.

We went into the hall for family worship, his lordship leading the way, Prayer-Book in hand. The hall was hung round with Indian firearms, pikes, lances, sabres, yataghans, daggers, bows and arrows, and other implements of war from India, Persia, Afghanistan, Nepaul, and other Oriental regions, and here and there was hung the skin of a tiger or of some other wild beast. On either side of the hall, placed longitudinally, the breech to the door at the lower end of the hall, and the muzzle pointing to the other end, was a magnificent Sikh cannon on its high and truly astonishing Sikh carriage. These had formed part of the spoil taken at Moodkee and Ferozeshah, and the Honourable East India Company had presented the two guns to his lordship as a pleasant souvenir of his Indian Campaign. I have

seen, in my time, plenty of guns of all ages, and of nearly all nations, but I have never seen two such pieces of ordnance as these Sikh guns, or any that could be at all compared with them, either as to the carriages or as to the pieces themselves. At the upper end of the hall, on a line between the two cannons, and in front of a magnificent rug made of a tiger's skin, was a low, small, very unpretending reading-desk, and here the brave, pious-hearted old warrior took his seat, and read the short Morning Service, and a beautiful short prayer which I believe to have been his own composition. He read with perfect emphasis and propriety; nay, he read beautifully. I wish a good many of my friends in the Church could only read like him. He read so well because he felt so earnestly what he was reading. And as he read—

> "His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
> And charity itself was in his face."

The juxtaposition, the strong contrast of War and Peace, of implements of slaughter and the prayers and precepts of holy religion, impressed me then, as always after when I took part in this family worship, more, far more, than I can express in words. Those two Sikh guns had vomited death on our devoted bands, and had not been captured without a fierce hand-to-hand fight, and a great loss on our side. His lordship made me observe the curious way in which bright iron seats for the drivers were placed within the wheels, and the all but inexplicable manner in which the very strong and thick iron tyre, apparently without any nails or rivets or screws, was put on the beautifully constructed wheel. I was admiring one of the fine tiger-skins, which had been so prepared that the head of the animal, entire, and in perfect preservation, was left attached to it. "I am proud of that," said he, "for my son Charles shot the animal, and gave me the skin."

In the course of the day his lordship and I, and the little white dog, went all over the Park, and again over the farm, and the *basse-cour*. His lordship was talking like a farmer, and from his appearance he might very well have been taken for one. He wore an old hat, a brown paletot coat or coatee, a brown stuff waistcoat, tweed trousers, and thick-soled, hobnailed boots.

When *en bourgeois* his dress was always extremely plain and simple. He used to say, "We have now only two old dandies left, the Marquis of Anglesey, and your friend Lord Strangford. I farm my land," said he, "for it gives me occupation, and I have always delighted in it. When I was a poor, young, struggling officer, I did not, like Napoleon, sigh for a city life, and the means of keeping a cabriolet of my own; but I often longed for the day when I should have a small estate in my own native Kent, and be able to farm it. You know what is commonly said of gentleman farmers. Well, now! I pretend that I farm not only without loss, but with profit, notwithstanding the pounds I now and then spend in experiments. I have an honest bailiff; and Bixey, my factotum and most faithful servant, is an excellent accountant. Not so much as an egg but is accounted for. We don't sell much, but only see what I should have to spend if it were not for my farm, poultry-yard, pasturage, woodland, and the rest. I estimate that, according to current market prices, and put it down as so much profit. We are plain livers, as you see; we almost live on this estate, without having recourse to butchers or bakers, corn-factors, or hay-dealers. I don't grow beef, I don't meddle with bulls or oxen, we have only a few milch-cows; but I grow my mutton and my pork, my chickens and capons, and of these we always have a great plenty, and of the best quality."

This time he talked very little about war, and not at all about politics. I have several times heard him

say: "I like to be one thing at a time, and all in one thing; when I am soldiering I like to be all soldiering. When I am in the country I am all country-gentleman and farmer. I will no more mix civil and military pursuits than I would dress myself half *en militaire* and half *en bourgeois*. In some of the Continental countries men commit this last mistake in costume; thinking, I suppose, that they must always carry something of the officer about them. Englishmen have better taste." In the evening he related some very affecting anecdotes of Sir Robert Peel, to whom he had been greatly attached, and whose memory he held in reverence.

His lordship was a convert, though a tardy one, I believe, to Sir Robert's Free Trade policy; which I was not then, nor am now. He listened with patience and perfect good humour to some of my objections, and then said: "Well, whatever may be the result of Free Trade, Sir Robert meant it to be a blessing. His intentions were always noble, generous, right. He laboured over that scheme for years, his head was almost incessantly occupied with it. No statesman ever more ardently desired the good and greatness of his country; and though Sir Robert had a cool, calculating, retiring outward manner, he had a very ardent mind, and a very warm heart, as I well know! I was most deeply grieved at his death, and I shall never cease to regret him. Only six days before he fell from his horse in the Park, he was here, sitting where you now are, talking and chatting in a pleasant, animated way; and being, to all appearance, in perfect health. He left this, with me, on the Monday morning; on the next Saturday afternoon he was carried home, a maimed, broken, dying man! The shock was great to all of us, for we had enjoyed much of his intimacy, and with us he had always thrown off the ministerial toga, and had been cheerful, easy, and quite natural. Lady Hardinge can hardly yet bear to hear him spoken of. Take my word for

it, Sir Robert was a good man, and a pious man: pious without ostentation, cant, intolerance, or bigotry. He used so to like to attend our old Penshurst country church. It was the last place of worship he was in."

The drawing-room was hung with a great number of very clever, spirited water-colour drawings made by Mr. Charles, and chiefly in India. There were views of battlefields, encampments, military stations, mosques, temples, and pagodas, all looking quite Oriental and quite true. His lordship prided himself in them, as he did in every good or clever thing that proceeded from his children. The next morning I reluctantly took my departure. In the month of December I again went from Mr. Elphinstone's to South Park. It was the 22nd of the month. "You come at a right time," said his lordship. "This is the fifth anniversary of the Battle of Ferozeshah. We will celebrate it with an extra bottle of claret. Five years ago, at this hour of the morning, I had plenty of work on my hands, and plenty of anxiety in my mind! I was standing among the captured Sikh guns, surrounded by the wounded, dead, and dying. But let us take a walk and forget it."

After dinner there was no toast-giving or speech-making; but his lordship calmly yet feelingly spoke of the slain, and very animatedly spoke of many of the officers who had displayed courage and ability. He warmly praised Colonel Abbot of the Engineers, who had constructed a bridge for the passage of the army. "If it had not been for Adams, and his readiness and skill, we should have been in a mess! If it had not been for Abbot and his bridge, I hardly know how the campaign might have ended!"

I never knew his lordship to be avaricious or stinted in his praise; when he praised he did it, as it was in his very nature to do everything else,

heartily, *con core ed anima*. The next morning he was all the farmer again. I cannot avoid the conviction that even trifles told of such a man as Lord Hardinge must have an interest, and be worthy of brief record and long remembrance.

As I was leaving, on the following afternoon, and as his lordship was giving me his hand in the trophied hall, he suddenly said in his smart, rapid manner: "Oh! You have children at home, and children love fruit, which is not easily obtained at this season of the year. We have just received some splendid pears, a present from the Governor of Guernsey. Bixey, bring them here and fill a basket for Mr. MacFarlane." He helped, with that ever active one hand, to pack the fruit and to secure it from injury by wrapping it in soft paper. The fruit was exquisite, but we had some scruple about eating it. Indeed we felt something like the old soldier to whom his lordship had given a blackcock. This was a little incident with which he was greatly pleased. At one of the railway-stations between Penshurst and town, he recognized in one of the Company's servants a pensioned sergeant who had behaved well at Moodkee and Ferozeshah. He made him a present, and always afterwards, when the train stopped at that station, he had a kind word for the old soldier. Mr. Charles Hardinge, who was away shooting in the Highlands of Scotland, sent up to London a magnificent basket of game. The family were down at Penshurst, and his lordship took charge of the basket, which he opened on his way down, in order to give the soldier a splendid blackcock. The next time he saw the man, he asked him how he and his wife had relished the bird. "Oh," said the sergeant, "we could never think of eating a bird that was killed by Mr. Charles, and given by Lord Hardinge! Instead of cooking the cock, we had him stuffed and put into a glass case, and a very handsome thing it is, and a great ornament, and a greater honour

to our humble house." "My fine fellow," rejoined Lord Hardinge, holding out a hand that was not empty, "you shall have some other birds; and something else which I insist upon your cooking and eating, and which cannot be kept, or stuffed." "Now," said his lordship in relating the story, "this poor sergeant must have had heart and imagination within him. An educated man would hardly have paid a neater compliment, or have done it in a neater, shorter manner. That man is fit for something better than porter at a railway-station."

I have no doubt that the poor sergeant often got some of his lordship's mutton and poultry. This brave man's heart was always so accessible, and his hand always so open. No one ever more enjoyed the luxury of doing good, or the happiness of seeing smiling, happy faces around him. What a different world would it be if there were a vast many more Henry Hardinges in it! With anything base, sordid, meanly selfish or ungenerous, he had no patience; his eye would flash, his lips quiver, and his voice go into a sharp treble, at the mention of any paltry act. In his time he had made or found plenty of *ingrats*, but although I have heard him complain of this, or rather of poor human nature, it had no effect on his warm native benevolence and beneficence. "A man," said he, "does not do good to get equal good in return. If he does it is traffic and barter. I am not surprised that so many men in public life and in high employment should come to entertain a very low opinion of human nature; for they, of necessity, see so much of its selfishness, insincerity, trickery, and falsehood. I would rather not have very much to give away in the shape of Government places, promotions, or pensions.

"Patronage is a heavy burden to bear, and it carries one into strange roads and dirty paths, and it too much familiarizes the mind with meanness and ingratitude."

Although he is decided, firm, and even a little stern where any serious matter of duty or any high principle is concerned, no man living or no man that I have ever known has a more feeling, compassionate, tender heart than this brave, good, religious veteran. With the courage of a lion he has the gentleness of a gazelle. I have myself seen numerous instances of his tenderness of heart and quick sympathy with the sufferings of others. I have also watched, at times with the tears starting to my eyes, the gentle, affectionate way in which he speaks to, and in which he treats, not only his wife and children, but also his household servants, his woodmen, farm-labourers, and all who approach him, whatever their degree. This contributes immensely to render a day or two's stay at South Park, Penshurst, a privilege and a perfect delight.

After the murderous Battle of Ferozeshah, his amiable Christian character was displayed to the greatest advantage. He visited all the wounded, whether officers or private, and he had a cheerful word, or a word of comfort, for all. The sufferers forgot their own pangs in the admiration his kindness elicited. He visited them again and again; sometimes with one, sometimes with both, of his sons, and he watched over their welfare with a solicitude which would not have been surpassed if they had all been his own children. Every little luxury to be obtained, no matter at what cost, in the camp bazaar or in the country, was procured for them by his command, and by the vigilant care he took in seeing his orders obeyed and carried out. (" In war," says his lordship, " it is not enough to give orders—the General must see to their execution.") One little homely incident is well deserving of record. It was Christmas Eve, and his lordship, then only Sir Henry, in going his rounds, heard one of the wounded men saying to his bed-neighbour and fellow-sufferer, " To-morrow is Christmas Day, but we shall

have no mince-pies!" "Yes, you shall, my fine fellow!" said Sir Henry, who forthwith ordered pies to be made; and by the morrow more than a thousand mince-pies smoked upon the board, and were distributed among the wounded soldiers. I have, somewhere, told this story in print. The following anecdote I have related only in conversation.

When the surgeons and their assistants were preparing to perform the necessary amputations, his lordship, with his son Charles, went through the ward, to comfort and encourage the patients. One poor fellow, quite a young man, said it was hard, at his time of life, to lose a leg. "Oh!" said Sir Henry, "Here is my son Charles who lost a leg long before he was your age, and yet you see how well and active he is, and how well he can walk and ride!" Another poor soldier moaned at the idea of having an arm cut off. "Courage, my fine fellow!" said Sir Henry. "You see that I have but one hand myself. I lost the other at Ligny, thirty years ago, and you see I have lived to be Governor-General of India. A man may do a great many things with one hand, and a great many more with only one leg."

Twice when I induced him to speak of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat, the Battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John, he was affected even to tears. The battlefield, the bleeding, dying General, and the mournful removal to the rear, seemed to reproduce themselves, and to be full, plain, and glaring before his eyes. It will be remembered that he was at Sir John Moore's side when that brave and good man received his death-wound, that he was the first to dismount and to raise Moore from the ground, that he tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash, and that he helped his beloved General to the rear. In one of my works, in describing his conduct on this occasion, I had said that it was characterized

by the fortitude of a Christian soldier mingled with the tenderness of a woman. "Truer words," said Sir George Murray, "were never written! Little Henry Hardinge deserves all this and a great deal more!" His lordship is naturally of a warm temperament. I have seen him roused to anger, but not often, and *never* without cause.

Our neighbour, old Farmer C., had for some time the management of an estate that nearly adjoins South Park. As he passed for a good farmer, and as his lordship was so very fond of his own farm, and of trying experiments and making improvements in it, he not infrequently sent for C. and still oftener met him on his rides. "I never knew so affable a gentleman," says C. "Why, bless you, he would talk with me by the hour together, and be just as easy and pleasant-like as if he had only been a farmer like myself. And he, such a *very* great man!" One morning that they were riding together, side by side, through the Park, the farmer's horse flung out and kicked at his lordship's pet Arab, poor dear Aliwal, who died last year in London, and now lies buried in the Park. Luckily the kick fell upon his lordship's stirrup-iron, and no great harm was done. "I could have got off the brute and have cut his throat then and there," says the farmer; "but his lordship was not in the least ruffled; he only smiled, and said: 'A lucky escape, Mr. C.! If the kick had come a little higher I might have been *minus* a leg, as well as *minus* a hand. Let us thank God that it is as it is.'

"And I do assure you," says Farmer C., "that I did thank God with all my heart and soul."

Lord Hardinge is as full of religion as of loyalty. One morning, on going into the harness-room, he found one of his grooms reading a detestable, ultra-Radical weekly newspaper, in which the Altar was as little respected as the Throne. "My good fellow," said he, "if you will read this mischievous trash,

read it outside, for I will not allow it to be brought within my lodge-gates. If you must have a newspaper here, the butler will lend you a better one."

It has always been in my taste, or in my very nature, to love a veteran soldier, a brave, fighting one, better than any other sort of man. All that I have known —and at home or abroad I have known a good many— have been mild, modest, gentle. I think their manners the perfection of manners. That of Lord Hardinge is charming; so easy, so thoroughly unaffected, so kind, so caressing. . . . My children know, and will never forget, the extent of my obligations to this family.

Lord Hardinge has a very neat way of turning a note or short letter. He can be antithetical and epigrammatic. I have some letters of his, and I have seen a good many more, that are quite models for that very useful and necessary sort of composition. When my elder son Charles was preparing to go out to India in the Company's service, his lordship said that he must have the pleasure of giving the young man his first sword. In effect, he gave him a great deal more than that. A week or two after, being in London, I received the following note: "You will get the sword at Wilkinson's in Pall Mall. It is sure to be a good one—the best that can be made. May your son never draw it without necessity, nor sheathe it without honour."

My dear boy did sheathe that sword with some honour after the second storming of Pegu, where he was one of the first over the palisades, and where his regiment did nearly all the work. He has the original note with him, and I have no doubt it has acted on him as a valuable monitor, and that it has given him courage and fortitude in the scenes of danger, fatigue, and sickness that it has been his lot to go through in these last five years and six months.

At Calcutta his lordship became very much attached to the late John Francis Lyall, a man of great worth and talent, son of the late George Lyall the East India Director, and consequently nephew to my friend, Dr. William Rowe Lyall, Dean of Canterbury. Under his lordship's administration, Mr. J. F. Lyall became Judge-Advocate, and performed the duties of that office in a most satisfactory manner. Unfortunately, he soon fell a victim to the endemic diseases of Bengal. His interesting widow, now my very kind friend, returned to England with her only child, an infant daughter. On the first anniversary of poor Lyall's death, his lordship was involved in all the turmoils, labours, and anxieties of the Sikh campaign; it was the day on which the terrible Battle of Ferozeshah was to be fought. Yet he remembered Lyall, and thought of his widow and child, and from that very battlefield he wrote her a most consoling and affectionate letter. And when his lordship gave up the Governor-Generalship and came home, among the first persons he looked up were the widow and the little girl, who, since then, have been frequent guests at South Park. Mrs. J. F. Lyall belongs to a wealthy and distinguished family. She is sister to Sir J. F. Davis, late Governor of Hong-Kong, author of our best book about China, and she is herself well provided with worldly goods; but presents from a man like Lord Hardinge cannot be otherwise than acceptable and highly prized. I know not how many he has made to the little girl, who, by the way, is now fast growing into a fine young woman. He has given her one of the prettiest Indian toys I have ever seen, the figure of an elephant with the howdah on its back, in pure solid gold, and beautifully wrought. I could adduce fifty other proofs of the tenderness of heart and generosity of disposition of Field-Marshal Viscount Hardinge, whose name be for ever honoured ! Never, I believe, never in his life, and whether humble

or exalted, rich or poor, was this admirable man "*sans chevalerie pour le malheur.*"

Though very anxious about him, ever since that black Aldershot Monday when he had his fit and fell to the ground almost at Her Majesty's feet, I certainly did not expect the tidings of his death, this heart-breaking bereavement, quite so soon. He was so temperate, so regular in all his habits, so cheerful and so strong both of body and heart, that I fondly hoped that, being relieved from the terrible toils of the Horse Guards, and living quietly at his own dear Penshurst, with plenty of tranquil occupation and out- and in-door amusement, he might yet last a few years. I had quite recently received news that he was wonderfully better, that he had recovered the use of his hand—that dear one hand—and could walk about with the help of a supporting arm. I was arranging how I could go to him, having heard still better accounts of him from another quarter; when, yesterday evening, when calling upon an old man who is visiting Canterbury, I learned to my astonishment and grief that his lordship was no more, and that notice of his death was in the morning's *Times*, which I had not seen.

The fact was *brusquement* and coldly announced by the unsympathizing, selfish old man, who has been living ninety-six years in the world, without ever having done anything good or generous in it, and who is still strong and hearty, and to all appearance likely to attain more than his hundredth year. Yes, he lives on, and a man like Lord Hardinge, whose life was one uninterrupted course of good and generous deeds, is taken from us in his seventy-second year. *Fiat voluntas Dei.* The grief is to us who remain, not to him who is gone. If heroic courage, fortitude to bear, kindness of heart, generosity carried to munificence, and an entire Christian faith, entitle man to eternal bliss, Henry Hardinge is in Heaven. I almost staggered as I walked home

from that ill-omened visit, and through the night I could not away with visions of the deathbed, and of the afflicted family. This morning, 26th September, I received from South Park the following letter written by Mr. Bixey, his lordship's confidential man: "Dear Sir,—You will be grieved to hear of the decease of dear Lord Hardinge. On Tuesday morning he was exceedingly well, and walked in from the dining-room to the front hall, to prayers, all by himself. After prayers, he rode out on horseback from eleven to twelve-thirty, being perfectly well. He walked across the room only five minutes before he was seized, which took place at 1.30 p.m., and at eleven at night he expired, having been unconscious from about 2.30 p.m. Dr. Locock and Mr. Gregory were both with him, and I believe he never felt a single pain. You will forgive my very short note, as I have not time, but feeling you would be anxious to know, I have written what I could."

Thank God that his death was as easy as his life had been glorious! With far more truth than Walter Scott could say it of Byron, I can say of my departed benefactor and friend—

> "There will be many peers
> Ere such another Hardinge."

But I must set aside this book, or not continue this mournful subject, until my sorrow be less new and keen.

CANTERBURY,
Wednesday.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE REV. CHARLES TOWNSEND

In the time of my great intimacy with dear William Stewart Rose—chiefly at Brighton, November, 1829, July, 1835—Rose's frequent guest, and one of his most cherished friends, was a humble country curate, Charles Townsend, an Oxonian.

Everybody knows the quiet little village of Preston, on the high London Road, a mile or so from Brighton; and many may have remarked the quiet, ivy-covered parsonage house, with a little garden in front, and the gently ascending downs in the rear. It is many years since I saw it; but, though so near the high-road, it had always to me a delightful air of seclusion, seeming to hide itself, and to whisper, "Silence!" In the churchyard, close by, lie the remains of some who were very dear to me; of the church itself, I may say a word or two presently.

Poor Townsend, a bachelor, approached his fiftieth year; and had been for many years, I think as many as fifteen, the occupant of the house, as curate. The living was, I believe, a fat one; but the incumbent rarely went near it, leaving pretty well all the duties to be performed by Townsend, on a stipend of £100 a year. But the poor curate, in addition to the house, had the enjoyment and benefit of a good garden which he well knew how to cultivate, with a paddock and a bit more of glebe. Many are the instances I have known in rural non-manufacturing districts, where the warmest affection existed between

the resident parson and the parishioners; but never did I know the case where the affection was so entire and so warm as that between Townsend and his flock.

Brighton, close at hand, teemed with dissenters of all sorts, not excluding the very worst sort. Some of these had pantiled* in Preston, but their conventicle was shut up before T. had been two years in the curacy. His scrupulous attention to all his duties, his constant attendance wherever there was sickness or sorrow, his fondness for children, his gentleness of manner, his happy capability of entering into all agricultural matters, his blameless, spotless life, his numerous charities—for out of his little he contrived to give to the poor—his benevolent and really beautiful countenance, produced this effect. Though a High Churchman, and of the very highest, and though earnest in his convictions and zealous for them, I do not believe that he ever talked, or so much as alluded, to dissent or schism either in the pulpit or out of it. An honest, plain-speaking farmer, whose life had been passed in the parish, said to me one day, "I was born and bred a dissenter, as my father and grandfather had been before me; but when our parson came, and mixed with us, and set us such an example in all that is good and kind and gentle, I took another course, and left our Bible-thumper. Then, bless you, sir, he is learned, and such a gentleman!"

We never knew anything of his family or connections, or previous associations and habits of life, but a "gentleman," in the highest acceptation of the term, poor Townsend certainly was. Add to this, that he was a scholar, and a ripe and rare one. Rose considered him about the best Grecian he had ever known. He was deep in Plato—the most perfect Platonist I ever met with. And it was

* That is, built a chapel. Because dissenting chapels were often roofed with pantiles, or curved tiles.

beautiful to see or hear how he mingled that ancient Greek philosopher with his undoubting, most perfect Christianity. At college, and in his solitary hours at Preston, he had studied and acquired the best of the modern languages, and had cultivated, very successfully, a taste for English poetry. The very small and almost unnoticed volume of sonnets—alas! almost the only thing he left behind him—will show how true and deep a poet he was in heart and soul. These sonnets, when first published, were cast aside as unintelligible or mystical; and at this hour, nearly twenty years after his death, few seem to be aware that such a man as Townsend ever wrote or lived.

He did not shoot or even fish; and as for hunting, with its expenses, it was quite out of the question with his narrow means; but he had that familiarity with sporting which is found, or which was found, in nearly every well-bred Englishman. He kept but one dog, the constant companion of his walks; and that dog, as an indication of his Royalist feeling, was a spaniel of the true, legitimate "King Charles" breed.

He was a most attentive and accurate observer of the habits of birds and beasts, and of changes brought on by the revolving year, whether in the fields, on the neighbouring downs, or in the garden I once read a few pages of a diary which he kept, and which seemed to me as delightful as the best pages in White's "Natural History of Selborne." The tone and style were like White's, but there was great originality in all the observations, and a great deal that was thoroughly and essentially Townsend, and quite unlike the remarks of White, or of any other writer. I know not if he continued this diary, and Heaven knows what has become of the portion I saw written. Rose was possessed of the same taste for animated nature, and was fonder than any man I ever knew of anecdotes and oddities

about animals. I had always had the same "twist."

Many were the long evenings we passed at the fireside in discourse about dogs, bears, and monkeys. We had pleasant trifling, humour, and drollery, and plenty of it—especially from dear Rose—but I never once heard from either of these rare and delightful men any stilted commonplace or starched tautology. There was always mixed with this humour and drollery an under—or rather, an upper—current of serious thought. When Townsend became excited by his subject—poetry, the purest of Greek philosophy, the Christian Faith, or the like—the upward look of his eyes and his whole countenance were almost seraphic. Rose possessed a very clever, most true head of his friend, done in black chalk, while in one of these glorious moods. It was that sort of face that one sees in a few of the very best of old Italian pictures, a face that one may look at for an hour at a time.

I have seen among others, as well as among popular preachers, the heavenward eyes, and an attempt at the whole-spiritualized expression; but in nearly every such case I have traced or suspected some affectation. Townsend looked as he did, because he could not help it; his very soul rushed to his eyes and wreathed his lips into a smile that was quite unearthly. He was no more conscious of it than is the glassy pool or lake of the presence of the beautiful landscape that it reflects. Our parson was a great pedestrian, one that would walk to that well-known ridge called the Devil's Dyke and back again to Preston or to Brighton before breakfast. Poor Rose, paralyzed on one side, and frequently very weak, could walk but very little, and was scarcely safe without the support of some friendly arm. So not being able to take sufficient exercise on foot, and never fancying to do anything like other people, he kept, not a steady cob or stout pony, but a little dappled

donkey, and this he rode, his long legs very nearly touching the ground.

This ass he had christened Velluti after the celebrated singer, and for reasons which I may explain hereafter. To make the donkey go, and for other homely purposes, he had taken into his service a rough, chubby young ploughboy, who spoke the Sussex dialect in perfection. I still see my whimsical, facetious friend jogging along the road, followed, or rather flanked, by this rustic squire, who had generally a broad grin on his face, produced by some of his master's innumerable, interminable jokes. I was very often of the party, riding a capering, well-bred little mare, who with all her frolics could never discompose the gravity of Velluti. The people of Brighton were accustomed to the sight and took no notice, but Rose and his *monture* and queer attendant, who still wore his ploughboy dress, very often attracted the notice and raised the laughter of cockney and other incomers and visitors.

It was in the high days of mail and stage coaches; these vehicles were arriving at all times of the day, so that one could seldom go along the Preston Road without meeting some of them, crowded with passengers inside and out. Rose invariably joined in the laugh. It was his delight to call at the Parson's nest, as he called Townsend's house, to saunter a little in the garden, and then to get his friend to accompany him on a stroll across the breezy downs. Townsend walked and talked, and Rose talked and rode; the parson's dog was far from being an unnoticed or inconsiderable member of the party, and Rose was always finding in him some new merit or quality. There was one particular spot on the downs, where they slope away gently towards Shoreham and the sea, at which the party generally came to a long halt, and on which Rose invariably became discursive and eloquent.

The shipping and the boats put him in mind of

some scene of his foreign travels, and reminiscence led to reminiscence, remark to remark, story to story. Townsend knew so well how to bring him out, and had so thorough a relish for all that was said. The parson too had his full share of the talk, for Rose was no monologist. On these excursions Townsend fully realized to one's mind the notion of the peripatetic philosopher and sage of old.

It was a pity, it was a shame, it was a sin, to separate these attached, congenial spirits, and to tear the poor parson from his nest; but this happened. The old incumbent of Preston, whom Townsend had served so many years, departed this life, and the new rector wanted the curacy for a young friend or relative. The thought that this might some day happen had long cast occasional clouds over poor Townsend's serenity. The honest parishioners, to whom he had so endeared himself, were in despair; but representations and gentle remonstrances were unavailing; Townsend was turned out of his nest, and put under the hard necessity of seeking a living elsewhere.

I would not undertake to be a Church reformer, but I cannot help feeling that measures ought to be adopted to prevent the occurrence of so hard a case, which, I believe, has not been uncommon. Ought not length of service, efficiency of ministration, and a good man's friendships, habits, and associations be taken into account? The only curacy that could be found for him was one in crowded, noisy, smoky London, and in one of the very worst parts of London—over the water, in Southwark—and poor Townsend could not afford to wait. On accepting what was offered to him, Rose predicted what would happen: "He will not live a year! The change is too great! He has been accustomed so long to pure air and to a quiet, country life! What will he do in those close streets in the Borough, among manufactories, warehouses, wharves, and shops, and among those

specimens of every rascality and vice that disgrace the capital? He has been accustomed only to an inoffensive rural population. Here he was so happy; in London he will be broken-hearted. He is not made of stern, but of the gentlest stuff, he is as innocent as a child, and as delicate and as sensitive as a lady. They are killing my poor parson, by thus uprooting and transplanting him! Townsend will certainly die!"

Efforts were made to procure him another curacy in the country. Rose exerted his influence with Lord and Lady Holland, with his own elder brother, Sir George Rose, and with others; and I believe that Mr. Hallam, the historian, at his instance, applied in several quarters; but it was not to be, or not to be in time; Townsend fell sick, pined away, and died in little more than a year after his removal from Preston. Soon after his death and burial a suitable rural curacy presented itself.* Too late!

Townsend had much taste and knowledge in church antiquities and in general archæology. He was a discoverer in this way. He found and brought to light, in the chancel of Preston Church, a very curious old wall-painting of the martyrdom of Thomas

* MacFarlane, I am glad to say, was misinformed, or his memory, after twenty years, played him false. The Rev. C. Townsend, after leaving Preston in 1837, was presented by Lord Egremont to the living of Kingston-by-the-Sea, near Brighton. He survived till the 29th January, 1870, and was buried in Preston churchyard, by the side of his father and mother. On a flat tombstone is the following inscription:

"The Revd. Charles Townsend, M.A., formerly curate of Preston with Hove, and for 33 years Rector of Kingston-by-Sea. Born 4 Dec., 1789; died 29 Jan., 1870.

"Within this grave a friend much valued lies,
Learn'd, yet familiar; and tho' simple, wise.
In cheerful quiet passed his happy life,
Safe from ambition and disturbing strife.
The heart's affections and the Muses' song
Cheered every footstep as he moved along,
Sought not the spoils that wealth and honour gave,
But passed with loftier wishes to the grave."

For this information I am indebted to the late Prebendary Moor, and to the Rev. B. Foster Palmer, Curate of Preston.

à Becket. With the ordinary churchwarden barbarism the ancient picture and the whole of the wall had been covered for generations under a thick coating of plaster an whitewash. This our friend caused to be carefully removed. A correct drawing was then made from the picture. The drawing was engraved, and, with a short account by Townsend, was published in a volume of the *Archæologia*. This discovery was quite an event in the smooth, unadventurous life of our country curate. In conversation he frequently alluded to it with a satisfaction not altogether unmingled with pride.

In his rhymed epistle from Brighton to John Hookham Frere at Malta, Rose, three or four years before Townsend's death, drew an admirable, living portrait of his friend and frequent guest, the parson.

TO THE RT. HON. HOOKHAM FRERE IN MALTA. BRIGHTON, 1834.

From "Rhymes," by William Stewart Rose, Brighton, 1837

" Here, oft descending through a double swell,
I dive into a little wooded dell,
Embosoming a hamlet, church, and yard,
Whose graves, except a few of more regard,
(Where wood some record of the dead preserves,
Or harder stone) are ridged with humble turves,
O'ergrown with greenwood is the Curate's rest;
So screened, it might be called the parson's nest,
The chancel of the Church in ochry stain
Shows Becket's death, before the altar slain;
And here, in red and yellow lines we trace
A stiffness which appears not out of place,
And, as in Grecian vase, an antique grace;
While in the knightly murderers' mail we read
The painter's toil coeval with the deed.
Much joys the Curate to have first displayed
This rude design, with roughcast overlaid.
Simple are all his joys: books, garden, spaniel!
Yet lions he for Truth would dare, like Daniel.
Keen in the cause of Altar and of Throne,
My peerless parson, careless in his own,
Says in his heart (what poets do but sing),
'That a glad poverty's an honest thing.'
Dear is his dog, whom mouth of darkest dye
Makes dearer in a Tory Master's eye.
Such is the pair: I to the man demur
Upon one point alone; he calls me 'Sir'

This priest and beast oft join me, where no harrow
Has raked the ground, by bottom, hill, or barrow;
Or, since new path and place new pleasure yield,
We rove by sheep-walk wide, and open field,
Where the red poppy and pale wheaten spike
Are mingled, to that ridge miscalled *the dyke*,
Deemed by our clowns a labour of the devil;
A height whose frowning brow o'erhangs a level,
Where the glad eye field, farm, and forest sees,
And grey smoke curling through the greenwood trees."

CHAPTER XXVII

BEAU BRUMMELL

There has been nothing like a good, fair account of this Autocrat of the Dandies.

Captain Jesse, who published two volumes of Memoirs about him some years ago, could never have seen Brummell, and knew very little of his life, character, and conversation; while the little he did know was only by hearsay. Raikes's account, just published (1856), is by far the fairest I have seen, and yet it scarcely does justice to Brummell's wit and humour, and two or three things seem to me incorrectly stated. Brummell ended his days at Caen, and would have ended them in downright misery but for the Sœurs de Charité. The way in which he lost the consulship was this. Being weary of Caen and of having nothing to do there, he represented to Lord Palmerston that a British Consul was hardly wanted in that place, and that he was very desirous of getting a change by being appointed to some other place where there were English interests to attend to, and where he could be useful and earn the salary he received from his country. Palmerston abolished the Caen Consulship, but would not give Brummell another. If Brummell had not confidently counted on being employed elsewhere, he would never have written this letter to the Foreign Secretary. The pay at Caen was £300 a year; and when it was so suddenly suspended, the aged man of fashion, once the constant companion of Royalty, was left penniless. There were some

other cases in which Viscount Palmerston was equally hard. Pensions from the Crown have always been considered as safe from the grip of creditors. They are given because the recipients are poor and are likely to be embarrassed. Yet, on the application of a set of Jews and other usurers and cheats, Palmerston stopped and sequestrated the pension of Lady Hester Stanhope, thus reducing her to cruel straits in her Syrian retreat. More lenity might have been expected from him, as Palmerston has been nearly all his life in debt and difficulties himself. Until recently, when his wife had an accession of property, he was considered one of the very worst "payers" in all London. I once heard a St. James's Street hatter tell his valet that he would not send another hat until his lordship should have paid for the many hats he had already had. But London used to ring with stories about Palmerston and his duns, and about his ingenious devices to put off paying. About the same time poor Lord Alvanley was abundantly furnishing similar matter for town talk.

As boy and youth I frequently saw Beau Brummell in the parks and other regions of the West. Though an exquisite dandy, he never seemed to me to be overdressed or stiff, or in any way *guindé*. His carriage was easy, free, and manly. He was a remarkably well-made man, but his face was scarcely equal to his figure. I quite agree with my friend Mountstuart Elphinstone that English society owed a debt of gratitude to the dandies. When they triumphantly took the field, and for a good many years previously, our young nobility and gentry adopted the dress, and too often the language and manners, of the coach-box, stable, or turf. To be fashionable, was to dress like a coachman or groom. I am quite old enough to remember how widely this coarse, bad, vulgar taste prevailed. It was checked at about the time the Regency of George,

Prince of Wales, commenced in 1810; but it took the dandies more than seven years to subdue and expel it. It was through Brummell, Luttrell, Sir Harry Mildmay, Lord Kinnaird, and a few others—for the original school was very limited in number—that our young men of fortune and fashion began to dress like gentlemen. If some of them overdid it, and were too fastidious and by far too extravagant, this could scarcely be said of Brummell. The stories told of his notions of expense in dress were mere jokes, and were never intended by him to be taken seriously.

One of these tales was, for a long time, in everyone's mouth. A wealthy, old-fashioned country squire, who had a son and heir to launch into the gay world, asked Brummell, one day, what he ought to allow young hopeful for his tailor's bills, or for what annual sum the youngster might be well and fashionably dressed? "Oh!" said Brummell after some consideration, and with a very solemn countenance, "with the strictest economy—mind, I say the *strictest* economy—it may be done for £1,000 a year."

I saw the Beau, in full feather, rather late one afternoon, in the spring of the year 1815, the day before I took my departure for Portugal. He was evidently just out of bed; or rather, quite fresh from the toilette. So late a sitter could hardly be an early riser. He used to say that, whether it was summer or winter, he always liked to have the morning well-aired before he got up.

A friend of W. S. Rose once gently reproved the Beau for passing so many of the daylight hours in bed.

"Dear me!" said Brummell. "Don't you know that I am quite a reformed man? Now, I always begin to rise with the first muffin bell!" The muffin bell is, I believe, quite silenced through my friend Ben Hawes and his London Street Police Bill, or Bills. At least, I never hear it in the West End of London;

but in 1815 the muffin bells began to be heard between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

The next time, being the last time of all, that I saw Brummell was at an hotel in Calais, in the autumn of 1820, as I was on my way to the south of Italy.

H. and A., two very considerable dandies of that day, who had crossed over with me from Dover, were pupils and almost idolaters of Brummell. They invited him to dinner, but he was engaged, if I remember right, with Scrope Davies, who had taken refuge in that dull old French town. However, he came in towards the small hours, and sat until long after sunrise.

There was a terrible change in other things besides the financial ones; but still he was an elegant, striking man, and became very amusing and rather animated, though he drank but moderately. At times, however, I thought I saw a look of sadness and despondency. There was reason for it. At this moment he was cruelly embarrassed. Before H. left for Paris, he was obliged to administer to some of Brummell's pressing wants, and H. himself was rather "hard up." Brummell's anecdotes were innumerable. They were all told with admirable humour, and most of them with good nature. I can remember only two that were spiteful, or calculated to give pain to deserving persons, and these two I shall certainly not tell. After this symposium, I could understand a good deal of the secret of Brummell's extraordinary success and influence in the highest society. He was a vast deal more than a mere dandy; he had wit as well as humour and drollery, and the most perfect coolness and self-possession. He did not speak harshly of his *ci-devant* friend the Regent, by this time His Majesty George IV.; on the contrary, he related several clever and two or three kind things of him, and gave him credit for a great deal of natural ability and *esprit*. He confirmed what Raikes and others have said of the Prince's extraordinary powers

of mimicry. "If his lot had fallen that way," said he, "he would have been the best comic actor in Europe." Brummell confessed to the story of the "stout friend," and to his threat, after his quarrel with the Prince, to go down to Windsor and make the old people fashionable; but he emphatically denied that other common tale, "George, ring the bell!" "I knew the Prince too well," said he, "ever to take any kind of liberty with him! Drunk or sober, he would have resented it, with a vengeance! His vindictive spirit—and he could be vindictive about trifles—was the worst part of him; and where he once took a spite he never forgave. There might have been twenty good reasons for the rupture, but the world always guesses wrong in these matters." If my observations were shrewd and correct, I should say that at this period the Beau did not quite despair of a reconciliation, or at least of some token of the Royal bounty. In the following year, 1821, when the King, on his way to Hanover, landed at Calais, he put himself in his way, in the hope that he might be noticed. I was told that many of the English purposely made room for him, sharing in his hope and expectation that His Majesty would at least recognize him with a gracious smile, which might have the effect of tranquillizing some of his Calais creditors; that the King, who almost touched him as he passed up the pier, must have seen him; that he turned his Royal head another way; and that Brummell turned as pale as a ghost. Falstaff was not so sad when turned off by "sweet Prince Hal." Fifteen years after this, in 1836, my friend W. P., in the course of one of his Cambridge long vacation rambles, put up at Caen for a few days, in the very comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre. Twice at the table d'hôte he noticed a very quiet, very refined, and on the whole very interesting-looking, elderly gentleman, to whom some of the guests and all the servants of the house seemed to pay unusual attention.

W. P. took him for a French gentleman of the old school, or for some retired diplomatist whose life had been spent in the highest society; but on making inquiry he was told that this was poor Beau Brummell, and that he was then "poor indeed." W. P., being a remarkably quiet, modest, retiring person, made no attempt to draw him out; but he was interested by his distinguished manners, his humility, and apparent submission to his fate. Even the French frequenters of the table d'hôte, or most of them, seemed to be aware that poor Brummell, who could now scarcely pay for his cheap dinner, had lived in all the splendour of London, and had been for years the almost constant companion of the Regent. A few months later, my old friend, Major ——, then fast approaching the end of his days, put up at the same hotel, and went to dine at the same table d'hôte. In the doorway he ran against Brummell, whom he had not seen for twenty years or more. They had been rather intimate in the days of the Beau's prepotency, for the Major had been a man of Fashion; and was always, and even to the last, when very penitent for past misdeeds, a man of pleasantry and wit.

They immediately recognized each other. "*On est bien changé*," said Brummell, "*voilà tout!*" He uttered no complaint, but could not conceal his poverty and painful embarrassments. He was no longer the scoffer that he had been; he even seemed to entertain deep, religious convictions.

I believe that he died professing the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. The last friends he had on earth were the Sisters of Charity. Raikes deplores that by his precept and example he demoralized and ruined, in more senses than one, many young men of family and fortune. But is it not at least probable that these extravagant, unthinking fellows would have run the road to ruin if they had never known Brummell; and that, without his acquaintance and tuition, their vices would only have been

more gross and disgusting? For a long time there was a popular belief that the Beau was of very low birth. Even now it is not rare to meet people who believe that he was the son of a footman or valet. Brummell was a "gentleman by birth as well as by education." His father had considerable West Indian property, at a time when such estates were worth holding. He was a man of great address and business ability, the most intimate friend and confidential adviser of Lord North; to whom, during his lordship's Premiership, he acted as Private Secretary. All the time that Lord North remained Prime Minister, Brummell *père* was courted by the highest of the land, and by all who looked for employment or ministerial patronage. Some of Warren Hastings's letters, which have been published, sufficiently show the importance of Brummell *père*, and the consideration in which he was held by the first and greatest of our Governors-General in India.

My friend, the late Elijah Impey, son of the Indian Judge, the pet of Warren Hastings, had in his possession many original letters which still more clearly demonstrated the political importance of the Beau's father. In one of these letters, the Governor-General, writing from Calcutta to a friend in London, said, "See Mr. Brummell as soon as you can, for he is active and intelligent, and has more influence than any man with Lord North." This Brummell *père* left a good fortune to be divided among his children. The Dandy, a younger son, had between £40,000 and £50,000 for his share. Raikes says £30,000; but Brummell always named the larger sum, and Major —— had reasons for believing that his account was the true one. The Brummell family still hold a goodly estate in Essex, where they were known, a few years ago, to my friend Dr. W. Lyall, now Dean of Canterbury. In the winter of 1844, there was an old gentleman staying at Hastings, and driving a four-in-hand. I saw him every day

for a week or two; he was attired in the "slap-bang" Jehu style, and had always at his side on the coach-box a tall, masculine-looking woman, wearing a light drab greatcoat with capes. One afternoon I inquired of Lord W. F. who the pair might be. "Don't you know them?" said he. "The driver is Beau Brummell's brother; the lady on the coach-box is the coachman's daughter."

This is like standing up in judgment against a deceased relative; the prosperous squire was reproducing and maintaining what the poor Dandy had put down. What would *the* Brummell have thought of these coats and capes? *The manners of both father and daughter appeared to be about as rough as their top-covering. Raikes correctly describes the Dandy's taste, or rather passion, for costly or curious snuff-boxes. When the light wooden Scottish box, called the "Lawrence Kirk" box, with the ingenious, invisible hinge, first came out, he immediately purchased one. A day or two after, he was dining at Carlton House, where, among other personages, the Earl of Liverpool, the Premier, and rather a solemn, hard, severe man, was present. At the proper moment, the Beau introduced his new snuff-box, praising its lightness and prettiness, and doubting whether any of them would find out the hinge, or know how to open it.

The Regent tried, but soon gave it up, with a d——. When the others had tried and failed, the starch Prime Minister essayed his skill, taking up a knife to help him. "My lord!" cried Brummell. "Allow me to observe that's not an oyster, but a snuff-box!" The Prince laughed out lustily; the Premier, looking grave, laid down the box, and said there was no opening it.

Brummell, like that late facetious Canon of St. Paul's, the ever memorable Sydney Smith, had a

* From here, to nearly the end, to the phrase "married to the gout," in M.'s handwriting.

knack of dropping into houses and parties to which he had not been invited, and then pretending it was all through absent-mindedness or some mistake. A Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, rather new to " St. James's air," gave a grand rout, and purposely and maliciously omitted inviting the King of the Dandies, of whose satirical tongue they stood in dread. " This Brummell," said Mr. T., " may have the impudence of the devil, but, as sure as my name's Thomson, I will show him a bit of my mind if he comes to our party without an invite ! I will show him the way to the door in a jiffy !"

Vain boast ! Brummell went, having previously communicated his intention to some of the Dandies who had been invited. As his name was being telegraphed from the hall to the drawing-room, the Beau tripped up the stairs. On the very threshold of the outer saloon stood Thomson, as stern and as determined-looking as Gog or Magog. With his blandest smile and with extended fingers, the Beau said, in dulcet tone, " What ! You here, Mr. Thomson ? I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you to-night. How is Mrs. Thomson ? Ha ! There she is, and looking remarkably well !" Here he kissed the tip of his exquisitely gloved hand to the lady, now close to the door, and returning his smile and salute. Thomson was quite nonplussed, and before he could recover himself or say a single syllable beyond " Sir !" the Marquis of ——, Lord ——, and two or three other Dandies, *crême de la crême*, and devoted lieges of Brummell, arrived and gathered round their chief, and advanced with him into the drawing-room, bowing to the hostess, who was seen whispering to her husband. She must have made it clear to Thomson that it would never do to insult a man who had such great friends as Beau Brummell. When that hero had spent half an hour in going round the saloons and in talking with those who he thought worth talking to, he coolly went up to the host,

who was now quite cooled down, and said: "Dear me, Mr. Thomson, I find I have made a mistake! I was invited to a Mrs. Johnson's! The names are so much alike! John's son, Tom's son! Johnson, Thomson! It is so easy to mistake!" Some of the Dandies laughed, some of the fashionable ladies tittered; Thomson felt that the best thing he could do was to join in the laugh; and Mrs. T., sailing up, said "they were only too happy at a mistake that had procured them the pleasure of Mr. Brummell's company." The Beau chatted a few minutes to the smiling, benignant, highly-flattered hostess, and then went his way to another fashionable gathering. Mrs. T. took care that he should have an invitation to all her future parties.

The late Earl of W., Lady J.'s papa, but very unlike his always charming daughter, was scarcely a man to be joked with. He was proud, punctilious, starch, and grim, expecting more deference and peer-worship than he always obtained.

In filling their houses in the country with company, it was, as it still is, the custom of our magnates to reserve all the best chambers and dressing-rooms for the married couples, and to stow away the bachelors, anyhow, in the attics, or in the turrets, or wings. At Lord A.'s, Brummell had been put into an uncomfortable room, at the very top of the high house, more than once. He went to Lord A.'s in very cold Christmas weather, and before he was quite recovered from an attack of gout.

On his arrival the groom of the chambers was conducting him to his old dormitory. "Stop!" cried the Beau. "I cannot go up and down all these infernal stairs! Is there no room lower down? Here, for example?" He threw open the door of a most comfortable, luxurious apartment, and entered. "Sir," said the groom of the chambers, "this is reserved for the Earl of W., who is expected every minute. The single gentlemen's apartments are——"

"I know! I know! So put Lord W. in one of them, for he is now a bachelor. There! Bring in my portmanteau and dressing-case." The footman who was following did as he was bidden, and the groom of the chambers went off shrugging his shoulders. The Beau then began to unpack and prepare for his elaborate toilette. Hark! The sound of carriage-wheels in the avenue! He fastens the chamber door, and calmly proceeds with his important operations. In a few minutes the voice of Lord W. is heard on the staircase—in the corridor—and then a petulant, sharp rap at the door. "Mr. Brummell! Mr. Brummell!" cries his lordship. "My lord," responds the Beau, "I am dressing and cannot be disturbed. I am in my buffs, *in naturalibus*." "But this is my room, sir!" "Possession, my lord, possession! You know the rest! You are single, my lord! I am a married man—married to the gout." His lordship went away with an ominous growl, nor was his ill-humour dissipated by being put into an equally comfortable apartment on the same floor. It was not so much that he cared for this room or that, but that he, the Earl of W., should be dislodged by one of inferior rank, by a commoner, by Beau Brummell, was hard to bear or to digest. But the noble, easy, good-humoured master of the mansion only laughed at Brummell's impudence, and long before the company separated, the Beau succeeded in dissipating the Earl's ill-humour. I have heard other stories of equal assurance and equal success. Until he fell upon his evil days, Beau Brummell appears never to have been "put out" by anybody or by anything. When a friend was condoling with him on his first fit of the gout, Brummell said: "Oh! I should not so much care if the gout had not attacked my favourite leg!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN ENGLISH MERCHANT

In my passage through life I have known one man who possessed the invaluable qualities of resignation and gentleness of temper, in an eminent and almost miraculous degree. This was Mr. J. W., a Mediterranean merchant. I met him for the first time at Cadiz, and afterwards at Seville, Malaga, and at other places higher up the Midland sea. I have seen him subjected to very rude trials and most painful tests, but I never once heard a harsh or passionate expression drop from his lips. To a severe trial he would say: "It is rather disagreeable," or "It is very disagreeable," and the strongest expression he ever let drop was, "It is very disgusting." It was out of the power of prosperity to elate or inflate him; and it was equally out of the power of adversity to depress or embitter him. He had been tempted in more ways than the patient Job:

> "For Satan, now grown wiser than of yore,
> Tempts men by making rich, not making poor."

He had been tried both ways, and in one way he had been tried twice; for he began life as a very poor unfriended youth, he became a rich man, and then died a very poor one.

A friend to whom he was showing a valuable Italian picture slipped on the waxed, very slippery floor of the apartment, fell forward, and knocked his hand right through the canvas and the principal figure. Turning to me, W. said, *sotto voce*, "Mac,

that's rather unpleasant!" A rough sea-captain took too much wine one night, and, partly by accident and partly by drunken design, broke everything that was left on the dessert table. "Rather disagreeable!" said my friend, who never said anything more about it. During one of his absences in England, his junior partner went into imprudent rash speculations, and sacrificed all their property, and the credit of the house to boot. The first time I re-saw—to Anglicize a good Italian verb—poor old W., I condoled with him on this sad catastrophe. He went through the whole story, which I had imperfectly understood, with a quivering under-lip, and now and then with a moistened eye, but there was no passion or any violent excitement in his manner, or in the tone of his voice, and he wound up by saying, "At my time of life this is rather disagreeable; indeed, it is rather disgusting."

A few years before the final *coup*, some house in London, in one of our periodical panics, went to the bad, and he lost some thousands. "This," said he, "is unpleasant, but it would have been much worse if they had failed last year, for then I must have lost twice as much by them."

There can have been but few more hospitable men. In his prosperity he very frequently gave excellent dinners with the best of wines, and he entertained at his table Colonels, Generals, Diplomatists, and English travellers of all degrees, not excepting the highest. Afterwards I have known him not to have money enough to pay for a dinner, and not to know where, in that desolating "populous solitude" of London, to seek for one; yet I never heard him complain, or say any more than "it was rather unpleasant." A few of his high-class friends, by small joint contributions, kept him clear from anything like absolute want; but he rather felt the dependency, and said that "it was rather disgusting." I need scarcely add that his soul was sustained by "the means of

Grace and the hope of Glory." No philosophy, no amount of human reason, could have worked out such a resignation as his.

THE BRUNELS, CIVIL ENGINEERS

I HAVE certainly owed to chance encounters on the road, or to accidental meetings in outlandish places, some of the pleasantest acquaintances and some of the best friends I have ever had, to wit, Captain Guyon, Admiral Elphinstone Fleming, John Ralph, Matthew Price, Charles Danvers, the late Lord Dudley and Ward, General Church, Prince Rosamoffski, and at least a score of others. When travelling abroad Englishmen get rid of their frigidity, stiffness, and inaccessibility, or at least suspend those amiable national qualities for a season.

One cold, raw February morning, a little after daylight, in the year of grace 1829, I embarked at Paris for Calais, in a big rambling *diligence*. I had taken my place for what they call *l'intérieur*, thinking that would be warmest; and in I got, and was seated opposite to an unmistakable John Bull, when two young men passed and clambered up into what they call the *coupé*, that is, the front part of the machine, the *intérieur* coming next, and behind it what they call, or then called, the *rotonde*. Everybody knows poor Cowper's sketch of a true John Bull—

> "An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
> Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within."

I would not answer for my companion's honesty, and I had reason to doubt his warmth of heart; but in externals he answered to the picture, for he was great-coated and top-coated and cloaked to that degree that he looked like a bale of broad-cloth. He was what Walter Scott used to designate as a "rough and round man." He had ruddy cheeks, and a red nose which betokened the *bon vivant*, but

his countenance was as clouded and gloomy as if there had been no " cakes and ale " in the blessed world. I never could, and even now that I am old and careworn I never can, travel with any man in dead, sulky silence. If I were wayfaring with a chimney-sweep or a costermonger I should try to get talk out of him. I tried my red-nosed friend at starting by making those remarks about the weather which are so very English and so very original. " It is very cold," said I, " and I think that we shall soon have another fall of snow." " Hem ! Hum !" said my comrade. When we had got out of town, and were rattling along a stone-paved causeway, some miles in the country, I made another attempt by saying that Paris was very gay at this season. " Is it ?" grunted Broad-cloth.

While stopping to change horses at St. Denis, I said that this was a famous old place, and that the Kings of France were buried there. " Are they ?" grunted Broad-cloth. Having failed in a third attempt I gave him up, and had recourse to a book. But as we advanced I felt wretchedly cold. I had been living nearly nine years in warm climates, and was ill-provided with warm clothing. I was on my way homeward from Turkey, and had been travelling in rather a desultory manner, and nearly always by dilly, through Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, Avignon, Nismes, Pont du Gard, Valençay, Lyon, and Dijon, whence I took the direct road to Paris.

It was a terrible winter, that of 1828-29; all the sunny south was deep under snow, which retarded our progress very many hours, and in which more than once our cumbrous vehicle stuck fast. The Côte d'Or, and all the golden vine-clad hills of Burgundy, might have been taken for bits of Siberia in winter-time, and twice one bitter, blowing, snowing night I and all the other passengers had to get out and walk, and the *conducteur* had to employ not only three extra horses but also two yokes of oxen

to drag up his ark. But for a very kind and very pretty French lady, who had with her her husband's thick, warm military cloak, and had no need of it, and who had moreover a good large tin vessel, which was filled at each relay with hot water, I think I must have perished one night in Burgundy, where I had often been all but roasted alive. I might have provided myself with proper clothing at Paris, and should have done so but for a little imprudence which I shall mention hereafter.

While our Calais dilly was changing horses at another station, I heard a voice from the *coupé* shouting, "*Apportez nous deux bottes de foin, je vous en prie!*" The hay was brought and put in, and then from the same *coupé* I heard a good English voice say, "It is not enough to cover up the legs, let us have some more while we are about it!" Then I heard the other voice, and the words, "*Mon ami, apportez nous encore de bottes. Merci, merci, mon brave!*"

"I think," said I to Broad-cloth, "we had better follow their example. My feet are so cold that I can scarcely feel them." "Mine ain't," grunted he; "three pair of worsted stockings, thick flannel drawers down to ankles, quite warm enough!" I would have called for the hay, but I had lost time, and the vehicle was getting under weigh.

So on we went, Broad-cloth being as taciturn, and I as cold, as ever. And all this stage I was tantalized by hearing the sounds of merry voices and of frequent and loud laughs in the *coupé*. At the next stage my miseries terminated. As we stopped at the post-house, a *garçon* handed me in a scrap of paper on which was written in pencil, "Requested by the two gentlemen in the *coupé*, the loan of a gentleman in the *intérieur*." As Broad-cloth sat by the window, and I at some distance, the lad gave the missive to him; he read it, gave a grunt, and then instantly gave the paper to me. In a very few seconds I was

out of his presence, and comfortably ensconced between two delightful young men, brimful of vivacity and fun.

"While we are stopping, and have the opportunity, I think we had better take in more hay," said one of them, who then repeated the *mot d'ordre*, "*Mon ami, apportez nous deux bottes de foin!*" We did the same at each relay; until, by the time we got to Beauvais, we were buried in hay nearly up to the chin, and looking like three stone Schiedam bottles packed and embedded in hay for safe carriage. This comparison I made, renewed the laughter that had scarcely ceased from the time I entered the *coupé* and had got packed up and unfrozen. I could now say with as much pathos as Jean Jacques, "*Ah! on était jeune alors!*" Younger in heart even than in years!

What a happy dinner was that we had in the homely roadside inn at Beauvais! We had a bottle or two of Bordeaux, besides the *vin ordinaire*, but we did not need this stimulus, for we had been just as merry on a cup or two of coffee and a slice of bread and butter for breakfast, as we were during or after dinner. The *conducteur* was a good-natured, jolly fellow himself, and not very particular as to time, so we sat rather a long while, talking and joking; and all this while there sat, at the farthest end of the table, old Broad-cloth, as mum as ever, eating at a rare rate; drinking champagne and then settling it with hot brandy and water. We cast side-glances at him now and then, but otherwise took no more notice of him than we should have done of a bale of cloth or any other merchandise.

I forget now whether we took in more hay at Beauvais, or were obliged to take some out. I know that at some halting-place on the road, during that stormy, snowy night, we performed the latter operation, being so very warm when settled and fixed in so many *bottes de foin*. I told my companions how Broad-

cloth had taken the note, read it, and handed it to me. "Of course," said they, "he saw the word 'gentleman,' and must have known the paper could not be meant for him." At first I fancied he must have taken me for a foreigner, an excusable mistake considering my externals. I had not yet cut off my Turkey moustaches; I wore a scarlet Turkish fez, with a long blue silk tassel pendant therefrom; my under-coat and waistcoat had been cut and made at Naples, my thin top-coat at Smyrna, my trousers and boots at Constantinople; in short, there was not a bit of English in all my attire. When I first reached London, and before I had time to get a refit, my good friend Ottley the publisher used to say that mine was a geographical costume; that I had something from every part of the world. One afternoon I made a hurried toilette in order to keep a riding appointment with Ottley. After cantering for some time in Rotten Row and round the Park, we dismounted, and went into Kensington Gardens to hear the band. We were scarcely on the terrace ere Ottley said laughingly: "Why, Mac! you have been putting on odd boots! Your boots don't match!" Looking down, I saw that I had put my left leg into a beautifully made, rather narrow-toed boot, made at Naples, and my right leg into an ugly, broad, square-toed boot, fabricated by a Greek at Pera. I believe that Ottley, always a well-dressed man, and at that time quite an exquisite, was rather ashamed of me in that gathering of fashion and dandyism. I must say in extenuation of this solecism and of my absent-mindedness, that besides being in a hurry, I was then writing my first book of travels in Turkey, and had my head full of the subject, by night and by day.

To return to my travelling companions. One of them was a fair, handsome young man, apparently about nineteen or twenty; the other a little, nimble, dark-complexioned man who did not look more than

five or six and twenty. The younger had a vast deal of good nature and quiet humour, the elder a vast deal of ready, poignant wit, and some of his repartees were admirable. Though so cosy and comfortable in our hay, not one of us had any inclination to sleep, so we talked and laughed all through that night, as we did all through the next day. One of our great sources of fun was simple enough. Wellnigh upon midnight, while the *conducteur* was changing his horses, and then taking his *goutte* and making love to the landlady, we went in to the immense kitchen of the inn, where a glorious wood fire was blazing on a hearth of gigantic proportions, and where five-and-twenty rough-bearded, rough-looking, bronzed fellows were sitting side by side on two long benches, and every mother's son of them wearing a blue blouse and a snow-white cotton night-cap. O. wanted to buy one of them to take home as a souvenir, but though they were all very good-natured and obliging, making room for us by the fireside, not one of them would part with his night-cap. We took coffee, and talked away with these honest men of the road, stablemen, carriers, and the like. I asked one of them what was their chief employment. "*Le roulage, monsieur, le roulage de Boulogne jusqu'à Paris, et de retour de Paris jusqu'à Boulogne!*" Their talk was full of *roulage*, and of the verb *rouler* in all its moods and tenses. Seeing my fez and fierce moustache, they asked me if I were a Turk? No. A Greek? No. "*Alors,*" said one of them, "*probablement monsieur est Algérien!*" They were very much astonished when I assured them that I, like my companions, was English. I told them that though neither Turk nor Greek, I had been travelling a good deal in those countries, and was just returning from them. "Were you ever in Italy?" said one of them. "I had a brother there that got killed in Murat's last battle with the Austrians." Yes. "Have you ever travelled in Spain?" said a very brawny

fellow who would have looked every inch a soldier but for his night-cap. "I was marched off to Spain as a conscript in 1809, and a miserable, hungry country I found it!" Yes, I had been over a great part of Spain. In Portugal also? Yes. "*Il est évident*," said an old waggoner, taking his pipe from his mouth, and giving me a look of approbation, "*il est évident que monsieur a beaucoup roulé!*" "*Roulons!*" said my friends, "*bonne nuit! bonne nuit, mes amis!*"

When we got resettled in our hay, we laughed over the inn-kitchen scenes and conversation. We were cottoning like schoolfellows or lifelong friends, though as yet not one of us knew so much as the others' names; and it was not until the second day, as we were approaching the sand-heaps near Boulogne, that we imparted this important piece of information. We got upon the subject of the Thames Tunnel, about which I had heard very much on the Continent, and concerning which I felt great curiosity and interest. The elder of my companions gave a minute, clever, and spirited account of that work, of its present state, and of the causes of the late accident and suspension of operations.

"You seem to know all about the tunnel!" said the younger man. "I ought to know something about it," said the elder, "seeing that I am only son and assistant to the engineer, and that my name, like his, is Isambard Brunel!" We gave him an extra shake of the hand on the announcement. "I had been thinking for some time," said the junior, "that as we three fellows have met in the dilly, and are likely to meet again, it would be as well if each of us knew the names of his comrades. My name is Orlebar, my present condition that of cadet at Woolwich." I followed by disclosing my Highland patronymic, of which I was, and still am, rather proud. We had got at each others' ages before, but down to this time we had addressed each other by nicknames—Orlebar being "Juventus," Brunel,

"Mathematicus," and I, "Pasha" or "Asia Minor." We went talking and laughing into Calais, rather late at night, and we continued the sport at supper in the Hôtel Bourbon. The next day we had an equally merry and delightful passage over to England, from which I had been so long absent. At Dover, where we stayed some hours, my active friend Brunel rendered me more than yeoman service. Though I ought to have gained experience and tact in such matters, I was and am the most helpless of men at a custom-house or a barrier. I had a big box of Italian and French books, and this Brunel got cleared in an instant, without its being opened, and without paying any duty. How he managed it I cannot say, for he and Orlebar left me to enjoy mine ease at mine inn, and took all the clearing on themselves. I was quite nipped by the intense cold, and discharged my part of the joint duties in ordering a good dinner. And a good dinner we had, and very good were the wines, and very merry was our talk at the Old Ship.

But there was a momentary suspension of our cheerfulness, when we came to pay the rather heavy bill, and, that being done, found that we were all nearly "drained dry." Juventus had only a five-franc piece; he had been spending a deal of money in Paris on trinkets for his sisters, Brunel had been doing the same, and I had been along the quays, and among half of the bookstalls and bookshops of the French Capital, spending without forethought or calculation. Then, like young men, we had lived freely on the road; and then also our investments in hay had been considerable.

"I should have been uneasy before we got to Calais," said Orlebar, "but I thought it most likely that one or both of you would be well-stocked." "That's what I thought of you, and still more of my senior, the Pasha, who is evidently a very thoughtful, cautious man." "I had just the same hope in you, and in Juventus," said I. So each had been

counting on the other two, and we were all three "cleaned out," or nearly so. "If we stop here to-night we shall have another long bill to pay to-morrow morning. Dover is one of the few places in England where I know nobody," so spoke Brunel. "I have a friend, an Artillery officer, up on the heights, but I believe he is away on leave," so spoke Orlebar. I thought we had better speak to the landlord of the Ship, tell him our plight, and give him our names and addresses. "I tell you what will be better still," said Brunel. "I believe there is a night coach for London, and we have quite money enough to pay our way up. Shall we start?" I rather shuddered at the thought of the cold, but both of my companions wanted to go, and I would not be left behind. A waiter was sent to secure inside places for three, but came back with the blank intelligence that only one was disengaged.

"Well," said Brunel, "Asia Minor will take that, as he is rather a valetudinarian, and Juventus and I will go outside." It was eight or nine o'clock at night when the coach stopped at the door to take us up. In the hall we found a fair lady in very deep affliction. She must be in London by an early hour in the morning, and she was sure she would die on the road if she travelled outside. She was a very pretty woman, and splendidly and most fashionably attired, but had she been ugly, or anything in the shape of woman, I would have given her up my inside place. We handed her in, and saw there were three other ladies in the coach. We three then clambered up into the basket or dicky, and off we went through as cold and raw a night as I have ever experienced. My kind companions placed me between them, and wrapped me up in everything they could possibly spare from their own persons. I never shall forget the drive along the elevated ridge beyond Harbledown, and the bleaker ridge of Boughton under Blean. At the village of Boughton

we bought some hay—but we could not keep it about our feet, for it was blowing a gale, and the wind carried it away. Another severe trial we had on that lofty very steep ridge above Chatham. But I am going too fast, and overlooking an incident or two. Somewhere about midnight, the coach stopped in Canterbury at a very antiquated, old-fashioned inn, where I had very often stayed before, and where I had dined in 1820, when starting on the travels I was now finishing. It was on the right-hand side, coming in from Dover, but it is now gone, and not a trace of it is to be found, which I much regret, as I had pleasant souvenirs and associations connected with it. Nearly all the people of the house were in their warm beds, but there was a barmaid at her post, and a good blazing coal-fire was in the taproom, where some half-dozen fellows apparently connected with the Dover and London coaching were drinking and disputing about the last season's yield of hops, a subject seldom long out of the mouth of a Canterburian. One of them said to another who had made some numerical statement, "I don't wish to be rude, but that's a d——d lie!" Our natural gallantry led us to think of the fair, splendidly dressed lady, who had been the subject of some of our talk in the basket, and of the other three "in-sides." Brunel and Orlebar sallied out to the coach-door, and soon came back giggling. "What do you think?" said Brunel. "Your grand lady wants a pint of London porter with the chill off, and the three others want hot gin and water!" "You don't pronounce the words properly," said Orlebar; "the words were, 'Uz ladies likes gin and water, 'ot, 'ot!'" They gave the orders to the barmaid, and left the coachman to wait upon the interesting "insides."

Another pinching, biting drive was across Gad's Hill, and another across Blackheath. There was a bright, rather full moon, but it was frequently obscured by drifting clouds, which resolved them-

selves into snowflakes, which froze as they fell, and cut our faces like miniature icicles, sharp as needle-points. Now and then we had a heavy fall, and it was highly picturesque to watch the effect of the moonbeams mingling with the descending and drifting snow. The roads became so heavy from the snow-drifts that we made but slow progress. There was another night-coach on the road, going the same way as ourselves; it was sometimes behind us, and sometimes ahead of us. In the basket of that coach was an Artillery soldier, surpassingly drunk, and as he fell asleep, and had nobody near him, we were afraid he might come to harm, which he must have done but for the ingenuity of Brunel, who stopped the vehicle and showed the coachman how to make the poor fellow tight and safe in his seat. As the man had nothing on but his uniform, we wondered that he was not frozen to death. I suffered greatly myself; but it was not in the power of cold to freeze, or even to chill, our hilarity; and I rather think we were still laughing when the coach, at the end of the journey, put as down at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, at that period a very comfortable, good hotel. Here Brunel recommended us to the sympathy and particular attentions of two night-waiters. "You and Orlebar," said he, "will stay here to-night, or rather this morning, and I will come to the rescue when I have had a few hours' sleep. We have a house, close by, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, *à deux pas de chez vous;* I would take you home with me if the hour were only a little less unreasonable." He then went away and left us two to our own devices. It was nearly six o'clock of the morning. A good fire and port-wine negus quite restored Juventus; but I now felt some evil effects of being so long exposed to that cutting night air and intense cold. Luckily a little inscription, "Baths ready at any hour," caught my eye. In less than half an hour each of us was in a delicious warm

bath; and then, in less than three minutes, both were between the blankets. I woke the next morning just as well as I had been before the nocturnal journey. But, before I was well awake, at about the hour of noon, Brunel was at my bedside, with five sovereigns for me, and five for Orlebar. He pressingly invited us both to his father's house, and bade us go often; there would always be a *diner en famille* at six, and knife and fork for us. He was in a great hurry, going down to the Tunnel. After breakfast, and after many cordial farewells, Orlebar, whose leave from Woolwich had not quite expired, went off for his father's, at some Hall, in Worcestershire, I believe. I had a good nest-egg at a banker's in the City, but before I could draw any of the money, it was necessary to procure the signature of a gentleman who lived in the extreme West. Westward, therefore, I started, to get through this piece of business, and to see if I could find any of my old friends and acquaintances. As usual in our Babylon, nobody was at home, and most people not yet in town. Of real, staunch old friends, I found on this first day but one, dear old André Vieusseux,* and him I did not find till late in the evening. At a very late hour in the night,

* André Vieusseux, author of a "History of Switzerland," and of "Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century" (1824). In the latter book he twice quotes from MacFarlane's poem, "The Wanderer" (1820):

"Upon th' horizon placidly lies sleeping
Caprea, rocky isle: for all the guilt
And all the broken hearts and spirits weeping,
And all the blood in olden time bespilt,
Have not obscured its beauties: still 'tis gilt
By the warm purple ray that evening throws,
Still on its rugged cliffs the soft dews melt,
Still round its base the calm rapt ocean flows,
Still as the eye beholds, the heart with rapture glows.

"On one hand beamed Calabria's Hills so bright,
On th' other Sicily shone forth in light,
Like sisters fair, by deep waves held in twain,
Smiling upon each other in delight,
And stretching forth their arms in loving pain,
As tho' they fondly wished to meet again."

I returned, lonely and depressed, to my City hostel. As my only City business was soon over, on the following morning I put my portmanteau, bag, and case of books, into a hackney coach, and drove westward to a lodging Vieusseux had secured for me. On the way I stopped at Brunel's in Bridge Street. He was out, but on giving my name I was ushered up to the drawing-room, where I found his mother, a very charming, unaffected, warm-hearted, thorough English gentlewoman, who received me as if she had known me all my life. I returned the five sovereigns, at which she laughed rather heartily, as she did also at some of the stories about our journey which Isambard had related and embellished. I was not ten minutes in her company before I made out that she was devotedly attached to her dear old French husband, that she was enthusiastic for his reputation, that she doted on her only son, and was proud—as she well might be—of his vivacity and abilities. She asked me if I could not return to dinner. I was engaged. "Then come to-morrow, and I will get a friend or two to meet you. My husband will be delighted to make your acquaintance." Such was my first visit to a house the door of which was never afterwards closed to me; and this the beginning of an intimacy which was, for a few years, one of the chief solaces of my somewhat solitary existence. On the morrow I was true to time, *n'en doutez pas!* I there met Miss Brunel and her elder sister; the latter's husband, Ben. Hawes; and Arthur Steel, travelling companion from Bombay to Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who had left me sick and in a quasi-dying state at Constantinople in the preceding summer. Best of all, I met the head of the house, dear old Brunel; to whom, in an instant, I flew and attached myself as a needle to a big loadstone. Not that old Isambard was big; on the contrary, he was rather a smaller man than his son. The dear old man had—with a great deal more

warmth of heart than belonged to that school—the manners, bearing, address, and even dress, of a French gentleman of the *ancien régime*, for he had kept to a rather antiquated, but very becoming, costume.

I was perfectly charmed with him at this our first meeting, and from many subsequent ones I can feel bold enough to say that he was a man of the kindest and most simple heart, and of the acutest and purest taste in Art, whether architecture, painting, sculpture, or medalling. Of his mathematics, which seemed to be at once profound and practical, I cannot venture to speak, never having got over the *Pons Asinorum;* nor could I risk an opinion on his very numerous mechanical inventions, being by habit, or nature, debarred from any clear notion of even the simple mechanism of a wheelbarrow. But what I loved in old Brunel was his expansive taste, and his love or ardent sympathy for things he did not understand, or had not had time to learn. There is no adequate portrait in existence of this very remarkable man. The picture, then in the drawing-room, by Jemmy Northcote, though it presented a something like a man of genius and very deep thought, was little more than a map of dear old Brunel's face. It would have required a man of much more fancy and genius than Northcote—though he had some fancy, considerable genius, and some execution—to catch the variety and the play of the old engineer's countenance. In him I admired what I could not understand, and what I could understand; and what I most admired of all was his thorough simplicity and unworldliness of character, his indifference to mere lucre, and his genuine absent-mindedness. Evidently he had lived as if there were no rogues in this nether world. He was of Normandy, of a good family, and on the unpopular side of the French Revolution of 1789; when to save his neck from the embrace of the guillotine, he emigrated, leaving such

property as he had to the tender mercies of the Jacobins. I forget whether, in the first instance, he did not come over to England, or whether he proceeded at once to the United States. There he certainly began to work for his living, and there he remained a few years. I could not state that he had any great reverence for an unbridled democracy, or for any of the institutions of our revolted colonists; but I have often heard him dwell, and be quite poetical, on the progress and peopling of the United States. "I travelled through jungle and backwood for three days, and met not a human being, and now within that space there are a dozen thriving American towns, and at least quite that number of villages.

"One of the first jobs I had was to fix the disputed limits of two contiguous estates; well! I found there was a difference in calculation which amounted to about 25,000 acres. Fancy such a case occurring in England or France!" Happily, before he emigrated, he had made himself a good mathematician, and had acquired a knowledge of the science of land-surveying, together with much experience in mechanics. "When I landed at New York I had barely five pounds in my pocket, but the little I knew helped me on to a respectable livelihood. Courage! the man who can do something, and keep a warm, sanguine heart within, won't starve!" I had liked the son, but at our very first meeting I could not help feeling that his father far excelled him in originality, unworldliness, genius, and taste; perhaps also in those eccentricities which cottoned with mine. I remember sympathizing so thoroughly with the dear old man as to regret the temporary suspension of the works at the Thames Tunnel as one of the greatest and most disgraceful of European mishaps; for his heart and soul were, at this time, under the Thames, and in the excavation that was to carry people and goods from one bank to the other, right under the lowest bed and mud of *Pater Tamesis*.

APPENDIX

LIST OF PUBLISHED WORKS

1. The Wanderer, a Poem .. .. *London*, 1820
2. La Carbonaria, la Democrazia, e le Rivoluzioni dell' Anno 1820 .. .. *Naples*, 1823
3. Numerous Contributions, written during my residence in Italy, to the Old London Magazine, Reviews, etc., etc., chiefly on Italian Literature and other Italian subjects *between* 1821 and 1827
4. Constantinople in 1828, with Journeys in the Turkish Provinces, etc. 1 vol. 4to. Second Edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. .. .. *London*, 1829
5. The Armenians; a Tale of Constantinople, with Historical Sketches, etc. 3 vols., 8vo. .. .. *London*, 1830
6. Account of Italian Banditti, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. *London*, 1831
7. Romance of Italian Histroy. 3 vols. 8vo. .. *London*, 1832
8. Visit to the Apocalyptic Churches, with Pencil Sketches. Oblong 4to. .. .. *London*, 1832
9. Contributions to History of Popular Tumults and their Evil Consequences, to Knight's Gallery of Portraits, Penny Magazine, Penny Cyclopædia, Review, Companion to the Newspaper, Book of Table Talk, and other works chiefly published by the Useful Knowledge Society. *between* 1831 and 1837
10. Pictorial History of England. 8 large closely-printed vols. in double column, at least equal to 32 vols. of the common 8vo. editions of Hume and Smollett *London*, 1837–1844

    Nearly eight years of my life were sunk in this work. I wrote five-sixths of the whole, or the entire Narrative of Civil and Military Transactions.
11. Our Indian Empire, an Historical Sketch of. 2 vols. 8vo. *London*, 1845
12. A History of the French Revolution, from A.D. 1788 to A.D. 1804. 4 vols. 8vo. .. .. *London*, 1846
13. The Camp of Refuge; or, The Last of the Saxons. 2 vols. 12mo.
14. The Dutch in the Medway. 1 vol. 12mo. 1845
15. A Legend of Reading Abbey. 1 vol. 12mo.

These Historical Tales were published between 1844 and 1846

16. Life of Sir Thomas Gresham. 1 vol. 12mo. .. 1846
17. Romance of Travel—The East. 2 vols. 12mo. .. 1846
18. Cabinet History of England; an Abridgment of the Pictorial History. 12 vols. thick 12mo. 1845–1847
19. A Glance at Revolutionized Italy; a Journey through that Country in 1848. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849
20. Turkey and its Destiny; the Results of Travels in the Dominions of the Sultan between the month of August, 1847, and August, 1848. 2 large vols. post 8vo. .. 1850
21. Memoir of the Duke of Wellington. 1 vol... .. 1851
22. History of British India, condensed. 1 vol. .. 1851
23. Two French Artists in Spain, a Translation. 1 vol. 1851
24. A Memoir of the Duke of Marlborough. 1 vol. .. 1852
25. The Catacombs of Rome. 1 vol. 12mo. 1852
26. Japan, Geographical and Historical. 1 vol. .. 1852
27. Great Battles of the British Army, intended chiefly for Soldiers' Libraries and Young People. 1 vol. .. 1853
28. The Camp at Chobham. 1 vol. 1853

    In this year, 1853, I contributed considerably to the late Capt. Nolan's work on Cavalry, its Tactics, etc., and edited the volume for my poor friend.

29. Kismet; or the Doom of Turkey. 1 vol. 1853
30. For the Christian Knowledge Society, between the years 1850–1857:

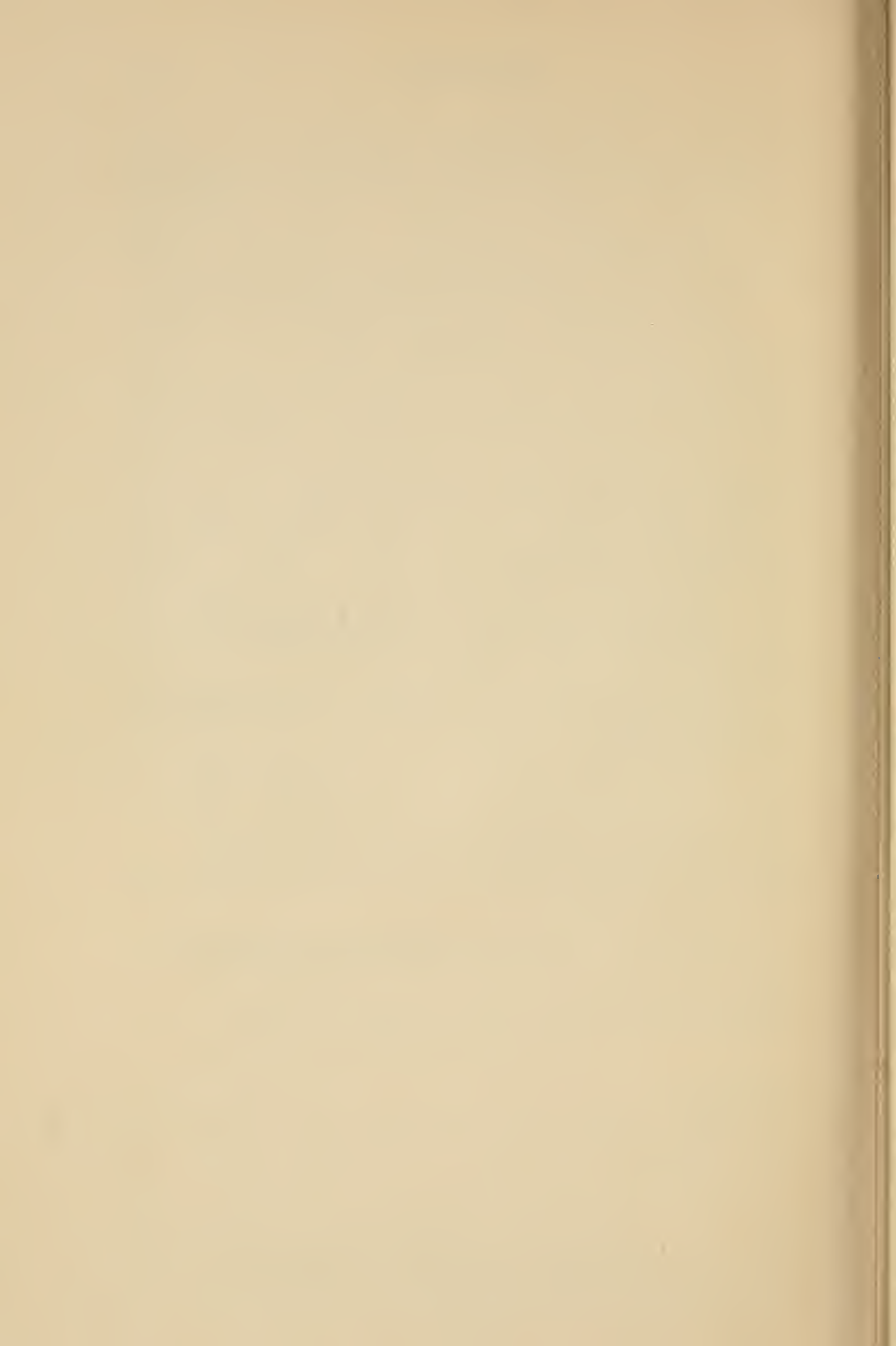
    Historical and Descriptive Sketch of Venice. 12mo.
    ,, ,, ,, Genoa. ,,
    ,, ,, ,, Naples. ,,
    ,, ,, ,, Florence. ,,
    And numerous Contributions to the Home Friend.

Besides all this, I have written many Papers for Reviews and other Periodical Works.

(*Signed*) CHARLES MACFARLANE.

CHARTERHOUSE, *August*, 1857.

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD, ENGLAND



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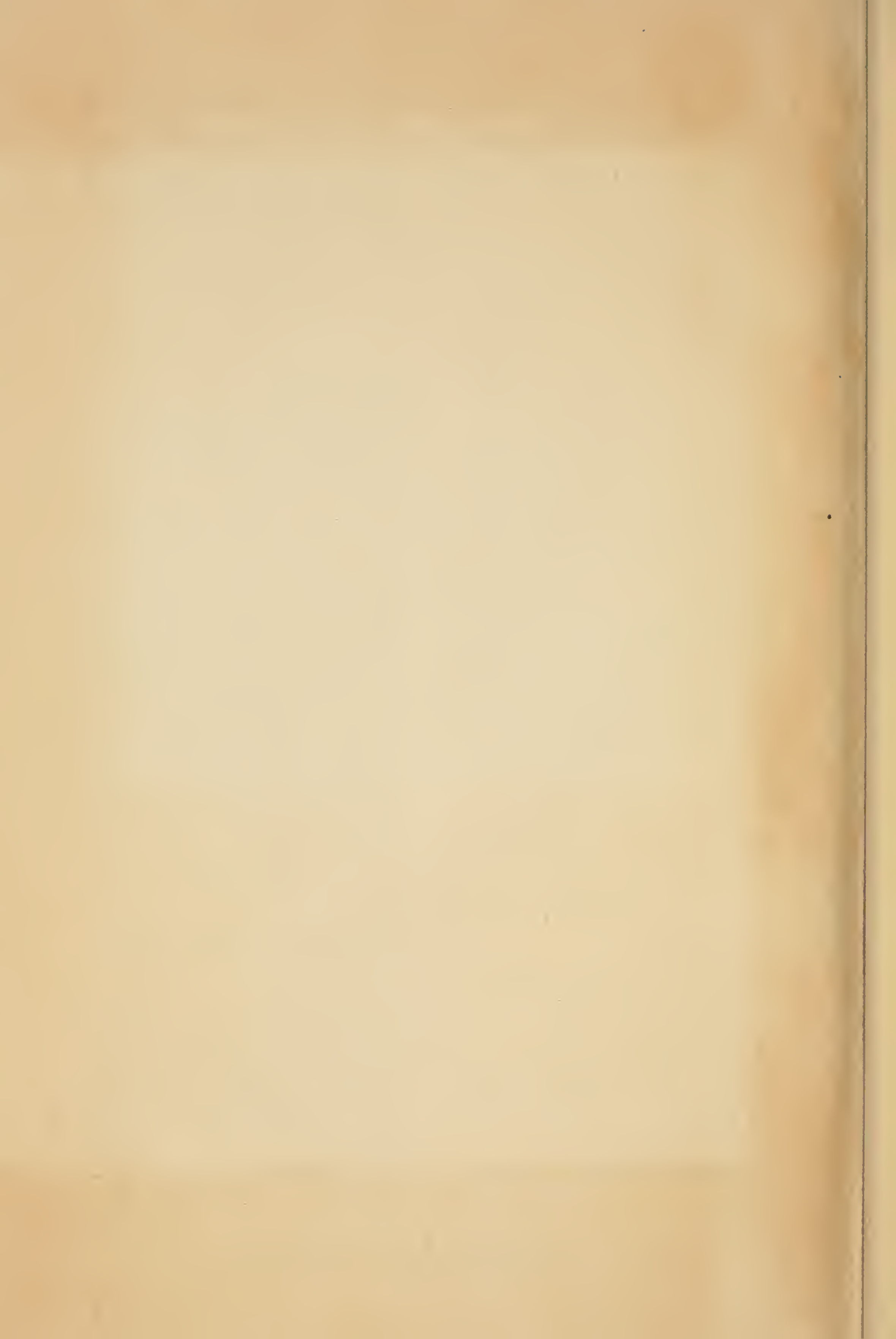

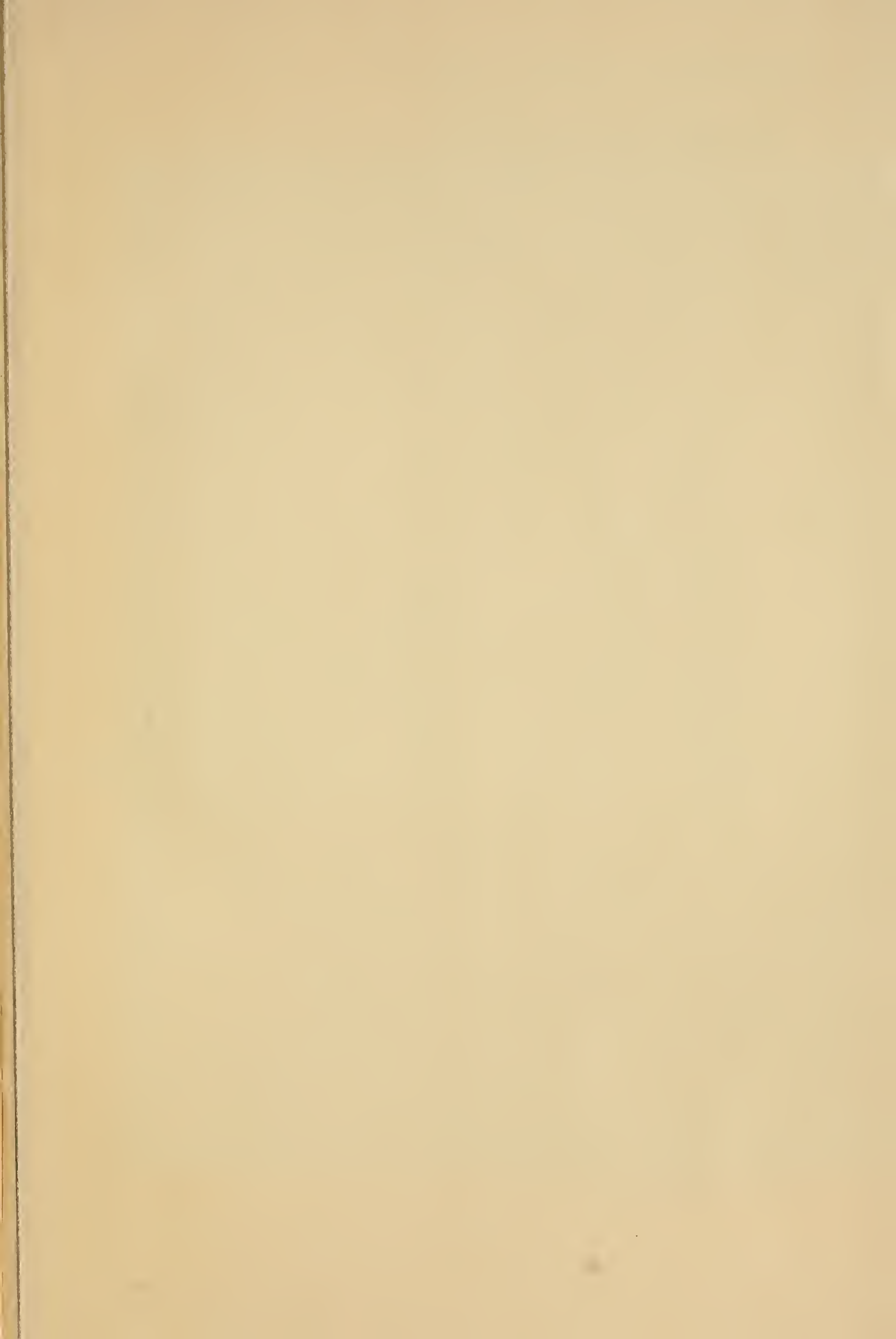

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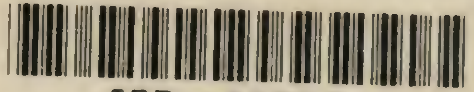

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