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THE

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

<sup>Peter,</sup> HENRY LORD BROUGHAM <sup>1.</sup>

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

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Brougham and Vaux, Henry  
Peter Brougham, Baron.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

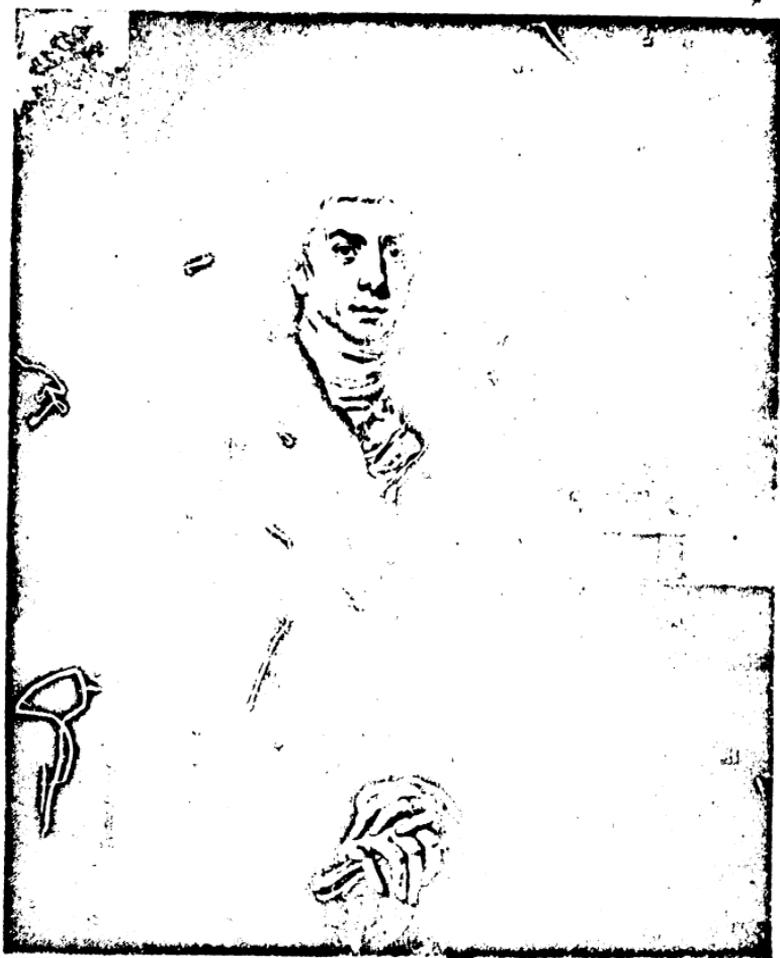
SECOND EDITION



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## TO THE READER.

THE following instructions were given by Lord Brougham to me, as his executor :—

“ Before the Autobiography can be published, you must see that it is arranged chronologically.

“ If (writing from memory) I have made mistakes in dates, or in proper names, let such be corrected ; but the *Narrative* is to be printed, *AS I HAVE WRITTEN IT*.

“ I alone am answerable for all its statements, faults, and omissions. I will have no Editor employed to alter, or rewrite what I desire shall be published, as *EXCLUSIVELY MY OWN*.

“ BROUGHAM, *November 1867.*”

In publishing Lord Brougham's Autobiography, the above explicit directions, have been scrupulously obeyed.

BROUGHAM & VAUX.

BROUGHAM, *January 1871.*

## NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

MANY inquiries having been made as to the dates at which these Memoirs were written, the following memorandum on the subject is supplied by the present Lord Brougham :—

“On Saturday, 5th October 1861, Lord Brougham, then *in his 84th year* (for he was 83 on the 19th September 1861), began with me to look out all letters and papers in this house relating to the Princess Charlotte, Princess of Wales, and Queen’s Trial; and on TUESDAY, 8TH OCTOBER, he began to write upon that subject.

“On Thursday the 17th, the narrative of the Trial, and all relating to his connection with the Princess of Wales and her daughter, was sketched out.

“On the 29th November we all went to Cannes, taking with us all letters and papers, and these we all copied and arranged with the narrative.

“*In September* 1862 he began, while at Brougham, the Political part—*i.e.*, Canning and his Government, and Lord Grey and his Government, and so on to the end of 1835.

“When we went to Cannes in November 1862, all Lord Grey’s letters were taken, and he then selected and had copies made. In the autumn of 1863 this part was completed by the addition of his own narrative, and letters, which he had before that time received from Lady Grey, Lord Grey’s widow, and without which he could have done nothing.

“Up to this time he had not written one word of his Early Life; but on being strongly urged to attempt this, both by Mr Elwin (then editor of the ‘Quarterly’) and myself, he began in November 1863, and, in a search he then made for early materials, he found the MS. of Memnon. This he marked in pencil on the first page, thus: ‘At B——m (Brougham), 1792.’ He believed he had *composed* it, entirely forgetting that it was only a translation, probably a task set him by his tutor—a very pardonable mistake after a lapse of seventy years. He continued to write at this part of his Early Life, from time to time, TILL 1867.

“BROUGHAM, *March* 1871.”

# THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

## HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### *Early Life.*

MY BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD—PRECOCITY, AS TOLD BY MY MOTHER—PARENTAGE AND ANCESTRY—WHY MY FATHER SETTLED IN EDINBURGH—HIS MARRIAGE THERE—MY MOTHER'S HIGHLAND ANCESTRY, THROUGH THE STRUAN ROBERTSONS—DEATH OF MY PATERNAL GRANDFATHER—SAVAGE FESTIVITIES AT HIS FUNERAL—ANECDOTES TOLD ME BY MY FATHER'S MOTHER—CHARACTER OF MY MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER—THE HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH—DR ADAM THE RECTOR—GILBERT STUART—MY PROGRESS AT SCHOOL—MY SCHOOLFELLOWS—FAMILY REMINISCENCES—ROBERTSON THE HISTORIAN AND HIS FATHER—THE ADAMS—JOHN CLERK OF ELGIN—HIS NAVAL TACTICS—LORD BUCHAN AND HIS BROTHERS TOM AND HARRY ERSKINE.

I HAD frequently been asked by persons whose opinion I value, to write a Life of myself, with some account of the many great public events of my time. In undertaking this task, I cannot but regret that I did not some years ago begin to put down many

details which I now may find it difficult to recall, with that accuracy which a narrative professing to be in many respects historical, essentially requires, and to note down many circumstances relating to myself and others which I may now find it impossible to remember.

My present object is to relate, as far as my memory will serve, some circumstances of my early life, which may form a sort of introduction to my autobiography, and to my account of matters of higher importance.

I found among my mother's papers, at Brougham, the fragment of a notice respecting me she had begun to write a good many years ago. I am tempted to give it exactly in her own words, because it accurately represents her own impressions; and so little was she given to laudation or exaggeration, that what she has recorded of my early years may be received as perfectly impartial. I only regret the briefness of her notes:—

“NOTES ABOUT HENRY.”

“BROUGHAM, Oct. 1826.

“In putting down what may hereafter be read with some interest, I feel how unequal I am to the task. His years of infancy and youth passed without my contemplating that he would fill so high a place among men as he now does, or I should have kept memorandums that would have preserved in my memory many circumstances that would have thrown

light upon his early life, and shown how soon his great mental powers showed themselves. From a very tender age he excelled all his cotemporaries. Nothing to him was a labour—no task prescribed that was not performed long before the time expected. His grandmother, a very clever woman, was an enthusiastic admirer of all intellectual acquirements, and used to compare him to the Admirable Chreighton, from his excelling in everything he undertook. From mere infancy he showed a marked attention to everything he *saw*, and this before he could speak. Afterwards, to everything he *heard*, and he had a memory the most retentive. He spoke distinctly, several words, when he was eight months and two weeks old; and this aptitude to learn continued progressive. When barely seven years old, he was sent to the High School in Edinburgh, his father preferring that school to Eton or Westminster. He went to school before the 19th of September 1785, having been born on that day in the year 1778, at No. 21, north side of St Andrew's Square. He went through all the classes with credit, and came away dux of the fifth or rector's class, taught at that time by Dr Adam.

“The examination was in August 1791, at which time he had not reached the age of thirteen—an age unusually early, considering, too, that he had been only one year, instead of two, the usual number, in the rector's class.

“As, then, when he left it, he had not completed his

thirteenth year, he was considered too young to be sent to college; and therefore we left Edinburgh and went to Brougham, taking with us the three eldest boys, and Mr, afterwards Dr, Mitchell, as their tutor. We did not return to Edinburgh till the winter of 1792; and Henry was then entered at the class which is called the Humanity class. Next year he attended the Greek class, taught by Professor Dalzell. In addition to these classical studies he attended the classes of natural philosophy and chemistry, and of mathematics under Professor Playfair, a great and good man, who bore ample testimony to the large amount of knowledge Henry had acquired when he was only sixteen. When he was about this age, he wrote a very able paper on 'The Refraction of Light,' which gained the prize adjudged to that subject by a German university. By some mistake, he never got the prize, but he did get the honour. At a very early age he showed considerable talent for speaking in public: really, in infancy, I may say, he showed this tendency; for he used to get up a make-believe court of justice for the trial of a supposed prisoner—he himself acting as counsel, prosecuting the prisoner, examining the witnesses, summing up the case, and ending by passing sentence. Before he was seventeen, he became a member of the Speculative Society, a debating club which met weekly from six to ten in the evening, or even later. There he distinguished himself both for close reasoning and even for speaking that almost amounted to eloquence. But he was

most distinguished for close argument and extreme quickness and readiness in reply—sometimes seasoned with perhaps a little too much sarcasm. I have said we took a tutor to Brougham, but really he was more wanted for my two other sons, because Henry always did his work by himself, scorning assistance, and never applying for help when he could possibly avoid it.”

Among the earliest of my own recollections is the account my father's mother gave me of the circumstance which led to her son's marriage with my mother.

My grandmother was born in Queen Anne's reign, so that I have conversed with a person who was alive a hundred and eighty years ago, and who *might* have heard her relative, Ann Brougham, who lived to the age of a hundred and six, speak of events that happened in Queen Elizabeth's time! This is only conjecture; but it is at all events a certain fact that I, now writing in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have heard my grandmother, being, at the time I refer to, about ninety years of age, relate all the circumstances of the execution of Charles I., as they had been told to her by an eyewitness who stood opposite to Whitehall and saw the King come out upon the scaffold. I think the story was told to her about the year 1720, and she talked of her informant as having been quite old enough at the time of the execution to have carried away a clear and accurate

recollection of all the details. Her own memory was most perfect; nor did the event appear to her to be so very remote, for she herself perfectly remembered the attempt of the Pretender in 1715—not that she ever called him by *that* name, for she was rather a Jacobite, but yet a very High Church Protestant, continually fighting with her neighbour Mr Howard of Corby, a most strict Papist, about transubstantiation, which she called by a very expressive term, when she referred to one of their angry discussions, which Mr Howard ended by exclaiming, "It's no good your denying it, Madam Brougham, for I myself have crunched the bones!"—meaning when he took the sacramental wafer.

She had a strong feeling for Charles II., and entertained a high regard for her husband's cousin, Father John Hudleston, who attended Charles in his last moments.

But to return to my father's marriage. My grandmother told me that he left Eton before the accession of George III., and for some years travelled on the Continent; his brother John, then captain of the school, going to Cambridge, as he was intended for the Church.

On my father's return to Westmorland, he fell in love with his cousin, Mary Whelpdale, the last of a perfectly pure Saxon race. Her father's estate, to which she was sole heiress, was close to Brougham, so that the alliance was all that could be wished. Everything was in readiness for the nuptials—the

wedding-coach bought, and all the paraphernalia prepared.

The very day before the wedding Mary Whelpdale died. My father, struck down by the shock, lost for a time the use of his reason. He was again sent abroad, but on his return to Westmorland, found the scene of his calamity unendurable. A very intimate friend of my grandfather, Lord Buchan, lived sometimes at Dryburgh Abbey, in Scotland, and sometimes in Edinburgh. To him my father was consigned, in the hopes that, introduced by him to the best Edinburgh society, he might find occupation and distraction enough to dissipate his grief.\*

Accordingly to Edinburgh he went, and there, among other distinguished personages, made the acquaintance of Dr Robertson, at whose house he met his eldest sister, then a widow, and her only child Eleanor. This acquaintance ended in a marriage, and then my father and his bride moved to St Andrew's Square, to the house in which Lord and Lady Buchan lived, and there I was born on the 19th September 1778.†

It has often struck me that what seemed to my father an irretrievable calamity, may have been the means of saving me from obscurity. If Mary Whelpdale had been my mother, she would no doubt have materially enriched the Saxon blood I derived from my father; but I should have remained in the state of respectable mediocrity which seems to have characterised my many ancestors, none of whom, so far as I

\* Lord Buchan—see Appendix I.

† Dr Robertson—see App. II.

have been able to discover, were ever remarkable for anything. Many, no doubt, were fighters, but even in that career of doubtful usefulness were rather prudent than daring. Thus Udardus, who had the custody of Appleby Castle, instead of keeping it for his employer, Henry II., allowed William the Lion of Scotland to take it, and appears even to have gone over to the enemy. This, indeed, is incontestably proved by the Pipe Roll, 22 Henry II., an official copy of which, stamped with the seal of the Public Record Office, is now before me, and is in these words: "Itē de Placitis eorundem in Westmarieland. Vdardus de Broham redd. comp. de q<sup>o</sup> t<sup>a</sup> xx. m. quia fuit cū inimicis Reg." After he had paid his fine, as appears by a record of a subsequent date, he turned crusader; but instead of fighting and dying for the Holy Sepulchre, he returned to Brougham, and there died quietly in his bed.

His son and successor, Gilbert de Broham, paid fifty marks to King John, "ut remaneat, ne transfretet, termin' ad passaḡ, Dñi Reg.," as appears in the Oblata Roll of the second year of the reign of King John, preserved in the Tower of London; so, instead of going to fight with the King's army in Normandy, he paid this fine that he might be allowed to stay at home. He afterwards got into hot water with King John, who mulcted him of half of the diminished estate he had inherited from Udard, and gave it to his creature Veteripont, from whom it passed to the Cliffords, and from them to the Tuftons. Nor do I find we improved

in intellect even after an infusion of very pure Norman blood, which came into our veins from Harold, Lord of Vaux, in Normandy.

I think, then, I am fairly entitled to argue that I, at least, owe much to the Celtic blood which my mother brought from the clans of Struan and Kinloch-Moidart.\*

I heard also from my grandmother a remarkable story about her husband's funeral. He died at Brougham in December 1782. Neither my father, nor his brother John, were then in Westmorland. Charles, Duke of Norfolk (father of the Duke who went by the name of the "Jockey of Norfolk," after his ancestor of Bosworth), was then living at Greystoke, in Cumberland, and being a most intimate friend of the family, attended the funeral as representing the chief mourner. In that character his place was at the head of the table at the funeral feast, where he was supported by all the gentlemen of the county. After the dinner the Duke rose and addressed the guests as follows:—"Friends and neighbours, before I give you the toast of the day, the memory of the deceased, I ask you to drink to the health of the family physician, Dr Harrison, the founder of the feast!"

Many toasts followed. The guests drank long and deeply. The funeral then proceeded on its way to the parish church of Brougham, called Nine Churches, a corruption of St Ninian, to whom it is dedicated, a distance of three miles, the road winding along the

\* See Appendix II.

steep banks of the river Eamont. Arrived at the church, the hearse was met by the rector, but the coffin had disappeared! The shock was enough to sober the merry mourners. On searching back, the coffin was discovered in the river, into which it had fallen, pitched down the steep bank, at a place where probably the hearse, driven by the drunken coachman, had lurched against a rock. The oak outer coffin was broken to pieces, but the lead remained intact at the bottom of the river, too heavy to be carried down by the stream. The shock and the scandal produced by all this had the effect not only of sobering everybody, but of putting an end to such disgraceful orgies in the county for the future. The accuracy of my grandmother's story was strongly confirmed by an event which happened many years afterwards. In October 1846, the wall of our vault in the chancel of Nine Churches had given way: on the vault being opened to make the necessary repairs, I myself saw the lead coffin of my grandfather battered and bulged from its tumble down the rocky bank of the river.

My grandmother well remembered the events of 1745, for she was then past the middle age of life, and the mother of several children, my father having been born in June 1742. She used to talk of the stirring events of that time, the battle of Clifton Moor, the burial of a number of "Willie's dragoons" (the Duke of Cumberland) in a ditch by the river Lowther, close to Brougham, and the executions at Carlisle. But these were comparatively recent events, and had

little interest even for me, compared to 'er account of the execution of Charles.

I have alluded to the intimacy that existed between my grandfather's family and the Howards of Norfolk. Among many letters now at Brougham from different members of that family, but on subjects too private for publication, I give, as a specimen of the style and habits of the time, the following, *verbatim et literatim*:—

“ NORFOLK HOUSE, March 9 [1778].

“The Duchess of Norfolk presents her compliments to the two Miss Broughams. She has taken the liberty to send 30 yds. of silk, with trimming, for a night gown & pettycoat for each, which I hope they will do me the favour to accept of.

“The Duchess desires her compliments to Mrs Brougham.

“ To the two Miss Broughams.”

So much for my paternal grandmother; but I should be most ungrateful if I said nothing of my other grandmother, Dr Robertson's sister, for to her I owe all my success in life. From my earliest infancy till I left college, with the exception of the time we passed at Brougham with my tutor, Mr Mitchell, I was her companion. Remarkable for beauty, but far more for a masculine intellect and clear understanding, she instilled into me from my cradle the strongest desire for information, and the first principles of that persevering energy in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge

which, more than any natural talents I may possess, has enabled me to stick to, and to accomplish, how far successfully it is not for me to say, every task I ever undertook.

I was sent when very young to a day-school in George Street, Edinburgh, kept by a Mr Stalker, a sort of infant school, in which girls as well as boys were the pupils. Before I went there my father had taught me to read; but my grandmother, from day to day, worked with me at my lessons, so that when I was only seven years old I had outgrown Mr Stalker's academy, and was sent to Luke Fraser's class at the High School. All the time I was there, my grandmother was my daily help and instructress: under her careful tuition I not only won and kept a good place in my class, but, with a perseverance that almost amounted to obstinacy, I on one occasion made Fraser confess he had been wrong and I right, in some disputed bit of Latinity for which he had the day before punished me. My victory gained me immense credit with all my schoolfellows, and I was called "the boy that had licked the master." I am bound to say Mr Fraser bore no malice, and when I left him to go into the rector's (Dr Adam's) class, we parted the best of friends.

I remained in the class of Luke Fraser, according to the course of that seminary, for four years, from September 1785, when I was seven years old, to October 1789, when I entered the class of the rector, Dr Adam, under whom I was two years nominally,

but really only the second of these two, having been kept at home by illness almost the whole of the first year.\* During some months of that year, before I fell ill, I had a private tutor, Mr, afterwards Dr, Mitchell, an excellent scholar, who afterwards went to India as a medical man, and died in the service of the Rajah of Travancore, whose chief physician he became. I had, however, the great benefit, before my illness, of attending Dr Adam's class, and hearing daily his comments upon the classics which we read, interspersed with his general remarks upon political subjects and allusions to the great events then engrossing the attention of the world, for the French Revolution had broken out three months before his course began. He was a zealous friend of liberty, and in those times and in that place was termed a democrat. Yet with all the violence of party and the influence of the predominant powers—the Dundases—no exception was taken to his dwelling on those topics in illustration of, and in connection with, the books he taught. Of course, three or four years later, when party violence was at its height, but when the crimes of the French mob had alienated many admirers of the Revolution, he carefully abstained from such subjects, though he still continued of that class which clung to the Revolution more or less, in spite of its crimes. His great learning, his able and useful works,

\* An account of Luke Fraser will be found in Steven's 'History of the High School of Edinburgh,' p. 92. Dr Alexander Adam, the rector, of whom so much interesting matter follows, is sufficiently eminent to be commemorated in the usual works of biographical reference.

and his irreproachable character, as well as his untiring diligence and exemplary patience in the discharge of his duties, commanded the respect of all, and endeared him to those who had the inestimable benefit of his instruction. He had the faculty of exciting both an ardent love of the subjects he taught, and a spirit of inquiry into all that related to them. Stirred by his precepts and example, I spent the months during which I was kept from school by indisposition, in reading and trying my hand at composition. The progress I made during this illness clearly proved to me two things: first, the importance of allowing boys sufficient time for reading, instead of devoting the whole day, as at school, to Latin and Greek exercises; next, the great benefit of having a teacher who would dwell upon subjects connected with the lessons he taught, but beyond those lessons, thus exciting the desire of useful knowledge in his pupils.

Dr Adam had been violently assailed for his excellent Grammar by Gilbert Stuart, who had also attacked Dr Robertson's 'History of Scotland,' in various reviews both in London and in one which he established in Edinburgh. Stuart was in both instances, and, indeed, in all his writings, entirely influenced by his violent temper and his self-interest. The historian was attacked because he was supposed to have, as Principal, defeated his attempts to obtain a professorship; the grammarian was attacked because his work had superseded one by Stuart's cousin, Rudiman. Stuart was a man of extraordinary talent

and learning, displayed in many works, one of which, published before he was of age, obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Laws. But his profligate life and want of all principle brought him into contempt; and his works, some of which have great merit, have sunk into oblivion, in consequence of the spite and the unfairness that runs through them, and deprives them of all trustworthiness.\*

I returned to school, my health being re-established. The work did not at all oppress me, and I left it at the head of the class and of the school—what is there called *dux*. This was in some respects accidental. I was at the head of the class with Keay (afterwards high at the Scotch bar), and acknowledged him my superior,—possibly from his having attended the whole of the former year.† I never disputed the place with him; but on his leaving Edinburgh, before the breaking up and the examination, I succeeded to the headship. Horner, a year after, belonged to that class, but it was his first year under the rector. Next year he also left it at the head. Murray (afterwards Lord Murray) had been of his year, but left the school for Westminster. I had always, except during the illness I have referred to, the blessing of robust health, only interrupted, when a child, by putrid fever, which produced an extraordinary effect in destroying my memory almost entirely; for I had just learned to read, taught by my father, and I had in those ten days lost all knowledge even of the letters. I very

\* Gilbert Stuart—see Appendix III.

† See Appendix IV.

soon recovered it, and in a few weeks was sent, as I have already said, to Stalker's day-school.

It is a great mistake, into which Lord Cockburn and others have fallen, the fancying that I at all distinguished myself at the High School—a mistake caused by persons reflecting backward from one period to another. The only instance I have the least recollection of, was when the Principal of the University (Robertson) visited the school at one of the examinations yearly held before the vacation: he said to Mr Fraser that I ought to have been at the head of his class. But the answer was, "No; Reddie is in his right place:" and so he was. My great kinsman was deceived, not by his partiality, but by my having a better voice and delivery: the manner prevailed over the matter—as I dare to say it has often done since, on greater occasions and with a far less critical audience. Reddie was afterwards in a very high station at the Scotch bar—one of the most learned and sound lawyers of his day. He distinguished himself especially in the great questions connected with maritime rights and international law, and enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Hope, afterwards Lord President; nor did anything prevent him from rising to the top of the profession, and to the head of the bench, but his modest, retiring, and unambitious nature, which led him to accept an office at Glasgow of great importance and of judicial functions, though humble compared with what, by the consent of all, he was so well entitled to.

It was an inestimable advantage to my studies at

all times that they were directed by my great kinsman the Principal, after the first impulses they had received from my grandmother, his eldest and favourite sister, and who had lived with him, having the care of his family, for many years before the marriage of either. As a matter of course, he was consulted by my father in all that regarded the education of his children. And he used to visit us at Brougham, where I well remember accompanying him upon his walks in the woods, where he would occasionally repeat aloud Greek or Latin verses. We had to deplore his irreparable loss in 1793; but I recollect going to his villa in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he resided several months before his death, to tell him of an important debate in the General Assembly, in which his son, afterwards Lord Robertson, the judge, had greatly distinguished himself. My youngest brother, although born some years after the Principal's death, was named after him, and the surname, as well as the Christian, ought certainly to have been given; but a little Cumberland family pride prevented this, as we supposed. He always recommended translation, as tending to form the style by giving an accurate knowledge of the force of expression, and obliging us to mark and estimate the shades of difference between words in phrases in the two languages, and to find, by selecting the terms, or turning the idiom, the expression required for a given meaning; whereas when composing originally, the idea may be varied, in order to suit the diction that most easily presents itself, of which the influence produced

by rhymes, and moulding the sense as well as suggesting it, affords a striking and familiar example.

He had much exercised himself, therefore, in translation, and even intended to publish one of Antoninus' Meditations, done while at college. The appearance of a translation at Glasgow prevented this publication, but the manuscript remains, and is in my possession; and the version is very ably and learnedly executed. With this strong opinion in favour of translation, which was also that of his son Lord Robertson, both of them prescribed it to me, and among other things made me translate all the History of Florus. The following letter to Lord Robertson shows an extremely imperfect taste, and a considerable misconception of the task prescribed; possibly arising from the ambition of the writer:—

“BRUGHAM, *January 15, 1792.*

“DEAR SIR,—You would no doubt be surprised that I did not write to you by Mr Mitchell, who was in Edinburgh. I was prevented doing this by reason of not having finished the task you were so kind as prescribe to me before I left town—a task which was so very delightful that nothing could have hindered me performing it, had not Mr M. begged I would desist, until I should make some improvement in my writing, which had been spoilt by beginning too soon to *scrawl* versions. I was in this manner prevented from making use of your kindness for three or four months.

“You will perhaps remember that you allowed me to translate either Livy or Florus. I pitched upon the

latter—not that his style appeared to me any way superior to that of the other; but as I had read, partly at Edinburgh and partly here, almost the whole of the first five books of Livy (a copy of which was the only part of his works I had), it naturally occurred that there would be less field for exertion in translating an author with whose works I was acquainted, than in trying one whose works were quite new to me. Besides, I was confirmed in my choice when I recollected that *you* seemed to give the preference to Florus. That author, though concise and nervous, is not the less elegant and instructive. Full of vigour, and just, in his descriptions, relating the conquests of Rome in that rapid manner, as it were, in which they were acquired. As he writes in a very peculiar stile, so I thought that by a literal translation his elegance would be lost. I have endeavoured, therefore, by taking a little freedom, to transfuse his beauties into the English language, without impairing the sense. How far I have succeeded I must leave you to judge. This I can with truth affirm, that throughout the whole of the translation I am indebted to the assistance of no one, and I hope you will excuse its many defects and inaccuracies, particularly the badness of the writing. I am sorry, dear sir, that I can give you no news, as affairs in the country commonly wear a very uniform aspect. As for my studies, I have read about four books of Virgil's *Æneid*, beginning at the VI.; one of Livy; have got through above three parts of Adam's *Roman Antiquities*; and

am employed in the Greek verbs. When business is over I amuse myself with reading, skating (*sic*), or walking. If you can find leisure to write me a few lines, I shall think myself particularly honoured by it. As I fear I have already tried your patience, wishing many happy new years to yourself and Mrs R., the college family—Russells and Brydons—in which I am joined by all this family, I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear sir, yours with the greatest respect and esteem,

HENRY BROUGHAM."

Before I refer to my kinsman's answer, I may interpose a letter which the kindness of a member of the Kinloch-Moidart family has permitted me to use; and I give it merely as showing the local impressions made on me at the early age of thirteen.

"BROUGHAM, *July 14, 1792.*

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—As my mother, ever since the receipt of your kind letter, has been in a great bustle with company, I, at her request, take advantage of a cover which is going to your friend Mr Bell, from a gentleman who dines here to-day with a most abominably formal company; but if you expect much entertainment from my pen you will be disappointed, for nothing is more true than that the stillness of a country life furnishes few occurrences worthy of a place in black and white.

"To go back to April: James and I spent a very agreeable week at Skirwith Abbey, the seat of a

neighbouring gentleman. The house, which is modern, is a handsome building, somewhat like the Physicians' Hall, though without pillars: it is vastly naked, being placed in the midst of a moor or common, with little or no wood of any size about it, and the garden above half a mile from the house. Mr Yates's agreeable family consists of two grown-up daughters (the youngest of whom, with her mother, is now in Edinburgh consulting Mr Bell), and three sons, the eldest about 16, the youngest 9.

"About the end of June, Mr Mitchell, James, and I made an excursion to the Lakes, about twenty-five miles from this, and staid there a day or two. The lake at Keswick is certainly a most grand, romantic, and agreeable sight. A fine sheet of water expanded in the bottom of a most beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains of wood, and interspersed with woody islands (one of which is faced with a *mock* fortification, and is the residence of a country squire). The lake begins with a fine cascade and terminates in a beautiful river. The whole of this enchanting scene, lighted up by a most beautiful morning, presented to persons like us, unaccustomed to such sights, a picture of beauty and sublimity not to be easily forgotten. At one end is the celebrated vale of Borrowdale, at the other the neat town of Keswick, where we saw a very fine museum filled with great curiosities, both ancient and modern, but scarcely to be compared with Weir's in Edinburgh, though of a more universal nature. Besides the Lakes, I have been much about since spring

began, and as I ride a great deal, I have seen every one of the country seats hereabouts.

“I think the conduct of your wise baillies during the late riots proves them to be idiots and monsters that ought to be expunged from the face of the creation. I ought to make 1792 apologies to your sister for not answering her very kind letter, which I received by Mr Mitchell. Read this to her, with my love, in which the rest of this family join, not forgetting my dear Peter.

“Tell your good mother that Mrs Syme looks upon her letters, and those of my aunt Nelly (to whom, and all other friends, remember me), as her greatest consolation, and that she expects a letter from them soon. We were all sorry for B. Russell’s death; indeed, except John, I think she was by much the best of that family.

“Expecting your answer by a parcel which is coming here from Mrs Hope this week, I remain your most affectionate cousin,  
H. P. BROUGHAM.”

To go back, then, to my holiday task, the translation of Florus. I consider that my learned kinsman was much more lenient in his judgment on the work than his illustrious father would have been, whom we never thought of troubling with it. The following is his answer to my letter of January:—

“April 21, 1702.

“DEAR HENRY,—I should make an apology for having delayed so long to answer your letter. The truth is that I received it during the hurry of the winter session, when I could not command time; and

since the commencement of the vacation I was prevented for some time by indisposition, and afterwards it took me some leisure times to read your work with that attention which I wished to bestow upon it.

“ I have now perused it with very great pleasure, and compared a very great part of it, sentence by sentence, with the original, and I am happy that I can, with perfect sincerity, say, that high as my expectations from you were, they have been greatly exceeded. Instead of confining yourself everywhere to a literal translation, you have often given a turn to the expression which shows that you entered fully into the ideas of your author, and your translation discovers a knowledge both of the Latin and of the English far above what could have been expected. I will not say how much your translation has pleased me in another point of view, as affording a proof of industry and application, which, when joined with your abilities, cannot fail to insure your success in any line of life which you may follow. I think you should persevere in translating: it is one of the best exercises, and improves your knowledge both of Latin and English.

“ My father and mother, Mrs Russell, Betsy and Elie, are at Lennell. John and Mary are with us. Mrs Hope and all our friends here are well. Mrs Robertson desires to join me in best compliments to your papa, mamma, and grandmamma, and all the children.—I am, dear Henry, your affectionate cousin,

“ WM. ROBERTSON.

“ No. 67 PRINCES STREET, *April 21, 1792.*”

Notwithstanding any vices in my translation, I certainly had acquired no habit of inaccurate version, no contempt of strict closeness, or such faults must have been cured by subsequent experience and reflection, as well as the incorrect taste disclosed in the letter; for whatever I have since attempted in prose, and still more the only efforts in verse, which the entire want of poetical faculty has confined to translation, have nothing to distinguish them but the rigorous closeness, the whole poetical merit clearly belonging to the original. Of this an example may be given in the commotion among my Eton friends caused by my quoting from Horace in the House of Commons, when repelling some most absurd slander of the grossest description. Instead of the Latin—

“ Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret  
Quem nisi mendosum et medicandum ! ” \*

I gave—

False honour charms, and lying slander scares,  
Whom but the false and faulty ?

Next day, in Westminster Hall, I was mobbed by Eton friends at the bar, Jonathan Raine at their head, calling on me to say by what right I had used words which they could not find either in Francis or elsewhere, and requiring me to declare where I had found them, but I would only answer, “No-where.”

No doubt the merit of extreme closeness depends much on the frame of the original, and it may be

\* Hor. Ep., I. xvi.

given sometimes word for word without becoming actual prose, as—

“Vive vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.”\*

Live long, farewell: if better rules you see,  
Candid impart; if not, use these with me:

which, literal as it is, cannot be reckoned more prosaic than the Latin.

I have often heard the great historian preach, and though very young at the time, was struck with the excellence and the usefulness of his discourses. His notions of practical moderation, and the wish to avoid the fanaticism of the High Church party (what with us would be called the Low Church, or Evangelical), led him generally to prefer moral to theological or Gospel subjects. Yet he mingled also three themes essential to the duties of a Christian pastor. He loved to dwell on the goodness of the Deity, as shown forth not only in the monuments of creation, but the work of love in the redemption of mankind. He delighted to expatiate on the fate of man in a future state of being, and to contrast the darkness of the views which the wisest of the heathens had with the perfect light of the new dispensation. He oftentimes would expound the Scriptures, taking, as is the usage of the Kirk, a portion of some chapter for the subject of what is called *Lecture*, as contradistinguished from *Sermon*; and in these discourses the richness of his learning, the remarkable clearness of his explanation, the felicity of his illustration, shone forth, as well as

\* Hor. Ep., I. vi.

the cogency and elegance of his practical application to our duties in life, the end and aim of all his teaching. Such was he as a preacher.

But one sermon I can never forget.\* The occasion was the celebration (5th November 1788) of the centenary of the Revolution; and his sister, considering that to have heard such a man discourse on such a subject was a thing to be remembered by any one through life ever after, took me (although only ten years old) to hear him. It was of singular and striking interest, from the extreme earnestness, the youthful fervour, with which it was delivered. But it touched in some passages upon a revolution which he expected and saw approaching, if not begun, as well as upon the one which was long past, and almost faded from the memory in the more absorbing interest of present affairs. I well remember his referring to

\* "CANNES, November 1866.

... "After what Elwin said about the notices of Robertson, Black, and others, having been already printed in the 'Lives of Men of Letters, Philosophers, &c., I have been doing my utmost to answer his objection, by an attempt to rewrite them, but I have entirely failed. I find I cannot do this without utterly destroying any merit the original composition may possess. Hence, these notices *must* remain as I have placed them in the 'Autobiography.' But you may, if you think it necessary, state where I have taken them from: it is no plagiary to steal from one's self, and I would rather state the fact, than print the notices with inverted commas. They are much too long for notes at the foot of pages; besides, *all* footnotes must, if possible, be avoided. In the MS. of the other volumes, there are notices, and characters, of men at the bar and public men: I daresay some of these will be found to have been already printed. Hence, let the best mode of dealing with all these be well considered. You cannot do better than consult Forster; but bear in mind that they must not be omitted, and that I cannot undertake to rewrite them.—Yours,

H. B.

"To WILLIAM BROUGHAM, Esq.,  
Brougham, Penrith, Angleterre."

the events then passing on the Continent as the forerunners of far greater ones which he saw casting their shadows before. He certainly had no apprehensions of mischief, but he was full of hope for the future, and his exultation was boundless in contemplating the deliverance of "so many millions of so great a nation from the fetters of arbitrary government." His sister and I often afterwards reflected on this extraordinary discourse with wonder, and I feel quite certain of some such expressions as these having been used, and of his foretelling that our neighbours would one day have to celebrate such an event as had now called us together. We dined with him the same day on leaving the church, for it was the afternoon service that he had performed. His eldest son, afterwards Lord Robertson, was of the company; and when the Principal expressed his satisfaction at having had his presence at church (a thing by no means of weekly occurrence), the answer was: "Ay, sir, if you'll always give us such sermons, you may make it worth our while." "Ah!" answered he, "you would like it, as the boys say," referring to a vulgar taunt. I have again and again asked my learned kinsman to show me the sermon, which he admitted he possessed among his father's papers, fairly written out. His answer was that he wished to avoid giving it publicity, because, in the violence of the times, the author would be set down for a Jacobin, how innocent soever he was at the date of its being preached. Those times have happily long since passed away; and the sermon having been found

among the judge's papers, after a long and fruitless search, I am now possessed of it, written in his own hand, and can see the places where he added passages on the inspiration of the moment, particularly that above cited, my recollection of which is distinct, and is confirmed both by the conversation upon it I have often had with his sister, and by the judge's apprehensions, who was of the strong alarmist party.

It is fit that some mention should be made of Dr Robertson's family, and of his private life as connected with these memoirs. His father, a Robertson of Struan, was settled for some years as minister of the Scotch Church in London Wall; and I recollect when the affairs of that establishment came before me in the Court of Chancery, and one of the counsel connected with Scotland was beginning to explain its nature, I told him that my great-grandfather, the historian's father, had been its pastor, so that I might be excused for taking an unusual interest in its concerns, reminding him of the Scotch saying that blood is thicker than water. He returned to Scotland in 1718, and was settled at Borthwick, in the county of Edinburgh, having married Miss Pitcairn of Dreg-horn; and it was always remembered in the family that Sir Richard Steele, with whom he had become acquainted in London, showed his respect for him by being present at the marriage. The historian was born at Borthwick, 19th September 1721.

I have been curious to ascertain the kind of genius which distinguished his father, besides his talent for drawing, of which I possess a specimen showing some

skill. It is a miniature in Indian-ink of James Earl of Seafield, one of the forfeited lords, to whom he was distantly related. The family were also said to be descended from John Knox. The historian professed himself quite unacquainted with the reasons of this rumour which connected him with "the rustic apostle," whose character and conduct he has described so faithfully and strikingly.

By the kindness of a kinsman I have had the great satisfaction of receiving a copy of the only sermon which he ever published, as well as of two or three hymns, translations and paraphrases from the Greek of the New Testament. The sermon is able, judicious, correctly composed both for accuracy of diction and severity of taste, and contains passages of great beauty and effect. It resembles what in England would be called an Ordination Sermon or Charge, having been delivered at the opening of the Metropolitan Synod in May 1737, and is a full description of the duties of ministers, the title of it being that "they should please God rather than men." His poetry is elegant and classical: one of his pieces is a beautiful paraphrase of the 14th chapter of St John to the tenth verse:—

- 1 "Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts  
Be troubled or dismayed;  
But trust in Providence divine,  
And trust my gracious aid.
- 2 I to my Father's house return;  
There numerous mansions stand,  
And glory manifold abounds  
Through all the happy land.

- 3 I go your entrance to secure,  
 And your abode prepare;  
 Regions unknown are safe to you,  
 When I, your Friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,  
 To take you home with me;  
 There we shall meet to part no more,  
 And still together be.
- 5 I am the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
 No son of human race,  
 But such as I conduct and guide,  
 Shall see my Father's face."

When I went to Glasgow in 1860 to preside at the Social Science Congress, and when, as usual on these occasions, I attended divine service in the Cathedral Church, I recollect being much struck with the accident of this hymn being sung, when, very certainly, I alone of all the congregation knew who was the author, for the hymn-book gives it without any name.\*

Both sermon and poetry plainly show good taste, as well as strong but sober reason, came to the great historian by descent as well as by study; but that his father held opinions more strict on some subjects than the relaxed rigour of Presbyterian rule prescribed, half a century later, is proved by his requiring his son's promise never to enter a playhouse. This was stated by him in reference to his father when debating the question of John Home's having written the play of 'Douglas.' It is needless to add that, however much he differed with his father on this

\* See Appendix V.

subject, he strictly adhered through life to the promise thus given; insomuch that when Garrick and Henderson at different times visited him, they entertained and interested him by exhibiting to him in private, specimens of the art in which both so eminently excelled.\* The traditional character in his family of the venerable person whom I have mentioned was anything rather than sour or stern, how severe and unbending soever may have been his moral feelings. For the sweetness of his placid temper, and the cheerfulness of his kindly disposition, I have heard him spoken of in terms of the warmest enthusiasm by such of his children as were old enough at the time of his decease to recollect him distinctly. The idea of again meeting him in another state was ever present to my grandmother's mind (who was his eldest daughter), and especially when stricken with any illness. It was with her a common source of argument for a future state—as proved by the light of nature, and in her pious mind a confirmation of the truth of Christianity—that, believing in the divine goodness, she could not conceive the extinction of so much angelical purity as adorned her parent, and so fine an understanding as he possessed. Their mother was a woman of great ability and force of character; but, like many of that caste, women especially, she was more stern and more severe than amiable, and this contrast, unfavourable to the one, redounded to the augmented love of the other. It cannot be doubted that the son's character

\* See Appendix VI.

derived a strong tincture from both parents; but while he, like his father, was mild and gentle in his temper and of an engaging demeanour, his firmness and decision—nay, his inclination towards the Stoical system of morals, and even to a certain degree of stoical feeling, too—was derived from his mother.

The death of these two excellent persons was singularly melancholy, and served to impress on the minds of their family a mournful recollection of their virtues. Mr Robertson had been removed to the Old Greyfriars' Church of Edinburgh in 1773; and ten years afterwards, both he and his wife, seized with putrid fever, died within a few days of each other, leaving eight children—six daughters and two sons—of whom William was the elder. William had been educated first at the school of Dalkeith, under a very able teacher of the name of Leslie, a gentleman at that time of the greatest eminence in his profession. On his father's removal to Edinburgh, he was taken thither and placed at the University, though only twelve years old.

The age of twelve was only a year or two less than usual at the Scotch universities. My contemporaries and myself were barely fourteen when we entered, attending the mathematical as well as the Latin and Greek classes, and next year that of natural philosophy.

His diligence in study was unremitting, and he pursued his education at the different classes for eight years with indefatigable zeal. He had laid

down for himself a strict plan of reading; and of the notes which he took there remain a number of books, beginning when he was only fourteen, all bearing the sentence as a motto, which so characterised his love of learning, indicating that he delighted in it abstractedly, and for its own sake, without regarding the uses to which it might be turned—"Vita sine litteris, mors."

When the London University (now called University College) was founded in 1825, I had a good deal of correspondence with Lord Robertson, who strongly recommended taking as our motto this inscription in his father's note-books. I give what is above stated as his gloss upon the motto or text advisedly.

His whole life was spent in study. I well remember his constant habit of quitting the drawing-room, both after dinner and again after tea, and remaining shut up in his library. The period of time when I saw this was after the 'History of America' had been published, and before Major Rennell's map and memoir appeared, which, he tells us, first suggested the 'Disquisition on Ancient India.' Consequently, for above ten years he was in the course of constant study, engaged in extending his information, examining and revolving the facts of history, contemplating ethical and theological truths, amusing his fancy with the strains of Greek and Roman poetry, or warming it at the fire of ancient eloquence so congenial to his mind, at once argumentative and rhetorical; and all this study produced not one written line, though thus

unremittedly carried on. The same may be said of the ten years he passed in constant study from 1743, the beginning of his residence in a small parish, of very little clerical duty, to 1752, when we know from his letter to Lord Hailes he began his first work. But, indeed, the composition of his three great works, spread over a period of nearly thirty years, clearly evinces that during this long time his studies must have been much more subservient to his own gratification than to the preparation of his writings, which never could have required one-half that number of years for their completion.

In 1741, according to the constitution of the Scotch Church, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh to preach, orders being only conferred upon a presentation to a living or kirk. Two years after, he was appointed minister of Gladsmuir, a country parish in East Lothian; and this event happened fortunately on the eve of the irreparable loss sustained by the family in the death of both their parents, which left his brother and his sisters wholly without provision.

He immediately took the care of them upon himself, and would form no connection by marriage until he had seen them placed in situations of independence. He thus remained single for eight years, during which his eldest and favourite sister superintended his household. In her sound judgment he always had the greatest confidence; for he knew that to great beauty she added a calm and a firm temper, inherited from their mother, but with greater meek-

ness of disposition. An instance of her fortitude and presence of mind was sometimes mentioned by him, though never alluded to by her: a swarm of bees having settled on her head and shoulders while sitting in the garden, she remained motionless until they took wing, thus saving her life, which was in imminent jeopardy. She was married in 1750; and, the year after, he married his cousin Miss Nesbitt. She, after a long attachment, married Mr Syme, minister of Alloa, where her daughter was born. He was a sound divine and a learned man, much esteemed by the Principal, with whom he coincided on the great question of lay patronage which then agitated the Church, as it has in our day, having caused the great schism dividing the Establishment into two. He had under his care as pupils the sons of Mr Abercromby, the chief person in the neighbourhood, Sir Ralph and his brother Sir Robert.

If such as has been described was the Principal's estimate of his sister, it is needless to say that her affection for him, and the veneration in which she held him all her life, and his memory when gone, knew no bounds. I recollect while very young, when he came to Brougham, being much struck with her manner of addressing him. It was always "Sir," not brother; and he called her "Mally" (Molly); but this, I afterwards observed, did not betoken any distance, or want of perfect and cordial familiarity. His other sisters addressed him in the same manner, but in this case there was not by any means the same familiarity.

She was indeed, as her brother always said, a very remarkable person, and this was apparent from his regard for her opinion and advice, as well as from the discussions on various subjects which I have heard between them. I well remember her great admiration of Lord Chatham, and that she did not quite agree with him in his estimate of the son, who stood a good deal higher in his opinion than in hers, not because of his being at all a Pittite, but probably from his friendship with the Dundases (the two Presidents), father and son.\* He was, as he told Walpole many years before Chatham's death, a moderate Whig, a Whig of 1688; to which Walpole says he made an answer, that no one ever believed he ventured, with such a person. His sister was avowedly a Whig in the mere party sense of the term. But as an *orator*, Chatham was the model she used to place before my eyes; and her dreams were, when she heard of my attempts, that her preaching had not been in vain. It was a subject on which she often came with her daughter (my mother), of whom she had a very high and most just opinion, as had the Principal. But I greatly doubt if she herself, had she survived to 1830, would have exercised the self-control and self-denial which the daughter showed, in opposing, by her remonstrances and earnest advice, my being Chancellor.

\* 1. Robert Dundas of Arniston, born 1685, Lord President of the Court of Session 1748, died 1753; 2. Robert, his son, born 1713, Lord President 1760, died 1767.—Brunton and Haig's *History of the Senators of the College of Justice*, 507, 523.

Some of my grandmother's nearest relatives were persons of eminence, to which they had raised themselves; and both from this and from her brother's great position, gained, like theirs, by his own exertions, she constantly impressed on my mind the duty of following such examples; but always required that distinction should be sought by just means: and above all, she used to inculcate the duty of benevolence, and to dwell upon its reward in the pleasure beneficence produced. An ardent love of liberty and hatred of oppression seemed part of her nature. A horror of war and delight in peace could with difficulty be overcome by any circumstances that could be urged to create an exception. The words "Peace is my dearest delight" were ever in her mouth. She felt an affection for the *Quakers* on this account; and when any one had anything to say against them, her answer always was, "Well, but it is the only sect that never persecute;" and on the Independents being cited against her, she would say, "But Oliver Cromwell was an Independent, not a Quaker, and if he did not resist toleration, he made war." If it was hard to find an exception to peace and tolerance, no exception would she ever suffer to the necessity of strict economy, public and private. The necessity of economy must only yield to claims of humanity, irresistible in their nature and wholly undisputed. For next to a sense of strict justice, humanity was a constant topic.

Many an argument have I heard between her

brother and her on some capital conviction, when she leant towards mercy, and against that kind of punishment. Her view was perfectly sound, that the smallest punishment which was sufficient to prevent a repetition of the offence, was all we had a right to inflict, and that punishing with death tended to counteract one of the objects of all punishment, by turning the feelings in the party's favour through the aversion felt to the punishment. The Principal would say that her reasoning was owing to her feelings of misplaced pity for the offender. And this was the case latterly, when her mind had no longer its original strength, and the discussion was renewed with her daughter and the rest of us. We then saw that she was arguing from her feelings. But in former times these were the impressions on all subjects she has left, and they were inherited by her daughter. It used to be a joke amongst us that she had not inherited her mother's beauty; and we afterwards found that the extraordinary likeness to Dante of her profile and her bust, so much admired by Chantrey, made some amends for the defect.

Of the relations who have been alluded to, the Adams and the Clerks were the most remarkable, as they were all first-cousins of the Principal and his sister. The Adams were famous as architects, breaking through the old and plain, but bad style, and introducing, with some variations, the Greek and Italian. They were patronised by Lord Bute and Lord Mansfield, and by most of the English nobles

who had buildings to erect on their estates. In and near London those most remarkable are Caen Wood, the villa of Lord Mansfield, and Lansdowne House, formerly Bute House.\* They took part in Parliament with the Whigs, which lost them the King's (George III.) office of architect. They represented the county of Kinross, as did a younger member of the family, who afterwards was Chief Judge of the Jury Court in Scotland. Of the Clerks, the father of Lord Eldin (Scotch judge) married an Adam; he was author of the system of naval tactics adopted with such signal success in the navy. Sir Howard Douglas has denied this as regards Rodney's battle in 1782—his father, Sir C. Douglas, having been captain of the fleet. But the fact is undeniable that Clerk had brought his plan to maturity, and communicated the particulars to several persons, long before Rodney's action, and while Rodney was abroad; he having gone to the West Indies in January 1780, and Clerk, as he states in the preface to his book, having gone to London in 1779, when he met by appointment Mr R. Atkinson, Admiral Rodney's particular friend, and Sir Charles Douglas, his captain, to whom he detailed and explained every part of his system, for the express purpose of having it communicated to the Admiral before his departure with the fleet. Mr

\* Of the two brother architects, Robert and James, a good account is given in the fragment of a general biographical dictionary by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The well-known façade of the Adelphi, off the Strand, has its name to commemorate the joint work of the brethren.

Clerk adds that such communication was made; that the Admiral expressed, before he left London, his entire approbation of the scheme; and after his return openly acknowledged that it was Mr Clerk who had suggested the manœuvres by which the victory of the 12th of April 1782 had been obtained.

Clerk's system was followed by Howe, St Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, and with well-known success. The manœuvre is, in fact, the same that Napoleon practised on shore—the placing an adversary between the fire of two bodies. What makes Clerk's merit the more remarkable is, that he was not a professional man, and had never even gone a voyage to sea.\*

John Clerk's intimacy was very close with the Principal and his sister, who both had great confidence in his practical sense upon most subjects, when not perverted by certain odd prejudices and fancies. For instance, she being, like him, a warm advocate of exercise as a means above everything for promoting health, used to quote him as saying, when asked, "What were you to do in bad weather?" "Why, run up and down stairs; there is no better exercise, or better fitted to bring all the muscles into play."

Once during the Reign of Terror, a fast-day sermon was preached, which we attended with him; and after morning service, when we were complaining of the preacher as having exaggerated by charging the Jacobins with sacrificing the priests at the foot of the altar,—“Foot of the altar!” said John, “that is only

\* See Appendix VII.

a way of speaking; but it lets the wretches off too easily. They never let them get to the foot of the altar, but murdered them in the streets or the prisons."

Dr Adam was a teacher of the greatest merit, and a man distinguished by qualities very rarely found in combination with his literary eminence. The hardships which he endured from poverty in his early life have seldom been equalled, never exceeded. When he was endeavouring to educate himself, he for some years suffered from actual hunger, his only means of subsistence being the small sum of three guineas a-quarter received from teaching, and out of which he had to pay fourpence a-week for a miserable lodging, two miles out of the town, and his daily food was oatmeal-porridge and penny rolls. He dispensed with fire and candles: the former, by severe exercise when the weather permitted—when it was bad, by climbing one of the highest staircases in which Edinburgh abounds; the latter, by reading at the room of some fellow-student. His temper was never soured nor his spirits distressed; the zeal of studying and success in it, sustaining him, and even making him feel happy. These particulars have been related by his pupils, among others the first Lord Meadowbank, but were very rarely even alluded to by himself, and only in general terms when illustrating in his class the value of industrious habits, and the comforts they bring under the most adverse circumstances. For it was one of the greatest merits of his teaching that he constantly lectured his pupils on moral and religious

subjects, on their duties to heaven and to their fellow-creatures, beside dwelling on the illustration of his remarks derived from their learning, classical, historical, and geographical. It is difficult to conceive a more useful discipline in all respects than his class afforded. But in no particular was his instruction more valuable than in opening the mind to the contemplation of characters, ancient and modern, and drawing from them the conclusions in favour of political virtue of every kind. He always spoke with great natural eloquence, and made very deep impression by the force and conciseness of his statements, and the rich illustrations from history, the constant reference to individuals, and the appeals to classical authority. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effects of his lectures, for such they were, though often consisting of a few sentences interspersed in the lessons as they went on. Among his favourite topics was inculcating the love of independence, the duty and comfort of making one's own fortune, and relying on one's self alone. Then he would chide a pupil's idleness or inattention; and if the lad was of the higher orders,—“But *you* will get a post or a pension when others are working their way uphill.” Then the delights of learning in all its branches formed a constant theme, and the mischiefs of all obstructions in the way of its acquirement. “A tax upon paper is a tax upon knowledge,” was a frequent expression. He was always extolling the ancient writers: it was his business. He would point out their beauties, and

especially those less obvious, and would say,—“It is too late to doubt of them; whoever should do so would find he had come too late; for all men’s minds have long ago been made up on the subject.” But he ever dwelt on their works having been the result of the greatest care, and of each being a monument of industry; describing Sallust, for instance, as passing his whole time in composition and careful correction. The eloquence of the old orators he would descant on by the hour, and show that its success was due to diligent preparation. With some exceptions he much undervalued the modern: of these exceptions Chatham was the chief, and he highly commended his method of bringing up his son, notwithstanding he had kept him from a public school. Of that son’s eloquence he had formed an estimate strongly affected by his political opinions, which were those of the admirers of the French Revolution; and although he avoided the expression of them, it was pretty manifest how he leant, even after its crimes had begun to stagger most of its partisans. I found when I had left his class that he was of those who very reluctantly admitted any faults in the Republicans. Whatever opinions he held on this subject, he always inculcated the most decided attachment to our own constitution. His taste in all matters of composition was sound and severe. If he admired Seneca more than was strictly just, he gave no preference to him over the purer models; and his liking plainly proceeded from the great storehouse found in his prose writings of moral

truths, those which he warmly inculcated. It must, however, be observed, that there are in many parts of Seneca's philosophical writings passages of great eloquence, in none more than the treatise on Providence, in that on the great question of the origin of evil, and that on the shortness of life.

The steady honesty of Dr Adam, his devotion to his principles, his unwearied zeal and heartfelt enthusiasm in impressing them on his pupils, can never be forgotten by those who had the inestimable benefit of his teaching, and of learning, beside that which was the first and main object of his instruction, those other things with which it was connected, and on which no other teacher ever thought of dwelling. I consider myself indebted to him for whatever success has attended my life, whether speculative or practical; and a few of our fellow-pupils were so sensible of the great value of his general comments, and remarks on men and manners, that we made it a common practice to take notes of his observations, and to interchange, and correct, or extend them.

Moreover, he inculcated not only the expediency of written translations beyond those which were given in as our exercises, but of practising composition and speaking. Two or three of us used to meet of an evening and hold a debate on some subject which he had handled in his class; and having been taken by my tutor to hear a debate in a meeting composed chiefly of students in the University, but open to all who chose to subscribe, I tried my hand at compos-

ing an essay on the subject I had heard debated, "Whether prosperity or adversity was most favourable to virtue." On showing it to my father, I found a very severe judge, who thought the declamatory speeches I had heard misled me, and set me on other subjects that required argumentation and (being an old Etonian) classical allusions, and even quotations. The Doctor was more lenient, and gave me encouragement; but I found by his questions that he substantially agreed with the judgment of the domestic forum. This excellent man had been a good deal thwarted by the authorities, provoked to personal altercation with unworthy antagonists, and assailed by a corrupt portion of the press. As to the authorities, his first work was a most excellent book on the principles of Latin and English grammar, designed to promote his great object of making classical studies a help to other studies, and not a hindrance—and he wished to introduce it in the school; but he found all the other masters, who had been accustomed to teach Ruddiman's Grammar, opposed to the substitution of his; and also the magistrates, patrons of the school, for the same reason, resolved to abide by Ruddiman's. After a severe contest, both in the courts of law and the town council, the latter issued a positive prohibition to the school to make use of Adam's Grammar, and he could therefore only indirectly urge his doctrines. I grieve to add that at one time the Principal (Robertson) took part against him, who on all other occasions stood his warm friend, and obtained for him from the

University, his degree. But the question of extra-mural teaching, in after-times so much discussed, had arisen upon the introduction of Greek in the school by Adam as early as 1782; and the professors endeavoured, but without success, to prevent this. The Principal, who must have strongly disapproved of their opposition, yet yielded to it, probably on the ground of the professor of Greek depending entirely on the number of his pupils, from having no salary; and on the assumption that, with the frugal habits of the Scotch, few or none would send their sons to attend the Greek professor, if they had learnt a little Greek the year before at the High School.

The trouble which the Doctor had with some of the masters under him, arose from the improvements in teaching which he endeavoured to introduce, at first with great resistance and only partial success—in the end, with their perfect assent. During the former period his chief opponent was Nicol, whose violence led to a personal quarrel, which had nearly ended in a duel. The man did not want talent or learning, but was of most intemperate habits and dissolute life. He was the intimate friend and pot-companion of Burns, some of whose best known and most popular bacchanalian songs bear traces of this intimacy. Of these the one most in favour with the Scotch begins with—

“Willie brewed a peck of maut (malt),  
And Rab and Allan came to pree.”

The Willie is Nicol; the poet is Rab; and Allan was

one of the Mastertons, at whose school I learnt writing and arithmetic. Nicol's habits were well known to the boys, as were those of the other masters. They had an uncouth rhyme characterising their masters. In this, Luke is the teacher—Luke Fraser, under whom I was before rising to the rector's class; Frango was French, a most respectable and learned man; and Cruikshanks (a very able and successful teacher, as well as worthy man, under whom Horner and Murray were, until the former went to the rector's class and the latter to Westminster) is represented by Crukemshango:—

“Sandy Adam loves his book,  
And so do Luke and Frango;  
Willie Nicol loves his bottle,  
And so does Crukemshango.”

I am pretty confident that the last line is owing to the rhyme and the contrast, and not to the fact. The attacks of the masters and their friends never gave Adam any uneasiness that had not long ceased when I was under him, and he never at any time made the least allusion to them in his class. The treatment of the press he had a good right to despise, when it came from the same disreputable quarter in which the Principal was assailed. The history of Gilbert Stuart affords a remarkable and an edifying instance, perhaps a singular one, of great talents and considerable powers of work, though irregular, failing to obtain success, or to keep alive the memory of works distinguished by both learning and ability, owing to the

malignant feeling under which they were composed, and their being devoted to its gratification. That these intemperate habits and irregular life would not have produced this effect, there are unhappily too many proofs in the history of authors. An able and learned work on the 'History of the British Constitution,' made the University of Edinburgh give him the degree of Doctor of Laws when little more than one-and-twenty; and he soon after published his 'Views of Society in Europe,' being an historical inquiry concerning laws, manners, and government. Immediately after this he was a candidate for the Professorship of Public Law, in the University, and he fancied that he owed his rejection to the influence of the Principal. Nothing could be more fitting than that such should be the case; for the life of Stuart was known to be that of habitual dissipation, in the intervals only of which he had paroxysms of study. To exclude such a person from the professor's chair would have been a duty incumbent on the head of any university in Christendom, whatever, in other respects, might be his merits. But no admission was ever made by the Principal's friends that he had interfered, or, indeed, that the opinions and inclinations of the magistrates, who are the patrons, rendered any such interference necessary. But the disappointed candidate had no doubt upon the subject, and he set no bounds to his thirst of revenge. He repaired to London, where he became a writer in reviews, and made all the literary men of Edinburgh the subjects of his envious and malignant

attacks, from 1768 to 1773; the editors of such journals, as is too usual with persons in their really responsible situation, but who think they can throw the responsibility upon their unknown contributors, never inquiring whether the criticisms which they published proceeded from the honest judgment or the personal spite of the writers. It is the imperative duty of every one who conducts the periodical press, to use his utmost diligence in preventing concealed enemies or rivals from using his paper as the vehicle of their attacks. He should lay down the rule never again to receive any contribution from a person who had deceived him by suppressing the fact that he had a grudge or an interest against the object of his former attack.

Stuart returned to Edinburgh, and set up a magazine and review, of which the scurrility, dictated by private resentments, was so unremitting, that it brought the work to a close in less than three years, when he went back to London, and recommenced his anonymous vituperation of Scottish authors through the periodical press. He also published in 1779, 1780, and 1782, three works: one on the 'Constitutional History of Scotland,' being an attack on Dr Robertson's first book; another on the 'History of the Reformation in Scotland;' and the third on the 'History of Queen Mary'—being also an elaborate attack upon the Principal. The ability and the learning of these works, and their lively and even engaging style, have not saved them from the oblivion to which they

were justly consigned by the manifest indications prevailing throughout them all of splenetic temper, of personal malignity, and of a constant disturbance of the judgment by these vile unworthy passions. The same hostility towards the person of the Principal even involved this reckless man in a quarrel with his eldest son: it led to a duel, in which neither party was hurt—an accommodation having taken place on the field. I have heard Stuart's second say that he was obliged, knowing his friend's intemperate habits, to oppose the proposal—which he made with his usual want of conduct, and, indeed, of right feeling—that all the parties should dine together on quitting the field! That second (Mr James Gray), an able and an honourable man, always admitted Stuart's unjustifiable conduct towards the historian, one of whose nieces he (the second) afterwards married. Stuart's dissipation continued unbroken, excepting by his occasional literary work; and he died of a dropsy in 1786, at the early age of forty.

Such was the man and such his fate who assailed Dr Adam with a bitterness and pertinacity as signal as he had shown towards the great historian. His admirable Grammar was received universally by the literary and didactive world (by the scholar as well as the teacher) with the approbation which it so well deserved; but it had one fault—it was on a subject on which Stuart's cousin, Ruddiman, had published a book. This was enough to enlist Stuart's ferocity against both the work and the writer. He

published anonymous reviews without end, and he also published, under the name of "Busby," a bitter attack upon the personal peculiarities of Dr Adam. Every one felt unmitigated disgust at such base and unprincipled proceedings, and the Rector, like the Principal, gave the unworthy author the mortification of leaving his assaults unanswered; nor did he even make any allusions to these attacks, though he occasionally expressed his regret at the prohibition of his Grammar by the authority of the town council.

The moral inculcated by Gilbert Stuart's failure has been noted. The lesson of temperance and regularity of life is as remarkably taught by the Doctor's personal conflict with one of the masters, Nicol, already referred to as the boon companion of the great lyric poet of Scotland. The temperate habits of our times make it hardly possible that a poet should nowadays attain eminence by bacchanalian songs, and even that ideas should be introduced that owe their point and force to drinking associations, as in the most pathetic of lyrics, "Auld lang syne." Even of professed drinking-songs there is this to be said, that they rarely tend to promote intemperance, and are for the most part only displays of wit and humour. They are chiefly perhaps to be excused, if not defended, in the same way that Voltaire pleaded in extenuation, if not justification, of his "Pucelle," that the most reprehensible passages, how offensive soever to decency and morals, had no tendency to inflame

the passions, and were not prurient but witty, though indecent; a defence which no one of correct taste or sound morals can ever regard as more than an assertion that the matter complained of, though bad, might have been worse!

I don't recollect the Doctor ever distinctly casting my horoscope, as he did that of some others; but the following letter from a daughter, who still lives, of one of the professors, mentions an odd guess of my own, like that of Erskine's mother, which he used to cite as an evidence of providential inspiration — for he never doubted that Providence acted by secondary causes.

The account given in the following letter of the reprimand is in one particular inaccurate. It was not for an essay, but for a message sent by the minority on a division in the Speculative Society, composed of Jeffrey, Horner, Kinnaird, and myself, and of which Jeffrey was the bearer to Professor Hume, whose class we were attending. The message was of an offensive, perhaps hostile description, complaining of his having said publicly, "Those young men, like their masters the French, are evidently skilled in political arts." Jeffrey, as instructed by us, asked if he had used these expressions; and said, that if he had we felt bound to declare they contained a falsehood. We were all summoned. Jeffrey was out of town, Horner was ill, as well as Kinnaird, and I alone could attend. The reprimand was perfectly justified by our proceeding, and was most

gently administered. The following is an extract from the lady's letter:—

“I am sorry I myself was so young during Lord Brougham's college life as to have paid much too little attention to all that I might have heard. To me he was always most excessively kind, but it was the kindness of a young man to one who was comparatively a child. But I do remember one thing which made an impression on me: I heard that he and Horner and Lord Kinnaird had been engaged in the Speculative Society in defending an essay on some political subject, which essay (and its defenders) was on much too liberal principles for the tastes of the rulers of the day; and, in short, the three young men were sentenced (by the *Senatus Academicus*, I think it was) to submit to be reprimanded by the Principal of the College for disseminating French principles and sedition. Of all of the three none were forthcoming but Brougham: Horner was ill or something, and Lord Kinnaird was absent, and Lord Brougham alone came before Principal Baird to receive his lecture. I believe the good Principal's admonition was a lenient one, for he was a kind, good-hearted man, who did not in his conscience think the worse of the young gentlemen for their essay; and so Lord Brougham listened respectfully and made his bow, and all was over. This was an event that showed the spirit of the times; for the essay, I believe, contained nothing but what has become since the prevailing opinion and the law of

the land. This is the story as nearly as I can remember it; but if there is anything materially incorrect in it, I daresay Lord Brougham could tell you the exact way of it, if he or you think it of any consequence.

“There is a curious little anecdote which I heard from Mary Robertson at the time Lord Brougham was made Lord Chancellor. She told me that when she and the Broughams were all children they were invited to a little ball at her uncle Mr Abercromby’s. We had a house somewhere about Coltbridge or Corstorphine (I do not know which), where the ball was to take place; and all the children, Robertson’s and Brougham’s together, were packed into a hackney-coach to go; but when they came to the toll-bar, not one of the party was found possessed of a sixpence to pay it; on which, after some consultation among themselves, Henry Brougham jumped up and said to the tollman, ‘Oh, you surely will let us pass, for *I* am the Lord Chancellor.’ Mary Robertson could not tell me whether he had at that time any idea of belonging to the law, but if it was a mere dash, it was a curious coincidence.”

If it was not owing to chance that at Edinburgh I received the care and counsels of the great historian, it was not to mere accident that I was indebted for my intimacy with the great advocate and orator, Erskine, and his brother Henry, only inferior to him in fame from his provincial position. The house in which we lived on the north side of St Andrew’s

Square was under the same roof, and next door to Lord Buchan, eldest brother of the Erskines, a man of eccentric character and much underrated, but of considerable learning and talents, and so highly esteemed by Lord Chatham that he gave him a diplomatic appointment, which he was kept from filling by some quarrel about etiquette and rank ; but Chatham continued his correspondent all his life, and I have seen his letters when I used to visit Lord Buchan at Dryburgh. They were on various subjects, public and personal, and I recollect the orthography was very indifferent, as for instance *does* being generally spelt *dos* or *doz*. He was exceedingly kind to us as children, and I continued his acquaintance afterwards, his phrase being, "Ye're min ain bairns of the hoose," (you are mine own children of the house). This led naturally to a great intimacy with his brother Henry ; and when I was called to the bar, I had the benefit of his advice and instruction, as well as of profiting by the example of his advocacy, which had the highest merit, and placed him at the head of the Scotch bar. When I afterwards removed to London, the family friendship was continued by the celebrated brother, with whom my intercourse was constant and familiar. Both these eminent men impressed upon me, as the first of qualities in an advocate, that to which they owed their own great success, the sacrificing everything to the cause, and indulging in no one topic, or any illustration, or any comment, or even in a phrase or a word, that did not directly and manifestly serve

the cause in some material particular. This rule perhaps applies to all the departments of eloquence; but it is of paramount importance, nay, an absolute obligation, and of necessity to be obeyed in the conducting of a cause before any tribunal, even before a popular assembly. Both the Erskines had been educated at the High School, of which the younger all his life cherished an affectionate remembrance. The University he had not attended, having been at St Andrews for a short time before he entered the navy. The care of his education devolved upon his brother (Lord Buchan), who was greatly his senior, and who most liberally, out of his moderate income, supplied all his wants. He died at his brother's seat near Edinburgh. Both these brothers inculcated their political as well as professional opinions very strongly on me at all times. They were staunch friends of liberty and enemies of oppression, whether exercised over bodies of men or individuals; and I can bear testimony to the warmth of feeling as well as the skill and judgment which Lord Erskine showed at the end of his life in the great case of the Queen. The remark made on Loughborough that his Scotch returned to him in his latter days (the phrase being that his English had run out of him by the effects of age), does not apply to Erskine. The taint of the High School of Edinburgh could not be perceived at any time of his life.

## CHAPTER II.

*Early Life.**(Continued.)*

I LEAVE THE HIGH SCHOOL—AT BROUGHAM WITH A TUTOR—TALE TRANSLATED FROM VOLTAIRE—I ENTER THE COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH—WITH FOLKESTONE, AFTERWARDS LORD RADNOR—MY EARLY EFFORTS IN MATHEMATICS AND MECHANICS—OPTICS, CHEMISTRY—JOSEPH BLACK, JAMES WATT—MY FIRST SPEECH AT THE ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY—I STUDY ORATORY—I FOUND THE JUVENILE LITERARY SOCIETY—BECOME A MEMBER OF THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY—PEDESTRIAN RAMBLES—APOLLO CLUB, AND HIGH JINKS—FEATS OF EDINBURGH BURSCHEN—HERON'S PLAY DAMNED—I GO ON A YACHTING EXPEDITION AMONG THE WESTERN ISLES—MY FELLOW-TRAVELER CHARLES STUART (STUART DE ROTHSAÿ)—ISLAY—LIFE AT SEA—ST KILDA—STORNOWAY—CROSS TO ELSINORE.

HAVING finished with the High School, I passed the next fourteen months, from August 1791 to October 1792, at Brougham, where Mr Mitchell was my tutor—a man of excellent temper as well as sound learning, who intended to take orders in the Scotch Church. By his conversation on every subject, it was impossible not to profit; and his moral maxims were as enlightened as his opinions on literary and

scientific subjects. The time was principally devoted to Greek and Latin; and I was further instructed in such duties by my father, who retained his love of and familiarity with the classics; and, encouraged by him, I tried my hand at writing English essays, and even tales of fiction. I find one of these has survived the waste-paper basket, and it may amuse my readers to see the sort of composition I was guilty of at the age of thirteen.

My tale was entitled "Memnon, or Human Wisdom," and is as follows:—

[Translated from Voltaire.]

"Memnon one day conceived the useless project of being perfectly wise. There is scarcely any man who has not at one time or other let this folly pass through his head. To be very wise (said Memnon to himself), and, of consequence, very happy, one has only to be without passions, and (as we all know) nothing is easier. In the first place, I shall never love any woman; for when I see a perfect beauty I shall say to myself, 'These cheeks will one day be wrinkled; these fine eyes will be fringed with red; that plum (*sic*) neck will turn flat and flabby; that beautiful head will grow bald.' Now, I have only to see all this with the same eyes at present that I must see it with afterwards, and surely that head will never turn mine. In the second place, I shall always be sober. In vain shall good cheer, delicious wines, agreeable society, try to tempt me. I have only to figure to myself the consequence of excess—a

heavy head—a disordered stomach—loss of reason, health, and time ; and surely I shall never eat but to satisfy nature ; my health shall be constant, my ideas always luminous and pure. All this is so easy that there is no merit in keeping to it. Then (continued Memnon) I must think a little of my fortune. My desires are moderate ; my income is lodged in the hands of the Receiver-General of the Finances of Nineveh ; I have wherewithal to live independent ; and that is the greatest of earthly blessings. I shall never have the disagreeable necessity of paying court to anybody. I shall envy no one, and be envied by none. Besides, here is another thing equally plain. I have friends : I shall keep them ; so they can have nothing to dispute with me about : I shall never be out of humour with them, nor they with me. In all this there's no sort of difficulty. Having thus formed in his room his little scheme of wisdom, Memnon put his head out of the window. He saw two women washing near his house, under the plane-trees : one of them was old, and seemed not to be thinking about anything ; the other was young, handsome, and appeared much engaged. She sighed ; she wept ; and seemed to have only the more graces. Our sage was moved—not with the beauty of the lady (he was quite confident he never could be guilty of such a weakness), but he was touched with the affliction she appeared to be in. He went down-stairs, and approached the young daughter of Nineveh, in the intention of consoling her with wisdom. The fair

creature related with an air the most natural and affecting, all the injuries she had received from an uncle whom she never had—with the artifices by which he had taken from her a fortune she never possessed, and all the evils she had to fear from his ill-treatment. 'You appear,' said she, 'to be a man of such good counsel, that if you'll only have the condescendence to step home with me and examine my affairs, I'm sure you'll relieve me from the cruel embarrassments into which I have fallen.' Memnon followed her without hesitation, for the purpose of examining, safely, her affairs, and giving her good advice. The afflicted lady carried him into a perfumed apartment, and politely bid him be seated upon a large sofa, where they both remained with their legs crossed, and opposite to each other. The damsel, while she spoke, cast her eyes on the ground, and sometimes dropt tears from them; and whenever she raised them, they always happened to meet those of the sage Memnon. The conversation was full of tenderness, which redoubled every time they looked at one other. Memnon took her affairs extremely to heart, and felt every moment more and more a desire to oblige so worthy and so unfortunate a personage. Insensibly they ceased (in the heat of conversation) to sit opposite to each other—their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon gave his advice so near and so tenderly, that neither one nor t'other could now speak of business, and they no longer knew where they were. Whilst they continued in this

situation, in comes the uncle. As may easily be imagined, he was armed cap-a-pie. His first words were that he proposed (as was reasonable) killing Memnon and his niece on the spot; and the last thing which escaped him was that he would pardon them, if he was well paid for it. Memnon was forced to give all he had about him. These were happy days when one could get off so cheap. America was not then known, and afflicted ladies were not half so dangerous as they are in our times. Memnon went home in shame and despair: he found a card inviting him to dine with some of his intimate friends. If (said he) I stay at home by myself, I shall think on nothing but my sad adventure. I shall eat none, and shall fall sick. I had much better go and make a frugal meal with my companions. The sweets of their society will make me forget the morning's folly. He goes to the place appointed; they perceive him somewhat out of sorts; they make him drink to drown sorrow. A little wine taken in moderation is a cure both for mind and body, so thinks the sage Memnon; and so thinking, he gets drunk. They propose to play after dinner. A little play, well regulated, with one's friends, makes an honourable pastime. He plays, loses all his ready money, and four times more on *tick*. During the game a dispute arises; they turn warm. One of his particular friends throws a decanter at Memnon's head; and shuts up an eye for him. The sage Memnon is carried home, mortal drunk, with the loss of all his money, and

half his eyes. He throws up a little of his wine, and as soon as his head is a little clear, he sends his servant to the Receiver-General for money to pay his particular friends. He is told that his debtor had that morning broke fraudulently, to the alarm of half the families in town. Memnon, quite beside himself, sets off for court, with a patch on his eye, and petition in his hand, to demand justice of the king against the bankrupt. He meets in the drawing-room several ladies, who sported, with an easy air, hoops of twenty-four feet in circumference. One of these, who knew him a little, muttered (cyeing him askance), 'How horrid!' Another, who was better acquainted with him, accosted him with a 'How do, Mr Memnon? But, indeed, Mr Memnon, I'm prodigious glad to see you. By the by, Mr Memnon, how do you happen to have lost an eye?' And so she trifled on, without waiting for an answer. Memnon hid himself in a corner, and waited for the moment when he might throw himself at the monarch's feet. The moment came, and he kissed the ground three times, presenting his petition. His most gracious Majesty of all the Ninevehs received it very favourably, and handed it to one of his satraps to make a report of its substance. The satrap took Memnon aside, and said to him, grinning bitterly, and with a contemptuous air,— 'You're a pleasant sort of a blinkard, truly, to address the king rather than me, and still more pleasant to dare to demand justice against an honest bankrupt whom I honour with my protection, and

who, indeed, is the nephew of my kept mistress's waiting-woman! Leave off this business, friend, I advise you, if you value the health of your remaining eye.' Memnon having thus in the morning abjured women, the excesses of the table, play, quarrels, and, above all, the court, had been, before night, duped and pigeoned by a fine lady, filled drunk, rooked at play, drawn into a quarrel, robbed of an eye; and had been at court, where he found himself laughed at. Petrified with astonishment, and overpowered with grief, he moves homeward, death-sick at heart. He finds his house surrounded by bailiffs, in the act of gutting it on the part of his creditors. He stops half dead under a plane-tree; he here meets the fair lady of the morning, walking with her dear uncle. She bursts out a laughing at seeing Memnon with his plaister. The night came on; Memnon laid himself down on some straw near the walls of his house. A fever seized him; he fell asleep in the crisis of the disorder, and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream. It was clothed in resplendent light; it had six fine wings—but neither feet, nor head, nor tail, nor resemblance to anything earthly. 'What art thou?' said Memnon. 'Thy good genius,' replied the being. 'Restore me, then,' said Memnon, 'my eye, my health, my money, my wisdom.' He then related how he had, in one day's time, lost all these. 'These are adventures for you,' said the spirit, 'which we never meet with in our world.' 'And where may your world be?' said the man of woe. 'My country,'

said the spirit, 'is five hundred millions of leagues from the sun, in a little star near Sirius; as you see here.' 'Dear, what a nice country!' said Memnon: 'so you have no sluts who dupe a poor man; no particular friends who win his money and knock out his eye; no bankrupts; no satraps who laugh at you because they refuse you justice.' 'No,' said the native of the star, 'none of these things at all. We are never cozened by women, for we have no women. We never commit excess at table, for we never feed. We have no bankrupts, for with us there is neither silver nor gold. We can't have our eyes closed up, because we have not bodies made like yours; and satraps never do us injustice, because in our little star all the world is on a footing.' Memnon then addressed him: 'My good master, wifeless and dinnerless? how do you contrive to pass your time?' 'In watching over the other world intrusted to our care,' said he, 'and I am come here just now to console thee.' 'Alackaday!' replied Memnon, 'why didn't you come last night to prevent me from committing so many follies?' 'I was with thy eldest brother Haspar,' said the celestial being. 'He is more to be pitied than thou. His gracious Majesty the King of the Indians, at whose court he has the honour of belonging, hath caused put out both his eyes for some petty indiscretion; and he is at this moment in a dungeon with his hands and feet in irons.' 'It's very hard,' said Memnon, 'when one has a good genius in the family, that one

brother should be blind in one eye, the other in both—one lying on straw, the other in prison.' 'Thy lot shall change,' replied the animal of the star. 'It is true thou shalt always be half blind; but then, this excepted, thou shalt be happy enough, provided always thou shalt not form the foolish project of being perfectly wise.' 'That, then, is out of the question?' said Memnon, with a sigh. 'As impossible,' said the other, 'as to think of being perfectly clever, strong, powerful, or happy. Even we ourselves are far from it. There is, indeed, one globe where all that may be had; but in the hundred thousand millions of others which are sprinkled over space, everything is got by degrees. One feels less pleasanter in the second than in the first; still less in the third than the second; and so on, down to the last, where every mother's son is an absolute fool.' 'I greatly fear,' said Memnon, 'that our little terraqueous globe is precisely the little habitation of the universe about which you are doing me the honour to speak.' 'Not altogether,' said the spirit, 'but nearly so; everything must have its place.' 'But stay,' said Memnon; 'some poets and philosophers, then, are in the wrong to say that everything is for the best?' 'They are quite right,' said the philosopher of the upper regions, 'if we consider the arrangement of the whole universe.' 'Ah!' replied poor Memnon, 'I shall never be able to see that, till I've got back my other eye.'"

We returned to Edinburgh for the college session

in October; and I recollect, after passing through Carlisle, breakfasting at Netherby, where we saw Sir James Graham, then a child, in his nurse's arms. The Bishop of Carlisle (Vernon, afterwards Archbishop of York) and I have often talked of the change which forty or fifty years had made on that infant.

Under Playfair I then began the course of mathematics. Nothing could be more admirable than his teaching. He was at all times accessible to his pupils for explaining things left short in the class, and removing doubts or difficulties that occurred in their reading at home. In this respect he was superior to the other great teacher of that time, Dugald Stewart, under whom we all derived the most solid instruction that lectures could afford, in the most attractive form of eloquence; but probably partly from the exhaustion of his delivery, and partly from aversion to disputation, which such conferences were apt to occasion, he very often declined to see his pupils after the class rose.

Playfair's winter course was six months, and the summer three, at the second of which I attended with Lord Folkestone (now Radnor), whose intimacy, both personal and political, I have since constantly enjoyed, and a better man I have never known, to say nothing of his great abilities. Those who had the advantage of hearing him in the discussions in the House of Lords upon the distress of the country at the end of 1830, and on the Reform Bill the year after, when he delivered a speech of the most finished

excellence, may remember my reference to a still nobler oration in the Duke of York's case in 1809, which no less accomplished judges than Windham, Canning, and Dudley, each severally assured me was one of the most powerful that they ever heard. One great merit of Radnor's eloquence was its being so plainly produced by strong and honest feelings. It proceeded manifestly from the speaker's heart, and it went direct to the hearts of his hearers.\*

In 1794, on an exercise which I gave in, the Professor (Playfair) desired me to wait till the class rose, and then he said that I had hit upon the Binomial Theorem, asking me by what steps I had been led to it? I of course answered, as was the fact, that it had been by induction. But he said, "This piece of good fortune ought to make you fonder of the mathematics than ever;" and as I wished to master the Fluxional Calculus, which he had done no more than explain the nature of, in that course, I desired to know what he would recommend me to read with that view. He said there were two works, either of which deserved to be studied, La Caille and Bezout, but he preferred the latter.† I set to work with that, and in a few months showed him that I had profited by the study. My intimacy with Playfair continued all his life. I

\* See Appendix VIII.

† Nicolas Louis De Lacaille, who died in 1762, author of a host of books on astronomy, mensuration, and the higher mathematics. Etienne Bezout, author of 'La Théorie générale des équations algébriques,' and of several other books chiefly directed towards the mathematical training of the several branches of the French military and naval force.

used to correspond with him on mathematical subjects, and I remember his letters in answer to mine from the north, observing that "I was as usual on our common subject, when in my aphelion." I recollect when we were volunteers together in an artillery corps. He was particularly diligent in superintending our ball-practice, and on the first occasion of it, received great delight from the accidental success of his old pupil in levelling the gun, which shot through the centre of the target. "You see," he said, to those about him, "how we mathematicians carry the day." He would not allow it to be, as I admitted, a mere chance, and did not approve of my modesty being displayed to the detriment of science. The last time we met was in 1816 at Rome, where we passed part of the winter, the famous year when all the heads of London society were there—Jerseys, Hamiltons, Devonshires, Cowpers, Barings, Kings, Vernons, Westmorlands.

In 1794-5 I was led away for a few weeks from the calculus by the interest I took in a problem proposed by the Academy of Sciences at Berlin for a prize—the deflection of a projectile from the vertical plane; and a solution having occurred to me, or a supposed solution, I drew up a paper (or memoir) and sent it. I never received the acknowledgment of it, and very properly; for I am certain, from what I recollect of it, that the demonstration was wrong, at least was inadequate, though I believe the theory was correct, which ascribed the deflection to the

rotatory motion of the projectile, and its condensing the air.

But I recollect an experiment which, accompanied by my brother James and Reddie, I tried, in order to ascertain the effects of the rotation. It was to fire a bullet from a fowling-piece placed horizontally, through a series of screens placed vertically. It was found that the bullet first deviated to the left, and then, on piercing the first screen, swerved to the right, and so at each screen changed its direction—indicating, as we supposed, that the direction of rotation was changed by the screens.

I, however, soon returned to pure mathematics, and several of the propositions afterwards mentioned in my paper on Porisms, were investigated at this time. I was also diligently employed in experiments upon light and colours, and conceived that I had made some additions to the Newtonian doctrine, which I sent to the Royal Society in the summer of 1795. The paper was very courteously received; but Sir Charles Blagden (the Secretary) desired parts to be left out in the notes or queries as belonging rather to the arts than the sciences. This was very unfortunate; because, I having observed the effect of a small hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room, when a view is formed on white paper of the external objects, I had suggested that if that view is formed, not on paper, but on ivory rubbed with nitrate of silver, the picture would become permanent; and I had suggested improvements in drawing, founded

upon this fact. Now this is the origin of photography; and had the note containing the suggestion in 1795 appeared, in all probability it would have set others on the examination of the subject, and given us photography half a century earlier than we have had it.

The experiments and propositions as printed in the Philosophical Transactions I have since considered as proceeding in great part from confounding colours made by *flexion* with those formed by *reflection*; for I am convinced that all the phenomena in my experiments may be explained without having recourse to the supposition of different reflexivity, by considering the colours as formed by flexion and then reflected. But there is a different reflexivity.

The Newtonian is another kind, not of the white rays being separated into their component parts by one reflection, but of the rays being reflected instead of refracted or transmitted; and I showed that this is owing, not to the different rays having different capacities of reflection, but to their having, in the first instance, been separated by refraction, the experiment being not of reflection without previous refraction, but after much refraction, and that their different refrangibility is in truth alone the cause of their apparent different reflexivity. I believe all opticians have admitted the correctness of my reasoning in this; and that the different reflexivity of the Newtonian system has long ceased to be admitted at all. In these papers I only had a query as to different flexibility, which Newton does not suggest; but in

papers long since given in the Philosophical Transactions, and in the Memoirs of the National Institute of France, the existence of this property is fully shown by various experiments.

Besides the two optical papers (1796-1797), there was one on Porisms, inserted in the Philosophical Transactions the year after (1798).

Great as was the pleasure and solid advantage of studying under such men as Playfair and Stewart, the gratification of attending one of Black's last courses exceeded all I have ever enjoyed. In my life of that great man ('Lives of the Philosophers') I have attempted to describe this pleasure.\* Not a little of this extreme interest certainly belonged to the accident that he had so long survived the period of his success—that we knew there sat in our presence the man now in old age reposing under the laurels won in his early youth. But, take it altogether, the effect was such as cannot well be conceived. I have heard the greatest understandings of the age giving forth their efforts in their most eloquent tongues—have heard the commanding periods of Pitt's majestic oratory—the vehemence of Fox's burning declamation—have followed the close-compacted chain of Grant's pure reasoning—been carried away by the mingled fancy, epigram, and argumentation of Plunket; but I would without hesitation prefer, for mere intellectual gratification (though aware how much of it is derived from association), to be

\* See note, p. 26.

once more allowed the privilege which I in those days enjoyed, of being present, while the first philosopher of his age was the historian of his own discoveries, and be an eyewitness of those experiments by which he had formerly made them, once more performed with his own hands.

His style of lecturing was as nearly perfect as can well be conceived ; for it had all the simplicity which is so entirely suited to scientific discourse, while it partook largely of the elegance of all he said or did. The publication of his lectures has conveyed an accurate idea of the purely analytical order in which he deemed it best to handle the subject with a view to instruction, considering this as most likely to draw and to fix the learner's attention, to impress his memory, and to show him both the connection of the theory with the facts, and the steps by which the principles were originally ascertained. He would illustrate his doctrine of latent heat by referring to what is seen and felt, but passed without remark, in the boiling of a kettle, and the steam coming from its spout of different heat at different distances; or would remind us of the surprise expressed by finding that boiling water is cooled far more quickly than could be foreseen upon the addition of a very little cold; or that a hot chestnut which the mouth cannot bear, is in an instant made bearable by the least drop of wine sipped with it, and the wine not becoming sensibly hotter. His experiments were often like Franklin's, performed with the simplest apparatus—indeed with

nothing that could be called apparatus at all. I forget whether he showed us the experiment of a bladder filled with inflammable air, and rising to the ceiling, which he had often shown to his friends in private, and which was the origin of the air-balloon; but I remember his pouring fixed air from a vessel in which sulphuric acid had been poured upon chalk, and showing us how this air poured on a candle extinguished the light. He never failed to remark on the great use of simple experiments within every one's reach; and liked to dwell on the manner in which discoveries are made, and the practical effect resulting from them in changing the condition of men and things.

The scheme of the lectures may thus be apprehended—the execution imperfectly; for the diction was evidently, in many instances, extemporaneous, the notes before the teacher furnishing him with little more than the substance, especially of those portions which were connected with experiments. But still less can the reader rise from the perusal to any conception of the manner. Nothing could be more suited to the occasion: it was perfect philosophical calmness; there was no effort, but it was an easy and a graceful conversation. The voice was low, but perfectly distinct and audible through the whole of a large hall crowded in every part with mutely attentive listeners; it was never at all forced, any more than were the motions of the hands, but it was anything rather than monotonous. Perfect elegance as well as repose was the phrase by which every hearer and spectator

naturally, as if by common consent, described the whole delivery. The accidental circumstance of the great teacher's aspect, I hope I may be pardoned for stopping to note, while endeavouring to convey the idea of a philosophic discoverer. His features were singularly graceful, full of intelligence, but calm, as suited his manner and his speech. His high forehead and sharp temples were slightly covered, when I knew him, with hair of a snow-white hue, and his mouth gave a kindly as well as a most intelligent expression to his whole features. In one department of his lectures he exceeded any I have ever known—the neatness and unvarying success with which all the manipulations of his experiments were performed. His correct eye and steady hand contributed to the one: his admirable precautions, foreseeing and providing for every emergency, secured the other. I have seen him pour boiling water or boiling acid from a vessel that had no spout, into a tube, holding it at such a distance as made the stream's diameter small, and so vertical that not a drop was spilt. While he poured he would mention this adaptation of the height to the diameter as a necessary condition of success. I have seen him mix two substances in a receiver into which a gas, as chlorine, had been introduced, the effect of the combination being perhaps to produce a compound inflammable in its nascent state, and the mixture being effected by drawing some string or wire working through the receiver's sides in an airtight socket. The long table on which the different

processes had been carried on was as clean at the end of the lecture as it had been before the apparatus was planted upon it. Not a drop of liquid, not a grain of dust remained.

The reader who has known the pleasures of science will forgive me if, at the distance of much more than half a century, I love to linger over these recollections, and to dwell on the delight which I well remember thrilled me as we heard this illustrious sage detail, after the manner I have feebly attempted to portray, the steps by which he made his discoveries, illustrating them with anecdotes sometimes recalled to his mind by the passages of the moment, and giving their demonstration by performing before us the many experiments which had revealed to him first the most important secrets of nature. Next to the delight of having actually stood by him when his victory was gained, we found the exquisite gratification of hearing him simply, most gracefully, in the most calm spirit of philosophy, with the most perfect modesty, recount his difficulties, and how they were overcome; open to us the steps by which he had successfully advanced from one part to another of his brilliant course; go over the same ground, as it were, in our presence which he had for the first time trod so many long years before; hold up, perhaps, the very instruments he had then used, and act over again the same part before our eyes which had laid the deep and broad foundations of his imperishable renown. Not a little of this

extreme interest certainly belonged to the accident that he had so long survived the period of his success—that we knew there sat in our presence the man now in his old age reposing under the laurels won in his early youth. But, take it altogether, the effect was such as cannot well be conceived.

One thing was very striking in his lectures, as also in his conversation, and it was equally remarkable in his friend and pupil Watt; the great care, even to minute particulars of evidence, which he took to appropriate to every one his share in the discoveries of which he was treating. His love of justice was one of the most marked characteristics of his nature, as it was of the Duke of Wellington's. I well remember Denman saying, when he saw him rush forward to defend some officer unjustly attacked, or to obtain for him the share of commendation that he thought had been inadequately awarded, "Of all that man's great and good qualities, the one which stands first is his anxious desire ever to see justice done, and the pain he manifestly feels from the sight of injustice." This observation came with peculiar grace from one who in such attributes was the greatest judge of the day.

It is somewhat remarkable that both Black and Watt have suffered more than almost any who can be named from the plagiarisms of others, and their unfairness, sometimes from national, sometimes from personal prejudices. They bore this with different degrees of equanimity. Black seemed never to re-

gard it at all ; indeed he was singularly exempt from either vanity or ambition, and only cared for the progress of science, by whomsoever it was assisted, though regarding as essential to that progress the due ascertainment and positive declaration of each person's merits. I have heard him with astonishment, in bearing testimony to the great merits of Lavoisier, both as a great discoverer and generaliser of facts observed by others, and bestowing praise unstinted upon his works, without even making the least allusion to the entire suppression in them of all reference to his name as founder of the new school of chemistry, by the discovery of latent heat and permanently elastic fluids ; and this after he had received, years before, letters in which Lavoisier expresses his " zealous admiration of the profound genius and discoveries which had made such revolutions in science ;" and the year after, " that he had for a long time been accustomed to regard him as his master, and only lamented not having been able to convey his admiration in person, and rank himself among his disciples." When Black saw that the discovery of latent heat was distinctly claimed as Lavoisier's own, after it had for twenty years been described in the Professor's lectures, and been recognised all over Europe as his discovery, he was not a little surprised at the conduct of his correspondent. These strange proceedings of Lavoisier were, as we learn from Professor Robison, only treated with a silent contempt expressed for the

flattery of his letters. Fourcroy gives Black the full credit of his discoveries, and distinctly states that they had been the foundation of the new system (*Elem. de Chym.*, i. 30, 40; *Syst. de Cour. Chymique*, ii. 28, 40).

I remember the first time I ever was in his society. When I went to take a ticket for his class, there stood upon his table a small brass instrument for weighing the guineas given. On learning who I was, he entered into conversation in a most kind manner. He said he concluded I was not a medical student, as all but two or three of the class were; among whom were Messrs Vogt and Watenbach of Hamburg, and M. Koenig of Dresden. He asked what classes I had attended, and expressed himself much pleased with what I told him of the great interest I took in mathematics and natural philosophy, recommending the study of Newton's Optics, both for the substance and the method. When I was going away he said: "You must have been surprised at my using this instrument to weigh your guineas, but it was before I knew who you were. I am obliged to weigh them when strange students come, there being a very large number who bring light guineas; so that I should be defrauded of many pounds every year if I did not act in self-defence against that class of students;" and he particularly mentioned one class, describing them.

The qualities which distinguished him as an inquirer and as a teacher followed him into all

the ordinary affairs of life. He was a person whose opinions on every subject were marked by calmness and sagacity, wholly free from both passion and prejudice, while affectation was only known to him from the comedies he might have read. His temper, in all the circumstances of life, was unruffled. This was perceived in his lectures, when he had occasion to mention any narrow prejudice or any unworthy proceeding of other philosophers. One exception there certainly was, possibly the only one in his life. He seemed to have felt hurt at the objections urged by a German chemist called Meyer to his doctrine of causticity, which that person explained by supposing an acid, called by him *acidum pingue*, to be the cause of alkaline mildness. The unsparing severity of the lecture in which Black exposed the ignorance and dogmatism of this foolish reasoner cannot well be forgotten by his hearers, who both wondered that so ill-matched an antagonist should have succeeded where so many crosses had failed in discomposing the sage, and observed how well fitted he was, should occasion be offered, for a kind of exertion exceedingly different from all the efforts that at other times he was wont to make.

Against this Meyer he had no prejudice of a national kind whatever. One subject of his constant praise was Magroff, whom he held up as a great example of skilful and judicious analytical investigation, and placing him greatly above Potts. Of Bergman he had by no means a great admiration, but Magroff was less

ambitious in his researches, and Bergman claimed the place of a discoverer, which Black was unwilling to allow him, appearing to join with those who pleasantly said his greatest discovery was the discovering Scheele. It is needless to add that of Scheele he had the greatest admiration. In truth he placed him at the head of all; and except Sir Isaac Newton, I do not remember any name so devoutly revered by him as Scheele's. When, a year or two after, I passed in my Swedish tour one night through Koping, where Scheele lived, though a native of Pomerania, I well remember being haunted by the recollection of Black, an account of whose death had reached me just as I was setting out for Stockholm.\*

Among others who have since been distinguished, Thomas Young and George Birkbeck were my fellow-students under Black.†

Long before entering the Speculative Society, and when only somewhat trained in the young Debating Society, after little more than one session at the college, I had an opportunity of trying my voice at a great meeting, that of the Royal Medical Society, a chartered body, to which almost all the medical students, and one or two others, belonged. The meetings were weekly, and between 100 and 150 were often present, including a small number of visitors.

\* Charles William Scheele, the Swedish chemist, born 1742, died 1786.

† George Birkbeck, born 1776, died 1841, chiefly known for his exertions in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutes. Thomas Young, celebrated for deciphering the Rosetta inscription, born 1773, died 1829.

The subjects, of course, were almost always medical, or connected with medical science, but occasionally subjects were broached which had little or no connection with it. The business consisted of one or two papers which were read, each member being required, in his turn, to give in a paper; and the whole having been read, without debate, by the secretary, a second reading took place, at any part of which all present might introduce objections or discussion on popular topics, but of a scientific description. The debate was often of considerable length, and sometimes even adjourned. The subject on which I spoke was the much-vexed question of "liberty and necessity," and, according to my recollection, I spoke after Mr Woolcomb, subsequently an eminent physician at Plymouth, and a man of great learning and ability, universally respected through life; but whether my contention lay with him, or others who had espoused the same side, that of "necessity," is not in my recollection. I, however, found that, after the first alarm had abated, I had no difficulty in making my way, and my speech was far better received than it deserved; the impression made being very much owing to my youth, which appeared very clearly from my person, and might have done still more from my topics. The Logic class which I was then attending furnished many of the terms used; as, for instance, I not only charged one of my antagonists with *petitio principii*, but had the pedantry to charge another with an *idolum theatri*,\* Bacon's expression for a vulgar error.

\* Εἰδωλον Θεατροῦ.

It is pretty clear that, whatever merit the delivery or composition might have, or whatever town as well as college gossip it might give rise to, the argument was far from unanswerable; for it mainly consisted in an attempt to prove that a denial of free-will was inconsistent with the foreknowledge of the Deity, whereas the necessitarian side of the question is often supposed to be more aided by that topic. In truth there is some difficulty in this view of the question; and that is perhaps best avoided by the assumption, quite well grounded, that with Omniscience there is no such thing as before and after, all times being alike present to the infinite and eternal mind.

The success of this attempt impressed on me more than ever the necessity of care and attention in preparing for any such occasion, and the necessity of going beyond books, and even not resting satisfied with the most important study of all, as preparation for eloquence—the oratory of the ancients. It became, therefore, my constant practice to hear all the speakers and preachers who were most admired. The Court of Session always, and the General Assembly in the month of May, were accessible; and I was not only frequently taken there by my father, but also went with one or two of my companions. At that time it was impossible to enter into the particular merits of different speakers: little more could be learned than their excellence or defects of manner, with something of the difference between oratory as read or as heard. The great speakers and preachers left a lasting impres-

sion, and from some of the most eminent I really may be said to have brought away lessons or suggestions that have been turned to account. Even thus early I profited not a little from the great leaders of the bar, and somewhat from great preachers, both masters of declamation and of pathos. From one whose eloquence was remarkable, and in pathetic passages especially, I learnt a use of the voice which was thus impressed on my mind when very young, and which I have often employed in after-life — namely, of dropping the voice at particular passages, to command general attention, or enforce silence. It was from the use of this expedient that some, as Abercromby (Dunfermline), used to talk of “Brougham’s whispers,” alluding to my power of whispering through the House of Commons to the very door and wall. The preacher from whom I learned this had a very feeble voice, which probably suggested it to him. I certainly had not the same reason. Of the great advocates, Hope had a most powerful voice; Erskine one of great variety, but of sufficient compass; Blair a strong but inarticulate one, his manner dignified, with his matter making amends for the defects of his voice. In those days, however, it was little more than the manner that was studied and remarked.

After my return from the Continent, I was admitted an advocate, early in 1800, but I had for several years before been devoting myself to the practice of public speaking; having begun this by establishing, with

some of my friends, a debating society, which was founded in December 1792. I have now before me the original minute-book, in which the first entry is as follows:—

“This society was formed in December 1792; and at the first meeting, on the 22d day of December 1792, received the name of the Juvenile Literary Society.”

Then follows a list of the members, twenty-one in number, headed by my name as founder and first president. Among the first members were Horner, Henry Mackenzie (afterwards Lord Mackenzie), John Forbes (afterwards Lord Medwyn), James Keay, who rose high at the bar; Andrew Wauchope, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war; and Andrew Thomson, the eloquent preacher and leader in the Church Courts.

The laws were very strict. Absence without excuse, to be inquired into by a committee, was fined. Coming late, half an hour beyond the time of meeting, was also fined; and occasionally, though very rarely, expulsion was inflicted for repeated breach of the rules. The laws were sometimes revised by a committee of inquiry, and altered upon its report. At the end of the session and commencement of the six months' vacation a commission was appointed, on the model of that in the General Assembly, to look after the affairs of the society. The meetings were on Saturday morning, when there were no college classes. The members presided in rotation, and an essay was

read from the chair, and submitted to criticism. The questions were put into a list, upon the report of a committee. One was given out for each meeting, and a member appointed to debate it on each side; any other afterwards taking part in the discussion. Many of the speeches were read, but sometimes an extempore debate was had on a question proposed by the president, without any notice. The politics of the day were generally excluded; but from a letter from Forbes (Lord Medwyn), addressed to the secretary in 1794, there appears to have been an apprehension of their introduction.

I see one debate was on theatrical representations being injurious to virtue, and decided in the negative by four to one. On the question whether Elizabeth was justified in putting Mary to death, I stood alone against Elizabeth, which shows that the answer I gave at Edinburgh two years ago had not been an opinion recently formed. Having attended the drawing-room given by Lady Belhaven (his Grace the Lord High Commissioner's wife), in Holyrood House, I was taken to see the chamber in which Rizzio had been murdered, and the queen's bedroom adjoining; and on my expressing the natural feeling of horror at the assassination, and the outrage also to her feelings, with some observation upon the conduct of Elizabeth, they said, "Then of course you consider Mary as innocent of all that has been laid to her charge." I answered, "Quite the contrary; I regard her conduct in the worst light possible as regards Scotland, my

only doubt being upon her share in Babington's conspiracy."

On the question whether the lawyer or the divine is more useful to society, it was given in favour of the divine,—*all the lawyers voting in the majority!* That Brutus was unjustifiable in killing Cæsar, was decided in the affirmative, as I well recollect, after an excellent speech by Horner on that side of the question. "Whether the prodigal is a worse member of society than the miser;"—I voted with the majority, Horner the other way. "Whether man is happier in a rude than in a civilised state;"—both Horner and I voted in the minority, I grieve to say, the decision being for the civilised state. "That benevolence is a stronger principle of action than interest;"—Horner voted with the majority, I with the minority.

On looking over the rules and the proceedings of this society it is very remarkable to find the extreme regularity with which the business was conducted, and the order which prevailed; so that the example of these boys might be a lesson to their seniors in other assemblies.

Such of us as were destined for the bar afterwards entered the Speculative Society, which had been long established, and had a hall and library of its own in the college. Men older than ourselves were among its active members; but of our standing were Jeffrey (though a little older), Horner, Murray, and Moncrieff, Miller, Loch, Adam, Cockburn, Jardine—and there were several students who had come from England.

Of these, the most distinguished were, Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lansdowne), and Charles Kinnaird (afterwards Lord Kinnaird), Lord Webb Seymour, and somewhat later the two Grants, Glenelg, and his brother Sir Robert. Political differences ran high at that time, and there was a personal quarrel with the professors, who had accused us of French principles. There was another quarrel from an attempt to exclude William Adam, when Charles Hope (afterwards Lord President) behaved as he always did, most honourably, and with a total disregard of political differences. Notwithstanding these impediments, great progress was made in the practice of debating, which many of us showed in after-life that we had well learned; and I remember Lord Medwyn, when he came to London during the session of Parliament, saying, that when he heard the debates he recognised his old brethren of the Speculative as well as their speeches there.\*

It is fit to mention that the great lights of the Scotch bar at this time were Erskine, Tait, and Charles Hope, as speakers; Blair and Ross, as lawyers.† Admirable as Harry Erskine was in all respects, both as an advocate and a speaker, the person who struck me most, and gave me the first conception of an orator, was Hope. I had never been in London, and had heard none of the great speakers. The effect produced on me by Hope's eloquence was beyond anything I could previously have conceived; nor have I ever forgotten

\* See Appendix IX.

† These will be found commented on in Chapter IV.

it. He was a very powerful speaker in all respects, but his declamation was of the very highest order. Even his violent political opponents confessed this. I have heard Gillies and Malcolm Laing assert, that if he had been earlier introduced into Parliament, he would have proved superior to Pitt. Gillies himself had great powers as a speaker; and for close logical argument, Cranstoun (afterwards Lord Corehouse) was never surpassed. This was the opinion of all our lawyers who heard him at the bar of the House of Lords. Peel said he was the finest speaker he had ever heard, except Pitt—which was not a very happy comparison, as no two styles of speaking could be more entirely different. Indeed, Sir William Grant was the only Parliamentary speaker of the same order as Cranstoun.

Between 1795 and 1799, I generally (as my father did not care to return to Brougham) took advantage of vacations to make *walking* tours through different parts of the Highlands. These were wild scrambling excursions, but abounding in mirth and jollity; for we were young, active, and overburdened with high spirits.

My companions generally were, my brother James, John Russell, my cousin (his mother being a daughter of Dr Robertson), James Ferguson, and Charles Stuart, my most intimate friend (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay). I kept no journal of our tours; and only recollect that we visited the Falls of the Clyde, Stirling, Loch Katrine and its romantic scenery, and a large portion of the Western Highlands. We must

have been indefatigable walkers ; for I well remember, on one occasion, Stuart and I had not only walked the feet off our stockings, but also the soles off our boots. Some charitable friend near whose house we then were, but whose name I utterly and most ungratefully forget, re-equipped us, and then we went on to Inverness. These walking expeditions were the pleasantest times of my life ; for I was then working very hard, and while in Edinburgh allowed myself no relaxation. And yet this is not strictly true ; for there was a set of us guilty, at occasional times, of very riotous and unseemly proceedings. After the day's work, we would adjourn to the Apollo Club, where the orgies were more of the " high jinks " than of the calm or philosophical debating order ; or to Johnny Dow's, celebrated for oysters. I do believe it was there that I acquired that love for oysters which adheres to me even now ; so much so, that on coming to an inn, the first question I generally ask is, Have you any oysters ? But sometimes, if not generally, these nocturnal meetings had endings that in no small degree disturbed the tranquillity of the good town of Edinburgh. I cannot tell how the fancy originated ; but one of our constant exploits, after an evening at the Apollo, or at Johnny's, was to parade the streets of the New Town, and wrench the brass knockers off the doors, or tear out the brass handles of the bells ! No such ornaments existed in the Old Town ; but the New Town, lately built, abounded in sea-green doors and huge brazen devices, which were more than our

youthful hands could resist. The number we tore off must have been prodigious; for I remember a large dark closet in my father's house, of which I kept the key, and which was literally *filled* with our *spolia opima*. We had no choice but to hoard them; for, it is pretty obvious, we could not exhibit or otherwise dispose of them. It was a strange fancy! and must have possessed some extraordinary fascination; for it will scarcely be credited, and yet it is true as gospel, that so late as March 1803, when we gave a farewell banquet (I think at Fortune's Hotel) to Horner, on his leaving Edinburgh for ever to settle in London, we, accompanied by the grave and most sedate Horner (æt. 25, or, to speak quite correctly, 24 years and 7 months), sallied forth to the North Bridge, and there halted in front of Mr Manderson the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent, which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure, but I rather think the city guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it. Looking back to those pranks reminds me of the inexhaustible fund of spirits we possessed, and how that *capital* foundation of never-tiring energy and endless restlessness enabled some of us to work on with unflinching strength to the end of life; and even now, writing at nearly 90 years of age, I can recall those, not boys' but young men's

freaks with pleasure and even exultation ; yet I agree with what the old beggar Ochiltree, in the best of all Scott's novels, says, " Aye, aye,—they were daft days thae, but they were a' vanity and waur." \*

I remember another occasion, which, however, had none of the riotous element, but was only a piece of sober fun. There was a man called Heron—at least I think that was his name—who was addicted to writing plays—excrable stuff ; and yet he contrived, through some intimacy with the theatrical people, to get one of them put upon the Edinburgh stage. I totally forget the name of the piece ; but I perfectly remember going with some of my merry friends to witness the first performance. It dragged wearily through two or three acts, the audience showing unmistakable symptoms of impatience, when, at a scene representing a dinner or supper, one of the actors after giving a toast said, " What shall we drink now ?" To which I, from the middle of the pit, raising my lanky figure, replied, " We'll drink good afternoon, if you please " ! The effect was electrical ; not another word of the play would the audience hear ; and after vain entreaties from the manager that they would permit it to proceed, the curtain fell amidst shouts that must have wellnigh been the death of the poor author. †

Late in the summer of 1799, I joined an expedition fitted out by John Joseph Henry, an excellent and enterprising man of large fortune in Ireland, nephew of Lord Moira, who afterwards married the Duke

\* See Appendix X.

† See Appendix XI.

of Leinster's daughter. He had attended the College of Glasgow under Professor Miller, and occasionally came to Edinburgh, where I became acquainted with him. Charles Stuart, who was at Glasgow under Professor Young, also knew him, and joined the expedition.\* Its purpose was to visit Iceland, and examine the various objects of interest in that island. But after cruising about the Western Islands, Iona, Staffa, St Kilda, and others, it appeared to Stuart and myself manifest that the season was too far advanced, and that the voyage to Iceland must be given up, as in fact proved to be the case. While, however, we were among the Western Isles, I wrote the following letters to my kinsman, Lord Robertson :—

"ISLAY, August —, 1799.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Here we are safely moored in a comfortable berth, for which we gladly exchanged our *good* ship and bad cabins. You must excuse various things in this letter, want of arrangement, poverty of matter, and bad, or at least careless, style. As for the egotism of the epistle, debit it all to the traveller, and to my confidence in the interest which you are pleased to take in my rambles.

"We made a much longer stay in Glasgow than I either wished or expected. Gents of £16,000 per annum are always in a hurry, and do little—always busy, and lose time. However, I believe you will agree with me in thinking *my* time neither disagreeably

\* See Appendix XII.

nor unprofitably spent when I inform you that after a pleasant visit to Stirlingshire I passed the rest of the fortnight constantly with a set of ten or twelve military men, of long standing in the army, famous for knowledge of the world, and besides, in general, men of the best abilities and temper. The evenings (if sober) were diversified by visits to the Glasgow natives, whose golden brutality served to render our private society doubly agreeable.

“ We came to Greenock for the purpose of superintending our preparations several times; but as these trips were generally made in company of the above parties, and always in the night, our amusements were not interrupted.

“ On Sunday last I went aboard, and our parties continued much in the same style. I must, however, out with *tout ce qui s'est passé* before we weighed. Our adventures prior to this period would have filled a volume. The only part of them which I look back on with regret is the *bottle* department; and over this scene I shall decline leading you, because I draw a curtain over it, and you'd run a great risk of cutting yourself in the dark among the fragments of innumerable dozens of empty bottles.

“ A circumstance occurred to detain us two days after we went on board, but to me its tenor was so flattering as to compensate for the delay. Several applications had been made to Government, by Lords Bute and Moira, for a protection against pressing. These were point-blank and uniformly refused. I thought

of writing to Sir J. Banks, who applied, and sent me notice by return. Next post came a second letter, stating his having obtained his request at once, on putting it upon the footing which I suggested.

“The protection accordingly arrived, to our great joy; and to mine in particular, as it was enclosed to me, with a very polite letter from Mr Secretary Nepean.

“On Tuesday we dropped down, almost becalmed. A delightful day and charming scenery made us forget the slowness of our motion; and a gentleman, with your humble servant, performed the pleasant feat of dining in the maintop. We drank freely to our success, and *superintended* a salute fired on our land friends going ashore. I cannot describe, with any degree of justice to the subject, the joyful nature of this scene. All our spirits afloat, a fine vessel, good crew, prospect of a pleasant voyage in *the bush*, and good weather *in hand*, enchanting scenery and agreeable company, rendered us completely cheerful. When in this humour, our passport, &c., before described, arrived from port, to *my* great joy. As soon as the new spirit of life which this imparted had subsided, a pleasant breeze again enlivened us; and scarce had our joy become, for a second time, calm, when turning a point the homeward-bound West India fleet arrived in full view and full sail. The setting sun showed us such a sight as I shall never forget; and whilst they passed us with a salute, slowly fired, I could not help thinking that if a romance-writer had wished to select circumstances for an outset to his piece, or indeed for

any part of it, his fancy might, ten to one, have never conjured up such a collection of agreeable traits as conspired to illuminate our *début* upon the sea. This you'll think mighty romantic for one who at that moment was sitting aloft with a pint tumbler of claret in one hand and a sea-biscuit in t'other; but true it is and of verity we were all sympathetically struck. As we got down towards Govan, and the Channel, I went to deck; and after viewing the luminous track of the ship's wake, sometimes from deck, sometimes in the boat hoisted for me, I retired to the cabin, where we supped in perfect harmony. I took a last walk, and then slept for an hour aloft: this put me in mind of bed, so to bed I went. Turn the leaf, and you'll find fortune beforchand with you.

“At four in the morning I awoke, and found the vessel rolling and pitching, the wind blowing, the captain swearing, and the sailors, as is usual, all abroad. Force brought them to their posts, and fear, more than shame, kept them at work. We were making for the Mull of Cantire, the doubling of which is more dreaded than twenty West India voyages. This I knew, and had prepared for, keeping myself quiet and easy, by stripping naked in my berth, and taking *towels*, &c., to bed with me. By nine the storm increased. I seemed destined, within twenty-four hours, to experience every different feeling. Now all was confusion and bustle: the captain alone was calm as I am at present. I heard his orders in the wind: as things blackened

he stripped, and became, if possible, more cool, as did the men. In this posture of affairs I heard him say, 'God! there's nothing for it!' but instantly the ship righted, though the rolling continued and the sea-sickness increased, all men vomiting but myself, who had taken care to shut my eyes for half an hour at first. Next night it grew calmer, and before that, we had a *hot dinner*. The greatest of my foes was a cascade of rum, the cask being beaten through our cabin window! The immediate consequence was intoxication; but this soon went off.

"Making Islay at 11 o'clock, we landed; and after a little rough *admiration*, divided into two parties; one attended Shawfield to Islay House, the other went along the coast to view the country and see a wreck lying at some distance. You may easily believe I was of the latter division. The bay in which the brig was wrecked is nine miles long, and the finest I ever saw: we only wanted a storm to complete the scene. The vessel was cast ashore last November, and is quite dry at low-water. The sailors were all busy trying for the last time to float her round a point of land to Bowmore harbour, where we were landed; and in a few hours they actually succeeded. We saw the wreck raised along by a few barrels, though her bottom is battered to pieces, and her masts cut off by the maintop and foretop. She arrived at two in the morning, and we had her captain to see us all drink. After a botanical and mineralogical walk, our appetite reminded us of dinner; so a pot was boiled in tent,

and a fine live salmon being caught was introduced. After a few turns in the warm water he became quiet—‘vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras,’—either the shades below, or the shade of our awning, or the uninvited guests (*umbræ*) who flocked round us. You have no idea, sir, how good boiled salmon is. To acquire this three things are requisite—a stormy voyage, then a rustic entertainment without knives and forks, and chiefly the utter and absolute and animated freshness of the fish. I would turn up my nose at *your* CALLER Edinburgh fish. We concluded our meal, or rather *feast*, with some fine mutton; and then, on a green bank, and in a fine evening, with our faces towards the wreck and the Irish coast, Giant’s Causeway, &c., quaffed goblets of the delicious nectar of Bordeaux and the Rhine—in other words, claret and old hock from our ship. A short walk up the country sobered us completely, and we returned to the village to tea. At supper we had the heads of the town, and (*inter alios*) a man who has written wisely against tea, and still more wisely against the Newtonian theory. It is amusing to find in this remote and barbarous corner a *carle* who holds Sir Isaac in utter contempt. Next morning, after visiting the ship, we went to Islay House, where we have remained ever since, to our vast edification. Every day we have made excursions through the island, and constantly found materials for gratification and amusement. The country is fertile and only needed cultivation, which Shawfield is giving it in great abundance. The natives are

a very simple and worthy set of men, and the women either very handsome or intolerably ugly. Shawfield's family is truly agreeable, and we all live together like brothers and sisters. We have hopes of seeing Lady Charlotte herself, should our vessel be wind-bound; but though the temptation is great, our eagerness to reach the main point is still greater.

*Monday Evening.*

"I must now think of finishing this long letter, and shall fatigue you farther by giving you some idea of our plan. It may hereafter be modified by circumstances, but the outline will most likely remain the same. You may communicate this or any other part of the present letter to our folks, just as you please and how you please. We sail to-morrow or next day; and after touching at another island, St Kilda or the Lewis, we make direct for the Faroe Islands, and reach them probably in eight or ten days. There is as much to be seen in them as at Iceland. Thence we go (perhaps changing our vessel) to Iceland; and after travelling there about six or eight weeks, we determine whether we return by the east or west, and this must very much depend upon the state of the privateering and the facility of obtaining neutral ships to convey us. If we go by west, we take a full view in the best season of the Hebrides, Orkneys, &c., and conclude all by going to Iceland for some time—perhaps for a considerable time. If we go by east—or if, instead of making Iceland, we go from Faroe to Norway, which is possible (and

which, if you see my mother uneasy, you may tell her is the plan resolved on)—then our Continental tour must occupy a longer time, as perhaps the temptations of the season may draw us to Petersburg. This, I confess, is my wish—winter is the time for Russia and Lapland. So, good-night and a *merry Christmas!* I shall write a line from our next point of *appui*.—H. B.

“Should you be from home when this arrives, I leave you to judge whether it may not be proper to drop James a few lines, informing him that I am well, &c.; but as you please.—H. B.”

“STORNOWAY, *August 14, 1799.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am much afraid that you begin to be tired of my letters, but I trust more to the interest you were so good as to express for our success than to any chance which my details can possibly have of amusing you or giving any important information. My last was dated from St Kilda, but you will not receive it for six or seven weeks. It contained little or nothing, was written in a pelting hurry, and more for the sake of the joke than anything else. We had a most favourable run from Islay. During two days and nights the wind was fair, the sky clear, the sea calm; but my enjoyments were sadly damped by a very unwelcome guest—a seasoning sickness; it lasted all that time: and about fifty hours after our departure from Islay we came in sight

of St Kilda, or Hirta — the most remote, and, I think, most singular of all the British Islands. We put off a boat with several of our party, ordering them to hail the natives, and to send out a country bark, well-manned, to carry us over the neighbouring surf. They got slowly to shore, and landed with difficulty on a very rocky coast, with a heavy rolling sea. We afterwards found, by their not making signal and some other circumstances, that we were taken for a French privateer, and avoided as such, all the inhabitants preparing their all for a flight to the mountains. We in the vessel stood round, and had a full coasting view of this most singular spot and its adjoining rocks and islets. A more awful scenery you cannot imagine. The grandeur of the scenery was heightened by the fineness of the day, and still more by the idea that a single puff of wind might prove fatal to us, by raising the whole fury of the Western Ocean. At last came two boats, one belonging to the place and ours besides, but both manned by the *savages*. This alarmed us: we thought that our party must be lost or taken, and the arm-chest was instantly opened; but the boats approaching, we found the natives quite pacific, and several came on board—among others their priest, without whom nothing would induce them to venture near us. The worthy man partook of our cabin cheer, and we prepared to go ashore with some provender. We found him and his compatriots in a state of ignorance truly singular: they had heard of the war with

France, but knew nothing of Lord Howe's victory, nor any subsequent event; yet the proprietor's tacksman goes there twice a-year: but we were told that he carefully conceals every event from them if successful, in order to keep up their *alarms*, which, we found, he turns to good account. We were amused with this miniature of what some in the great world are accused of doing, and still more diverted with the simplicity of these savages, who can thus be duped and made to believe their wretched residence and miserable possessions a bait sufficiently alluring to the 'grande nation.' Yet so it is, that they live in as constant dread of invasion as if all the wealth of London and Liverpool were stored up in St Kilda. About eight o'clock we set off in the St. Kildian boat with above twenty of the natives and ten of ourselves. The sea was a little threatening, so we had to keep round by west. Our crew talked most infernally, and rowed very ill. Seeing that this proceeded from laziness and loquacity, I desired the first (who alone could speak a word of English) to promise them a dram if they rowed better, and to bid them be more quiet. The effect was instantaneous, and immediately the song arose, extempore in composition and far from unmusical in execution; of course pleasing in point of effect. I lay snugly wrapped up in my boat-cloak, which I beg leave to introduce you to as the envy and admiration of our whole party. We now weathered the gigantic rocks of Borera, which surround St Kilda to the north and

north-east ; and as it was past eleven, I allowed myself to be lulled asleep by the cadence of the chorus and the oars. About half-past twelve I heard a little confusion, and found the steersman quitting the helm to give place to a more experienced one. Upon looking round, a scene presented itself which beggars all description. We were roughly and rapidly rolling through such a frightful pass as you cannot form any idea of. On each side huge masses of broken and impending rock stretched up to a terrible height above our heads. These were towards their bases pierced with large, dark, rough caves, into which the sea dashed with stunning noise. Around our crazy overloaded bark lay huge masses of broken rocks, which rendered our course very serpentine, and every instant the keel grazed with a heavy and petrifying noise along the sunken rocks.

“ A circumstance occurred which, if you ever were at sea, must add vastly in your mind to the charms of this fine scene. Every stroke of the oars was attended with a vivid and durable stream of fire, throwing out sparks on all sides still more bright. My attention was called from this grand spectacle to the ludicrous panic-struck pickle of our worthy Doctor. ‘ Good Lord, sir—O sir—O sir ! ’ ‘ Well, Doctor,’ said I, ‘ here is a fine scene for you.’ ‘ Deed, my dear sir, I fear it won’t do.’ ‘ Look at that cavern.’ ‘ We touch the bottom ! ’ ‘ Is not this light delightfully horrible ? ’ ‘ Hear ! hear ! how we touch the sides ! ’ ‘ Only see, Doctor,

what a noble scene—the flashing of the water, the foaming of the sea, the majesty of the rocks!’ ‘Oh dear! I am sure our boat can’t weather it.’ ‘Then, Doctor, the craziness of the vessel, the shallowness of the water, the horrible gulfs near us. By the by, don’t Mr Burke reckon terror the basis of the sublime?’ ‘Mr Brougham, sir—sir, I am just looking where we shall leap out, for a last chance, when the boat is dashed to pieces!’ At one o’clock, after much perilous navigation, and a vast deal of grand scenery, we opened into a fine safe bay, and in half an hour more landed. We were conducted to the town (of which more hereafter), and entered the priest’s house. A more wretched hovel never sheltered beast from the storm than this; and yet it is the only thing tenantable in the island, except the tacksman’s. We refreshed ourselves a little, with his wife and mother; then, your humble servant being superintendent of stores and servants (*ex officio*), repaired with his train and provisions to the other house, was surrounded by many of the savages, ordered a fire, boiled a kettle, and blessed his *own* providence in the first instance for thinking of so charming and refreshing a beverage. I always make a point of landing in full uniform. My command over the stores and servants gives me vast dignity and patronage. Besides this, a joke goes about of giving us all nicknames. One is ‘*Lark*’;—the Doctor, from his crawling after weeds, stones, and puddles, is ‘*Toad*’; and I, from some foolish mistake or other,

'Billy Pitt.' So that from hence wherever we go I am believed to be related to that 'excellent minister.' You cannot conceive, therefore, how all these items procured me respect and worship; all the island was at my nod in a second. While tea was preparing, I marshalled them thus: servants at my elbow, for aides-de-camp; provender in the rear; male natives in front; female ditto at some distance from our gentlemen—a most necessary precaution to prevent jealousy. To each native I distributed a ration of tobacco and a dram—their two greatest prizes, though neither had been in the island for two and a half years. We then drank tea and fine milk till three in the morning. Several of ours went to bed; others slumbered over the fire. I sat up with the clergyman, whom I instantly put under the *question*, and talked over on all topics (insular ones) till near five o'clock, when we sallied forth to view the island in four different parties, the priest with us. And now for the first time we had a view of the *city*. Conceive, if you can, a sort of green bosom, at a quarter of a mile's distance, with steep green mountains, and on one side with a fine bay opening into rocky scenery; at one corner the dreadful pass, which I described before, and which appeared almost as bad by daylight. The rest of the scene is all ludicrous. The green bosom is divided into 400 'rip' or fields of barley and oats and potatoes—25 feet by 3! in the centre several green tufts of grassy sod, upon heaps of loose stones—these

we at last discovered to be the houses, twenty-six in number: on the hills, more such molehills, rather smaller, for cutting peats. This is the town, or city of *Hirta*, or St Kilda. It contains 100 inhabitants; and the rest of the island is only broused by some sheep, horses, and cows. The view of this village is truly *unique*. Nothing in Captain Cook's voyages comes *half* so low. The natives are savage in due proportion; the air is infected by a stench almost insupportable—a compound of rotten fish, filth of all sorts, and stinking sea-fowl. Their dress is chiefly composed of a coarse stuff made by themselves, somewhat like tartan. They wear this chiefly in trousers and jackets, with coarse brogues, also made by themselves. They make brooches of clumsy iron rings, with pins across: these are worn by the women to tuck up their plaids. Needles coarse in proportion; thong-ropes for ascending the rocks in quest of nests and birds; fish-hooks finer than the other articles; thread and horn-spoons are the remaining manufactures of this place—infinately coarser and more clumsy, and made in smaller quantity and less variety, than those which navigators have found in any of the Pacific islands, New Holland in the south excepted. A total want of curiosity, a stupid gaze of wonder, an excessive eagerness for spirits and tobacco, a laziness only to be conquered by the hope of the above-mentioned cordials, and a beastly degree of filth, the natural consequence of this, render the St Kildian character truly savage. To all this our

people added the leading trait of furtivity of disposition. 'We were in a constant jeopardy of pocket, so nimble-fingered are the savages. Bottles, sticks, &c. &c., all were seized; but so simple-minded were the filchers that we as speedily recovered the said chattels.' My dear boat-cloak fell among others. I went in suddenly upon the suspected house, and drawing my sword, an instantaneous tremor pervaded the house, and I was told one of the servants had got it. The servants being called, and another flourish of the sword given, the simple men of St Kilda lifted up a board, and tremblingly gave me back the dear stray. These apparently trifling traits in the character of these poor people will, I trust, be excused, as the best mode which my hurry and confusion can leave me of conveying to you an idea of the manners of a tribe which exemplifies most remarkably the old proverb, 'One half the world don't know how the other lives.' We made several remarks on the state of the island, and the mode of management to which it is subject. Were its extent, fertility, and population of sufficient consequence, no better method of improvement could be fallen upon than to send a schoolmaster, and then to abolish the present iniquitous method of collecting its produce. The tacksman (whom the people think a steward) resides twice a-year there, to plunder under the name of *Macleod's factor*. He pays £20 sterling only to Macleod, and makes above twice as much himself. For this purpose all the milk of cows is brought into his dairy

from Mayday to Michaelmas, and all the ewes' milk together for the whole year. Every second lamb-ram and every seventh ewe go to the same quarter; and this sanctified to his use under the name of a *tenth*. The rest of the rent is made up in feathers, at the rate of 3s. per stone, and the tacksman sells them in the Long Island for 10s. He is quite absolute in dispensing justice; punishes crimes by fines, and makes statutes of his own account, which are implicitly obeyed. There are no murders ever known here; and the priest told us, innocently enough, that the only adulteress in St Kilda is the steward's dairy-maid, who comes from the Long Island. There is no money current here—nothing like barter—and the rate of assessing the rent to Macleod is the only criterion of the prices of articles. According to this we found that a fat sheep is valued at 3s. 6d., a cow at 30s., a horse at 20s., barley at 16s. per boll, and potatoes at 3s. per barrel, which may contain about eight pecks. The inland parts of the island (if it can be said to have any) are as fit for grazing sheep and cattle as almost any other places in the Western Islands; and several other spots besides the one where the town is, appear equally susceptible of cultivation—*i. e.*, capable of producing no light or mean crops of barley. Upon the whole, I should suppose that with crops, with cattle, and with the vast resources of sea-fowl, eggs, and fish, St Kilda is capable of supporting a population of 1500 souls with ease. The only mortals among the present inhabitants

whom we found in any degree civilised above the brutes, were the priest and his family. He comes from the Long Island, and has been here fifteen years. He is a missionary, placed here with a salary, £25 sterling, by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. If in the course of your calls you ever see Mr Kemp (who corresponds with him once in an olympiad), pray give *Mr Lachlan M'Leod's* respects to him, and tell him that he complains grievously of his short allowance. This will make me quit of my promise to him ;—to say the truth, I think he has *quite enough*, unless that it requires some bribe to keep a man in St Kilda.

“After a cheerful breakfast on good milk, &c. &c., we heard divine service performed audibly and fluently by our host in his kitchen, his only church. An altar stood *in medio*—viz., a kettle simmering on a fire. The savages stood round and the priest performed in a corner. He read, sang, and spoke in Gaelic, if I can judge, better in point of harmony, fluency, and attic smoothness *et ore rotundo*, than any I ever heard. I sometimes thought he was reading Homer, and reading him with justice. I find this letter has run to such an unconscionable length that I must now beg to subscribe myself your most obedient servant,”

HENRY BROUGHAM.”

“STORNOWAY, August 19, 1799.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Again you hear from me. Since my last letter has appeared to be worthy of your

\* See Appendix XIII.

notice, any anecdotes or remarks collected here must relate to the party more than the place, and an account of Lewis would only be a repetition of what must already have been printed. My reasons for writing, then, are truly selfish—to let you know what we have done to kill time, and to give you a farther sketch of our plans. Every morning we shoot grouse, hares, snipes, and deer till five o'clock, then eat the most luxurious dinners of game and fish, drinking claret, champagne, hermitage, and hock: at night we are uniformly and universally *dead* (drunk). Your humble servant being in the chair (*ex officio*) does his best, and having a good capacity enough for wine, does odd enough things. Yesterday our mess fell off—Campbell and I and two natives set in to it, and among four had twelve port-bottles: the natives and Bob being stowed away, I finished another bottle and a half of port with an old exciseman, major of the volunteers. This morning I went out and found all Stornoway in full tongue at my astonishing feat; went to the moors, walked it off, and killed a brace of hares at one discharge (keeping their skins for shoes) above a hundred yards off, and a grouse soon after still farther; and to-night we give a ball. Now for business: my friend Stuart and I separate from the party at Faroe and try Iceland; after this go abroad for twelve months, and first to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; live cheap and study at Upsal; then take Russia. Now, could not you give us a letter or two of recommendation, either to your own

or your father's friends abroad, or the Colonel's? By the by, don't you know Mr Coxe? Mr Stuart is the late Lord Bute's grandson and the Duke of Ancaster's nephew. He could get recommendations from his friends, but (like myself) is on a concealed march till he is forced to draw.

"If anything in my power can atone for this trouble, name it. I believe you cannot. I have moved heaven and earth to send you a *buck* and some birds, but it won't do till the cold weather. With great respect,

HENRY BROUGHAM."

"ON BOARD THE PRIVATEER,  
ULLAPOOL, Sept. 1, 1799.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You are, I daresay, not a little surprised to receive another letter still from me. My excuses for this offence are now so stale that I shan't any longer trouble you with repeating them; but, worse than all this, my epistles have been so frequent to you that I am really at a loss to remember where my last was addressed from, and in consequence am in some danger of plaguing you with repetitions. Taking it, however, for granted that you left me under weigh or really so far from Lewis, I proceed to inform you that the captain accuses my friend Stuart and myself of having forced him to sea in a storm against the opinion of every man in the vessel. In truth we were now grown impatient enough on every account at our various and many delays, so I believe our remonstrances had some weight with the

after-cabin council—*i. e.*, the captain and his mates. We then put in to the Birken [Orkney?] Isles, and failing to make anchorage from the running of ebb tide, we stood out again and got north of the Pentland Firth, into the much-wished-for North Sea itself. In the dead of night we were in a storm indeed. The sailors all expecting to see *Dairt* in half a *shake*, and the captain (who was twenty years a North Sea smuggler and has been twelve times and a half wrecked) crying, 'I don't know what to do! As damned a tool this ship as ever dipp'd her gob in salt brine since Adam wrought at hemp-picking in Chatham dock-yard—d——n his soul!' So he applied to the *Doctor*, as the oldest man on board, for his advice—but, I before told you, a terrible *muck* (coward); and he voted for instantly making nearest port. We were still keeping to our course if possible, and if she would not lie to it, we wished to run through the Pentland—anything, in short, rather than turn. But the rest were of a different opinion, and the helm was tried. Happily she did not miss her stays, but obeyed rudder, and with a huge grin and volley of oaths the word was given. Thither we came, and here we have been again at the flesh-pots and shooting and drinking. Before departing, I beg to trouble you with this request, '*that any letters not yet sent for me, or any which you may procure previous to the next Baltic or Elsinore ships, may be sent in a small parcel to Ramsay and Williamson's at Leith, where they will be called for by a northern friend of*

*ours, master of a Baltic ship, and kept by our agent in Elsinore for us till we arrive. This you may tell also to our friends;* and any obtained after that opportunity sails, may be sent per post to Copenhagen, not to Drontheim, by *the next ships*—I mean those that sail about the 20th of September. Your favours are so numerous, and my requests so well proportioned to them, that I am almost ashamed to say that a recommendation from *Sir W. Forbes* to *Mr Reiberg* at Copenhagen, would be worth its weight in gold to us all. You might, I think, procure this through the Russells (to whom my love, as to all yours) without letting my request be known. Again excuse brevity, troublesomeness, &c. &c. HENRY BROUGHAM."

The voyage to Iceland being thus abandoned, Stuart and I left the rest of our party in Scotland, and crossed over to the east coast, arriving there in time for the Baltic autumn fleet.

After a week's voyage with fine weather, except a gale in the Cattegat, on a bad lee-shore, when the wind, contrary to all expectation, shifted and saved us, we arrived at Elsinore on the 30th of September. We passed about a week at Copenhagen, where we saw a good deal of Mr Merry, the Chargé d'Affaires in Lord Robert Fitzgerald's absence, and spent the early part of the winter at Stockholm. I kept a journal of this tour, which is as follows.

## CHAPTER III.

*Visit to Denmark and Scandinavia.*

JOURNAL OF VISIT TO DENMARK AND SCANDINAVIA—LANDING AT  
 ELSINORE—TRAVELLING IN DENMARK—COPENHAGEN—OBJECTS  
 OF INTEREST—COLLEGE LIBRARY—PALACE—THE TOWN AND  
 THE PEOPLE—THE THEATRE—THE EXCHANGE—THE CONSTI-  
 TUTION OF DENMARK—SOCIAL CONVENTIONALISM—ADMINIS-  
 TRATION OF JUSTICE—KING CHRISTIAN AND HIS COURT—  
 JOURNEY TO HELSINGBORG—TRAVELLING IN SWEDEN—DANISH  
 AND SWEDISH PEASANTRY COMPARED—SCENERY—ADVENTURES  
 —STOCKHOLM—ARCHITECTURE—PUBLIC PLACES—JEALOUSY OF  
 FOREIGNERS—SCIENCE AND LETTERS—SITTING OF THE ACADEMY  
 OF SCIENCES—SWEDISH ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS—SOCIAL  
 CONDITION—IMMORALITY AND CRIME—GUSTAVUS III. AND GUS-  
 TAVUS IV.—PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF ROYALTY—RUSSIAN AND  
 FRENCH INFLUENCE, AND JEALOUSY OF BRITAIN—THE ARMY—  
 REVENUE—TRADE AND CURRENCY—LANGUAGE—POLICE—RE-  
 LIGION—A CLAIRVOYANT—DEPARTURE FROM STOCKHOLM TO  
 UPSALA—COUNTRY PALACE OF GUSTAVUS III.—RURAL AFFAIRS  
 —REINDEER—WILD ANIMALS—RUNIC ANTIQUITIES—UPSALA  
 CATHEDRAL—UNIVERSITY—CASTLE—JOURNEY CONTINUED TO-  
 WARDS NORWAY—VISIT BY LANTERN-LIGHT TO THE FALLS OF  
 TROLLHATTEN—GÖTEBORG OR GOTTENBORG—SCOTS RESIDENTS  
 —A GHOST STORY—WINTER TRAVELLING—THE FROZEN FIORDS  
 —SLEDGING—GLIMPSES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN FREDERIKSHALD—  
 PRIVATE THEATRICALS—VOYAGE HOME—NARROW ESCAPE FROM  
 SHIPWRECK.

VOL. I.

H

## JOURNAL

1799.—*Sept. 24th to the 30th.*—We had a slow, but agreeable enough passage of a week. The weather was bad, particularly in the Cattegat, where we were very near a bad lee-shore with a gale: the wind shifting, almost contrary to expectation, saved us; and after beating off and on, we made the straits of the Sound early on Monday the 30th.

At 9 o'clock A.M. we saw the coasts on both sides of the Sound—the Danish seemed finely wooded to the very shore, on which several houses were scattered. At some distance we saw the town and castle of Helsingor, Elsingor, or Elsingoer, or Elsinore, or Elsineur, or Elsinoor—for it is spelt in each of these different ways. On the opposite side is Helsingborg, a Swedish town; and in sailing up to anchorage we observed on the Danish coast a neat white house, well situated among the woods, and surrounded by gardens and terraces, apparently in the English taste. The captain called it Matilda's Palace, and at Elsinore we found it was called by Englishmen Hamlet's Palace. It is said that the murder happened in the garden. It is now occupied by a ranger of the parks.

*Sept. 30.*—After having a salute for our convoy from the fort, we anchored, and dressed to go ashore. In the roads there were a vast number of ships, and several Danish men-of-war; yet we were told that the anchorage is often infinitely more crowded. No less than five boats came off to us, each asking less

than the former one ; so that from nine dollars their demands sunk to three. We remarked also the singular similarity that seemed to prevail among the natives. I don't think that I could easily have distinguished one face from another. No sooner had we landed than we found ourselves surrounded by a mob of merchants' clerks, who lay in wait for the ship, and tried to entrap each with the cry of " My dear friend, do you clear with us ? " Our captain went to Howden's, and we accompanied him, delivering our letters from Hutchins. We then went to a tolerably good inn, kept by a man who was educated at Musslebro! After an indifferent dinner, but good claret, we paid our captain the enormous sum of twenty guineas for our passage, to which we added one for the men.

Mr Howden called before dinner and behaved very civilly. We drank tea with him, and went to the subscription rooms, which are large and commodious. A hundred gentlemen, chiefly merchants, pay ten dollars per annum, and have the liberty of introducing strangers. After lounging in these rooms, seeing the gardens by candle-light, and looking at some billiard-play performed by English sea-officers, we were taken by Howden and his nephew, nicknamed " Caliban," to the subscription news-rooms, where we met a company of British worthies, and had a slangish conversation, adapted to the humour of the society. Howden then turned to us, and presented a dreadful account of Paul's customs about dress, pass-

ports, and the knout. Everything showed us that this brute of a tyrant and tyrant of brutes wishes to keep his savage empire in a state of closeness and insularity as inaccessible as that of China.

*Oct. 1.*—After sleeping comfortably on English beds, we had coffee in our rooms, and went out to Howden's, whose civilities in procuring us letters to Copenhagen, and letting us draw for fifty pounds, and introducing us to Fenwick, the English consul, a gentlemanly and obliging young man, pleased us much. We found all the merchants croaking over the hardness of the times—the failures in Hamburg—the impossibility of selling their bills—sugars selling with difficulty at sixty per cent under prime cost, and the other consequences of the Dutch expedition. Mr Howden had to lament £700 worth of bills lying dead at Hamburg, besides being obliged to pay specie to Government from clearances.

After giving orders to a Scotch tailor, we set off at twelve for Copenhagen in a stuhl wagen, or oblong cart, with a couple of seats across, on springs, and one for the driver in front. The horses are large and strong: two easily drew us and our luggage all the way. The road is indeed excellent—well raised, even, and smooth. We also took with us for half the way a ship's captain, at Howden's recommendation; and for the rest of it, a young man, who begged our permission. The day was damp, and rainy at intervals. The face of the country is delightful—disposed in ridges and flats, with clumps of fine trees,

and some very thick woods. The cottages are situated in the most romantic spots imaginable; and were it not for the appearance of the houses, whose roofs are very upright and in several planes, and whose walls are studded with windows, one might suppose himself in the southern parts of England. The dress of the peasants is grotesque, and varies every league. It consists in general of a long wide doublet, usually red and laced; a waistcoat down to the knees, and leather breeches. The coat and vest are covered with a profusion of silver buttons, which constitute, in some measure, the peasant's wealth. We saw some ploughing in very broad ridges—the plough like the common English ones, only that some had two large wheels in front. The ground seemed rich and soft, and we saw some fields of grass, heavily manured, which in England would not be touched.

The milestones are large stone obelisks at every quarter of a mile—that is, at every *English* mile. On the top part is a large crown, with the cipher of the king in whose reign it was raised, and with several ornaments. The business part of it—namely, the *number*, seems scarce attended to. We passed several gentlemen's houses, not remarkable, and also some manufactories, particularly a cotton-mill three stories high, with seven windows in a row, and a reservoir behind. We saw no river, few streams, and, of course, many windmills. The road, which scarcely makes any turn, runs beautifully through thick woods,

and sometimes through a variety of moorish and wild ground, in which we saw one or two deer. The game-laws are very strict, and almost all the country is monopolised by the Crown. We arrived at Hirschholm at three o'clock, and as we were past the hour of dinner, we could only get cold things to eat. We had very good light Rhenish, which only cost three marks and a half. The landlord talked good French, and the inn was really a very good one. The village is neatly scattered among trees and water. Near it we passed the palace—a fine building, with coppice and gardens laid out by Queen Matilda, in the English taste. Near this lives Count Horn, the accomplice of Ankerstroem: he is quite cut at Copenhagen, and tried in vain to get into society at Elsinore.

As we approached Copenhagen, the country got more open. About four miles from it, we passed the palace and fine gardens of Prince Carl. After a heavy rain, came in sight of the town. Saw the palace on the right; at the gates underwent a most strict examination of our baggage. The road comes to a point before arriving at the gate, where the different avenues break off, each planted with rows of trees. The ramparts are large, but out of repair. Coming to Rouch's Hotel, in the Great Place, were refused admittance. Same at Lubell's and Miller's; with a *laquais de place's* assistance got into Leoft's. All the people here ignorant of every language but their own, except a child who had been born in London. The landlady being at the play,

we could get no supper till she came home ; and then it was very bad.

Oct. 2.—Walked with our *laquais de place* to pay visits, having sent our letters. Only found Brown at home, but overwhelmed with business. Dined at Rouch's. Mr Merry, the Chargé d'Affaires, in Lord Robert Fitzgerald's absence, called in the evening, also Howden, who was croaking like an old frog, and read more Hamburg failures from his note-book ; but he joined in Merry's tune of its being so much the better, as it must hurt the enemy.

Oct. 3.—Dined at Lubell's. Mitchell, the English consul in Norway, was there—a violent Ministerialist, and great advocate for the late King of Sweden, of whom he talked much. Said he was in a coffee-house in Stockholm at the time of the revolution.

Oct. 4.—Saw Thorkelin, who behaved in a very easy and agreeable manner to us, and showed us every civility, taking us about to the college and library. He is keeper of the archives, which he showed us all over, and told me, at the same time, to conceal it, as I was the first foreigner who had seen them.\* There is a vast collection of treaties, well arranged and preserved : the principal ones which I looked over were those with Cromwell in 1651—Elizabeth—Joseph II.—Peter the Great ; the Dan-

\* Grim Jonsson Thorkelin, a celebrated Scandinavian archaeologist, a native of Iceland. At the period of the visit he was well known in society in Britain, having spent several years in this country pursuing researches into the connection between the Scandinavian nations and the British Islands.

ish Corpus Juris, beautifully written in 1681; the Danish Magna Charta in forty articles, and on ten folio pages, dated 4th November 1665; the famous Act of Cession, dated January same year, carefully wrapt up, wrote on two pages folio, with signatures on above twelve—sixty names and seals on each page, being the *tiers état*. To the charter is fixed a superb gold seal. Thorkelin, on our putting several questions to him, told me that we must not mention what he said, if we published our journals, and added that Coxe's imprudence had made every one cautious of speaking to strangers, and even of receiving them.\*

Oct. 4.—The town stands on a flat upon the sea, which intersects it in several places, and has almost everywhere a stagnant and dirty appearance. The streets are in general narrow but even, and the houses high. The roofs being perpendicular, and in several planes, give them an ugly look. The single buildings, such as inns, offices, and chateaus, are very large and handsome, though built without any form except the oblong, and abounding too much in windows. The best part of the town is the Great Place, or market, in which is the theatre, opera-house, guard-house, and two very fine inns. But the finest building of course is the palace, which stands in another part of the city on a port of the sea. This, however, like the rest of the town, has suffered from the fire of 1795, of which one finds traces in every

\* In allusion to 'Travels into Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark,' by Archdeacon Coxe.

part. The streets are filled with rubbish. Every other house is building, and scaffolding is as common as walls. The consequence of this has been that few have sufficient capital to build. Lodging is extremely scarce. Mr Merry could find none at first by any means, and even yet has got very miserable rooms in which he is not settled. There are several *table d'hôtes*, but only two of any reputation. Rouch's we found to be a mere scramble, and frequented by indifferent people. Lubell's is more select and regular, being in the nature of a private dinner, at which the landlord and his family appear; but the eating was bad. There is also a club, or private society of merchants and others, which we were not present at.

The palace is a noble building, though at present nothing but the walls remain in the quadrangle; the inside is burnt or pulled down in consequence of the fire, which seemed to have attacked one side chiefly, as there the freestone facing is completely torn off from the brick of which the walls are built. The great quadrangle is five stories high (including the small ones between), and twenty-five windows in front. On each side is a circular sweep, and each sweep terminates in a circular wing, the whole ending in a noble gateway to which an elegant bridge and street leads. The wings or sweeps have ninety windows in the row! The ornaments, which in general remain entire, are handsome. The style of architecture mixed—chiefly Ionic. In the rooms of the quadrangle poor families live, having built huts

against the walls, and two of the front windows of the palace are filled up with the casement windows of these houses. In the front is a Latin inscription, bearing that the palace was built by Christian VI., in seven years, ending 1740.

The climate of Copenhagen is unhealthy. No one is to be seen with a decent set of teeth or good eyes,—either quite rotten or “sesquipedales.” The people are fair and watery-looking. The streets uncommonly dirty; the mud has a putrid smell. The winters are so severe sometimes that Lord R. Fitzgerald told Mr Merry he has heard them firing at deserters running across the ice to Sweden. The stoves in the rooms are iron, and not only look gloomy, but exhale a most odious smell, and are besides unwholesome. The diseases most frequent are gout and rheumatism, owing to the extreme dampness which prevails, except during frost.

The only public amusement here is a play three times a-week. The theatre is about the size of old Drury—heavy, but rather grand. The ornaments are gilt upon an olive ground, which is the prevailing colour. The house is dark, the light being all thrown upon the stage during the performance. There are only twenty lamps; eight more are let down from the roof over the pit between the acts. The band is good—about thirty performers. The acting appeared good and chaste. The people seemed critically inclined. They were in morning dresses, and sat as stiff as pokers: no flirtation nor gallantry. The play

was, "She Stoops to Conquer;" and Tony Lumpkin was well done, though the song was omitted. The scenery was bad, but a ballet was given at the end, with some good dancing, and the dresses would have put the Bishop of Durham into fits.

The Exchange is an old building in the mixed Gothic style. The inside is filled with shops, through which are walks, and a reservoir at one end. Auctions are held in the corners. It was always crowded, and we saw in it several Polish Jews.

The University is an old and shabby quadrangle. We were present at an examination of the students, who were very mean-looking, and seemed to be questioned by the master, who sat in his chair, like boys at school. There are eighteen professors, the richest of whom have from 1500 to 3000 rix-dollars a-year. The Royal Library is a noble institution. It contains about 25,000 volumes, and is unlimited for new purchases: it is kept in a fine suite of apartments in a wing of the palace. Two of these are called "*Bibliotheca Septentrionalis*." There is a public reading-room, and every one may take home books with him. We looked over several of these, and found all sorts of works, some remarkably splendid. There is also a Royal Museum, but this we did not see.

The style of society was pronounced by Merry to be insufferable; and though we found reason to believe that he had exaggerated a little (from the nature of his situation), yet so dull is the place that the

Russian General, Knox, who passed through lately on his way to Holland, stayed only three days in Copenhagen, and a month at Elsinore. The visiting is confined to winter : in summer the merchants go to the country houses and boxes, and even in winter the parties are said to be dull : the Court is uncommonly so. At present the only Ministers are the Russian, French, Dutch, and Swedish, all of whom live exceedingly private.

The government of Denmark is absolute, as every one knows. The Act of 1645, which made the Crown elective, was abolished, and in 1665 the Crown was made hereditary, and unlimited in power. The former Act being abolished, Dr Thorkelin mentioned to me that no mention is made in it of the comparison with the government of our State ; but I suspect he misunderstood my question. It has, indeed, every appearance of a despotic government. There are no states acknowledged, no control on the king's power. He names the privy council, who do all in his name. He levies taxes, makes peace and war, publishes edicts, alters, annuls, and makes laws. The titles are Graf, or Count, and Baron. But Court employments or other great offices conferred by the Crown constitute the great and almost the only difference of rank and station. These offices, it is true, are only given to such as are noble ; but then letters of nobility are easily obtained. Thus the merchants who have made money become noble, and hold places. Mr Selby is in this way a Baron, and Mr de König is besides a

Councillor of State. The mercantile influence is very extensive, though Merry seemed to attribute a good deal more to it than was due. Certainly a Government so much in want of money must depend much on the moneyed men ; but how far these have a direct influence is another matter. However, Mr Merry mentioned a circumstance which, if true, must prove that influence to be very great indeed. He said " that he was astonished at finding so many people employed secretly in trade ; that every day he made discoveries of this kind ; and he scrupled not to affirm that almost everybody in Copenhagen was more or less concerned in commerce. The ostensible merchants who have the trade in their hands are few in number, and have the ear of the Court." Mr Otto, on the other hand, seemed to laugh at Mr Merry for ascribing *by his behaviour* so much to his (Mr Otto's) brethren : he said that Merry was constantly running up and down, and crying, " Why don't you join the coalition ? " All these merchants are enemies to the present war—talk without scruple against England—and are peculiarly irritated by the Dutch expedition. Nothing can make them join but our success in Holland : while matters are doubtful, they keep on the safe side, and remain as they are. The Government is very poor. Last spring, when Hamburg was threatened, four frigates were equipped for the defence of Altona and Holstein. A fuss was made about a tax for this. The impost on land had been raised formerly, and was changed. Merry did not know

exactly how it was raised; but, after all, it did not produce £200,000. This he finds from documents among the ambassador's papers. Notwithstanding the long peace which the country has enjoyed, yet there is little specie in it; what one sees is miserably adulterated with copper; but, except some small money, nearly all the currency is paper.

The want of states and other causes must render the Crown, in case of war, utterly dependent either on the rich merchants or foreign subsidies. The administration of this Government, execrable as is its theory, is in practice mild and gentle. Every liberty of speech and writing is practised, to a degree of licentiousness unknown in England, or known only to be severely punished. Of this the natives seem perfectly conscious, and laugh at English *liberty*, which they call a mere name. Two days before we were there, an instance of the Crown's power occurred. The press had grown so scandalously licentious, and even libellous, that an edict was published September 28th. This was, however, occasioned (in reality) by an advertisement appearing from a set of Jacobins, rather of the lower kind, who used to frequent Grouvelle's (the French Minister's) house. It proposed that a literary society was to be formed, which was known to have politics in view. Paul instantly withdrew his envoy, and forbade in the strictest way all communication between the two countries. The edict was instantly drawn up and hurried through the Council, then sent off by Baron Blum to St Petersburg. It sets forth in a long preamble the evils of licen-

tiousness, prohibits under the highest penalties expression against government or monarchy in general, and in fact destroys at once the liberty of speech and writing; but as every one knows that it is done to serve an end, people openly turn up their noses at it. Meantime a prosecution has been entered into against the editor of an obnoxious journal, but he is expected to get off, or at most to pay a trifling fine.

The criminal jurisprudence is mild in the extreme. There are, indeed, no juries, but the judges proceed with the greatest caution and inquire into the circumstances in the minutest manner possible. The sentence is not valid till ratified by the king, who cannot make it more severe. Sedition is punished by imprisonment or a gentle fine. *Murder* and *treason* only are capital: the former happens not once in two years; the latter not since the time of Struensee, who was universally esteemed the victim of a party, and all the world sided with Matilda. For other offences, the punishment is confinement with labour, and wearing chains. One sees several of these half-prisoners walking about in Copenhagen. The Danes think it does good in the way of example, a thing which admits of doubt in this case.

There are two courts of justice: one civil, called the Under Court, which is private, and does all business in writing; the other is open, and takes cognisance of criminals. The taxes are well levied, and easily for the people; they amount to 1½ million a-year, which does not come to more than 1s. in £20 at a medium, chiefly on consumption.

The army is beyond proportion: they call it about 70,000, but I believe the Government would find it difficult to produce a disposable force of 30,000. The pay is two skellings and a half per day, but the soldiers work for themselves, and have two reviews a-year. They are no terror to the people, who indeed seem to care little either for the army or *noblesse*.

The fleet consists of about 40 sail of the line, which lie in a very convenient dock in Copenhagen; but we did not go to see them.

The King of Denmark is an *idiot*. Dr Thorkelin, however, talked mysteriously on the subject, and seemed to think that the ruling party kept his Majesty *down* by this accusation. Mr Merry said that ambassadors, etc., have to be drilled, as it were, beforehand, when they go into his presence, in case of his exposing himself. Lord Robert Fitzgerald used frequently to play at cards with him, and said he used to run out of the room suddenly and without cause. If any one answered him he was apt to be outrageous, sometimes spit in people's faces and boxed their ears. His own family never answered him. Mr Otto told me an odd anecdote of him. A favourite of his had been removed by the influence of the Court, on which there was sent him, to light his fire, a common porter; him he created a *Lord of the Bedchamber*, and the man had to get a considerable pension to induce him to retire! Mrs Howden saw him one day come to the garden wall, near the palace. He leaped over; but being told there was a gate near, he leaped back again

and entered by it! In short, he is humoured in everything, and appears to be in truth an idiot.

In the mean time the Queen-Dowager and Crown Prince manage everything. Count Schonneny, the Finance Minister, is said to be the most powerful of the Ministry; but Selby (at Stockholm) told me that Bernstoff (the son of the great Minister), who is only thirty, and a very able man, is in great influence. I rather believe, however, that he is only the organ of the Council. Indeed it matters not what he is at present, as the Crown Prince is to all intents and purposes Prime Minister. The King signs his name and appears at Court; he is, however, a mere puppet. The Prince's brother is not in favour, and, I understand, does not appear at Court.

The ambassador Grouvelle (who read the sentence to Louis XVI.) lives very retired.\* I see, however, that he is popular among the prevailing powers, the merchants. I have heard young Selby excuse him by making him say that "if people knew all the circumstances they would not blame him so much." The Dutch Minister also is popular. Lord Robert Fitzgerald is violent against both, and withdrew his name from the society at Rouch's. When Grouvelle came he handsomely retired; but as the others did not, the matter remains. Both the French and Dutch Ministers were received at the society with open arms.

\* Grouvelle, frequently mentioned in the 'Moniteur' as "littérateur et diplomate," was sent as ambassador from the Republic to Denmark in 1794.

We were told at Elsinore that people were of late grown much less violent on politics, merely from being tired of talking so much on the subject.

Lord Robert Fitzgerald is apparently on *congé*; but his house and effects being sold, and Mr Merry being settled here as Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, he is now known to have retired for good till elsewhere provided for. He had been three years here, and his departure was supposed to be owing to a publication in the English papers relative to the Danish East India Company. It is evident that he was not used in the best manner possible at Copenhagen. Mr Merry calls the literary men here "a set of the greatest Jacobins on the face of the earth."

Upon the whole, it appears that the mercantile government of Denmark is afraid of joining the coalition on two accounts: first, because its commerce is sure of suffering in the first instance; and, secondly, because the consequence must be an immediate increase of expense, which in its present situation it could not meet. What service it could render the common cause, even though it could be induced to take a side, I cannot conceive. It must be subsidised by England for very indifferent troops, and for any assistance, which, in the present state of men's minds in Denmark, could not be hearty. At the same time the country seems quite in the hands of Russia and of England, so that the strictest neutrality is necessary.\*

\* See Appendix XIV.

*Oct. 5.*—After writing letters and cursing the fleecing habits of this place, we set off to Elsinore in a decent covered carriage. Saw nothing worth notice on our way, except the corpse of a woman who had been drowned; it lay on the roadside, without attracting the least attention. After stopping for coffee at Hirschholm, got to Elsinore at ten, the night being very fine and starry, and went to the club, where we found the natives uncommon civil. Received more attention from Mr Howden.

*Oct. 6.*—Early in the morning we got ready—by docking (of course) our tailor's bill—breakfasted with Mrs Howden, who resembles much the Queen of Sweden. The quay as usual, for the Elsinorers keep no Sabbath. Had a pleasant passage to Helsingborg, a Danish mile over. It is a neat enough town, airily situated and built wide. The inn is very bad: a villanous landlord, who had been two years at Sunderland. He has waggons of all sorts for sale, as people on leaving Sweden generally sell their travelling carriage: for these he asks the most extravagant prices, and I believe is generally sure of selling you, as people are not a little in his hands. For a very shabby uncovered one we paid thirty rix-dollars, and after having it covered, could only sell it at Stockholm for ten! Our stay here was spent in running up and down after carriages and horses, and specie—for which we paid a premium of nearly five per cent. Near Helsingborg are the springs of mineral water to which the Swedes resort every summer from Stock-

holm, and the town is said at this time to be very gay. After a bad dinner and much imposition, we set out. The road was good and smooth, so we drove pleasantly enough with one horse,—the country generally flat, though rising here and there; a little cultivated. Saw some hay in stacks, but it seemed very indifferent. Some wood, however, was well scattered over the country; the rest appeared very marshy and damp. We met many carts of the peasants in different forms, all as simple as can be imagined, carrying casks, tubs, and boxes of wood and iron, made up the country. They were driven by peasants who put us in mind of gypsies. Many of the carts were drawn by oxen, and some by cows.

We got to Astorp after a chilly drive. It is a small hamlet of wood, pleasantly enough situated; indeed all the Swedish hamlets are romantic in the extreme. We were struck by the great difference between the peasantry here and in the places near to Denmark. We had tea, and despatched the forebote, or *courrier en avant*, carrying our baggage, to travel all night, after having the *sedel*, a paper of instructions, written by a *learned* peasant, the only one in the parish. Had Swedish beds—that is, lay between two.

Oct. 7.—Got off between five and six to follow the forebote. The country as before—the roads also good. Met scores of natives, and cars of iron, wood boxes, &c. Saw some parties at breakfast on the road. Crossed a shallow lake, as all in this place are: the car

drove into a large flat boat without our dismounting. Came to a more wild and rough country—also more woody—all natural. The houses are all wooden, the fires also. They are open, and set in a wide chimney at the corner of the room; a damper is let down as soon as the room is sufficiently warm. They use pine laths for candles, holding the light downwards. Candles they also have, but exceeding small, and very bad.

We went pleasantly on, sometimes taking two horses. The road winds through a variety of woods, some of them very thick. The trees are of different sorts, some firs; but the finest and most plentiful are oaks and beech, besides birch, aspen, nut, and alder. We saw also many heathberries, some cranberries, and a vast abundance of sloes; also *Osmunda regalis*. The cattle were chiefly pigs, running in the woods, and very lean, of course: cows and horses small, but fleet. We went on very quick, only stopping at the inns to get a crust of bread or an apple. At Markavid met a student of Lund (in Scania) who spoke German and French. After Markavid, saw many lakes among thick woods: these were universally very shallow, from the gentle slope of their sides and their general appearance. They had many islands, also wooded. We met several travellers. They rode, wrapped in surtouts, in open carriages holding one (sometimes two), driven by servant or self, and always smoking. At Travyd we got late. The driver had stopped to tie his spare horse to a tree before getting in sight of

the next inn, a trick often played to save taking another spare horse next stage. Found the people here very civil, and got some sour milk and cold potatoes. The night cold and a little rainy. Rode by a pretty large river to Hammade, where by mistake the forebote had stopped, so we had to stop here. A miserable place. Coffee got, after much surprise at first, and honey for sweetening. Slept in one wretched bed, taking the precaution of showing pistols, and we afterwards found this was not unnecessary. On paying next morning the man made a charge for water!

*Oct. 8.*—A very wet day, at times raining very hard. The road lay over an open green turf all the first stage, and near the river. At Lingby found a Swedish servant who spoke good English. We breakfasted on blood-puddings, eggs, and milk. Next stage, two miles (Swedish), at a foot's pace, owing to the sulkiness of the driver: pouring the whole time, and no wood to shelter us, so got completely wet. Coasted a very large lake for two miles and a half without coming to the end of it. In the middle several islets; one large, with wood and houses on it. The houses in this part of the country are very neat both outside and inside, and intermixed every now and then with church spires, constructed in a most fantastical manner of wooden billets representing tiles, which gave the landscape a very singular and romantic appearance. Passed what appeared to be a large shallow lake, with several houses scattered over it;

but it proved to be only the overflowing of a river which runs through this valley. At Waramow found a good enough inn, compared to what we had been used to of late. Though it was now late, yet we resolved to go on. The road lay through impenetrable forests, and was so bad we could scarcely crawl along: it was perfectly dark, and we got shook to pieces, yet I slept through the greater part. From the next post we took the way by a shorter cut through a wood into the great road, which also lay the whole of the way through forests of pine, broken only here and there by an acre of land cleared, with a cottage on it. At midnight we came to a green break in the wood where the inn of Skylingaryd stands. It was snug and most agreeable to us: we had some potatoes, milk, and ham, with our own tea, a couple of good beds, and a fire, so that I feel myself rather comfortable while writing this, though I have more than half the journey before me; and so I shall proceed to note down a few observations on the country through which we have passed, the wildest and most unfrequented in the south of Sweden. The manners of the natives are the same nearly through this quarter—I mean through Skamaand and the greater part of Småland, towards Jonkopyichage.

1. The difference is striking between Elsinore and Helsingborg, the opposite side of the Sound. The peasantry, from the moment you enter Sweden, have a much finer appearance than the Danes. Their countenances more healthy, and without that watery

white look which is so disgusting in Denmark. Neither have they that uniformity so remarkable among the Danes. They are much more agreeable in their manners, and, with the exception of the innkeepers and people concerned on the roads, more honest.

2. Their dress is plain; none of those absurd ornaments before described are to be seen here. Their clothes are large and comfortable—of a warm woollen in summer, and sheepskin in winter. In Scania (province on the southern coast) we observed they were chiefly white; after that we came among blue: the poorest boys who drove us had good clothing, and stockings and shoes. At work they use wooden shoes, but we saw them always with leather when unemployed.

3. Their houses are all good and clean—magnificent compared to those of the English peasantry, and much better than the Danish. They are built of logs, with white plastered chimneys and windows. They are generally painted red, and either thatched or covered with timber planks; and to preserve them from wet, they are raised on four small pillars of stone, sometimes of wood; sometimes, in the better sort, a dwarf wall is built a few feet up.

Almost every house, if it has offices, has a large maypole; in many places parts of the flowers remain, and often a weather-index is placed at the top. The fires (of wood) are lit in a large stone chimney, opening into the room, in the corner. The damper is

generally a movable plank, tied to a string which is pulled and fixed to a nail by the chimney, and as soon as the fire is *half* burnt out it is let down. In many houses the damper is fixed on a pole, which moves round on a prop between two uprights, and is pulled up or let down by another pole. All this is on the outside, and has a singular appearance enough. The consequences of letting down the damper too soon are often dangerous, both in these houses and the ones heated by stoves.

4. The food of the peasants is chiefly a soup of gruel made of meal, beans, peas, and turnips chopped small; to this meat is sometimes added. But oftener their food is hog puddings, either made of the blood or of meat and the inside, like a haggis. They don't seem to feed so much on the flesh, at least the peasants and servants; they eat a great deal of cold boiled potatoes and boiled milk. Their bread is of rye and barley, made either in hard cakes or in thin flat loaves, with a hole in the middle for hanging them up. They are baked twice a-year, but keep quite well, and the beams in the roof of the houses are studded with them; they have them also thick, but not for keeping. They preserve blueberries and cranberries for sauce, and stew apples and pears. Their meal is very good, and they use it for porridge. They make a drink of warm milk, of which they are very fond; and the better people use beer and eggs. Their *brand-wein* is extremely fiery, and resembles gin or whisky; but they can make it very good, and season it with

seeds; this the better sort of people drink in Stockholm. On the whole, the peasantry live more comfortably in every respect than in England.

5. They all work in iron and wood; in the former clumsily enough, in the latter very neatly: they use the adze for everything. They make neat boxes, and vats of a large size, hooped and tipped with iron. These we met in whole caravans on the road, and the boxes often filled with cheeses, all going to fair and market.

6. The number of lakes is very striking, but still more so farther to the north. We saw few rocks the first two days, but the third we found great blocks here and there among the woods. The country was in general flat during all these days, and seems favourable to inland navigation.

7. The roads are excellent; they are made of gravel, and kept up by the proprietors through whose ground they run. Everywhere we saw stuck up by the roadside something written, which we afterwards found to be the name of the peasants or proprietors who were bound to keep that part of the road in repair; so that the governor or road-surveyor can challenge the faulty person at any time. The consequence of the goodness of the roads is, that the least roughness or steepness, which in England would be disregarded, is here deemed impassable, and the least rising of ground is laboured up as if it were a steep hill. The horses are very tractable and easily driven: the peasants drive very skilfully, but crawl up the least

rising, and then go down at full gallop as soon as they reach the top.

8. The peasants are obliged to find horses, and both they and the innkeepers are under the strictest *nominal* discipline. If a *holcar* (man who gives the horses) asks drink-money, he is to receive so many lashes; if an innkeeper imposes on the journey, he is to get lashes; more for the next, and, for the third offence, he is to be sent a slave to a fortress. Like all severe regulations, these are never enforced. Yet there is a book printed which has these regulations at the beginning, and is distributed to every inn, with blanks for the name of the passenger, the date, hour of his arrival and departure, number of horses, where from and whither going, also for his complaints against the people, and theirs against him. Once a-month the surveyor examines this; but we observed that, except in the remote provinces, the people did not seem to care about it. The price is 8 skellings (8 pence) a Swedish mile per horse, of which ten make a degree, or near seven English. They drive, and seldom ride, their horses.

9. In these southern parts we saw chiefly growing rye, barley, beans, and a few peas and oats. They dry these grains in three ways. That which we saw in the south was simple enough: it consisted in piling up the sheaves loose upon long poles stuck through them; these are scattered round the house or barn, and have a singular enough appearance. Another method is that of placing three sheaves tri-

angularly, leaning against each other at the top ; on this they placed a fourth, tied tight at its upper end, diverging over on the others like a beehive, so that the rain runs off as if it had been thatched. The third is chiefly used in Finland : a barn is built of three floors, with a division in the middle for thrashing and laying out the grain ; on the ground floor, on each side, is built a large oven of stone, reaching up a few feet into the second ; it is lighted and made quite hot, whilst the wet grain is laid loosely on the floors. Nobody can enter it for some time after it has cooled, but it dries effectively. All this we heard afterwards.

10. The agriculture of the south, where we have passed, seems backward. The fields slope often to the very middle, and the furrows are so broad that they seem in most cases merely intended for footways or divisions : when they are meant for drains, they are often laid in the most injudicious way possible, sloping and slanting across the rising. The plough had one handle, and was in some respects good enough : they chiefly use oxen.

11. The fences of the first kind in Scania are very good, and indeed peculiar to the country. They are composed of every sort of wood easily raised ; turn a corner, or mount and descend again with equal facility. They appear so frail that no beast will attempt climbing over, and are too high to be leaped. They are easily repaired.

12. The milestones are more simple and useful than

the Danish, and quite conspicuous: a pile of stone roughly hewn and neatly put up, on the top a flat iron plate or stone with the number of miles; but these are confused in one respect, that they don't all count from town to town, but often from mile to mile.

*Oct. 9.*—Our journey had been through forests, only interrupted here and there by pieces of cultivated plain, and occasionally great masses of rock, the inns being generally bad. At one of them we had our pistols broken, and one of them stolen. The excuse was that they had been left out, and that there were many passengers beside ourselves. But as our writing-desks and the rest of our luggage had been in our bedrooms, and we never absent except for half an hour while our supper was getting ready, and while we were in the kitchen to hurry them with it, we therefore never thought of examining desks or luggage, and only found next day (October 10), on our arrival at Jönköping (a singular-looking town half fortified on the Wetteren Sea), that our desks had been opened and the greater part of the money taken. October 10 was spent in going to the judge to have a proclamation published, offering a reward through all the churches, and in our writing to Copenhagen to have the bills which had been taken stopped; so we did not leave Jönköping till eleven at night. Our carriage having now got a canvas covering on it, we resolved to travel all night as soon as a driver could be found; and in the state of our broken arms, we were comforted by being told that a Jew had been

robbed and murdered not far from the town. We concluded it would not be very cold, from having killed a viper on the road as we came. Nevertheless, after a little travelling, it grew bitter cold, and we could only go at a foot-pace, the horses being knocked up. I, of course, fell asleep, and my dreams experienced a singular change as soon as the cold and the breeze began. I first thought I was on board a ship in a piercing wind, and tried in vain to get into the cabin below. I awoke for a minute or two, and again was asleep. But now I was walking on the pier of Leith in a cold day. Then I was in rooms where there was no fire, and all the windows open, so that the wind blew through one's very body. I again woke, but soon slumbered again, and then I was near a blacksmith's forge, and going in for the warmth of the fire. The bellows were turned against me and blew cold wind, and then, unable to struggle longer against the elements, I gave up all further attempts to sleep.

*Oct. 11.*—Arrived at the end of the stage, we had to wait till half-past eight, and then proceeded pleasantly enough, the day fine, and the road showing a charming view of the lake—the banks woody, and also very rocky. On this day the country was well cultivated, often indeed very rich; barley, oats, rye, flax, and young wheat. Some places had been thickly wooded, but cleared now; the roads remarkably bad. On the road to Uncta met great crowds of market people, some well-dressed, substantial-looking farmers. At Uncta found a crowd all drunken and smoking;

the scene was odd enough. We then rode on, in a charming moonlight, through a cultivated country to Esta, where we had to wait till half-past twelve, and then to Mølby. During the intervals of sleep, consoled ourselves with the idea of comfort there, as it is the best inn on the road. At three we arrived, after the variety of a horse restive and running away, but met with grievous disappointment, owing to the people absolutely refusing us any grog whatever. The kitchen had a fiery furnace lit for baking. In about an hour and a half a dozen damsels turned out of one bed in the corner. We found that the house was brimful of a General Quilfelt and suite from Stralsund. After much waiting, got some of our own tea made. The suite were soon all astir to set out about four. Stuart went to one of their beds, while I bullied, and made tea by main force; then had a long conversation with the General, whom I found very gentlemanly.

We despatched a forebote, and ordered our horses at nine to Shrobick, where we expected to meet the General again to-morrow night—I ought to say to-night, as I am writing between four and five, just going to bed in one of the aide-de-camp's nests.

Oct. 12.—After napping in the nest, scarce cold from the aide-de-camp's carcass, got up at eight, and breakfast being discussed, remarked the odiousness of the hogs here: they perform the office of scavengers *orally*. Stuart was literally hunted by them. Mølby is situated on a quick-running river of considerable size, on which are a great number of mills;

indeed no room is wasted, the rocks in the river being joined to the bridge over it by a small lateral passage, all of wood, and mills constructed on the same : from this number of mills the town receives its name. We set out to follow our forebote, and travelled slowly (the roads being very heavy) through a flat, cleared, and cultivated country : the remarkable feature of rocks continued in the flattest ground. All this day it struck us much that instead of being abrupt and high masses as before, these had gradually become low and smooth, appearing in single patches in the middle of the fields.

Here and there were seen also some more abrupt and rugged blocks, chiefly among clumps of trees. At the first inn we came to, were kept two hours for horses. Drove on very quick, through fine woods. Passed a plain where a few works were thrown up. Supped at a place for exercising artillery and reviewing. Came to Lynköping, a pretty large town with some good houses in it, and one or two large public buildings. By the merest chance in the world found our luggage, the forebote having stopped. Met a very civil young man (Mr Wenman), who was stopping here in his way to England. He had been there for two years, and spoke English ; was very civil indeed in getting rooms. We set off, leaving Ned to follow with the baggage when horses should be got. The country again fertile. The roads this stage were under repair. Every twenty or thirty yards we saw the country carts unloading, which they do by taking

off one side. They don't put any bottom, so that the roads are very soft in damp weather. When the road is much broke in woody country they throw in pieces of wood, and sometimes we saw ledges of plank at the side for the water. At Thumble we arrived by moonlight, and had a bad supper of eels, and pig, and milk. Such a devil of a landlady I never saw. Were joined by some travellers to Carlscrona, who rode on with us to our next stage. Ned coming up, we continued—I driving for pleasure as the night was charming and mild. Every half English mile, a lake—woods now and then—several gentlemen's seats—a village or two—passed also a few rivers. At Brink got cattle immediately; indeed we afterwards learnt that General L. had ordered horses for us all the way as he passed. Continued to Nordköping. The scenery much the same, though more woody. Passed two very fine chateaux: one, of freestone, with two wings and large offices, belongs to Count Fersen. No gardens nor pleasure-grounds apparently; all rocks, wood, and water.

*Oct. 13.*—At one o'clock in the morning arrived at Nordköping, the largest town we saw between Copenhagen and Stockholm; indeed it is the third in Sweden in point of importance, and the Gottenborgers say it is larger than Gottenborg. It stands on both sides of a very rapid and noisy river of considerable breadth, over which is a good wooden bridge. The houses are chiefly of wood, and well built, many of them covered with copper. There are a vast number

of streets, some of them very long and not very narrow: a great number of mills on the islands, as at Mølby. The horses not being ready we sported the courier, and got on with the last ones to Aby. It began to grow foggy and disagreeable. My drowsiness got the better of my driving, which became rather ticklish, and frequently had near played the devil; however, got safe to Aby about half-past two, but with the loss of our whip in an unlucky nap. I slept on to Shrobek, giving up the whip. Found we had missed the Koll by one hour, he having set off at five. In our way on from the next inn we met the provost-clerk with several funerals, the first we had seen here. The coffin and mortcloth was laid in a peasant's cart, like the gravel, and as we saw two or three coffins at the same funeral, supposed every club to bury on a Sunday in preference. The country is of the same kind to Nyköping, where we arrived at two, hungry—nay, ravenous, having gone all night, since six o'clock in the evening of yesterday, without food. Ate a hearty dinner in a large and good inn, where the rooms were indeed handsome. This town is large and handsome, the streets are wide, and there is a fine exchange or town-house. The country round is very well cultivated. Indeed this is the best province in Sweden in point of fertility.

The agriculture from Mølby, or even Jönköping, improves vastly, though the furrows are still too wide, and not always raised enough. Great quantities of cervises were growing wild these two days, the

first I ever saw. Continued to ——— where we stopped to refresh ourselves with milk and the first good beer we had seen.

The baron forebotised for us, and was very civil, as indeed we found everybody except the road people. Stuart had a very rough ride from hence in a post-waggon. I went thus too, after trying to get on in the gig. The night was very fine, and the woods and lakes thick as usual. Found the people growing more imposing and insolent as we approached the capital.

*Oct. 14.*—At the two next stations there were no houses inhabited, so we had to wait in the cold for the horses. Södertelge, the most rascally kennel we ever saw: all accounts agree in this. Left Ned to follow, and went on slowly to Fitja, where we had coffee, and were obliged to wait till eleven for bed. Met with a clergyman and some officers who talked bad French. Were much surprised at the demands of the Södertelgean for additional hire, but afterwards found the case not peculiar to south Sweden. At Fitja is a very fine piece of water on both sides the road. It is finely wooded down to the very brink, and has islands also wooded: we saw several sails on it. It grows very wide in view, but is still quite land-locked. All the stage between Fitja and Stockholm is absolutely barren—nothing but woods and rocks; a house now and then looks like nothing less than the approach to a capital. Stockholm appeared at first like a village scattered among rocks and rising

grounds, but grew somewhat better as we approached. Crossed a bridge to the gate, where we underwent a very close examination of every article. More rocks, only enclosed, and a few oaks scattered. . Again thought the town abominable; but were much struck with the fine show of iron, chiefly bar, at the depot. At two we arrived at our inn, to our infinite joy. This inn is very indifferent, in a bad part of the town, and has a very large *table d'hôte*, where we dined for two or three days till we were introduced to the society.

As we went to the play this evening (though we were too late), we saw enough of the quay, palace, buildings, &c., to raise our opinion of Stockholm.

It is a large, well-built city, and contains above 80,000 inhabitants. Its situation is strikingly romantic—more so, indeed, than that of any other capital in Europe. It stands upon barren rocks intersected in every quarter by the sea or the Mälär Lake, which here runs into an arm of the Baltic with considerable rapidity. The heights around are all rocks covered with firs; and two sheets of water, part of the Mälär above, and part of sea below, are remarkable features in the view. The city of Stöckholm, properly so called, stands on an island. The streets in it are for the most part ill built and narrow; but it contains the chief public buildings, and a very noble quay of hewn stone (granite) of great length, and in such deep water that vessels of any burden may lie touching it. The custom-house stands here, and is a large building of hewn stone, with pillars at the door rather heavy,

and an inscription purporting that it was built by Gustavus III. The quay continues in this direction the whole length of the island; and then, interrupted by the bridges, it is again continued on both sides in another direction. The Exchange is also in Stockholm. It is an older building; but large, and with a handsome front. The business place is a spacious room with a wooden floor, and a small apartment off it. There are two busts in the large room—one of the architect, the other of a remarkable citizen. Above-stairs are rooms where subscription balls and public dinners are held.

Near the palace is a large old church, with an inscription bearing it to have been erected where a very high tower formerly stood (*Turris stupendæ altitudinis*). It has a very fine organ, and one or two large pieces of sculpture on the monuments. The desk and pulpit are also very handsome. The palace is a superb structure, much larger than the Copenhagen one. It consists of a quadrangle with wings, and a bow behind. In the empty space, or between the wings to the quay, there has been a sort of garden, forced upon bare rock. It was the work of the regency. Under the stair which leads from the quadrangle out to the gardens is a marble statue of Venus (*de Medicis*), a good deal damaged, particularly in the fingers of the right hand. There are four staircases, all very splendid, formed of Swedish granite, polished, and in vast massive pillars, banisters, and porticoes. In the interior of the staircase

there is also porphyry. On the balustrades along the garden, between the wings of the quadrangle, there are some china vases, belonging to Charles XII., with his cipher on them.

There is a court for the parades of the Guards. It was here that the late king addressed them on the morning of the Revolution.\* They are paraded here every morning, and the king frequently attends himself.

There is in the palace a very fine collection. After two or three rooms full of pictures, chiefly by Flemish masters, and several by Swedes, thrown together in confusion—but some of them very good—you are led into the long room where the drawings are kept. These are indeed extremely valuable. They are in ten large volumes—in the whole, between three and four thousand—by the first masters of all the schools. There are also several fine pictures in this room—as *Venus blinding Cupid*, after which the common print (Strange's)† is engraved. There are two galleries of statues, brought from Italy by the late king, disposed with great taste and effect. The most remarkable of these is a *Sleeping Fawn*, placed at the bottom of one of the galleries, and the principal figure in it. It is of very great value. The remark which struck us all on viewing it was the masterly repre-

\* The Revolution accomplished by Gustavus III. in 1772, when he overthrew the constitution and became absolute. He charmed the soldiers and people by addressing them in their own language.

† Sir Robert Strange, a distinguished engraver, born in one of the Orkney Islands in 1721.

sensation of *sleep*, without any appearance of *death*. This gallery itself is very fine, having two rows of pillars, between which are statues of the Muses. The Fawn is the only one that fronts in the area. An inscription bears that the building was finished in 1796 by the regent.

The library is a spacious room, lined altogether with white wood. It is, however, a contemptible collection, only 35,000 volumes, which were a present from the king, though, from the privacy of the establishment, it appears that he gave very little away in making the gift. In a separate gallery on one side is a collection of manuscripts, and another of classics. Here, too, are the only remarkable books in the whole—viz., the *Great Bible*, called *The Devil's*, from a book on magic being affixed to it; the exercises of the late king when a boy—one of these is a little singular, being an ode of Rousseau's violently in praise of freedom, and abusing tyrants in a very pointed way; and lastly, a beautiful manuscript copy of the evangelists. The rooms of the palace are large and elegantly furnished, containing a variety of superb mirrors, the floors of wood curiously inlaid, the prevailing furniture blue velvet and satin with gold, and above all, many fine pictures, chiefly Flemish, though there is a vast crowd of inferior ones. We remarked particularly *Venus and Adonis* by *Vandyke*, *Mercy* by *Rubens*, and the *Judgment* by ditto, an old *Hermit* by *Rembrandt*, also his mother.

In the king's sitting-room there are two statues

(small), one a Venus, representing a lady actually living at Stockholm ; the other a male statue, both by *Sergell*. There are also several busts, particularly one of the queen-dowager, by the same. We regretted not having seen the large room called "*La Salle des Chevaliers*," where the States assemble, and also the private chapel, as both of these are said to be very fine. On the north side of the palace there are two bronze statues of lions, but this part is not finished. In the *Place des Nobles* stands the *Salle des Nobles* — a very singular-looking old building, oblong, with a light coach-roof, a statue at each corner, and plain pilasters. There is a title on it, "*Palatium equestris ordinis*," and a Latin inscription in a line running along the top of the front, . . . *Majorum consiliis atque Sapientia virtute et felicibus armis*. The staircase in the inside is very broad, above 12 feet, with massive rails and lamps. The large room is about 60 feet by 30, with a waggon-roof, on which is a large painting, seemingly laid on and not projected. The walls are completely covered with coats of arms, every head of a noble family having his arms here. I reckoned above 2000, but there are not half the number at present. This building, as may easily be imagined, is now of very little use since the dissolution of the Senate. Indeed we were present at a concert held in the large room.

Close to the *Salle des Nobles* are two other public buildings, also old ; one is the town-house, where the courts are held.

The mint is a large and rather heavy building, with four fluted pillars of great bulk.

In the place before the Salle des Nobles there is a pedestrian statue of Gustaf Vasa, with an inscription purporting that it was erected by the Order of Nobles soon after the Revolution. From Stockholm west to Rytterholm a bridge leads, handsome though not large, built of hewn stone by Gustaf III.; the balustrades of polished granite, of which and of the porphyry there are some fine slabs, particularly the one which has the inscription. The only building of consequence in Rytterholm is the Cathedral Church, which is very old, and by no means fine, though the best in Stockholm. It is only remarkable for the bodies which it contains. Gustavus Adolphus is below ground, as are the greater number, but the coffin of Charles XII. is above. It is of black marble, and has no inscription—only a crown and a lion's skin. Once when we saw it, the king had very lately been inspecting the body in an inquiry concerning the manner of his death, and the workmen were repairing the lid which had been broken, so that we saw the small coffin of red velvet and gold lace. In the same aisle (which is a handsome circular building on the outside, with pillars and a crown and cushion of stone on the top) there are two other coffins above ground—I believe those of Queen Ulrica and Frederic Adolphus. Gustaf III. is in the vault. Marshal Torstensen is buried in his family aisle in the same church, and several other men of fame. In the island north of Stockholm is

the *manège* and stables, which hold 100 horses ; some of these, particularly the Spanish, are very fine ; but we were much surprised at the very rough and bloody way in which they are trained.

The communication between the island and the city is at present by two wooden bridges ; but that one which leads to the palace is to be taken away, and the handsome stone bridge that leads from the north island to the north suburb is to be continued to the palace. This bridge was built by Gustaf III.

The Nortmalins Torg (or market-place) is a large open area, in the middle of which there stands an equestrian silvered bronze of Gustavus Adolphus, erected by Gustavus III. On the right of it is the palace of the late king's sister, the Abbess of Quidlenberg, who does not reside much here ; and opposite is the opera-house. These are exactly alike, and form the east and west sides of the place. They are large handsome buildings, though plain, of white free-stone, with pillars of an oblong form.

The opera-house was built by Gustavus III., and has the inscription—" *Gustavus III. Patriis Musis.*"

In the inside it is very large and splendid ; has a pit, amphitheatre, and four tiers of boxes. The band is numerous, but at present there are few good singers and no remarkable one. The *figurantes* are far superior to those in London, but there is no very first-rate dancer. However, as several of these are exceedingly good, and as the scenery, decorations, and, above all, the number of performers, surpasses any-

thing of the kind to be found elsewhere, it may be reckoned one of the first institutions of the kind in Europe, if not the first. The expense is beyond all proportion to the other establishments, being 80,000 rix-dollars per annum.

It is now altogether in Swedish ; but the late king had a French opera also. He was himself the manager ; and was so imprudent as to say "*that it cost him more trouble to govern his opera than his kingdom.*"

We had an opportunity of seeing the opera to great advantage at the queen's lying-in ; indeed the operas given on this occasion were the only solemnity which accompanied it, except above a thousand guns which were fired the very moment she was delivered. She was brought to bed about two in the morning ; and the king and Court repaired immediately to the Ryderholm Church, where a Te Deum was sung. The baptism was a very fine show, in the private chapel of the palace, every one attending in Court dress.

Didô was the opera given at the lying-in ; Panurge, at the reception, which happened a few days after we left Stockholm. At the former we were present, though privately (owing to the particular circumstances). The spectacle was truly grand ; the pit and amphitheatre being joined by boarding, benches were placed there for the Court, the king and queen-dowager sitting in the middle. They were superbly dressed, particularly the king, in cloth-of-gold. Next to him the Duke of Sudermania, and next to the queen, the duchess. Behind, the officers and the

knights and nobles in gala dresses. On the right side, behind, sat the foreign ministers : in the boxes, the ladies and gentlemen, all in Court dresses. The duke had a helmet, and a vast plume of feathers ; so had the king, but his was borne for him. There was a *garde d'honneur* also with these large plumes, which resemble opera dresses, and have a very singular effect. It was only in the upper gallery that any middling people appeared, and even these dressed. The splendour of the whole, the quietness and politeness of the behaviour, were very striking indeed. The opera was exceedingly splendid, but the singers were indifferent, and the singing itself is a patchwork ; the music in general psalmodic, though there are some very pretty airs.

The arsenal is now removed to some distance, and is a large, old, and plain building, more remarkable for the antiquities it contains than for anything else. In the first room are several exquisite figures of armour, which had been really worn ; among which was that of Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus. There is also a wax figure, in a glass case, of the late king, very disagreeable and mean-looking ; also the dresses worn by him and the duke at Sacuthend and Wibog, with the duke's sword, and both having several shots through ; also the dress worn by the king when he was shot. The wound was through the back, a little above the rump, and went into the bladder. In a little adjoining room are various sorts of old armour, chiefly rude cannon and pistols, those which the late king and Charles XII. had to play with when chil-

dren. In the next and last rooms are a vast number of colours, particularly all those taken by Gustavus Adolphus and his generals, by Charles XII.—one taken by his own hand—and by the late King of Sweden. Here is also the boat which Peter I. built in Holland, and which was taken coming to Russia. In a suite of rooms leading off to the left are a number of articles, horse-furniture for Queen Christina, &c. &c.; a vast number of rich vests from Turkey and Algiers, particularly a fine large piece of gold cloth, with many diamonds and rubies, &c., and a vast multitude of pearls, quite covering it; and a very handsome gilt *traineau* of blue satin, a present to Gustavus III. from the Empress of Russia. But the most remarkable things here are the dresses; the clothes worn by Charles XII. when he was killed. It is a very plain blue doublet, with large round brass buttons; waistcoat and breeches of the same; also his shirt, belt, and sword-handle. The small cocked hat has also the mark of the ball on each side. We saw also one of the daggers made to assassinate Gustavus Adolphus; also his dress in which he was killed, almost hacked to pieces, the shirt all cut and bloody; also his horse stuffed.

Near the opera-house is the theatre, an old building, formerly the arsenal, square, with four turrets. The performers are neither numerous nor good—unequal—though there are two or three very excellent ones, particularly one who has the faculty of making himself so like the great King of Prussia that an

officer who had served under him cried when he saw him, as Seton told us, who was with him at the time. The piece where he appears in this character is called "Kammar Page." The theatre is very small and ill lighted; all the light is thrown on the stage, as at Copenhagen. There is very little variety of scenes; but the house is elegantly fitted up.

On the quay above the bridge stands the club-house: it belonged to one of the oldest of the Swedish nobles, Count Bondè, and is the best and largest private house in Stockholm. The upper floor is let to the club; and this is the best institution for strangers, and even for natives, which the town offers. It is indeed reckoned without its match in Europe. The club was originally composed of the foreign ministers and such as they introduced; but it has become now much enlarged, and the number of members fixed at 300, each of whom can introduce a stranger, who has then the run of the rooms for two months. The regulations are very good, and the scheme excellently managed. The rooms are very large and handsome, consisting of a reading-room, where the Swedish and foreign papers are received, with maps and periodical publications; a drawing-room, with sofas and tables; a large ball-room, where cards are played on common occasions; billiard-room, card-room, and dining-room; besides dressing-rooms and apartments belonging to the *maitre d'hôtel*, who is a Frenchman, and keeps six or seven servants. There is a most excellent table in the French style,

where you dine for thirty-two skellings, or about two shillings—or forty-four skellings with claret. The thirty-two was lately raised from twenty-four. At this society all the most fashionable men in Stockholm attend. Some of the first merchants subscribe, but seldom or never go there. Those who go seem to spend their whole time chiefly in billiards and card-playing. The bulk of the company are officers. Sometimes as many as sixty dine. They play very well at billiards, almost always Carolina; and a good deal of gambling goes on at this as well as at cards, the favourite games at which are Ombre and Dummy.

When we first came to Stockholm the club was not so well attended as afterwards, owing to families being out of town, and no visiting taking place. Indeed at best there is very little of it here, and none for strangers, except among the foreign ministers, your banker, or any other citizen to whom you have an introduction, and who gives you one formal feed.

The Swedes are a very polite people, the officers particularly, at least as far as bowing and etiquette; but of real politeness we saw very little, owing to their extreme rudeness to strangers. The Court's fear of being thought dependent upon any foreign power, descends to individuals; and at the time we were there every stranger complained. The only way to avoid this state of *coupée*, is to cut all the diplomatic people; for, with one exception (the Spanish secretary, who had been here fourteen years), not a soul among them is associated with.

## MEN OF LETTERS, ETC.

There are three learned societies here—the Swedish Academy, the Royal Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Belles Lettres. The first is wholly for the improvement of the Swedish tongue. It was founded by Gustavus III., and is at present engaged in a dictionary; but the members have been rather remiss, and only a few of them have finished their letters. The other two publish their memoirs in Swedish.

I was present at a sitting of the Academy of Sciences. They have a large house in the city, where the office-bearers have also apartments. Their museum of natural history is far from rich. There are, however, a considerable number of snakes, and a room full of South Sea dresses, &c., brought by Mr Sparman, who went with Cook. The *Hortus Siccus*, too, is well filled. The library is very small, being of very late date. The Academy met, when I saw it, in a plain, good room, hung round with pictures of its most eminent members and encouragers. There were twenty present, who sat all round a long table; and the unfortunate visitor was obliged to sit *solo* beyond the circle, at the wall. A number of the members (indeed the greater part) had orders, and were noblemen. The chair was filled by an old gentleman who had been minister for foreign affairs. The subject of conversation was, "The propriety of extending the knowledge of Lapland;" and the plan for the purpose was carried by a ballot almost unanimously. A paper

was also read giving an account of a new steam-engine, invented by a gentleman who resided many years in Russia and Sweden, and is now counsellor of mines. The talking was carried on rather too quickly, and without much distinctness or any order. I was made acquainted (by Mr Sparman) with Mr Swanberg, the professor of astronomy; he lives at the Observatory, and was very obliging in assisting me with letters for Torneo, of which place he is a native, though I was surprised to find he knew little or nothing of Lapland. He was up last summer at Torneo examining the measurements of the French Academy, as the Academy here means to repeat these on a great scale, taking in two degrees. This work they are already preparing, and think to begin the summer after next, though want of money is a great obstacle. Mr Sparman is a very worthy creature, and, I believe, skilful enough in his profession, but his scientific knowledge seems confined altogether to natural history. He complains that Vaillant (whom he calls *charlatan*) has copied his map, and says that Lieutenant Paterson used him much better. He is a Swedenborgian. Mr Sjostrom is one of the secretaries, and a great electrician. He lectures in the Academy's great hall, where they meet in summer: it is very handsome, and he has a good apparatus. He has translated 'Cavallo's Electricity' into Swedish; and is busy with a discovery he has made lately, and which he explained to us. He finds that all parts of the body which do not perspire sensibly, will show

evident signs of electricity by being pressed hard and the electricity suddenly raised.

To Mr Melanderhjelm I was introduced by Mr D'Asp;\* he is an old man of about eighty, but with his faculties entire. His delight is mathematics, and he has published various works and papers on this subject, particularly a treatise of astronomy. There is no university at Stockholm, but several lectures are given. The learned men are not on the whole much esteemed or well known, and are stigmatised as peculiarly Jacobinical; indeed the number is not considerable. There are two sets, one belonging to the Academy, the other (perhaps those of most merit) are private. There is a review written by one of these, said to be very severe and much dreaded by the Academy; also a periodical miscellany, called 'Lävingegen Blandäde.' It is a collection of translations and original pieces, some of them very exact. We particularly admired a Swedish translation of 'Alonso and Imogene.' There are a great number of pieces translated from the 'Wealth of Nations.' All that class of men are freethinkers.

The fine arts are in a flourishing state here considering how few amateurs there are among the rich. There is an Academy of Painting and Sculpture founded by the late king. Mr Fredenheim is at the head, a gentleman of taste, who has travelled much and has

\* Daniel Melander, incremented to Melanderhjelm on his being ennobled in 1778, born at Stockholm 1726, died 1810. A list of his works and a reference to biographical notices of him in Swedish works will be found in the 'Nouvelle Biographie Générale.'

several good things, particularly a fine collection of coins chiefly Roman, *inter alia* a Niger. He is son of Melander, the late Archbishop of Upsal. The Academy has produced a set of young artists of great merit in drawing and modelling. The terms are very reasonable.

The first artist here is Mr Sergel, a statuary.\* He was some time at Rome, and was obliged to leave it owing to the jealousy of the artists, and to one (supposed to be Canova) of whom only he was inferior. His last work, not yet finished, is the bronze statue of Gustavus III., which the citizens of Stockholm have caused to be made, and it is to be placed upon the quay, before the palace, on a pedestal of Swedish porphyry. This is a most superb statue, 14 feet high, weighing 30 tons with, and 24 without, the knobs. The attitude is that of the Apollo Belvidere. His left hand is leaning on a rudder, round the top of which is a laurel wreath. In his right is an olive-branch, rather too small. He is supposed to be returning from the Finland war with the peace, and stepping from his boat to the palace. We could not help remarking the extreme dissimilarity of the two sides of his face. The left has more slope and less angle than the right, in the cheek; and the left brow falls away flat and hollow, the skull becoming round

\* Johan Tobias Sergel, born at Stockholm in 1744, died 1814. He endeared himself to his countrymen by declining munificent offers from Catherine of Russia, that he might spend his days and exercise his art among them. The most easily accessible account of him is perhaps that in the 'Biographie Universelle.'

and large on the opposite side, to which it looks twisted; the forehead large, and the expression of the face fine. It resembles the bust of Mr Fox between the eyebrows, and the nose is somewhat aquiline. It is strikingly like (as D'Asp told us, who was constantly with the late king); only Sergel said the twist in the face was rather greater in the original. This is the first thing of the kind that has been done at Stockholm, and succeeded perfectly well. It took a fortnight to cool. In return for this statue there is an obelisk erecting in the space between the palace and Exchange, commemorating the loyalty of the inhabitants of Stockholm during the Finland war.

Mr Sergel has several good statues, two particularly at the end of the room, besides vases, a dying Octriades, and a fawn: after that in the palace, are the best of his own above-stairs. Below is his theatre, where we saw his two masterpieces—*Mars holding Venus*, wounded by Diomede, and *Love raising Psyche*. The body of Venus is finely expressed. There are also medallions of Gustavus III. and IV. extremely like, and casts of Trajan's column of the real size, executed by Sergel at Rome, by order of the late king, for whose temple at Haga most of these things are intended.

The best painter here is Mr Breda, a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one whose works are known in London. He painted the Turkish ambassador, which was exhibited in London, and then engraved. It is now here; but he has several others better.

Mr Martin is an R.A. of London; his *forte* seems to be caricature-painting, for his landscapes are daubs. One of his pupils is a most wonderful drawer of figures, but nothing in landscape.\* Mr Belanger is a most excellent landscape-painter, both in oil and water colour.

The manners of the people in this capital are extremely dissolute, particularly of the people of fashion. The instances of profligacy about Court almost exceed belief in so northerly a situation. The women of fashion carry on their amours in the most scandalous and public manner. Madame de L——, whose husband is minister at the Hague, lives openly with Baron d'E——. Her sons, two of the most fashionable young men in Stockholm, are very intimate with the baron, and with the minister too. She is daughter of the late Count J——. On her husband complaining to him soon after his marriage, he asked him, "Have you any paper, any writing, any title-deed, by which to plead exemption from the common lot of husbands"? This kind of instance might be multiplied to an endless extent. This profligacy seems to descend to the lower orders. Their manners are growing corrupted too. While we were at Stockholm several instances happened: a man killed his wife because she would not assist him in corrupting his own daughter. Three men were hanged for

\* This Martin cannot be David Martin, the portrait-painter, celebrated for the picture of Lord Mansfield, which he afterwards engraved, as he died in 1797. Nor can it be John Martin, celebrated as the author of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' and others of the like character, for he was only ten years old at the period.

forgery (one of them a nobleman). They continued forging notes even whilst in prison. A gang of thieves robbed a noble's house with the assistance of his servants. Another gang formed a plan to rob and murder indiscriminately, throwing the bodies into the sea; and this they actually perpetrated on several. The causes of this profligacy among the lower classes may be partly owing to the state of the currency and dearness of provisions. The conduct of the late king gave rise to the profligacy of the Court.\*

Gustavus III. endeavoured by every means in his power to render Stockholm a second Paris. He increased the splendour of the Court, invented the Court dresses, and encouraged the arts, besides erecting a number of public buildings. He introduced and encouraged effeminate habits, and pursued a system of favouritism that led to his own destruction; for we were told that the real cause of Count Horn's joining in the conspiracy to assassinate him—nay, of his originating the conspiracy itself—was his loading with honours and making governor of Stockholm a young man who, from some cause, had made Horn his implacable enemy.† The highest office under the

\* It must be held as corroborative of the accuracy of the account here given of the amount of social immorality and of criminality in Sweden, that a like picture is given of the country by an acute traveller there nearly forty years later—see 'A Tour in Sweden in 1838, comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation,' by Samuel Laing, Esq. The popular Swedish novels of Miss Bremer let their reader into the secret of social life by her reference to those sins which prove sore temptations to the heroines whose virtue overcomes them.

† Gustavus III. was shot dead at a masked ball on 10th March 1792.

Crown is Governor of Stockholm ; but this has been kept vacant since the death of Gustavus.

The consequence of the present king's utter want of economy has been that the country is quite drained of money, and from this the greatest inconveniences arise, besides the real loss. They have notes down to 12 skellings : each skelling at par is above one penny sterling, there being 6 rix-dollars to the pound ; but when we were there the medium of the exchange might be reckoned 6 rix-dollars 32 skellings to the pound sterling, or a plate equal to one shilling, and a rix-dollar to three shillings. It is perhaps a consequence of the fluctuating state of the money that there is the most surprising uncertainty in the prices of articles. There is no sort of level or standard. In the same part of the town you find in different shops the same article different by half the price almost. This remark Mr Hailes made in *the most positive manner*. There is no such thing as tracing a lost note, for the numbers are not always changed in the new yearly issue. To get specie you must pay a heavy *agio*, which at that time was about 50 per cent, so much was the paper depreciated. The states of the kingdom are the security for this rix-gelt, and the bank for the banco-gelt, which is of the same value with specie. The king is allowed to issue a certain number of notes ; but as he issues to supply the waste, there is no check upon him in this respect. It was for the purpose of obtaining the diet's sanction to the last issue that the meeting at Gefle was held: the

king, also, wished to have the *bank* into his own hands, but this he could not accomplish. The late king made specie somewhat plenty by borrowing from Holland near a million specie, which he circulated; but this is now drained off also. The old plates (of copper) went to Denmark chiefly.

At this diet bribery was exercised in a very open way, though on a small scale. Thus pensions were given of a rix-dollar per day. Indeed the late king ruled very much by corruption, which, from the poverty of the nobility, he found no very difficult thing. One of the engines of bribery was *orders*: of these there are four.

1. The *Seraphim* or *Blue Ribbon*, which is held by a few only.

2. The *Sword*, a military order of merit—a yellow ribbon, distributed with immense profusion to almost all the army above captains. It is this which Sir Sidney Smith has.

3. The *Polar Star*, a black ribbon given to civil officers, learned men, &c.

4. *Vasa* or the *Wheatsheaf*, a green ribbon given to eminent merchants, agriculturists, &c.

The *Sword* and *Vasa* were invented by the late king, and distributed in great profusion, as well as the *Polar Star* and letters of nobility in the way of *douceurs*. Indeed this continues, as we saw at the queen's lying-in, when three columns of the newspaper were filled with a list of creations.

The dissimulation of the late king was consummate.

He retired to Upsal for two winters, and cultivated the acquaintance of the learned men, attended lectures, &c., whilst in fact he was busy planning the Finland war, which surprised not only Russia, but all Europe.

He came to dine at Ekolsund, and seemed quite *dégagé*. Walked about with Seton, and pointed out the improvements required about his place. That afternoon he set off, and travelling with his usual despatch two Swedish miles an hour, arrived at Hed-mora in the morning, where he harangued the Dale-carlians, and raised them for the relief of Gottenborg. This rapid mode of travelling he always used. He had his bed in his coach, and undressed regularly at night. He used, if going too slow, to put down the window, and ask the coachman (Mölman) "whether he was carrying eggs to market." That evening Seton asked one of the lords who was with him where they were going; but he told him, "we know nothing more about it than you do." He laughed much at English liberty, and hated the English, admiring and copying the French in all things. When setting off from Ekolsund, happening to talk of the safety of travelling in Sweden, he said: "By the way, Seton, how can the King of England possibly allow highway robberies? Were I there I'd order three or four regiments of horse to patrol the roads; but oh! that would be reckoned an infringement upon liberty:" with a sneer and laugh.

De Lisle, the French consul, saw him at Gottenborg (in 1788), just as the accounts had come of the order for assembling the States-General in France.

He said in a very sad way to him, that it would not end there—that a revolution dreadful to all Europe was at hand—and spoke as if he knew it otherwise than by mere conjecture : he added, “ I must hasten to finish my revolution before this begins, and before it becomes dangerous to call together the States.”

The most extravagant accounts are given of his eloquence—of his uncommon powers of persuading and talking people over, and his irresistible faculty of producing tears in his audience. Yet he did not understand Swedish as well as French, and used to write his speeches in the latter, and then have them translated. He contrived by his address and eloquence to ingratiate himself wonderfully with the people, whose power he wished to balance against that of the nobles.

Whilst he was in Finland he was himself outwitted by the Danes. General Mansback (whom we saw and conversed a great deal with at Friedric's Hald) was sent over on a message of compliment to him, and stayed a week entire with him, but in fact to be a spy on his intentions ; and the king's constant tone was, “ I am sure Denmark will do nothing against a peace so necessary,” &c. &c. But all of a sudden the General (Mansback) and the Prince Royal broke into Sweden, and had wellnigh taken Gottenborg, had not the English minister (Elliot) threatened to bombard Copenhagen. The present king is totally unlike him both in person and character. He is wholly managed by a junto, who direct everything, to the great dis-

content of the rest of the nobility. Of this junto the chief are Count Uglass, governor of the province of Stockholm; Count Fersen, who commanded the regiment of the Swedes (Sweders Ronol) in France, and made a very narrow escape from the guillotine for his zeal in assisting the royal family's flight in 1791; and Admiral Rosenstein.

Some are, however, of opinion that the king's abilities will break forth, and indeed there is some reason to think that he will endeavour to imitate his supposed father; at least he recalled all those whom the regent had displaced, and has lately appointed the wife of Armfelt governess to the young Crown Prince, which makes people expect that he himself is to be recalled. The regent by his conduct displeased everybody, particularly by his choice of Reuterhölms for his minister. He is a man of very inferior abilities; and instead of his brother's determined spirit, his government was marked by timidity and indecision. He was never popular even before, and his loss of the Swedish fleet at Wiborg had greatly incensed the people against him. He displaced the chief favourites of his brothers, some of them openly, others more indirectly. Thus D'Essen threw up his offices, and quitted the Court on some *economical* regulations being proposed in his department.

The dismissal of Munk was another act of his, and has been much misrepresented. In the course of Gustaf III.'s extravagance and constant want of money, he had borrowed a considerable sum from

Munk, who was a particular friend of his. Munk wanted his money very much; and the king, to pay him, ordered him to get a sum nearly the double of what he owed. Munk got this done openly in the king's name by an artist in town, and being paid out of the sum, the king got the surplus. The notes were sent to Finland by a Jew, and drained that country of money. Munk, having got no order under the king's hand, on his death was ordered to leave the country, and the estate in Finland, bought with his money, was confiscated. He went to Italy and bought an estate in the Cisalpine Republic, whence, of course, he is now driven, and lives at Hamburg on a small annuity, which he still has. The lenity with which all Gustaf's murderers (except Ankerstrom) were treated, and the duke's connection with the masons of higher orders, of which he was master, has given rise to a report, doubtless unjust, that he was privy to his brother's murder. I read a book in Stockholm where this is roundly asserted ('Assassinat de Gustave III., par un officier Polonais').

Mansback (who is a great mason) told a story of the duke and himself having met in a church in Stockholm, and being about ghost-raising, when the duke approached the wall, seeing a spirit, as he thought, on it. When going to address her she asked an indecent question, to the extreme confusion of the party, who did not recover it for a long time. It was, in fact, a woman of the town who had got into the church.

The assassins are now much scattered. Horn is in Iceland, Ribbing is said to be in Paris, and Lilienhorn is a schoolmaster in an obscure town in Poland. It is thought to have been very lucky for the peace of the country that the king lived some weeks after his brother, as, had he died without making the proper arrangements, there is little doubt that the discontented party would have taken the opportunity of attempting a revolution. The power of Russia, of course, keeps them in awe. The antipathy of the people is very violent; in playing at cards (for instance) they call in joke your adversary "the Russian." This antipathy swallows up any pique against the Danes, with whom they would willingly join against Russia. The Court, however, must bend to their power. Accordingly the late proclamation was written to please it. This absurd piece was written with the king's own hand.

The present *politics* of Sweden are very singular: a *fear of dependence* seems the great spring of all the Court's motions; yet the favour shown to the Russian ambassador, who is treated on every occasion with peculiar distinction, seems inconsistent with this principle. He alone is allowed to sit at table with the royal family; and at the opera-house he was placed in a place quite separate from the other ministers. It must, however, be observed, that he is the only *full* ambassador now in Stockholm. The king was to have been married to one of our princesses (Mary), but the match was broken off, for fear

of dependence on England. Then he went in person to Mecklenburg, where everything was ready for his marriage with one of the princesses there; and when all was arranged and publicly notified, he suddenly broke off, for fear of English influence. He went to Petersburg (forced to break off the other, it is said, by the emperor) and was waiting there in expectation of being married to one of the grand-duchesses, but he seized the opportunity of the empress's death and returned home. He then married the Princess of Baden (who at first disliked him and the country), and with whom (except her beauty) he got nothing, neither friends nor money; but then her insignificance secured his apparent independence.

The people, especially the merchants, are violent against the English; laugh at our liberty, which they call gilded slavery; talk of Pitt as a monster, and the war as the greatest of all curses. They indeed smart from it, and declare that their trade is ruined. The successes of France always increase the public prejudice in her favour; and on these depend also the motions of the Government. It is supposed that the king has a mind to follow out some of his father's plans, especially with respect to a Russian alliance.

The governors of provinces have the whole district also almost completely under their power; the different chancellories, or the parliaments, being wholly under their direction, while the bishop governs the Church.

Finland and Pomerania are distinct and separate governments. The raising of taxes is left to the

governors of the provinces, and is done as follows : Every province is divided into hundreds ; and formerly there were subdivisions of tithings, a distinction now lost. In each hundred the governor selects a jury of nine—three nobles, three ecclesiastics, and three peasants. These meet in the chief town of the hundred and fix the sum to be paid annually by the district. When a general tax is to be laid on the nobles, it is by an assessment laid on the ploughs of land, into eighty thousand of which the whole country is divided, as England formerly was into Hydes and Knights' fees, and as many parts of Germany now are, into " whole-farmers " and " half-farmers."

The people in office are in general very poor, and their influence in no way formidable. It is a great deal if they can support a trifling household upon their appointments, and offices (at Court) are so poor and yet so eagerly sought for ; yet scarcely an officer of State has sufficient influence to give away a place of a hundred rix-dollars a-year. The same poverty extends through every department of State, though magnificence is aped by having a multitude of officers with small salaries in order to oblige many dependants. Thus there are four secretaries of State with £200 per annum salary, though quite in want of employment. The minister for foreign affairs has £400 ; the postmaster-general, £150. The judges have £100 ; but this is so taxed that they do not get above £80 : the consequence is bribery. The diplomatic men are well paid ; indeed beyond all proportion. Thus the

Swedish minister in London has £1500 per annum. The nobles, whose fortunes are extremely unequal, but in general very small, are reduced to the necessity of oppressing their peasantry, of which we saw the effects in our journey to Stockholm; though in the north, we are told, where the peasantry hold of the Crown—in Bothnia, Jutland, Angermanland, and Helsingland—the contrary is observed, for there the peasantry are rich and independent. The Court itself shows a curious mixture of poverty and state. For while they pay 80,000 rix-dollars for the opera, they and the town were afraid to have an illumination at the queen's delivery, for fear there would not remain enough of candles. The queen's state-coach is an old one formerly belonging to an English minister. There are so seldom Court days that strangers are presented in a private way after the parade, otherwise they must wait eight months; and a regiment of two hundred and fifty uncommonly tall men (Swedes) were obliged to be disbanded very lately, literally because the expense of feeding, &c., was too great. Though there is scarcely a party given in a whole year by any individual nobleman, yet they have *piques-niques*, at the expense and profusion of which a stranger is surprised; and occasionally great *fêtes* are given by the society, most remarkably splendid,—for instance, one (while we were gone to Upsal) where five hundred people were present, and a most magnificent entertainment; but not above £200 were allowed them monthly for expenses.

The partiality for a French alliance exists yet; all the men of property and consequence wish that, whatever government is established in France. The old alliance may be established between France, Poland, Prussia, Spain, Turkey, and Sweden, as a bar to Russia on the one hand, and England and the Emperor on the other. For England they do not conceal their hatred; and though their ships have been seized by both sides, they are silent as to the one, and load the other with abuse. When the fleet (said to be worth half a million sterling) was lately seized and condemned, to the great loss of the mercantile interest in general, and the utter ruin of one, the commander of the convoy who gave them up was tried and condemned to be shot, and though pardoned on the place of execution, yet sent for six months to the fortress of Sveaborg. The King of Sweden, too, wrote a letter with his own hand to our king, who (some accounts say) left it all with his ministers and judges; others, that he gave no answer at all. One of the accusations against Mr Hailes was, his having appeared on Change the very day the news of the capture came. D'Asp was recalled from London, it is said, because our king turned his back on him, which the King of Sweden pointedly did to Hailes, and treated him with every mark of disrespect. The people were furious, crying that he deserved to lose his crown if he did not take vengeance.

Buonaparte's return occasioned a dinner of a large company, composed of some respectable people, and

others, as clerks, &c., to drink his health; Suwarow's was drunk in cold water; and the French consul, who presided, gave the fraternal embrace once round, and then again; and being asked a third time (as the story goes), was so fatigued he could not. A singer (Dupuis) was immediately sent out of the country for having sung there, but was to have been pardoned; but coming on the stage one night when the king was there, the first sentence of his part happening to be—"I don't go, but stay here"—was prodigiously applauded as being *à propos*. The king said to the officer who sat with him, "But he *shall* go." Accordingly the man was sent off, but a great subscription made for him, and loaded with presents, and impositions were practised to get more from the king. The French consul, too, sent to make his apology to the minister of foreign affairs.

The wives of ministers are not received at Court unless they wear the Swedish Court dress. The only one who has submitted to this is the Portuguese minister's lady, Madame de Correa, who does not find herself a whit better received than before. This dispute about the dress originated with a minister of the emperor, whose wife was literally turned out of a ball-room by order of the late king.

The population of Sweden does not exceed three millions, of which one must be allowed to Finland and Lapland. The last has now only 10,000 inhabitants.

The army nominally amounts to 80,000 men, in-

cluding militia: they support in time of peace only enough to garrison the forts, and for the guards. The greater part of these standing troops, including two yeomen regiments, are divided between Stockholm, and Pomerania, and Finland. The most important garrisons are those of Sveaborg and Marstrand the former in Finland, the latter on the frontiers of Norway. These are esteemed the keeps of the empire, being both built on inaccessible rocks, at the distance of three or four miles from the coast, and Sveaborg commands a fine harbour.

The rest of the army is rather a militia, but upon a singular footing, and, I believe, unparalleled in Europe. Each province furnishes a regiment, which is called after its name. The men, who are all peasants of the place, have no pay, except at stated times when called out. Besides this, they are obliged to parade every Sunday at the church-door of the parish. They are found in a house, and a small portion of ground, which the proprietor is obliged to take care of when the holder is in the field or at exercise.

In this way each estate is burdened with a certain number of men. Their houses are marked by a square board, with a number inscribed on it. The children of soldiers in general become soldiers too, and, being trained to the musket from their youth, do not differ from the soldiers of other armies. The officers have farms in the same provinces with their regiments—the captain in the midst of his company, and the colonel in the middle of the province. The same

plan is extended to sailors who are quartered along the coasts; but this does not answer so well, and it makes the navy full of old men, as the young take care to get employed among the merchants, who are obliged, however, in time of war to furnish a certain quota of men to the navy. The army in Sweden is thus extremely economical. The king's guards themselves are only paid twopence per day when on duty; and at other times have to work for themselves. However, the soldiers are often supported by the public works, in some of which they are the chief labourers, as at Trollhatta. The officers are for the most part very poor, though men of family. Thus, a lieutenant has only 120 rix-dollars per annum. The chief officers at present in the Swedish service are Count Fersen; Platten, the governor of Pomerania; and Shlimpston, the commander-in-chief in Finland. The navy is powerful in proportion to the other establishments: 40 sail, chiefly frigates, of which the greater part are at Carlscrona, one of the finest harbours in the world, though some are laid up in ordinary at Stockholm. Many of them are old and ill-built; but those which have been laid down of late are on the most beautiful models made by Admiral Chapman, who lives at Carlscrona, and is one of the first naval architects in Europe. The last time the king was at Carlscrona, a frigate was launched, and the keel of an 80-gun ship laid down. Though beaten at Wiborg by the Russians, they perfectly retrieved their credit by a victory at Suensksund.

The revenues of Sweden amount to about two millions sterling, but are rather on the decrease, from the expansion of the mines; and they are burdened with about eight millions national debt, the interest of which they find it difficult to pay. The commerce, particularly up the gulf, is greatly increasing: several ports have been opened of late.

Stockholm is situated very advantageously for shipping, not only from the excellence of the harbour, but its distance (six or eight miles) from the sea, so that ships have to be warped up between narrow channels almost all this way. The staple articles are flax, hemp, iron, and deals; and chiefly flax and iron, of which last particularly there is a magnificent depot at Stockholm.

Gefle is a large trading town up the gulf, and is reckoned the fourth in Sweden; it fits out ships of seven or eight hundred tons burden. Sundsvall, Hudiksvall, Havösund, Lulea, and Tornea, and several large places up the gulf, have lately been made free towns, and have added very considerably to the commerce of the country. In the West Indies, Sweden has some small trade from the possession of St Bartholomew, ceded by France. It is a barren rock, and now literally a depot for smuggling. The governor had behaved so ill to the inhabitants, that deputies were arrived in Stockholm, while we were there, to complain of his conduct.

Their trade in the East Indies used to be very considerable, and Gottenborg the headquarters, though

at present it is in a bad way, the India house being actually shut up, as we heard then, and the people complaining most dismally that their trade is ruined. The consequence of all this is, that coffee has been forbid in order to encourage tea, to the great annoyance of the people. Indeed, while Lord Henry Spencer was our minister at Stockholm, so violent an altercation arose on this subject among the ministers, that several are said to have been obliged to quit the Court, and Lord Henry sent on the subject a courier-extraordinary to England. French brandy was also forbidden ; but (from some instances of discontent which occurred) it was found better to take off this prohibition.

The great obstacle to commercial improvement is the depreciation of the rix-dollar, which introduces endless confusion, as well as loss. Thus, in retailing, if a person wishes to buy an article whose price is not expressed by any note, he must either pay more than the price or give specie, by which he loses ; for if you give away specie in common dealings the *agio* is not allowed, which you paid to get it. Thus, too, all officers under Government are paid in the rix-dollar, so that, since its immense fall, the value of the salaries has fallen in proportion, whilst the price of provisions rises. Besides rix-dollars and banco, they have lately issued a note of very singular kind — viz., a piece of copper intrinsically worth one-sixth of a skelling, which is made worth a half-skelling, and is called a *pollet*. It is singular enough that a number of prices

remain so much the same. Thus, that of posting was not different in 1736, as we see by Duther's voyage—and how long before I know not.

It seems not improbable that some violent convulsion will take place from the state of events.

The language of Sweden is evidently sprung from the Teutonic, and that it is a very pure remnant of that stock may be inferred from a curious circumstance.

Almost everywhere else we find in names of *persons* and *places* remnants of dead language, and not to be understood by the present natives, though easily understood by knowing the roots of the ancient local tongue. But in Sweden the case is quite different; all the names are modern Swedish, and any one moderately acquainted with that language as it is at present spoken there, can easily discover the meaning of each appellation. For instance, one can form a very good guess at the situation, &c., of a place before seeing it. Names of persons can almost all be traced as easily; and this is connected with another peculiarity. No one but a noble can properly have any surname, though merchants, &c., do take them. Then in courts of law these names are not acknowledged—they are called in deeds and citations, James, *James's son*, and Anne, *James's daughter*.

The lower classes, as peasants, have actually no surnames at all, being constantly called by their Christian names. Thus a parish register is an unintelligible list of Christian names with the fathers' affixed. When a gentleman hires a servant, he often

wishes to distinguish him; this he does according to his fancy: thus Seton calls his coachman always "Preston," after his Scotch estate. This prevails also in Iceland and Norway. The people have thus derived their names from circumstances; thus one of the oldest families is called *Bondé* (a peasant), and *Vasa* is a *wheat-sheaf*. When the clergy take a name, or continue their father's, if he had one, they add the termination "*us*" to it: thus the Archbishop of Upsal's father was called *Troil*, he himself *Troilus*, and when ennobled became *Von Troil*. Almost all the names ending in "*ander*," as *Dryander*, *Polander*, &c., come from the province of Småland. There are, of course, various dialects in Sweden. That spoken by the common people in Stockholm is by no means good; and I perceived the greatest change in the dialect of Western Gothland, where — could not always make himself understood. I believe it softens down more and more as you get into the Danish provinces. The purest Swedish is spoken in Wermeland, in Dalecarlia: the natives speak a dialect quite different from the rest of the Swedes, who cannot understand them; but they also speak Swedish, and are shy of using their own tongue except among themselves. It very strongly resembled Anglo-Saxon, and many words which we heard repeated in Dalecarlia are quite good English. Besides, they retain the *th* and *w*, which none of the other languages except the English do. The manners of these people are as different from the other Swedes as the language.

They are by much the best of them, and the bravest, as well as simplest. Gustavus III. was peculiarly anxious about cultivating their good opinions, but he never succeeded well. The Swedish language has been much cultivated by the natives, at least they have many more authors than the Danes or other northern nations, perhaps from their being more insulated and having less intercourse with foreigners. The history of their own country has been written by their two best authors, Dahlin and Lagobring. The latter being written according to a clear method, and without the tedious prolixity of the former, is esteemed the best. The Chevalier Ihre, famous for his knowledge of northern antiquities, has published a work of great labour and information, 'Dictionarium Suedo-Gothicum.\*' Their chief poet is Kelgren, who, besides several poems and imitations, is celebrated for his opera of 'Gustaf Vasa,' in the composition of which the late king is said to have had a share. The poetry is said to be extremely fine; and the decorations, &c., are splendid in the performance, beyond conception. But probably much of its merit consists in its being a grand national subject. Besides, I am told, it is a good deal imitated from Richard III. Their other chief authors are Leopold, who has written some small poetical things; and Silvertalp, a satirist and author of the 'Ser Review.' There are, besides, a multitude of

\* Johan Ihre, born at Lund 1707, died 1780. The Dictionary referred to was published at Upsala in 1769, in two volumes folio. A list of his works will be found under his name in Adelung's Supplement to the 'Allgemeines Gelehrten Lexicon' of Jöcher.

translations from English, French, and German, and many authors of political pamphlets, which they are at incredible pains to get transported into Russia, as the difficulty of procuring such publications there makes them sure of a ready sale.

The law of Sweden is founded partly on the civil law, partly on the old Gothic constitutions. The code is small and very distinctly drawn up, occupying only one small volume. The criminal code is extremely mild, and (except Ankerstrom's) no execution had taken place at Stockholm for twenty years. One happened while we were there, that for forgery (*vide supra*), and was performed in a cruel manner. The culprits were hung up by the middle, their head and heels almost touching; then the executioner gave each a kick on the neck, so that the numerous spectators actually heard it break. They were so shocked at the spectacle that it was feared for some time after a tumult might take place.

The police of Stockholm is very bad indeed. The *Lieutenant de Police* was turned out of town by the late king for infamous practices. The rogues about town are chiefly soldiers, and it is extremely unsafe to walk at night in any but the most frequented parts of the town. Thieving is universal.

The religion of Sweden is Lutheran, though they admit bishops who are for the most part ennobled, and prelates of orders. *Von Troil* was created Archbishop of Upsala—the only Lutheran archbishop in the world—by Gustavus III., rather as one whom he

could make sure of in his political intrigues, than for any shining talents. In 1789, when the Act of Security was to be signed, Troil was so much intimidated by the nobles, that he durst not consent—on which the king desired him to have a *fit of the gout*, which he complied with, and the Bishop of Lynköping (the next) signed. He has since had the gout in earnest, and was confined with it when we saw him at Stockholm. His revenue is £1500 per annum, and some patronage of small livings, a great thing in Sweden, where there exists literally scarcely any such thing as patronage at all.

The inferior clergy are for the most part selected at Upsala, Lind, and Abo, the three universities, from the poor students. The livings are small and the parishes very extensive.

In order to have an opportunity of seeing the rural economy of this country, and also of visiting Upsal, we accepted the invitation of Baron Seton, a Scotsman, and spent several days with him, both in going to Upsala and in returning. Seton had been well acquainted with Gustavus III., and ennobled, some said from the king's love of a joke, his name being Baron, which he changed for an estate left him by his uncle, called Seton. I remember seeing on one of his window-shutters a few words written by Gustavus, importing that on such a day he had come there from the revolution: of course the date was 1772. There was then at Stockholm a great sculptor, Sergel, whose works were well worth seeing, and who

had many anecdotes to relate of former times.\* It must be added that nothing we heard of Gustavus III. tended to raise our opinion of him in any respect, but for his talents. His public conduct is well known; but he had left a very indifferent impression in society of his private and personal character.

This was the opinion of others, as well as ours, of whom he mentioned Edward Daniel Clarke, and his pupil Cripps. They came to Stockholm while we were there on their Scandinavian tour, which they extended to Greece; and Clarke has published a full account of it.† We became acquainted with one who proved another author of 'Travels' some years after—Acerbi—who with his friend Beletti had come from the Milanese, and was afterwards in Marescalchi's mission to Paris. He amused us with an account of a famous *clairvoyante* who had operated upon his friend and him with different results. When the question was put to Beletti, "Doit-on aimer sa patrie?" he answered, "Quand on en a une,"—which Acerbi said was *clairvoyante's* power, not only in getting an answer from one in a trance, but such an answer was above his friend's capacity in his natural state. Lombardy at that time was neither Austrian nor French. Napoleon only two years after made Melzi vice-prefect before he assumed the iron crown himself.

The country between Stockholm and Ekolsund is rocky and woody—some lakes; and the road lies

\* See above.

† To be found in the six volumes of 'Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa,' well known as Clarke's Travels.

chiefly along branches of the Mälär. After the first stage, however, you get into cultivated country ; indeed, the whole province of Uppland is plain and fertile. The house and estate belonged to Gustavus III., having been given to him by the States as a provision when prince. It consists of two large wings joined by a low colonnade of offices. The house is very elegant, and well furnished ; but so much too large that Seton is wishing to sell it.

The estate is one of the largest, perhaps the largest, in Sweden. The grounds are laid out in the old French style, of straight avenues, mazes, &c. We saw the rooms which Gustavus's Court occupied. He was very fond of the place ; and on the windows are some inscriptions written with his own hand. One in particular, dated September 1772—"Jag komt hit ifran Revolutionen."

The ground is uneven where the house stands, and high, well wooded, with a very extensive avenue. On one side it stretches down to the Mälär, which gives an easy communication with Stockholm ; on the other side it overlooks an extensive and cultivated plain, in which the chief part of the estate lies. On the lake he has a large brick and tile work. A great part of the land is let out to tenants on long leases, which he has introduced here from Britain. Some is let out for life on quit-rent, and a third portion remains in his own hands—no tenants at will. The part in his own hands he cultivates to the best advantage, and on a very extensive scale. The land is

pretty equally divided in the cultivation of wheat, barley, peas, &c., nearly as in England. But it is remarkable that the plough which they use, and have used for two hundred years—called the Helsingland plough—is the very same which the Agricultural Society lately introduced into England. They chiefly used yoked oxen, which work through land lately cleared of wood and studded with large stones and roots, in a surprising manner. They raise their furrows very imperfectly in the middle, making cross cuts and sweeps to carry off the moisture, which does it very imperfectly. The climate is well adapted for reindeer. One of these we saw at Ekolsund, where he has been kept some time, being bought from some Laps, who sometimes come as far south as Stockholm. It is a dark brownish-grey, the horns pointed, two flat lying back, and two forward; he is the size of a fallow-deer, and stretches up his head when he runs in a singular manner. His pace is a rough trot, and his hoofs almost as large as those of an ox, with dew-claws, spreading when he runs, to prevent him from sinking in the snow. The accounts of his speed are much exaggerated. He can go seventy miles a-day for three or four days, but is sure to be killed by it. After three or four hours they tire; the least weight annoys them. The sledge is more properly a boat in every respect, and the common rate is about *forty miles*. In the woods here, besides game of all sorts, except wild boar, there are bears and abundance of wolves. While we were

there a flock of six or eight came so close to the house that the watch shot at them; and they constantly destroy the dogs, &c., if they go any distance from home. The elk is sometimes met with, a creature of great size, though harmless. In the king's menagerie they have one, twenty hands high to the back. There are also lynxes of two sorts, both beasts of prey, and valuable for their furs. Of game-birds we have here cocdubois, a large and excellent bird; the *snoripa*, moor-game, and, above all (from the north), the *xerpar*, a small bird about the size of a chicken, quite white, and exceedingly delicate, sometimes carried as far as Paris, and sold for two guineas apiece.

At Ekolsund there is a runic stone with an inscription, bearing that it had been erected by Gotho, widow of an ancient hero, to his memory; also that the same hero had been the founder of Ekolsund, by its old name of *Harvista*. Besides several runic remains scattered up and down the country, they still make in Norlad the runic sticks or almanacs, which were formerly used, and which represent the properties, &c., of the months by *hieroglyphics*.

Ekolsund was built by Count Jott, one of Gustavus Adolphus's generals.

From Ekolsund we went to Upsala in a carriage lent us by Seton, and accompanied by Mr Halsted, who was educated there, and knew everybody. After travelling through a flat country, we arrived at Upsala, and sent our letters, waiting for that night in a snug though poor inn enough, called the *Cellar* or

*Skellar.* In the next room, where a great number of the students have an ordinary, they sung the whole time almost—some of them extremely well, but in general without words. The “Marseillaise” was the most conspicuous tune, and oftenest repeated.

The town stands in the middle of a very fine plain, on a river small but bright, the hill on which the castle is situated standing almost alone. The town counts about 5000 inhabitants, is built chiefly of wood, and interspersed with gardens. The four principal streets meet in a great square. The cathedral is a very large pile of building, though of brick; it has two towers of copper, which make a fine appearance. It contains the tomb of Gustavus Vasa (whom the king lately exhumed, and found well preserved), St Eric, the families of Geer and Stuve; Archbishop Menandi, a very elegant one, erected by his son, M. de Fredenheim; and Linneus, lately put up. It is composed of one block of Swedish porphyry and a medallion of the great man. The altar-piece is very fine.

We then saw the public hall or theatre, where an oration was holding, by Professor Götling, on the birth of the prince, in Latin, written by a professor. Then the library, which is a large collection, but disappoints one in point of rare old books, when one considers that Gustavus Adolphus pillaged from the German libraries, and all the treasures of these were lodged here. We saw, however, the celebrated *Silver Book* (Codex argenteus) or Gothic Testament, which has made so much noise. It is the only Gothic

book extant, except the Codex at Wolfenbittel, to which, however, it is infinitely superior. It is written in silver letters on purple vellum; and the boards are silver. The letters, however, in many places have eaten through the vellum on which they were written. We saw a remarkable manuscript of the Edda, which has been the subject of a controversy between Professor Schlozer, in Germany, and the late Chevalier Ihre.\*

In the same room with these manuscripts is placed a very large and valuable chest, carefully locked with several locks, chained and sealed, containing all the private papers of the late king, which he ordered here before his death, and left to be opened fifty years after his death.

We then dined with the family of M. Wetterstedt, the governor of Uppland, he himself being at present at Stockholm. After dinner, went to see the collection of Professor Thunberg, the Japanese traveller. He is in bad health, and very old, so we did not see him: he lives in the house that formerly belonged to Linneus.† We saw also the garden and greenhouses, where there is a small collection, not in bad order, formerly arranged by that great man. The greenhouse and garden are to be transferred to the chateau, where handsome buildings are already erected; but as only a certain sum yearly is allotted, the work goes

\* See above, p. 185.

† Carl - Peter Thunberg, the great Swedish botanist, born at Jönköping in 1743; died at Upsala in 1828. A list of his works will be found under his name in the 'Nouvelle Biographie Générale.'

slowly on. In the evening we went to see a literary curiosity—a traveller, M. Ödman : he has not stirred out of his room for sixteen years. His sole occupation is abridging voyages, of which he has published above one hundred volumes in Swedish. He talked French so ill, that it was difficult to converse with him. He lies lounging on a bed, from which he seldom stirs. He has a family, and tolerably good appointments. We then went to the reading-room, where the students go : it is uncommonly well stocked with foreign newspapers, and Swedish, of course.

Next morning we went to see the collection, chiefly mineralogical, of the Royal Society of Upsala : this we found in a neat small house well filled up : in one of the rooms the Society meets. Among other specimens are some very good native silver ores from Sala, and in general a complete collection of Swedish mineralogy.

The shells are also numerous, and there is a large flora. Professor Lilieblad, who showed us the place, has published a 'Flora Suecica.'

We then went a second time to the chateau, a long and inelegant red building not finished, having a round tower at one end and not the other. We called on M. Adam Afzelius, lately returned from London, where he resided some time under D'Asp in a diplomatic capacity. D'Asp introduced us to him by letter. He was a long time in Sierra Leone, and has brought home a large collection of rarities from thence : he has not arranged them, but means to

publish an account of his voyage. The castle is built on the site of the old fortress, of which the ruins still surround it. We saw the cell where *Steen Sture* was murdered by Eric II. The king stabbed him in the arm; he drew out the dagger and kissed it, then returned it to Eric, who in a fury of rage despatched him.

From the castle there is a fine and very extensive view. Gamla (or old) Upsala is distinctly seen half a Swedish mile off. This is only remarkable for the *Mora Stein* on which the ancient kings of Sweden were crowned; besides a number of barrows, under the most remarkable of which it is thought that *Kjalman*, one of these, is buried. I visited also the professor of chemistry, who lives in the house and laboratory of Bergman, who arranged his mineral collection. The laboratory seems very excellent, but I did not see the collection.

The university is not in so flourishing a state as formerly. There are 600 students, who are divided according to their provinces or nations of Sweden from which they come: each nation is under the care or inspection of one professor. The morning after we arrived, each nation received a private reprimand from its professor for having showed indecent violence in politics; and particularly for having composed indecent songs ridiculing the birth of the prince. Two weeks after this, the king came to Upsala himself, resigned the chancellorship after a violent speech to the professors, &c., accusing them all of Jacobinism,

and ordered them to choose another. They pitched on Count Fersen, with which the king was well pleased.

The students here are for the most part extremely poor: very many of them are farmers' sons. The professors here seem of a rank superior to the common run of those on the Continent. There are several travelling pensions or bursaries, and we saw many who had been in Lapland with these, even the length of Enaratraok.

The Society publishes the Upsala 'Acta Eruditorum;' and corresponds with the Societies of Abo, Stockholm, Gottenborg, and the Physiographical Society of Lund. They have many leading members, Thunberg, Lilicblad, Afzelius, Götling, Moravius.

The university is much split into parties, the professors always quarrelling. Ihre was much annoyed by some of them. His retorts are much talked of, for he was a man of wit. One of them meeting him on the bridge said, "I never go out of my way for a knave." "But *I always* do," said he, stepping aside. The students, instead of fighting as in German universities, are rather given to drinking and singing, but not to great excess. They seldom have strangers, and are extremely civil and kind to you; this we experienced from the professors and the governor's people very universally.

After taking another view of the theatre, where a Swedish oration was this day held (ladies being admitted) on the same subject, we set off for Ekolsund, where we arrived at ten o'clock at night, after

a very cold and slow ride, the roads being exceedingly heavy. At Seton's we found Baron Schwerin, a poor nobleman.

*Dec. 16.*—Drove rapidly through woods, our path good; waited at Höfve near two hours, then through one of the most extensive and thickest forests I have seen to Haslerör. Whilst sitting waiting for horses I amused the people by an involuntary feat, the carriage running back about a dozen yards down a slope, but received no hurt.

The horses are not changed at Mairiestadt, as towns are always avoided if possible, from the difficulty of finding horses. However, as I wished to see the quarters of the man who had committed a recent murder, I stopped a little; was told, however, that he was still whole in prison, as a robber, murderer, and incendiary. Went to the inn, and seeing a small *table d'hôte* laid, had the curiosity to wait to sup at it.

However, I had to eat alone, as the company kept walking up and down to the number of eleven whilst I fed. Their staring amused me a little; but I met with the utmost civility. Some herrings which I ate here, from Wencon, tasted exactly like those of Loch Lomond.\*

This town stands on the Wennern Sea, and is a pretty large place. I saw several genteel people enough.

In passing on, one of the horses fell at his length. The driver, swearing he was dead, would stop us. After getting it round, found the cause of the fellow's

\* Probably Loch Fine.

noise was my Russian brute's having threatened him with his sword if he did not drive quick. After satisfying the one and terrifying the other of our cattle, got on.

*Dec. 17.*—Got on through the next three stations, Biörsäter, Enebaken (good), and Kollänger, without dismounting, sleeping chiefly. Passed through Lidköping without stopping. It is a good-looking town on a bay of the Wennern, with a stream running past it, and vessels. There is a large neat square in it, with some good buildings.

At Mölby, stopped to get some refreshment from the soup, &c., being sadly galled and torn, and continued to Tañg. This forenoon the road went through a country where wood was not to be seen. The road, striking off to Trollhatta, becomes execrably rough, and now from the frost peculiarly so; and near that place it is even dangerous. On the right is a fine rocky hill, with columnar top, much wood behind.

Arrived at Tañg at four, and before horses and guide could be got it was quite dark. Dined in a very snug inn, and then went out by the light of a lantern to see the works and hear the falls. The view, though obscure, was quite satisfactory, and even sublime. The road of scaffolding being all a sheet of ice, the ladders and planks also, by which we had to crawl up the sluices, we had a very difficult business to keep ourselves safe. After crawling up and down for above an hour, we returned to our inn, highly pleased, though much fatigued.

After coffee, and looking over the traveller's book at the inn, and adding a note, set off at ten, and had a very slow and hazardous drive along the rocks which form the road. It was bright moonlight and the night agreeable. At the first station had to wait an hour and a half for horses. In going to the next were overtaken by a storm of snow, and had to crawl; were stopped at the next also.

*Dec. 18.*—At the second had coffee, and as it was morning, proceeded through the most rocky part of Sweden I had yet seen. Remarked particularly a valley and a vast plain, with a river running through it (almost frozen), and all surrounded by masses of absolutely bare rocks, some of them of very considerable size. The valley turns and continues apparently well cultivated; the rocks ranged on each side, with a few trees scattered over them, and several clumps up and down the valley, and some neat gentlemen's seats and boxes. There is a good wooden drawbridge over the Gotha, which is here very broad, and at the end appears Gottenborg. The day being now fine, the prospect was very pleasant. Several streams and one considerable river cross the road and fall into the Gotha. Entered Gottenborg at two o'clock, along a canal with trees planted on the sides, and the boxes of the merchants.

*Gottenborg.*—The merchants who compose the body of this place are all croaking at the times, the effect which the war has had on the country. The India house is actually shut up, and the Exchange almost

deserted. A few houses engross all the trade, while there is a multitude of small merchants and traders almost starving.

The principal merchants are British, chiefly Scotch, who unite the English style of living with the Swedish way of drinking. The town is large and chiefly of brick—some pretty good buildings. It was built by the Dutch, in the style of Rotterdam, with canals and trees. The inhabitants are in great discontent with the present state of their trade, and have lately shown marks of it. The use of French brandy having been forbidden, the distilling of Swedish spirits became extremely unpopular, particularly at Gottenborg, from the quantity of grain consumed in it. The mob rose and destroyed the works, warehouses, &c. The governor employed conciliatory measures, and the mob was appeased. The king was furious, and severely reprimanded the governor by letter for not having made the soldiers fire, for which there was no pretext. The popularity of the governor is excessive among all ranks.

*Dec. 19.*—We set out from Gottenborg at nine, determining to make for Norway, in the almost certain expectation of finding a vessel there for some port in Scotland. After driving up the valley, and crossing the river by the drawbridge, we came to a ferry under the Castle of Bohus, now in ruins, but which must have been a place of no small strength. Its ramparts are of stone, and very high. It is built on a rock, and surrounded wholly by the river's

branches. The view from it extremely romantic; everywhere around are huge rocky masses, with a few trees scattered about. The valley on one side, on the other the river's branches meeting under the neat town of Kongelf, and disappearing among the rocks. The wooden bridge here was destroyed by the Danes in 1787, the stumps only remaining, so that a ferry is now established; and we were stopped for about two hours, in the most intense cold, till the ice could be broken. At Kongelf we stopped to eat some of our cold provisions, and then continued our journey in the dark. The carriage being shut we were not actually frozen, but the road was execrably rough, and we went at a foot's pace; besides, it was more hilly than is usual in Sweden. At one in the morning, arriving at a decent inn, we decided to stop for the night, and found a couple of comfortable rooms.

Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, I went with G——, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of draw-

ing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, to the effect, that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the "life after death." After we had finished our classes at the college, G—— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was, that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it, that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance

presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G—— or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid, and so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it, or to make the slightest allusion to it. I finished dressing; and as we had agreed to make an early start, I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast.

[Brougham, Oct. 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story, begun above sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing G——'s death! and stating that he had died on the 19th of December!! Singular coincidence! yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which night after night pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would

warrant us to expect. Nor is it surprising, considering the variety of our thoughts in sleep, and that they all bear some analogy to the affairs of life, that a dream should sometimes coincide with a cotemporaneous or even with a future event. This is not much more wonderful than that a person, whom we had no reason to expect, should appear to us at the very moment we had been thinking or speaking of him. So common is this, that it has for ages grown into the proverb, "Speak of the devil."

I believe every such seeming miracle is, like every ghost story, capable of explanation.

There never was, to all appearance, a better authenticated fact than Lord Lyttleton's ghost. I have heard my father tell the story; but coupled with his entire conviction that it was either a pure invention, or the accidental coincidence of a dream with the event.

He had heard the particulars from a lady—a Mrs Affleck, or some such name—during a visit he made to London about the year 1780, not very long after the death. The substance of what he heard was, that Lord Lyttleton had for some time been in failing health; that he was suffering from a heart complaint; that a few days before his death he related to some female friends who were living in his house in London an extraordinary dream, in which a figure appeared to him and told him he should shortly die; that his death, which really took place a few days after the dream, had been very sudden, owing no doubt to the heart disease. My father was convinced that the female

tendency to believe in the marvellous naturally produced the statement that the moment of the death had exactly corresponded with the time as predicted in the dream. The story was told with corroborating circumstances — one of which was, the attempt to cheat the ghost by altering the hour on the clock; and the tale obtained a surprising degree of credit, considering the unsubstantial foundation on which it really rested.

On all such subjects my father was very sceptical. He was very fond of telling a story in which he had been an actor, and, as he used to say, in which his unbelieving obstinacy had been the means of demolishing what would have made a very pretty ghost story.

He had dined one day in Dean's Yard, Westminster, with a party of young men, one of whom was his intimate friend, Mr Calmel. There was some talk about the death of a Mrs Nightingale, who had recently died under some melancholy circumstances, and had been that day buried in the Abbey. Some one of the party offered to bet that no one of those present would go down into the grave and drive a nail into the coffin.

Calmel accepted the wager, only stipulating that he might have a lanthorn. He was accordingly let into the cathedral by a door out of the cloisters, and then left to himself. The dinner-party, after waiting an hour or more for Calmel, began to think something must have happened to him, and that he ought to be

looked after ; so my father and two or three more got a light and went to the grave, at the bottom of which lay the apparently dead body of Mr Calmel. He was quickly transported to the prebend's dining-room, and recovered out of his fainting-fit. As soon as he could find his tongue, he said, " Well, I have won my wager, and you'll find the nail in the coffin ; but, by Jove ! the lady rose up, laid hold of me, and pulled me down before I could scramble out of the grave." Calmel stuck to his story in spite of all the scoffing of his friends ; and the ghost of Mrs Nightingale would have been all over the town, but for my father's obstinate incredulity. Nothing would satisfy him but an ocular inspection of the grave and coffin ; and so, getting a light, he and some of the party returned to the grave. There, sure enough, was the nail, well driven into the coffin ; but hard fixed by it was a bit of Mr Calmel's coat-tail ! So there was an end of Mrs Nightingale's ghost. This grave afterwards became remarkable for a very beautiful piece of sculpture, by some celebrated artist, representing Mr Nightingale vainly attempting to ward from his dying wife the dart of death. My father always instanced this as the best piece of monumental sculpture in the Abbey.\* After this long digression, it is time to return to my journal.]

*Dec. 20.*—Up at six ; and after coffee—which, as usual, was served as tea and *eggohl*, a sort of caudle

\* The celebrated monument to Mrs Nightingale in Westminster Abbey is understood to be the work of Roubilliac.

of eggs, sugar, ale, and milk, much used by travellers in Sweden, and excellent for keeping one warm, we set out slowly, the road being bad, and a good deal of snow having fallen. The country similar to that which we had of late been in—namely, more hilly by a great deal than the rest of Sweden. The natives quite different in their appearance from the other Swedes we had seen—very ugly, and dressed differently; loose jackets, boots, with trousers; apparently all having to do with the sea, as fishermen or sailors. The inns were better; but the people of all kinds more insolent, and very greedy. In short, I never saw so strongly marked a difference in so short a space.

The road wound up and down some very steep hills, overhung by high rocks covered with snow; but much varied by firs perfectly green, and sometimes by purple birch, which had a very pleasing effect. We went extremely slow, and arrived at Qvistrum about eight. The landlady is the woman mentioned by Mrs Wollstonecraft, but we could not discover her wondrous beauty.

This day we passed Uddevalla, situated on a firth of the sea, which was quite frozen, and had people skating on it. It is a neat town; the houses tiled, and built in a way quite different from the usual Swedish houses. There are some good shops and houses; and the shipping is considerable, though now laid up. All this day very mild indeed; I suppose from the neighbourhood of the sea.

*Dec. 21.*—Ready at six ; pass the bridge where the battle was fought, or rather was said to have been fought. Mrs Wollstonecraft tells a lie upon the subject. We heard from Mansback, how Armfelt, a cavalry officer, was posted at the pass beyond the bridge, to defend it, with about 700 Swedes. Mansback offered a deserter of his own, who knew the country, his life, if he would carry him by another road through the hill, which he did ; and then he surrounded Armfelt, and took him. For this Armfelt was broke. Mansback thinks this very harsh, and says he was not at all to blame. As for the bridge, he said he could have passed the river easily, half a mile above, in twenty places.\*

*Dec. 21.*—The bridge and pass are very romantic, the rocks, trees, &c. ; indeed all the day the road went through a great variety of the finest rock-scenery, often through flat cultivated country, and sometimes in sight of bays of the sea, all frozen, but chiefly among vast masses of rock quite bare, rising abruptly, and whole hills, perhaps 300 feet high of, not an inch but these masses, some of them as flat as a wall, others rough, and in general each is one undivided block rising out of a plain, or the sea. We proceeded with little refreshment. Once I tried the *brandwein* with water, and found to my cost that what I had heard was true

\* A good English account will be found of this eventful period of Swedish history in a Life of Armfelt by the late Thomas Watts of the British Museum, in the fragment of a General Biographical Dictionary issued by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge.

(of its being impossible to take it diluted from its emetic tendency); for though I only sipped a little, I was really sick and ill the whole night.

*Dec. 22.*—All the night the road was over very steep and dangerous hills, so that we were obliged to get out every now and then to walk. This we did not regret, as the scenery was always interesting. Once we were overturned, though luckily on level ground, and not hurt; the carriage, however, was much damaged, so that we could not descend or climb a hill with it safely. At the custom-house at Svinesund we were stopped for examination of passport, dues, &c. &c. It stood at the bottom of a tremendous descent. The scenery around is inexpressibly grand, the river or firth being on each side surrounded by high rocky masses, with a few trees scattered. Got over the ferry (at twice) which separates the two countries; on the other side stopped only to get a little milk, the landlord speaking good English. Had another hill to climb equal to what we descended before; and after being considerably fatigued with the long and heavy walks, slept on to Helle, where we breakfasted, and by the charges, &c., found we were really in Norway.

Hence to Frederikshald, our bags on sledges, the scenery growing more and more mountainous: arrived at ten.

Frederikshald is a considerable town: it stands pleasantly on a firth, with a river. It is very neatly built, chiefly of wood. Some of the houses are very large and elegant, and the rest comfortable. The sea

was all frozen, and the shipping laid up, but the commerce is very considerable,—almost wholly with England in deals and iron. The castle commands the town completely, stands very high upon huge rocks, and is formed of fine stone works, absolutely impregnable on the side of the town, and commanding the neighbouring hills, which are indeed inconsiderable heights. The inn was wretched, and the charge most exorbitant, being 6 rix-dollars for two nights—breakfast and bed. It has a good view of the water among rocky heights; on these people were skating and driving *traîneaux* to a great distance. Mr Nils Anker calling, we after dressing returned his visit, and were taken by him to Mr Dank, junior's, where we dined with a very large and elegant party, among whom the Governor-General Mansback, some officers, and all the principal natives—no ladies except the mistress of the house. We were amused with the custom of drinking thanks after dinner, which runs round the table. “Tank, tank,” “tank for mit” (thanks for meat). After coffee went to a private play, where all the ladies and gentlemen of the place were assembled. The theatre was very small, and a sort of makeshift—the play a Danish translation of Kotzebue's ‘Brothers,’ and acted in general ill; but one actor played very decently, and the company seemed much pleased. After the play some of the men retired to billiards and smoking, and the theatre was immediately cleared into a ball and sandwich room, where waltzing and eating went on till four in

the morning, without fiddling, however, as it was the regimental band. We remarked that not one of the officers belonging to the place were there. Indeed there exists, as is but too common, a complete division between the natives and soldiers. The women struck us as very pretty.

*Dec. 23.*—Having last night met with Mr Paulus, the late French consul at Christiansand, I went to breakfast (by invitation) with him and his daughter, in the same inn with ourselves, and was kept so long there in conversation that we could not go to the castle. Dined at Anker's with a large party, chiefly of the same class as yesterday, but much more select. Afterwards the men smoked in a room *per se*, then cards (with *chasse café* on the table), then sandwiches—a visit of ten hours. Were much disgusted with the barbarous way in which the master and mistress seem the *whole time* the very slaves of the company, running up and down, &c. The mercantile gentlemen talk English for the most part.

*Dec. 24.*—At nine o'clock went up to see the fort, and the spot where Charles XII. was killed, having had an order from the governor. However, we were detained some time at the gate.

He was standing near a stone looking over a small rail, and a cross two feet high is upon the spot instead of a low pyramid formerly placed there. On the cross is cut a rude inscription—"C. XII. fell. Dec. 1718."

It is about 400 yards from the part of the castle whence the shot is said to have been fired. There are

two rising grounds, one on the side of the cross, and within pistol-shot of it ; and if he was assassinated it must have been from one of these. The mask taken from his head after death (a cast of which is at Brougham), represents the wound in a different place from the one supposed to have been inflicted by the shot from the fort.

*Frederikshald, Dec. 24.*—The inhabitants of Frederikshald enjoy great immunities from their patriotism on this occasion, when they burned their houses to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Swedes. The example was set by the family of Colbiönzel, whose antipathy to the Swedes is noted. The story of Anna Maria Colbiönzel is well known. She detained a regiment of Charles's (up the country), by giving notice to the Norwegian troops, and detaining the enemy in her house. We met with the only lineal descendant of this celebrated woman at Mr Dank's, at Frederikshald.

The Norwegians, in their poems and conversation, talk of Charles XII. as a victim to their liberties sacrificed on the altar of Frederikshald, and say that there was no prospect of his succeeding in his attack on Frederikshald, or in his expedition, even if he had taken it. This, however, is assuredly not a just view of this case.

*Dec. 24.*—Set off, after breakfast, at eleven o'clock, and travelled all day on the snow, the trainage being completely established. Passed the river frozen, but had to unharness the horses and leave our carriage, as

the ice was not sufficiently strong. Had to regret not seeing the celebrated cascade.\* Passed an inn kept by one Alexander, a Scotsman—miserable indeed. Came through some woods, in which we remarked that there was much more underwood than in Sweden. The day was very dark and bad, snowing copiously. Had to wait at one station two hours for horses in this disagreeable evening, and came on very heavily, owing to our wheels. At Moss we arrived at eleven, and found a very good inn, kept by a Frenchman, with supper and beds all ready, thanks to the forebote.

*Dec. 25.*—Moss is a considerable town, the houses neatly built of wood. There are a vast number of saw-mills, the water of which, being almost all frozen, had a very singular effect—the icicles, iced cascades, &c., being innumerable. The magazines of timber are immense, and there is also a great iron-work belonging to General Anker. As a great quantity of snow had fallen during the night, we were obliged to put our carriage upon a sledge and pack up the wheels. The natives were driving about very finely in their small *tratteaux* to church, it being Christmas. We passed through an extensive forest on very high ground, then came to cultivated country, which lasted most part of the way. The inns which we saw were all uncommonly good, and we were everywhere invited to eat, according to custom. The last stage being very hilly and bad, we did not arrive till twelve at Chris-

\* Of the Glommen.

tiania. During this day we did not feel it very cold. Found good beds, a very good inn, and comforted ourselves with wine, as we could only get a sandwich for supper.

*Dec. 26.*—Called on Squire Haygerup the mayor, Mr Lee the English vice-consul, and Mr Matheson a merchant. The governor and Mr Anker and all else being out of town, as is the custom at Christmas, experienced much hospitality. Dined *en famille* with Mr Haygerup, and heard the Norwegian song. Supped at Mr Lee's.

*Dec. 27.*—Went to buy books and maps, and found the town miserably provided in these—very few and enormously dear. The furs we found equally scarce but saw some uncommon fine lynxes. The town is very regularly built. A considerable part of the houses are of brick, and some very large and handsome. So regularly are the streets built that one cannot easily find his way. At the meetings of the streets are placed large square cisterns or reservoirs of water, supplied by copious streams. These were smoking to-day like boiling caldrons. The streets are spacious and even; the houses built chiefly of timber, though many of them are of brick and stone, covered with a rough coat of stucco. Among the public buildings we noticed the school or university, the prison, and the fortress—which is separate from the town, called Aggershuus—the old name of the city, and the name of the province to this day. The town stands on an arm of the sea, far indeed from the ocean.

and so retired as never to feel its storms. At this time all was frozen, and sledges with any burdens could pass over the bays; but the ice in these firths is extremely treacherous, for a sudden change of wind or weather carries off in a few hours every flake of ice from masses which appeared before immovable.

The valley of Christiania is extremely beautiful; but we quite agreed with Mrs Wollstonecraft in wondering how Mr Coxe could discover *glaciers*, as the flat is surrounded by rising grounds so gently sloping and so trifling in height, as hardly to deserve the name of hills. Among the houses which we remarked as splendid were those of Mr Anker and Mr Collet. Mr Anker's is a large building, disposed in a quadrangle, with every convenience of outhouses and offices, and with all sorts of sumptuous and luxurious accommodation—as we afterwards experienced. After dining on tolerable venison, we received an invitation in the most polite terms, by express, from Mr Anker, who was then spending the Christmas holidays (according to the custom of the place) at the country seat of Mr Collet, fifty miles up the country. Our letters of introduction had been sent off from the town that morning, and we received the letter of invitation at five in the evening—no bad example of expeditious travelling.

*Dec. 28.*—At seven o'clock in the morning a couple of single sledges, with most excellent horses, were ready at our door. After fortifying ourselves with coffee, we set off, each sledge having a servant to stand be-

hind and drive. We flew rather than drove through the town, my sledge soon breaking down from the rapidity of the motion; but we soon mended the broken parts, and got on as swiftly as before. The trainage was most excellent; and I reckoned, by comparing our pace at this time with the slower rate of travelling we afterwards went at, that we did not take more than three minutes to the mile—indeed the motion was disagreeably rapid, the horse sweating, and myself obliged to shut my eyes, and, even then, complaining of pain and oppression. The hill ground to the west of the town relieved us; but we were surprised to find that it did not retard our pace more than we wished. Without attending at all to the road, our guides sprang up the sides of the knolls, and kept the sledges from stones, hollows, and stumps, by dismounting and balancing with their feet and hands.

Admired the fine situation of Christiania from these heights; changed horses without stopping; and then at the next station came out to warm ourselves, as is usual every now and then in this mode of travelling. We had come hither chiefly through woods. Now we went on the ice the other two stages. The river Glommen being well frozen and smooth, we whisked along quickly, though now and then the ice broke—i.e., the surface-ice without water. Passed immense timber magazines belonging to Mr Anker; came to the lake, a mile broad and three long; and soon were at Mr Collet's at Flådebije. The house is a large one,

roughly built on an eminence, and bitter cold, but only used twice a-year—now and in the hunting season. We here met with every civility, kindness, and hospitality that can be imagined, and so much of the style of living and manners of the natives. The party was quite on the frolic and “*vive la bagatelle.*” The most unbounded liberty was allowed—the young people constantly mingling in all sorts of innocent freedoms; indeed the quantity of kissing grew quite tiresome, every game ending in a kissing-match. The party consisted of twenty-nine, without us two; and was afterwards increased to thirty-one, but afterwards amounted to thirty-five in all. The host and hostess (*obervert* and *obervertina*) never seemed at all different from the rest of the company, except that their healths were drunk at dinner. A couple was appointed to the office of host and hostess for each night, the order being arranged at first, and each couple with a few others performed a small dramatic piece contrived or imitated by themselves. The theatre is the end of the sitting-room, loosely and roughly fitted up, as nothing but paper is allowed to be brought from town. The *parts* are studied, but the *words* are left to the occasion, except in one instance where there was a French drama from the “Taming of the Shrew” by De la Toenaye, a French traveller, one of the company. At the end of the play, the couple invite the company to spend the next day with them; and accordingly, during the whole of it they act as host and hostess, sitting at the head of the

table, ordering and arranging everything, &c. &c. The day is chiefly spent as follows, but every one enjoyed the most perfect freedom of doing exactly as he pleased, without any one so much as asking where he was:—

After breakfast (which is not a formal meal, but continues two or three hours as the company drops in), we walked out, conversed, read, rode in sledges, called at each other's rooms, and some took the amount of the sleet, others (chiefly the old gentlemen) played at Ombre and Boston, and smoked. After luncheon, as a whet before, dined at two, and sang constantly, drinking toasts at the same time—such as *Hallettel-skop*, “the whole company”; *Benskip's skaal*, “friendship's health”; *Piger's skaal*, “girls' health”; *Norge's skaal*,\* &c. In the middle of the table was placed an emblematical figure of some kind, having a reference to the subject of the last play. Round the dining-room and in the ceiling are hung a vast number of these figures, collected for thirty years past, during which time this custom has continued in the family. After dining and drinking a claret and burgundy Bishop (Bischoff), retired to the next room, each gentleman leading his own lady; and after the ceremony of kissing hands, coffee and pipes, then tea, some game of romps, or a dance, cards and pipes, supper, play, dance, and cards, and the evening ended with the last host and hostess (*vert* and *vertina*) sitting in the middle of the room and being kissed—he by all

\* Norway's health—a toast.

the ladies, she by all the men. The last night, a rude masquerade instead of the play; and some of the servants danced the *Haling dance*, a very curious wild dance from the interior of the country, of immense difficulty, requiring great strength and agility, on the heels and toes chiefly, round the room, whirling the partner round, and leaping and twisting over her. This one of the *ladies* danced with a footman!

In autumn Mr Collet has the same sort of party for the chase, which may be carried on here, as there is a great deal of flat ground. There are not many bears in this quarter, but Mr Dank's (of Frederikshald) father killed eleven during his life. There is a considerable number of wolves. The game is hares, of which we saw one or two, as white as the snow; ceders (the coryctu verus, our capercaillie), rupo (partridge), and hierpati. We eat reindeer-venison also, exceedingly fine, and far superior to our other deer-flesh. Mr Collet's house here stands above the lake; around it are woods and cultivated grounds, but no pleasure-grounds, of course. We went to see his saw-mills and brick and tile works—both on a very large scale. Drove on sledges—very cold, indeed, and believe it was from this that I got a boil on my cheek, which proved exceedingly troublesome.

The following is a list of the company who were at Flådebije:—Mr and Mrs Collet—[illegible]—and Lady Anker; Miss Collet; Miss Klaason; — and — Kaas; Mr and Mrs Julstoup; Mr and Mrs Julin; Miss Talma (sister of the great actor); (the governor

of the province); Miss Kaas ; Miss (Young Ankers) Captain Nilson ; Lieutenant Carlson ; — (—) — (—); Cadet Keaason ; Mr de la Toenaye General Anker ; Mr Gram ; Mr Collet ; Mr Anker Mr Maribeau ; among other chance visitors M Rozencraz.

The arrival of Buonaparte in France, and his proceedings at Paris, had been known at Stockholm before we left it, and the expectation of a revolution entertained. But the event of 18th Brumaire (9th Nov. 1799) had not been known, and the first account we had of it was at Flädebije. De la Toenaye was determined to return to France if the emigrants were allowed ; and instead of the *promenade autour de Scandinavie* which he meant to add to his former travels in Great Britain, he had to be content with *promenade autour de mes Foyers*. He even doubted whether the return of the emigrants would be allowed.

The sleigh is much used here. The skates are above six feet long and turned up at the ends, requiring the balance to be thrown before by bending the knees forward. A pole with a round plate at the end is also held in the hand to balance by. Accidents often happen either from falls, or splitting up, by the feet running off separately. They go in this way very quick down any steep, and take great leaps off eminences. They have a regiment of (I believe) several hundred men on these snow-shoes, of which they are very proud. This troop once drew a Swedish force of cavalry down a steep where it was either cut t

pieces or destroyed by the fall. The people are all extravagantly fond of sledging. The common people enjoy it in a great degree, and seem to feel the greatest pleasure in the motion and driving. Children and boys either skate or go upon a small double patten of two pieces of wood shod with iron, on which they sit and run down hills or descents, &c.

We set out for Laurvig late in January, at which port a vessel to England was expected to sail. We were kept a week or ten days there, and embarked on a timber-laden ship, happily for us, as to this cargo we owed our safety. The weather being very good, indeed a calm, though it was February and in the North Sea, when we had our pilot on board at Lowestoft on the coast of Norfolk, the vessel, a few miles from shore, struck on a sandbank, the rudder was carried away, and such a leak sprung as kept us at the pumps for three or four hours; but the leak defied all our efforts, the ship became water-logged, and was only prevented sinking by our cargo. We made signals of all kinds, and fired guns to make them put off boats for our assistance; but the sea had increased, and the only one they tried was swamped! so we had to remain at the mercy of the only anchor we had, the captain considering that his old and crazy vessel would hold together unless it came to blow hard and to drive us on shore, or the wind shifted and we were driven out to sea, in neither of which cases could she hold together. It was no small relief to us, therefore, when a Newcastle collier came in sight and she

approached near enough to learn our condition. She threw a rope on board and towed us into Harwich, where we slept, and next day came to London. There I only stopped to take the mail for Edinburgh, where I arrived safe.

Here my journal ends.

## CHAPTER IV.

**The Scotch Bar and the 'Edinburgh Review.'**

MY OPINION OF MY FRIEND CHARLES STUART—DEATH OF MY BROTHER PETER—I AM ADMITTED ADVOCATE—PROFESSION DISTASTEFUL—CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR JOSEPH BANKS—WORK AT "COLONIAL POLICY"—LEADING MEN OF THE SCOTCH BAR—HARRY ERSKINE—BLAIR—CHARLES HOPE—MACONOCHIE (LORD MEADOWBANK)—CRANSTOUN (LORD COREHOUSE)—JAMES REDDIE—WALTER SCOTT—JEFFREY—THE 'EDINBURGH REVIEW'—SYDNEY SMITH'S ACCOUNT CRITICISED—JEFFREY'S AND HORNER'S ACCOUNT—MY OWN HISTORY OF IT—THE EARLY CONTRIBUTORS AND THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS—PROGRESS OF THE 'REVIEW,' AND ITS INFLUENCE ON POLITICS AND LITERATURE—LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EARLY NUMBERS, AND NAMES OF THEIR AUTHORS—ANECDOTES OF JEFFREY AND HIS COADJUTORS.

It was observable that during our shipwreck, Stuart, who was an old traveller by land and by water, and never for a moment was disconcerted or lost his presence of mind, yet had a much worse opinion of our chances of escape, and was much more impressed with the dangers of our situation than I, a mere novice in travel. I was sanguine because I was inexperienced. During our whole intimacy for seven months, I had constant occasion to mark, more than

I had ever done before, those great qualities which distinguished him, and carried him to the head of his profession in most difficult times. It is enough to say that The Duke placed in him the most unbounded confidence when he was our minister in the Peninsula, and when he afterwards succeeded him at Paris. He is the most remarkable example I know of the great evils attending our political system, at least in its administration—the conferring all the important offices in the State on persons who possess the debating power. Stuart, but for his never having cultivated that faculty, would have filled the highest place in the conduct of our affairs during the many long years that the party ruled to which he was both hereditarily and personally attached. I speak of his great and good qualities after constant and cordial intimacy of much above half a century.

1800.—In this year happened the greatest misfortune of my life—greater than any, save one, that has ever yet befallen me—my brother Peter, the most beloved, the most highly prized of all our family, was killed in a duel by Campbell of Shawfield. Even at this distance of time I feel it as if it were a recent affliction. At the time I was nearly distracted; indeed I verily believe my mind was for a time unhinged, for I left Edinburgh and wandered about I know not where. My prevailing idea was to avenge his death. As the duel had taken place at St Salvador, on his way to India, Campbell was far beyond my reach; but I vainly thought he ought to be in

dicted for murder. I must have written to this effect to my uncle, Mr Lowndes, who then lived in London; for I find by a letter of his that such must have been my hallucination.

Early in 1800, Peter had got his commission as ensign in the 85th Regiment, and was ordered to embark at Portsmouth with troops under the command of General St John. On the 31st of March I had written to Stuart, then living at Whitehall, to tell him of my grief at parting with Peter, and that I felt more than ever disinclined to remain in Edinburgh and to work at my profession:—

“I still continue more and more to detest this place, and this cursedest of cursed professions. He (Peter) will see you as he passes through London, and I really wish you could manage to procure some letters for him. He does not know what station his regiment is to go to, and has a number of recommendations on chance already. One or two more in the same way (I mean whether he knows and can tell you where he is to go or not), will do quite well.”

I have said that I was so distracted by this dreadful blow, that I wanted to have Mr Campbell brought to justice. My father would not hear of any such proceeding, and my uncle was equally against it. He wrote to me as follows:—

“LONDON, 1st November 1800.

“MY DEAR HENRY,—No one can lament more sincerely than I do, the very unfortunate event which is the subject of our correspondence. If I had not

known Peter, I should undoubtedly have lamented his death, and commiserated the feelings of those more near to him, but I should soon have thought little of the subject ; but having known him, and, knowing him, loved and admired him, my sorrow for his untimely end will be very lasting, and often will he have a tear to his remembrance.

“With such sentiments towards him, therefore I am sure you will believe that the advice I am about to give is the result of consideration and regard to the memory of your brother.

“That advice is, to let the matter drop, and not to bestow one thought more upon a public prosecution.”

I acted upon this advice ; and after a time I resumed my legal studies, as it became necessary that I should prepare myself for the examination in Scotch Law, and also for the public examination preparatory to my call to the bar, which took place early in the month of June 1800.\* I went the summer circuit attending the assizes held in the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirk ; my chief, I may say only business being to defend prisoners who were too poor to pay for professional assistance. I had an invincible repugnance to the profession I had chosen, and constantly wrote to Charles Stuart, then settled in London, expressing my desire to escape from it, and that if any opening could have been found for me in diplomacy how gladly I should have accepted it. I

\* See Appendix XV.

had occurred to me that my father's old friend and schoolfellow, Sir Joseph Banks, who had on several occasions expressed an interest in my welfare, might have it in his power to help me. I have through the kindness of a friend been furnished with the copy of a letter I wrote to Sir Joseph, with whom I had been in correspondence on some matters relating to science, and also on the subject of my future career. The letter is as follows:—

“ EDINBURGH, Dec. 10, 1800.

“ SIR,—I was honor'd with the receipt of yours in course. I beg you will believe me when I express my satisfaction at your prospects of speedy recovery. I am only afraid lest your goodness towards me may have led you to exert in writing before it was quite safe, still more before it could be convenient. It would surely be superfluous to return my warmest thanks for the new proofs which your letter contains of the interest you are so kind as to take in my trivial and humble concerns; but I avail myself with pleasure of the liberty which you give me, to trouble you once more upon the subject.

“ My resolution is still unaltered to attempt an opening in the political line. The difficulty, however great, is not sufficient to deprive me of some hopes that such an opportunity may occur. I believe I mentioned in my last, that perhaps some private connections of your own might afford you a chance of hinting something in my behalf. I did not venture to expect that you would set about finding such op-

portunities. I only begged of you to have me in your eye should any occasion offer. More active exertion on my behalf was beyond what I had ever hoped. In the mean time I am endeavouring, by cultivating as much as possible the duties of my profession, to secure a retreat for myself in case the other plan should fail. My aversion to it as an *ultimate* object continues the same,—not to mention that it exposes one to the worst part of party politics, and that to succeed in it requires almost as much interest as to rise in the diplomatic line. I beg you will not put yourself to the trouble of writing sooner than your health and convenience permit. I should not have answered your last, at this time, had it not appeared necessary that you should be put in possession of my *resolutions*, in case of chances offering, at the present very singular crisis.—With great respect and esteem, I have the honour to be, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

HENRY BROUGHAM, junior.

“ Right Hon. Sir JOSEPH BANKS,  
“ Soho Square, London.”

All this, however, resulted in nothing; and so I continued to work at my distasteful profession, in hopes that some day or other business might come to me. But much of my time was occupied with literary and scientific pursuits, and chiefly by compiling a work upon the Colonial Policy of the European Powers. I was employed upon this during the greater part of 1801 and 1802, relieved only by weekly dis-

cussions at the Speculative Society, where I was a pretty constant attender and debater; and during a portion of the time by arranging with Smith, Jeffrey, and others the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

The Scotch bar afforded the amplest occasion at that time for profiting by the example of great talent and professional learning. The violence of party and exclusive spirit had considerably abated; and although there was both in society and on the bench still a tendency to discountenance those who were on the wrong side of the question, there manifestly was felt a great improvement upon those times. Harry Erskine had been removed from his place at the head of the profession (Dean of Faculty) for merely attending a public meeting to petition against the Sedition Bills (called the Pitt and Grenville Bills). I attended that meeting, and can answer for it that he strongly urged them to disperse quietly; and there was nothing like violence of any kind in the proceedings.

Of professional business there was now pretty nearly an equal distribution; officially, all was of course in the hands of the Tory or Dundas party. The learning and talent were almost equal in both parties.

Harry Erskine, both in society and in public, was the most popular advocate—indeed the most popular man. His education was entirely confined to Edinburgh, but he had none of the accent or other provincialisms of the place. His taste was well cultivated,

but far from severe; and, like his brother's, his acquaintance was confined to the English classics. His speaking was of a very high order. The language was admirable, expressive, wholly without affectation, fluent, never verbose, and his manner perfect both in action and delivery. It was impossible to have more variety, or to suit the style more perfectly to the subject and the occasion. In statement and explanation he excelled, and his illustrations were copious.

His wit was renowned, and as it made him the life of society, placed him as the first favourite of the Courts; but it also was used in excess, partly owing to the audience whom he addressed, the fifteen judges, who required to be relieved in their dull work, and as soon as he began, expected to be made gay. Hence a very great mistake was committed by bystanders, or generally by those who either heard, or heard of, his speeches, and fancied they were all joke, all to amuse the Court, or at best to turn his adversary and his arguments into ridicule. He was a most argumentative speaker; and if he sometimes did more than was necessary, he never for an instant lost sight of the point to be pressed on his audience by all the means he could employ, and which really were every weapon of eloquence except declamation and appeals to the tender feelings. Of course a great cause placed him more under restraint, and more called forth his exertions; yet it was singular how much he would sometimes labour even the most ordinary matters.

However, if I were to name the most consummate exhibition of forensic talent that I ever witnessed, whether in the skilful conduct of the argument, the felicity of the copious illustrations, the cogency of the reasoning, or the dexterous appeal to the prejudices of the Court, I should without hesitation at once point to his address (*hearing in presence*) on Maitland's case; and were my friend Lauderdale alive, to him I should appeal, for he heard it with me, and came away declaring that his brother Thomas (Lord Erskine) never surpassed—nay, he thought, never equalled it.

Gillies was a speaker of a different cast, but of great excellence. He reasoned clearly and powerfully, but he also had great resources of declamation and of sarcasm. I heard his speech on the great case of Sir John Henderson, the first occasion on which he distinguished himself for mere oratory, and which drew from Hope and others the expression that they had been taken by surprise. The cause was remarkable: Sir John taking occasion to throw out a challenge to Hope, who said he trusted he had the courage to refuse as well as accept such a defiance. Indeed he had fought a few years before a duel with Wylde (afterwards professor of civil law), for whom Burke had conceived the greatest admiration in consequence of his book on the French Revolution, cried up as a triumphant answer to Mackintosh's '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.' It was one great drawback upon Gillies that he saw all things with the eyes of the Edinburgh

Whig party, a thralldom from which Harry Erskine (as well as his brother, in the southern sphere of that party) had emancipated himself. I have never observed so great capacity as a speaker, generally so much cramped and enfeebled, as in Gillies's case.\*

William Tait was one of the most accomplished lawyers of his time. John Clerk had as profound a knowledge of law, especially the feudal, in all its branches, and not merely in its theory, but in its most minute details of practical application; and would argue points of the greatest difficulty, and propound original views which sometimes at first startled himself, but by degrees won his assent and were obstinately persevered in. But he had not that acuteness which distinguished Tait, nor that marvellous fertility of resources, nor that singular clearness of concise statement, when his legal points were urged one after another, which I recollect led Moncrieff to describe his argument as a bundle of the best-polished and sharpest-pointed spears; nor that manner, which was a model of graceful delivery. With all his merits, Clerk was in manner and language singularly defective.

Of Matthew Ross, the subtlety and extensive ingenuity with extraordinary learning could not be exceeded; but he seldom gave oral arguments; and the display of his unrivalled acuteness and rich stores of

\* Adam Gillies, brother of the historian of Greece, raised to the bench as Lord Gillies in 1811. A notice of him will be found in 'Peter's Letters.'

legal fancy was confined to the papers which, under the old system of the Court, contained almost all the arguments of counsel ; while Tait's penetrating acuteness, almost preternatural—and quickness, of which he was sometimes himself the dupe—were, in spoken argument, constantly remarked with wonder.\*

Blair was a speaker of a very high order, without those qualifications which distinguished Tait. Of a bold and masculine understanding, extreme sagacity, and profound reflection, with little fancy in inventing topics, and no great nimbleness in meeting or escaping objections, he yet always brought to bear upon his subject a plain and homely vigour, to which almost all difficulties yielded, and before which almost all antagonists gave way. His style, too, both of reasoning and diction, bore the impress of his nature ; they were plainly suited to the man ; they were racy and they were apposite. The hearer never for a moment doubted that the speaker thoroughly understood the whole matter in hand, and was perfect master of it. Despising the vulgar arts of ordinary advocates, he unfolded the subject to all exactly as he saw it himself ; and his comments had so much force, were so plain, yet so strong, and clothed with so much dignity of expression, as well as presented with so much gravity and yet earnestness of manner, that his discourse seemed rather judicial than forensic, and he

\* William Tait, admitted a member of the Speculative Society in 1776, died in 1800. Was Sheriff of Stirlingshire, and in Parliament for the Kinghorn burghs in Fifeshire.—History of the Speculative Society, p. 131. Of Clerk, see above.

appeared to decide the cause he was pleading. So earnest a manner is generally an abatement of dignity, yet in this speaker it proved not so. His vehemence, even though not sustained by fluency and set off by less felicity of diction, never for an instant led the hearers or the spectators to undervalue him and withhold respect, as is wont to happen when, in the fervour of declamation, the orator, seeming to lose command of himself, is nearly sure to lose the sway over his audience. We have spoken of his fluency as inconsiderable—but this had no bad effect; for, as you saw a mind struggling with the topic, you perceived that the ideas were too many to find easy utterance. There was none of the unpleasant anxiety attending a hesitating speaker, and which is displeasing because it gives alarm. The thoughts were there and struggling for birth, and, in one way or another, were sure to reach the audience. Occasionally he rose to a higher pitch than merely the height of argumentation, if indeed any higher pitch there be. No one who had the advantage of hearing his noble speech in the case of Heriot, the descendant of the founder of the hospital, will easily forget the fine burst of impassioned and indignant eloquence with which he denounced the cruel injustice of disputing the founder's wish for his kindred: "What avails it, my lords, that a great benefactor of his species should generously devote the hard earnings of a long life to the sacred uses of charity, if no sooner laid in the grave than all he most fondly favoured are repudiated, all his

cherished objects cast into oblivion, all his darling plans scorned ?” \*

The person who made the greatest impression on my mind of all these eminent advocates was Charles Hope, from whom my first idea of eloquence was derived—that is, of oral as contradistinguished from written eloquence. He had the advantage of an English education, which kept his pronunciation pure: his voice was magnificent. His professional knowledge; his manly and vigorous understanding, which despised trifles, and loved to grapple with the main body of the subject; his bold and self-possessed manner, to some judges unpleasing but to the best not distasteful, and his nervous eloquence—seldom equalled, perhaps never surpassed, whether we regard the language or the tones in which it was conveyed,—soon placed him in the first rank of advocates. That I am not using too strong an expression in thus characterising his oratory, I may venture to give two proofs. Few men had less party or personal leaning towards another than Laing (the historian) and Gillies (afterwards the judge), and no one will question their capacity to form a judgment of eloquence; the latter, indeed, was himself a first-rate speaker. Both gave it as their opinion, and at a time when party ran high in Edinburgh, that Charles Hope’s declamation excelled all they had ever heard; and

\* Robert Blair, Lord President of the Court of Session in 1808, died suddenly in 1811. Notices of him will be found in ‘Peter’s Letters,’ Lockhart’s ‘Life of Scott,’ and Cockburn’s ‘Life of Jeffrey.’

they made no exception whatever, though they had often heard all the great speakers in Parliament: and these men were very far from prizing, as of any value, mere declamation, unaccompanied with argument or statement. The other fact to which I appeal, is the admiration expressed both by Mr Pitt and Mr Fox of his speech in defence of himself and his conduct as Lord Advocate in 1804, when Mr Whitbread brought it under the review of the House of Commons. Of the opinion expressed by these two great orators there is no doubt; but the circumstance to which I allude is, that several persons present, who had heard him on former occasions—that is, in Edinburgh—regarded his speech in the House as a failure, so much impressed had they been with the merits of his eloquence from their recent recollections of it. I sat with Horner in the gallery, and greatly prejudiced against him as he was, owing to Edinburgh party politics, this was his clear opinion with my own. But noble as was Hope's oratory, and richly as any account of it might be illustrated by examples of its success, facts are known to me which illustrate qualities far above all excellence, Parliamentary or forensic. When the party to which he belonged came into office in 1804, he was, as before, Lord Advocate; and when the place of Justice-Clerk, the highest judicial place but one, was as a matter of course offered to him, he declined, insisting that Henry Erskine should be appointed, and was himself the bearer of the communication, in order that the party feelings of that excellent man, but stanch

partisan, might be consulted. Fully sensible, as he ever after proved, of this generous conduct, the advice of the party made him decline, and it was not till then that Mr Hope was raised to the bench. His conduct made, as well it might, a deep impression on Harry Erskine: towards Hope and his family he ever after retained the warmest feelings, notwithstanding the hostility, personal as well as political, in which they had passed their lives.

Nor was this trait in the fine character of the man confined to his riper years. I remember Dr Adam telling me an instance of self-sacrifice and noble feelings; that when he was a pupil, and had risen, in the first year of his attendance, to be first (*i.e.* dux) of his class, a blind boy of the second year being next to him, Hope yielded his place, but would suffer no one else to pass him, and had himself the first place the year after. The Doctor used to dwell on this trait as marking a feeling and generous nature, and it obliterated in his mind all recollection of the wide difference in political principles which at the time separated them, and the acrimony which then prevailed. One can plainly see that the same boy was the man who afterwards acted the like part to Harry Erskine. The latter's disqualification for the highest place was certainly not natural, but still was decisive; it was the belonging to a party that had not the choice, which Hope's party and himself alone could exercise.\*

\* See Appendix XVI.

Allan Maconochie (afterwards Lord Meadowbank) was perhaps the most thoroughly grounded in legal principles, and indeed had received the most general legal education, of any man at the Scotch, perhaps at any bar; for beside being deeply versed in Scotch and civil law, he studied and attended court, and kept terms, with a view of being called to the English bar, particularly studying under Lord Mansfield: he also, for several years, attended the French courts of law, the Parliament of Paris. His general education, under the advice of his kinsman, Dr Robertson, whose ward he was, had been carefully conducted, and he was the only private pupil that Adam ever had. He made him a distinguished classical scholar. He had even attended lectures on divinity and church history, and was so familiar with medical subjects that he lent assistance to an eminent physician (Dr Gregory) in preparing his thesis on taking his degree. He was professor of the law of nature and nations, and prepared an elaborate course of lectures on the subject. In business, which he had to a great extent, he was distinguished by his great learning, his close reasoning, and his clear, lucid statement of facts. But his great fame is in his judicial character, having proved one of the very best judges that ever sat on any bench; nor on Scotch cases is there any one whose authority weighs to this day more in the Lords.\*

Among those of less standing at the bar in those

\* Allan Maconochie, born 1748; raised to the bench by the title of Lord Meadowbank in 1796; died 1816.

days, Cranstoun (afterwards Lord Corehouse) stood highest. He was a most accomplished lawyer in every branch of jurisprudence, and his arguments were admirable in all the qualities most fitted to that kind of speaking. It was strictly and purely a legal argument of unbroken fluency; not so devoid of ornament, but more various in illustration than Sir William Grant's, which had copious illustration, but taken almost entirely from legal topics. Cranstoun's mind was enlarged by general education, as well as disciplined by intercourse with speculative men, especially with Dugald Stewart, who had married his sister, and with whom he lived in constant and familiar intercourse. He was allowed to be not only at the head of legal arguments after Tait had left the bar, but to be alone in his particular line; for his arguments, though never departing from the subject of Scotch law, were illustrated by appeals to general maxims of law. Out of the profession his wit was eminent, and it was refined; but he hardly ever took advantage of it even as far as a sarcasm upon, or *reductio ad absurdum* of, an opposite argument. When on several occasions he was heard at the bar of the House of Lords, he created such a sensation as I never recollect among the great English conveyancers. I heard Preston rising into enthusiasm in his admiration at what he said possessed every one merit of argument. A lay hearer gave a less judicious testimony to his merits. Peel having once heard him, said he was the first speaker since Pitt—which was not

much more happy in discrimination than if he had said he was the finest speaker since Catalani or John Kemble; for assuredly the two things, though each greatest in its kind, were so absolutely different as to admit of no comparison. They did not profess to effect the same purpose; they were incommensurable quantities.\*

The rare accomplishments of Meadowbank for the profession have been mentioned. Next to him I am not aware of any one who had so diligently prepared himself for it as Reddie. I knew him intimately from the time we were together at the High School, under the same masters—Fraser and Adam.

At Fraser's class, during the four years we were in it, he was without intermission constantly at its head, no one ever dreaming of entering into competition with him. In the rector's class, where he only remained one year, his modest nature kept him back; and Wishart, whose second year it was, not he, left it at the head, no one ever conceiving it possible for a one-year's boy to attempt that place. Next year, which was my second nominally (I having been detained at home by illness all the first but six weeks), he had left the school, else there can be no doubt neither Keay nor I would have had a chance with him. At college he applied himself to scientific and literary subjects diligently, and then to the civil law and general jurisprudence. He passed some time

\* George Cranstoun, raised to the bench in 1826; took the title of Lord Corehouse.

under Professor Miller at Glasgow, and very few men ever came to the study of the Scotch or English municipal law after so ample a preparation, by having examined the legal principles common to all systems. He began his professional life without any patron or party to rely upon, or any recommendation but his own great learning, solid, though not brilliant, talents, and a sound judgment, which well fitted him alike to advise a client and to conduct his cause. In the course of two or three years his extraordinary merit became known, notwithstanding his modest and retiring nature; and Mr Hope, then Lord Advocate, afterwards Lord President, distinguishing him among his contemporaries without any regard whatever to the differences of his political opinion, contributed greatly to his professional success. It was in some prize causes which involved the questions of neutral right, so much agitated towards the close of the first Revolutionary war, that he became first known in the courts, and showed himself not more deeply versed in the doctrines of public (sometimes now termed international) law, than capable of close and logical reasoning in their application. His argument on the right of search, connected with the case of the *Fladoyen*, was very long remembered at the Scotch bar, and at once pointed him out for advancement in the profession.

Nor can any doubt be entertained that, had he continued at the bar, the highest place both in practice and ultimately on the bench would have been within

his reach. This was held by all men (save one) of every party as an incontestable proposition; but his own modest and little adventurous nature led him to prefer an humbler path, and he listened to the suggestions of some friends at Glasgow, whom he permitted to propose him as a candidate for the respectable and very important office of town-clerk, the assessor of the magistrates, and presiding judge in the town-court, the principal civil court of that great commercial city. As soon as it was known that he was willing to take the office, the other candidates,—six in number, all professional men of eminence—one of them sheriff of the county, another, professor of law in the university,—retired from the contest, and he was chosen unanimously. He entered upon the duties of this office in 1804; and until 1822, when, by the appointment of a resident sheriff, many causes were removed into that court, the number that came before him, including the small debt jurisdiction, was nearer six than five thousand a-year, of which many were of great importance in principle as well as value, the jurisdiction being unlimited in amount, and in every kind of personal action. The satisfaction which his judgments gave was almost unexampled; they were rarely appealed from—most rarely altered upon appeal. In affirming one of those which ultimately came before the House of Lords (1833), the Lord Chancellor observed that it “well became even the most eminent judges upon the bench to approach with the greatest caution and deference a judgment upon

a point of law pronounced by so distinguished a lawyer ;” and this remark met with the universal concurrence of the profession.\*

The great professional success of Jeffrey was owing to extraordinary abilities carefully cultivated, and his literary superiority was helped by the opportunities which the Scotch bar affords of cultivating letters without interrupting its practice. The law is not so jealous a mistress there as with us in England : the literary reputation which would inevitably prove fatal in Westminster Hall, rather aids than impedes the lawyer’s progress in Edinburgh. So at least it was in Jeffrey’s time ; but I am not aware of any other in which great eminence was attained in both departments. Sir Walter Scott had no success at the bar ; and the works of Monboddo and Kaimes were rather the fruit of their leisure, when they had been raised to the bench, than of the intervals between session and session while struggling at the bar. Jeffrey had studied partly at Edinburgh, partly at Glasgow, and was for some time at Queen’s College, Oxford. He had well grounded himself in the principles both of the civil and the Scottish law, and he had diligently applied his great talents to the cultivation of eloquence, as well in speech as in written com-

\* Those who are old enough to recollect the remnant of the distinguished circle referred to in the text, as it existed between thirty and forty years ago, will remember the name of James Reddie, often mentioned in the same tone of high praise. He died in Glasgow on the 5th April 1852. He was the author of ‘Inquiries into International Law,’ and other contributions to the literature of jurisprudence.

position. His classical education was that of an accomplished scholar. With all the poets especially, whether of Greece or of Rome, he had a most familiar acquaintance; and his skill in these languages remained unimpaired through after-life, insomuch that to the last he read for relaxation the Greek classics almost as easily as the Latin. It was probably from his natural love of poetry that he somewhat undervalued the great orators of the Attic school; partly, too, from a proneness to paradox, allied with the extraordinary ingenuity of his mind and his disposition to grapple with great difficulties. In the Speculative Society he bore a most distinguished part; and its members never can forget the brilliant display so often made in that seminary, of his singular readiness in debate, the subtlety of his reasoning, and the extraordinary liveliness of his fancy—a fancy ever under control, and used always for the purpose of aiding the argument, or arriving by a short route at the conclusion. I well remember a speech in which the resources of the Russian empire having been largely dwelt upon as proving its foreign influence, and the mild course of criminal justice under the Empress Elizabeth, as showing how a despotism might be administered in mercy, he gave such a picture of the colossal body as, without reducing its dimensions, made it viewed without alarm; and such a sketch of Elizabeth's clemency as rendered the Siberian journey more horrible to contemplate than the passage across the Stygian ferry. The picture of

Russia was so full of fancy, the comparisons introduced so various, so happy, each more unexpected than the last, that we all listened in breathless silence and wonder, until our feelings of admiration and astonishment, reflected upon the speaker, for a while suspended his utterance. On another occasion, the question regarding the obligation of representatives to obey the instructions of their constituents, his argument was the usual one, but urged with a closeness and a force amounting to seeming demonstration, by carefully concealing the fundamental error of assuming the representative to be only commissioned to *speak* for his constituents, and not to *deliberate* for them. A most conclusive answer was given by Henry Mackenzie, perfectly well reasoned, and happily turning into ridicule the meeting of men to debate, when fettered by the orders under which they assembled—a meeting which was utterly absurd, if it did not at once end in a vote without a word of discussion.

He had been eight years at the bar, and had during the more recent of those years obtained a fair share of practice. He married in 1801—a bold step—for his father was unable to assist him; his wife (Miss Catherine Wilson) had no fortune, and his professional income did not exceed £100 a-year. They took a house—or, to speak more correctly, a third floor or flat—in Buccleuch Place; but in May 1802 they removed to an upper story in Queen Street.

This brings me to a subject on which I naturally feel deep interest—the history of the 'Edinburgh

Review.' A somewhat inaccurate and even fanciful account of the origin of the Review is given by Sydney Smith as follows:—

“Towards the end of my residence in Edinburgh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and myself happened to meet in an eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the then elevated residence of Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review: this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor; and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number. The motto I proposed was, ‘*Tenui musam meditamur avena*’—We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal. This was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had ever read a line. When I left Edinburgh, the Review fell into the stronger hands of Jeffrey and Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.”

Now nothing can be more imaginary than nearly the whole of the above account.

In the first place, there never was a house eight or nine stories high in Buccleuch Place, or in any of that portion of the new town of Edinburgh. No house at that time exceeded three stories.

In the second place, Smith *never was appointed editor*. He read over the articles, and so far may be said to have edited the first number; but regularly constituted editor he never was,—for, with all his other rare and remarkable qualities, there was not a man among us less fitted for such a position. He

was a very moderate classic ; he had not the smallest knowledge of mathematics or of any science. He could no more have edited,—that is, sat in judgment upon Playfair's article on 'Mascheroni's Geometry,' No. 17, p. 161 ; or on Delambert's paper on the 'Arc of the Meridian,' No. 18, p. 373 ; or on Bentley's 'Hindu Astronomy,' No. 20, p. 455, than he could have written the 'Principia.'

He was an admirable joker ; he had the art of placing ordinary things in an infinitely ludicrous point of view. I have seen him at dinner at Foston, (his living near York) drive the servants from the room with the tears running down their faces, in peals of inextinguishable laughter : but he was too much of a jack-pudding. On one occasion he was the high-sheriff's chaplain, and had to preach the assize sermon. I remember the bar, who were present in York Minster, being rather startled at hearing him give out as his text, "And a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him!" But I am bound to say the sermon was excellent and much to the purpose.

Whatever faults he may have had, he had too much good sense to be ashamed of his name ; he used jokingly to say, "The Smiths have no right to crests or coat-armour, for they always sealed their letters with their thumbs!"\*

I think we owed the motto for the Review to the painstaking and solemn Horner, who, being as incapable of understanding a joke as Smith was of writing the 'Principia,' discovered in Publius Syrus,

\* See Appendix XVII.

a comic writer of the time of Cæsar, the motto which we adopted, and which Horner thought better than Smith's "oatmeal" suggestion. Smith left Edinburgh in 1803. He had negotiated with Manners, one of the firm of Manners & Miller, booksellers in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh, who at first undertook the publication, but afterwards gave it up, on seeing that some works were attacked, which their firm was engaged in publishing.

Smith then made an agreement with Longman, who was his relation, to act in conjunction with Constable, who was fixed upon as printer and publisher in Edinburgh. The following extract from a letter from Jeffrey to Horner will throw some light on the subject:—

“ EDINBURGH, April 9, 1802.

“ DEAR HORNER,—I have been cutting at my quill for these five minutes, pondering with the most intense stupidity what apology I should make for not having written to you before. The truth is, though it is anything but an apology, that I have written none of my reviews yet, and that I was *afraid* to tell you so. I began to Mounier, however, this morning; and feel the intrepidity of conscious virtue so strong in me already, that I can sit down and confess all my enormities to you. I must first tell you about the Review, though, that you may be satisfied that it holds the first place in my affection. We are in a miserable state of backwardness, you must know, and have been giving some symptoms of despondency;

various measures have been tried, at least, against the earliness of our intended day of publication; and hints have been given of a delay, that I am quite afraid would prove fatal. Something is done, however; and a good deal, I hope, is doing. Smith has gone through more than half his task. So has Hamilton. Allen has made some progress: and Murray and myself, I believe, have studied our parts, and tuned our instruments, and are *almost ready to begin*. On the other hand, Thomson is sick: Brown has engaged for nothing but Miss Baillie's plays; and Timothy has engaged for nothing, but professed it to be his opinion, the other day, that he would never put pen to paper in our cause. Brougham must have a sentence to himself; and I am afraid you will not think it a pleasant one. You remember how cheerfully he approved of our plan at first, and agreed to give us an article or two without hesitation. Three or four days ago, I proposed two or three books that I thought would suit him: he answered with perfect good-humour that he had changed his view of our plan a little, and rather thought that he should decline to have any connection with it.

—Very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY."

Now, my reason at that time for declining to be of the connection was, that no security was given me for the sole and undivided management being in Jeffrey's hands. It was not made clear to me, in the

first place, that the booksellers were to be *mere instruments*, entirely in subservience to us, and exercising not only no control, but no influence of any kind; for this was the fundamental object of the Review. Next, all former works of this description had been notoriously, more or less, under the influence of the publishers of books, who were certain to shape their course according to their interest, so far as, not merely to suppress or make mention of their publications, but even in many instances to distribute praise and censure at their instigation. Lastly, it was possible that Jeffrey's control might be interfered with by certain of our body, in whom the same confidence could not be reposed, either as regarded their opinions or their discretion. In the course of the summer, ample security being afforded on all these three points, Horner accordingly thus wrote, early in autumn, as follows to Allen, who was then at Paris with the Hollands:—

“ 1st September 1802.

“ Our Review goes on tolerably well. In consequence of Constable's own arrangement, it is not to appear till the 1st of November; but more than half the first number is already printed. I wish you would advertise the publication in some of the Paris newspapers or journals in the manner that you shall judge most likely, if there is any chance to excite a little curiosity about it. Jeffrey has written three or four excellent articles, and Brougham is now an effi-

cient and zealous member of the party. We regret your loss to a degree that I shall not express to you, though we do not altogether despair of receiving a few short critiques on such foreign publications as you happen at any rate to read with care. I particularly wish we had from you a review of Ware's strange paper on the blind boy restored to sight. Brougham has selected from the same volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' Herschel's discovery of the sympathy between the spots of the sun and the prices of wheat in Reading market.

—Yours ever,

FRA. HORNER."

These preliminary difficulties being thus explained and disposed of, I now proceed to give some account of the establishment of the Review, of its early supporters, and their contributions.

I can never forget Buccleuch Place, for it was there one stormy night, in March 1802, that Sydney Smith first announced to me his idea of establishing a critical periodical or review of works of literature and science. I believe he had already mentioned this to Jeffrey and Horner; but on that night the project was for the first time seriously discussed by Smith, Jeffrey, and me. I at first entered warmly into Smith's scheme. Jeffrey, by nature always rather timid, was full of doubts and fears. It required all Smith's overpowering vivacity to argue and laugh Jeffrey out of his difficulties. There would, he said, be no lack of contributors.

There was himself, ready to write any number of articles, and to edit the whole; there was Jeffrey, *facile princeps* in all kinds of literature; there was myself, full of mathematics, and everything relating to colonies; there was Horner for political economy, Murray for general subjects; besides, might we not, from our great and never-to-be-doubted success, fairly hope to receive help from such leviathans as Playfair, Dugald Stewart, Robison, Thomas Brown, Thomson, and others? All this was irresistible, and Jeffrey could not deny that he had already been the author of many important papers in existing periodicals.

The Review was thus fairly begun; yet Jeffrey's inconceivable timidity not only retarded the publication of the first number (which, although projected in March, was not published till October), but he kept prophesying failure in the most disheartening way, and seemed only anxious to be freed from the engagement he and the rest of us had entered into with Constable to guarantee him four numbers as an experiment. Various other minor obstacles (such as Horner's absence in London and Allen's in Paris) arose which for a time almost threatened the abandonment of the undertaking; but at length a sufficient number of articles were prepared to be revised by Smith, and the first number came out early in October 1802.

The success was far beyond any of our expectations. It was so great that Jeffrey was utterly dumfounded,

for he had predicted for our journal the fate of the original 'Edinburgh Review,' which, born in 1755, died in 1756, having produced only two numbers! The truth is, the most sanguine amongst us, even Smith himself, could not have foreseen the greatness of the first triumph any more than we could have imagined the long and successful career the Review was afterwards to run, or the vast reforms and improvements in all our institutions, social as well as political, it was destined to effect. The tone it took from the first was manly and independent. When it became as much political as literary, its attitude was upright and fearless: not a single contributor ever hesitated between the outspoken expression of his opinions and the consequences these might entail on his success in life, whether at the bar, the pulpit, or the senate.

The great importance of the Review can only be judged of, by recollecting the state of things at the time Smith's bold and sagacious idea was started. Protection reigned triumphant—Parliamentary representation in Scotland had scarcely an existence—the Catholics were unemancipated—the test acts unrepealed—men were hung for stealing a few shillings in a dwelling-house—no counsel allowed to a prisoner accused of a capital offence—the horrors of the slave trade tolerated—the prevailing tendencies of the age, jobbery and corruption.

To the improvement of some, and the removal of others of such evils, the 'Edinburgh Review' has not

a little contributed. To Sydney Smith much is therefore due. The share he had in this good work has never been sufficiently appreciated. He was a very remarkable man, a great lover of freedom, but a still more fervent lover of truth. He was not led away by the false appearance of liberty which the dangerous and mischievous doctrines of the French Revolution too widely spread. He looked upon all that had been going on in France with calm good sense; and in all his writings, while he was the unflinching advocate of every sound principle, he earnestly protested against the dangers to which true liberty was exposed by the mistaken zeal of its first worshippers.

I consider that the Review owed much of its continuing success to the wise advice which Smith administered to Constable at the conclusion of his short reign as *quasi* editor, and during the discussion of the arrangement about to be made with Jeffrey. The substance of this advice was, that a *permanent* editor should be engaged at a liberal salary, and that *every* contributor should be paid ten or twelve guineas a-sheet.

Constable, who, as I have stated, was the publisher in Edinburgh, was more liberal-minded than any of his craft, and he had the sagacity to see the good sense of Smith's advice. From the great sale of the first two numbers, he justly calculated upon a considerable increase in future; but he knew that this could only be secured by inducing the best men to enrol themselves as contributors, and that however agreeable to

their vanity *anonymous* fame might be, yet the solid gratification produced by liberal pay would be quite as effectual. I think the editor began at £300 a-year, and the contributors at 10 guineas a-sheet; but before long these payments were raised. The sums paid to the writers was left entirely to Jeffrey.

Even as late as September the progress was very slow, although by that time part of the first number had been printed; but articles did not come in as quickly as Smith expected, so that, hard-worked as I then was with my 'Colonial Policy,' I was obliged to write several articles in addition to the two ('Olivier's Travels' and 'Wood's Optics') I had prepared as my contribution. To these I added, 'Horneman's Travels,' 'Acerbi's Travels,' 'Playfair on the Huttonian Theory,' and an article on the 'Sugar Colonies.'

In September 1855, John Murray was staying at Brougham. We were talking one day of the selections I had recently been asked to make from my articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' for publication by Messrs Griffin, when my brother suggested that Murray and I should sit down and put the names of their authors to all the early numbers, he and I being the last survivors of the first contributors. We worked at this for ten or twelve days. Murray sent to Edinburgh for some contemporary notes he had; and these, with our own recollections, enabled us to make a very full and correct list.

Referring to this I find that the writers in the early

numbers were, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Horner, Murray, Thomas Brown (successor to Dugald Stewart), Hamilton (afterwards Professor of Oriental Languages at the East India College, Hertfordshire), John Thomson\* (afterwards Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh), and myself; afterwards we were joined by John Allen\* (then Professor of Physiology, afterwards Lord Holland's family doctor), Walter Scott, Emsley, Playfair, Hallam, Malcolm Laing,\* Sir William Drummond, Sir John Stoddart, John Eyre, Lord Aberdeen, and Dr Duncan. When we got beyond the twentieth number we had other contributors, such as John Leslie, Malthus, Mill, Bloomfield, and Mackintosh.\*

To the four first numbers Smith contributed eighteen articles; namely—

- |          |      |     |   |
|----------|------|-----|---|
| No. I.   | Art. | 2.  | Dr Parr's Spital Sermon.                  |
|          | "    | 3.  | Goodwin's reply to Parr.                  |
|          | "    | 9.  | Rennel's Discourses.                      |
|          | "    | 12. | Bowles on the Peace.                      |
|          | "    | 16. | Dr Langford's Anniversary Sermon.         |
|          | "    | 18. | Public Characters of 1801-2.              |
|          | "    | 20. | Nares's Sermon.                           |
| No. II.  | "    | 2.  | Sonnini's Travels.                        |
|          | "    | 6.  | Lewis's Alfonso.                          |
|          | "    | 10. | Necker's Last Views.                      |
| No. III. | "    | 2.  | Collins's New South Wales.                |
|          | "    | 6.  | Fiévée, <i>Lettres sur l'Angleterre</i> . |
|          | "    | 14. | Percival's Account of Ceylon.             |
|          | "    | 17. | Delphine, by Madame de Staël.             |
|          | "    | 22. | Sturges on the Residence of the Clergy.   |

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\* In reference to the names in the text, see Appendix XVIII.

- No. IV. Art. 2. Catteau, Tableau des États Danois.  
 „ 4. Wittman's Travels.  
 „ 10. Edgeworth on Irish Bulls.

Jeffrey, sixteen ; namely—

- No. I. Art. 1. Mounier, Sur la Revolution de la France.  
 „ 6. Baldwin's Egypt—jointly with Brougham.  
 „ 8. Southey's Thalaba.  
 „ 13. Herrenschwand's Address.  
 „ 19. Bonnet on Revolutions.  
 „ 22. Mackenzie's Voyages.  
 No. II. „ 3. Paley's Natural Theology.  
 „ 8. Denon's Travels in Egypt.  
 „ 14. Hunter's Poems.  
 „ 22. Madame Necker : Reflexions sur le Divorce.  
 No. III. „ 1. Gentz : État de l'Europe — jointly with  
 Brougham.  
 „ 5. Hayley's Life of Cowper.  
 „ 21. Thelwall's Poems.  
 „ 23. Sir John Sinclair's Essays.  
 No. IV. „ 1. Miss Baillie's Plays on the Passions.  
 „ 21. Works of Lady M. W. Montagu.

Horner, seven ; namely—

- No. I. Art. 7. Irvine on Emigration.  
 „ 11. Christison on Parish Schools.  
 „ 14. The Utility of Country Banks.  
 „ 25. Thornton on Paper Credit.  
 No. II. „ 16. Canard : Principes d'Economie Politique.  
 No. III. „ None.  
 No. IV. „ 11. Lord King on Bank Restriction.  
 „ 18. The Trial of Peltier for Libel.

I contributed twenty-one, and four jointly with others ; namely—

- No. I. Art. 5. Olivier's Travels.  
 „ 6. Baldwin's Egypt—jointly with Jeffrey.  
 „ 21. Horneman's Travels.  
 „ 23. Wood's Optics.  
 „ 24. Acerbi's Travels.  
 „ 26. Playfair's Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory.  
 „ 27. Crisis of the Sugar Colonies.
- No. II. „ 9. Politique de tous les Cabinets de l'Europe.  
 „ 12. Woodhouse on Imaginary Quantities.  
 „ 15. Herschell on the New Planets.  
 „ 17. Bakerian Lecture on Light and Colours.  
 „ 23. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh: Ivory's Solution of Kepler's Problem, and Wallace's Algebraic Formula.
- No. III. „ 1. Gentz: *État de l'Europe*—jointly with Jeffrey.  
 „ 3. Shepherd's Life of Poggio Bracciolini—jointly with Perceval.  
 „ 8. Wollaston on Prismatic Reflection.  
 „ 9. Wollaston on the Oblique Reflection on Iceland Crystal.  
 „ 10. Hatchett's Analysis of a New Metal.  
 „ 11. Guineas an Incumbrance to Commerce.  
 „ 13. Ritson on Abstinence from Animal Food—jointly with Jeffrey.  
 „ 26. Stewart's Life of Robertson.
- No. IV. „ 6. Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.  
 „ 8. Dallas's History of the Maroons.  
 „ 12. Walker's Poems.  
 „ 15. Davis's Travels.  
 „ 16. Fuseli's Lectures—jointly with Dr Parry.

This last article was written by Parry; but I was requested to put a little *salt* into it.

I find that in the first twenty numbers Jeffrey

wrote seventy-five articles; Smith, twenty-three; Horner, fourteen; and I, eighty.

The great success of this publication, three editions being immediately exhausted, and a large permanent circulation established, and the influence of the work in after-times, are matters well known and universally felt. The first effect of our Review, absolutely independent of the trade and of any party in the country, local or general, was to raise the character and to increase the influence of periodical criticism. The purpose to which this influence was devoted was the promotion of sound and liberal opinions upon all questions in Church and State, leaving the doctrines of religion untouched, and assuming the duty of submission to the constitution as fixed and permanent, the frame of our government only being subject to decorous and temperate comment or discussion. The severity of the criticism on books and their authors was much, and often justly, complained of; but no one could accuse it of personal malice, or any sinister motives. The rule was inflexibly maintained, never to suffer the insertion of any attack by a writer who was known, or even justly suspected, to have a personal difference with the author, or other sinister motive; and if any person had been found to have kept concealed such cause of bias upon his critical judgment, no contribution would ever afterwards have been received from that person. So, if any one had practised the deception of concealing the real authorship, he was placed under the ban of prohibi-

tion. The first two or three numbers were given gratuitously, and neither the writers nor the editor would receive any remuneration. Afterwards, as I have before mentioned, for five or six years, the editor had a salary of £300 a-year, and the writers received ten guineas a-sheet of sixteen pages. These sums were in the succeeding years raised, the editor to five hundred, and the contributors to twenty; so that upwards of ninety thousand pounds must have been paid for the publication of this work. There may have been occasionally some difference in the rate of payment of different writers, though I have no reason to believe in any such. But one rule was absolute—no one was allowed to refuse payment at the usual rate. Professional men, or judges in the receipt of the largest incomes, or private gentlemen—Romilly, Denman, Drummond, Aberdeen—were as much required to receive their payment as any writer who made letters his profession.

It was one benefit conferred upon literature and science, that men were led to work at the production of dissertations, often of treatises, interesting and popular in their composition, who might never have otherwise engaged in such works. Men who would not think of publishing a book, had a place ready to receive their writings, and a place of respectability, in which their works appeared in decent company. If they desired concealment, their secret was inviolably kept; but so many were well known as members of society, and mixing with it daily, that there was the

responsibility, the want of which is often complained of in periodical publication. The work was really in one important respect unlike former Reviews; it contained what these only very rarely had, dissertations on the subject, as well as accounts of and criticisms upon the works reviewed; and this, doubtless, was carried so far as to interfere with the main object of a periodical article. I remember Sackville, Lord Thanet, saying he waited to see the quarterly pamphlets before he made up his mind on such and such a matter; for the rival journal pursued the same plan. But this contributed largely to turn men's thoughts towards engaging in written discussion. That most of the writers to whom payment was little or no inducement, thus became authors, there can be no doubt. Horner often said that his dissertation would in all probability have been in his portfolio had the Review not existed; but this was one of the instances in which, as Denman observed, our good friend, being wholly incapable of deceiving others, now and then deceived himself; for there were no such writings found among his papers; just as Hallam charged him with being the author of a self-denying ordinance, as he called it, that no man at the bar should ever take office, and soon after our friend himself did so—contrary to the advice of his oldest friends. He afterwards, on giving up his office, described it as the cause of his having no success at the bar—an exaggerated view, undoubtedly; but certainly he had much less success than his talents and

learning deserved. Those talents were of a very exalted cast, and his powers of labour, while his health remained unbroken, were fully equal to any demand upon them. His merits in spotless integrity, perfect temper, sound judgment, and devotion to his principles, have been often and fully acknowledged even by political adversaries, and never exaggerated by the partiality of friends. But some of the most zealous (Cockburn, for example) have greatly underrated his talents, and really suppressed some of the most extraordinary instances of their successful display.

To return to the Review, it may be observed that, beside the exception taken to occasional vehemence of the censures on works, there arose some doubts upon the orthodoxy of the opinions in religion, and objections to the undeniable bias against the existing policy and ministerial arrangements. The attacks on the Methodists by Sydney Smith gave great offence to a large and powerful body, the Evangelical party, especially in England. They complained, and most justly, that he had confounded the Calvinistic with the Arminian Methodists, charging the former with all the views of the latter, which such men as Wilberforce and Henry Thornton, Babington, Stephen, and Macaulay were just as incapable of falling into as Sydney Smith himself.\* The Review suffered not only from this great mistake, but from

\* The article is in the Review for January 1808, in the form of a review on 'Causes of the Increase of Methodism and Dissension' by Robert Acklem Ingram, B.D.

the tone of levity on sacred subjects almost unavoidably assumed by any one arguing against great and manifest errors, sometimes of a ludicrous description. There were frequent complaints in Edinburgh, much strengthened by the known, and indeed absurd, opinions of Sir William Drummond, who was a frequent contributor, though only upon classical questions. A worthy and pious friend having taken exception to some passages not written by Drummond, the latter used to call him the "Reverend Lord." I recollect Ward, a person not remarkable for the decorum of his language on religious subjects, quoting on his friend Dry (the nickname of Drummond) "*Nemo novit Deum, sunt etiam qui de eo impure male existimant.*" This was about the time of Drummond's taking the title of the Crescent, which he had received at Constantinople while ambassador—an assumption which Ward announced to us by saying, "Drummond having a devil, now calls himself Sir William."

Whatever objections men might take to the secular or the spiritual opinions of the Review, or to the causticity of the criticisms, from the charge of being a party tool, or of ministering to personal feelings, it was always free. The works published by its conductors were either not reviewed at all (as was the case with my own work on 'Colonial Policy'), or only, when the subject required their being inserted, referred to without any comment. The decided part taken on some great questions, especially on slavery

and the slave trade, unavoidably gave rise to warm panegyric of certain individuals, and invectives against others; but these persons were wholly unconnected with the journal; and as often as they adopted views, or espoused a course of policy different from that maintained by the Review, their merits on subjects in which the reviewer agreed did not at all mitigate its censure when they differed, of which Stephen afforded a remarkable instance, his *Orders in Council* calling down upon him a censure as strong as his great services in slavery always obtained most just applause. If I rightly recollect, Wilberforce himself was visited with censure of some severity, at the time of the Yorkshire contest in 1807, in consequence of the part he had taken upon the constitutional question, which occasioned a change of Ministry, and the dissolution of Parliament.\*

Jeffrey's labours as editor were unceasing, and I will venture to say, if we had searched all Europe, a better man, *in every respect*, could not have been found. As a critic he was unequalled; and, take them as a whole, I consider his articles were the best we had. As an instance of the care he took in revising and preparing contributions, I remember an article on the Memoirs of Prince Eugene was sent to Jeffrey

\* In the number for July 1812 there is an article on "A Letter to H. Brougham, Esq., M.P., on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, by William Roscoe, Esq." Among other instances of the costliness of elections is,—“The committee which conducted Mr Wilberforce's election for Yorkshire in 1807 state their expenses at fifty-eight thousand, with every resource of the most rigid economy and great voluntary assistance in labour” (p. 137).

by Mill. Jeffrey gave it to Dr Ferrier of Manchester to revise; and when he got it back from Dr Ferrier, he himself corrected it, and added the moral reflections and the concluding observations on the new Paris edition of the work!

The great and increasing success of this journal, while it mightily raised him in the public estimation, in no way interfered with his progress towards extensive practice at the bar. He was afterwards Dean of Faculty, Lord Advocate, and a Judge, and one of the ablest and the best that ever sat on the Scotch bench.

It was the custom to say he had failed in Parliament. I recollect meeting Sir Robert Peel the night he made his first speech; and in answer to my inquiry as to its success, he said that Jeffrey had fired over their heads, and was too clever for his audience.

After the July number came out, I received the following letter from Jeffrey:—

“EDINBURGH, *August 5, 1804.*

“DEAR BROUGHAM,—I am very sorry that your letter of the 24th ulto. should have arrived while I was in the country, both on account of the delay which consequently took place in delivering the enclosure for George Street, and because I find by your subsequent letter, which I received this morning, that there is but little chance of my being able to reach you by letter within the four seas. I believe I have never thanked you enough for your great and exemplary services in the campaign which is just termi-

nated. I was so hurried while it was going on, that I really had not leisure to estimate them properly; and it is only since the number has been out that I discovered myself to have been indebted to you for no less than six sheets. I have been prevented, too, from the same cause, from deprecating your indulgence for the liberty I took in suppressing and altering a few sentences in the beginning of your Lauderdale. They did not bear at all upon the argument, and I was really anxious that there should be no pretext for complaining of anything personal or contemptuous in the manner.\* I have not yet seen any of the other reviews; but it will give me great pleasure to find that the confutation, which must, I think, be the most masterly and convincing, is also the most temperate and polite. It will amuse you to hear that I was presented to the peer, and spent an hour in conversation with him, the very day on which the Review came out. I was anxious to see him afterwards, but though I remained till yesterday in his neighbourhood, I never had an opportunity of meeting with him. He seems to have shut himself up immediately on receipt of the book, and had not emerged when I left that part of the country.

“I forget what I said to Horner, but I am sure I excepted Lauderdale from the sentence of mediocrity.

“Of that article he knew my sentiments long before

\* Referring to a review of ‘An Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth, and into the Means and Causes of its Increase,’ by the Earl of Lauderdale.—‘Edinburgh Review’ for July 1804, p. 343.

its publication. I should ask pardon of you and John Playfair for the phrase, however, even after the exception of it had cased it with vigorous propriety; but all I meant was, that there was scarcely any article that was likely to make a noise, or to become very popular, which, if it be true at all, is in many instances the fault of the subject.

"I am glad you think my 'Slave Trade' passable. You see I have not ventured an inch beyond you, and have aimed at nothing more than a clear and popular exposition of the most striking parts of your pamphlet.

"I am sorry that you think P. so very objectionable. I was a little staggered with the colonisation of India, but that project was the very text and spinal marrow of the article, and could not possibly be separated from it; besides, I think the public is too quiescent and timid in its ignorance of such subjects, and I cannot help thinking you a good deal too decisive. India cannot be colonised, indeed, like a country that is thinly or barbarously peopled; and that distinction ought to have been considered.\*

"But it may be colonised in a sort, by intermarriage and the constitution of small landed estates. I do not believe P. is very profoundly prepared to answer objections or follow out his scheme in detail; but the suggestion, I think, may do some good, and in my heart I believe that the poor youth had no *wicked* designs whatever in indicting this article. What

\* Alluding, apparently, to an article in the Review for July 1804, in which colonisation is suggested.—See 'Edinburgh Review,' iv. 305.

designs, may I ask, are imputed to him by the chain man?

“As to pious interpolations in Chatham, I utterly deny the charge. The only alterations I made in the article were an abridging what you say of Granville and investing some of your vital Christianity with more profane phraseology. It is very edifying to see your surprise at your own goodness.\*

“You are very much mistaken if you suppose that I countenance Wilberforce or his principles. I have much respect for his talents, and great veneration for his character. I shall read his book ‘at a convenient season,’ but scarcely expect to get the length of W—— or King Agrippa. In the mean time I am very much flattered by the favourable opinion of such men, and should be sincerely sorry to do anything that scandalise them. I have no doubt you may have seen Washington, and it will be better perhaps to let it go to a greater length before it be cut down. I am told it is dolefully tedious and ill written. I shall venture a response on Sir W. if no Oriental competition presents itself. I have better hopes of young Hamilton. You say nothing of Barrow’s China. I hanker after it; not because I have read it or heard anything very prepossessing about it (for I have neither), but chiefly because I wish to be put upon some tack that will force me to make up my mind about that absurd people. I shall also, if you wish it, try to give an abstract of your ‘Colonial Policy,’ short and simple

\* Review on ‘Chatham’s Letters,’ July 1804, article 9.

and if the time be not past, I have no objection to say a word or two to Stephens opportunely. This will be enough for my share, I think. I thank you heartily for your recruiting services. It is after the former failure of your R. S. men I am afraid to depend upon them after you are out of the way of dunning them. Might I entreat you to remind them yourself, and to point out the necessity of being early, as I may otherwise be obliged in prudence to fill all the places. I am greatly elated with the prospect of a paper from W——. I wrote, in a pacific and friendly epistle to Dr Reeves, my hope that his indignation was abated, and his resolution to desert us was withdrawn. He has made me no answer, whether out of scorn and abhorrence or to get time to consult his friend, I know not. I have done my duty. If he fail I shall want a medical reviewer. Do you have any such in London? We shall take no more of Dr R.'s. I think I must have a man that can write—if Fowler of Salisbury were willing, he is very able. I think I shall set M—— upon him. By the way, is any arrangement made with W—— or G—— about S——'s book? We must have some scientific pot-hooks this time for the refreshment of the Bailie. May I depend upon the account of L——, and has L—— himself fixed to do Volney or anything else? You see of what importance you are to me by the number of questions I am obliged to ask when you are going away. What are you going to do in Germany? Do not stay longer than three months, for God's sake; and give us a glimpse of

you here in your transit to the south. I wish you all sort of amusement. Try and establish the Review somewhere on the Continent. Get a Hamburg journalist to puff it, and, above all, write often to me what you are doing. If you will send me an address I shall write you as long letters as a Turkish spy. God bless you, my dear Brougham! and learn never to take anything amiss that I say or do to you.—Ever most faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

“*P.S.*—Murray is in Argyleshire, and most of the faithful scattered.”

## CHAPTER V.

## Tour through Holland and Italy.

NOTES OF A RAMBLE ON THE CONTINENT—CLOSED TO THE BRITISH, AND NECESSARY TO OBTAIN AMERICAN PAPERS—THE VOYAGE—THE HELDER—TRACES OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION—AMSTERDAM—UTRECHT—DELFT—DUTCH APPRECIATION OF THE 'COLONIAL POLICY'—RYSWICK—DISCUSSION ON THE SLAVE TRADE—PROJECTS FOR CO-OPERATION IN ABOLITION—THE HAGUE—A SITTING OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY—HAARLEM—DÜSSELDORF AND ITS PICTURE-GALLERY—THE RHINE—VENICE—PICTURES—JOURNEY THROUGH ITALY—NAPLES—POMPEII—THE GROTTO DEL CANE—ROME—ST PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

IN the autumn of 1804 I determined to go to Holland, where I hoped to obtain much information on the subject of the slave trade, with the intention of afterwards proceeding through Germany, if I found that could be done without much difficulty, and thence to Italy. Jeffrey had written to me in July remonstrating; he complained of my absenting myself at that period of the year, and throwing the labour of preparing for the October number of the Review upon his shoulders, for Murray and many of the others were about to take their holiday, leaving him alone in Edinburgh. To make his mind easy I contrived to send him four or five articles before I left England :

one was upon the means of rendering Great Britain independent of foreign corn, with other plans of national improvement.

The state of the Continent made travelling there difficult for any one—for an Englishman, *impossible*; so I went as an American, furnished with an American passport and papers.

I left London early in August, and after a very quick passage, rather blowing, with execrable provisions and accommodation, two sick women and a stupid younker, made Camperdown in thirty-nine hours after our departure from Gravesend, and arrived at Helder on the 8th of August.

It blew a very hard gale on a lee-shore as near as possible, and a brig went ashore. We weathered it, however, and at 5 P.M. cast anchor between Helder and Texel, as the searchers could not come off in the gale. At 5 A.M. went off in a Dutch boat to the Admiral, a fine 80-gun ship, in beautiful order, and quite clean. Most civilly treated.

Helder, *Aug. 9.*—Helder, an ill-built large town about size of Gravesend, all clean and neat. Met many French officers, who behaved most civilly. At Helder went to the Roodelieuw, or Red Lion, and found the French commissary and commandant had quarters in it. They civilly interpreted for me, and I passed for a Frenchman, I believe.

Battle fought on the sand-hills here.\* 700 French

\* In reference to the capture of Helder by the force under Abercromby in August 1799.

and 2000 Dutch soldiers are in the camp and outposts, well clothed and armed, with depots—fine-looking men. Supped and had a bath, which, after thirty-six hours passed on shipboard, was a great luxury.

*Aug. 9.*—I hired a sort of phaeton, with two good horses, and set out to Alkmaär : sandy roads—country all sand-hills, but improved after the first two hours. Passed the field of battle, and the camp.

Conversed with my driver, very intelligent, and picked up some Dutch. Find, if he can be trusted, they don't like the French, and still less the English. Common Dutch and French soldiers at constant daggers-drawn, but officers on good terms. The Dutch like Americans better than any. This is so natural in Dutchmen, that I take this as truth, though on sorry authority. The horses being troubled with flies from the extreme heat of the day, I jocularly called them Frenchmen, and said the English were the whip that drove them off. The man said, the Dutch preferred the trouble of feeding the fly to the pain of the lash that drove it off. We stopped twice on the road at neat little villages, and our route lay through a delightful country of meadow and canal. Little or no wood, except here and there a corner cut off to make a young shrubbery for the neighbouring house, though in no form or taste. The hedges are good. Lust-houses on all banks, sometimes *on* the canal—a box like a bathing-machine, with one or two rooms; sometimes a row of these together. Last stage from Alkmaär is called Schooldam, all battered by shot, still to be seen.

We saw fishing in the canal two rival priests of the town, the Catholic and Protestant. Every one, especially the French, civil to a degree. Near Alkmaär, a delightful country, and more wood ; surrounded by 30 to 40 windmills, which, however, also go by water. The churches have a fine lofty appearance from a distance, and are really superb buildings ; the town neat, and even pretty ; canals and trees running through it ; a large fosse and walls, with a handsome new and a fine old gateway. No trouble entering ; no one ever stopped or spoke to us. A meadow of half a mile square on the north side, filled with little gardens and hedges, and crammed with lüst-houses, surrounded with a ditch almost stagnant. They appear to the number of two in twenty yards, all along the outside, and have a singularly Hollandish appearance.

I am just waiting for my dinner, which I have made shift to order in my bad Dutch. A very comfortable dinner, with exquisite hautboys in abundance, and good claret, prepared me for the rest of my journey. I first saw the cathedral—fine, 100 paces long ; two organs ; the nave lofty. Proceeded at four through narrow, soft, winding roads, in one continued grove of young trees ; every now and then a break showing a meadow of great extent in various crops—sometimes nothing but green grass as far as the eye could reach. Now the smell of beans from large patches, and then cows and canals. The first Dutch mile brings a view of Burwyk, and larger woods ; villas thick set ; large

avenues, walks, fountains, temples, and fine houses; thick and nice-trimmed hedges, dark walks, parterres, and all the richness of Dutch gardening. Every proprietor a "Koofman." People all civil to excess, both French and Dutch. All smoking, and drinking claret and coffee. Appearances of industry and ease universal. Came to a plain of vast extent, with Amsterdam in the distance, salt-water lake, and sea far off. Haarlem church to the right, row of sand-hills at a distance behind; meadows studded with spires, and clumps of farmhouses; road along a dyke for ten English miles. Dam at Spardam gave a dreadful idea of power of sea breaking in; at gates at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  exactly as said; went over nervous bridges, &c., rumbling on the piles. Then to "the arms of Amsterdam," a superb French hotel, where by accident I found Galiffe lodges. Excellent supper, and most refreshing Rhenish madeira and seltzer. Sound nap.

Amsterdam, *Aug. 10, 1804.*—Kindly received by Vander Hoeven, Galiffe, and Melville. Monstrous bustle on all hands. It is easy to lose one's way in Amsterdam, as one always finds the same trees and canals in every street of any size. Hollow sound of piles, and stink of canals. Houses huddled together as if falling. Some obviously so; one or two here and there actually zigzag. No plainness, all in bad taste; clumsy cut out tops and ornaments.

Stadthouse, a massive square, about 460 windows, five stories, and 23 windows in front; finest hall of marble I ever saw—about 100 pilasters fluted. Hall

of Capital Condemnation, small, strong, and gloomy, but well ornamented. Exchange most extensive; each pillar and compartment numbered and named from country, and even town. Grand bustle and fine room. All the people very horribly dressed. *Table d'hôte* excellent. Two courses and dessert, with half-bottle good claret, for one florin and a half.

Amsterdam, *Aug.* 11.—Went to call on Elliot—not in town. Went to Hotel de Ville or Stadthaus.

Dined very pleasantly at Melville's, and in the evening went to see the Dutch play and the famous actress Vahir, who astonished me. Two good men actors. A pretty house, well lighted and fitted up. A ballet, very good, but most indecent. Even the *figurantes* danced extremely well. The orchestra very good. Tea handed round between the acts.

Amsterdam, *Aug.* 12.—Went to Mr Vander Hoeven's chateau, three and a half hours' journey, in a carriage and pair: dull country, duller day, and some heavy rain. Found his lady at home—a very pleasant little Brabançonne, though an invalid. He out fishing on his water; went to him—no sport. The carp, tench, and eels, as well as perch, are very fine; the villa excellent, extensive; less uniform than any I have seen, somewhat *à l'Anglaise*; but the country quite sandy, like all the district near the sea. Everything bespeaks the national character of making a pleasure of business, and being precise as in an office, at all times. In the theatre, the seats are marked, so that each man in the pit has one place. In any ap-

plause, a single *hist* may stop it all. Very fond of amusements like this; extremely punctual; never kept waiting, or disappointed, or cheated by tradesmen. Best attendance possible at inns, and by drivers, who carry you to a very second.

Sweated by France; pay seventy-three per cent on income; fit out ships for France, and when not needed, have to buy them back. Do not love the French at all.

No paper money, except bills and actions; all silver, copper, and good gold, which bends between the fingers.

The wealth and credit of some traders here is astonishing. Hope has placed £100,000, some say £200,000, of bills in one morning at "Change." No one, however, comes near him. Payments above a certain sum must be made in bank money, which bears a premium of only two, three, or four per cent at present. Though there are no notes in retail trade, there are bonds of foreign loans as low as 100 guilders in constant circulation. The colonial bonds not lower than £100.

Water is very bad at Amsterdam, so that the only water used for drinking comes from Utrecht, where it is famous. The price is four stivers a bottle, almost as dear as the worst kind of claret, which one may buy for six stivers.

Utrecht, *Aug. 13.*—Set off with a small valise for this place at 1 P.M. in the *treckschuyt*. Day at first dull, then stormy and wet, yet the view rich and fine;

villas in various forms and sizes. Our dinner, cold fowl, bread, and wine, as is the custom; women drinking tea the whole way. We were forty in all, besides those on the roofs. Passed Maarsen, a neat clean village, inhabited chiefly by Jews; only one horse all the way; stopped twice, once to drink a cup of tea and light pipe. Arrived here at 8.30 with the usual precision of the country, and found a most comfortable hotel, the Castle of Antwerp.

The French troops treat the people here with great harshness, and are detested by all ranks, ages, and sexes. There are fourteen French generals under Marmont, the *général-en-chef*. One of them said to him that Utrecht had suffered nothing since the Revolution, and that it ought to pay now. The general, therefore, seized some of the best houses for quarters for his *état-major*. The municipality remonstrated, and were driven out with contempt. Since that, the French have done as they pleased in the town.

I saw to-day (Aug. 14) a pamphlet, published at Utrecht in 1802, to prove that it is the part of a good citizen to undertake any office that might be offered him, whether he likes the Government or not. It has had some effect. Previously none but the scum could be found for the public departments.

The rent of land is from twenty to forty florins the Dutch arpent. Very bad land at ten to fifteen. An instance of fifteen per cent for money vested in land is quite rare; seldom more than five; average two to four. Since the Revolution, land has risen in

value, because no one trusts the public securities, and all wish to invest in land. Loans almost impossible to be had by private people, and in trade they either gain a great deal or nothing at all. This, by the way, always operates, and has been too much neglected by economists; it is the *extreme*, and not the average, profits which tempt.

#### TO THE HAGUE, PASSING THROUGH ROTTERDAM.

Hague, *Aug.* 20, 1804.—Breakfasted with Crawford; then went to Roquette's and drew for £20. Dined with M. Van Yzendoorn's married sister, and set out with him on the roof for Delft; found it delightful. A Dutch gentleman was on it, from whom procured much accurate information in return for simply explaining a few passages and references in my second volume, which is now being translated into Dutch.\*

Land near towns lets sometimes for so high as 120 guilders per margen (about two English acres); and this is for the vegetables and milk sold in towns. In country from ten to thirty guilders, and no more. Three per cent for money vested in it is the ordinary average rate, and two and a half is very frequent; all owing to the heavy expenses of draining, which requires a mill-machinery, and of dykes, repairs,

\* *De Staatkunde der Europeesche Mogendheden  
nopens het bestuuren van Volkplantingen.  
onderzocht en beoorleeld door Henry Brougham, Jun.,  
Uit het Engelsch door P. Van Yzendoorn.  
Te Amsteldam, 1804.*

houses, duties, imposts. In an income of £120 per annum, perhaps twenty goes to land-tax, income-tax being paid from the rest.

The surface of the ground, to a depth of seven or eight feet, is cut for peat—excellent fuel. This is then flooded, and clay soil remains of excellent quality. It requires a public authority to cut turf, for fear of inundations.

Legislative body cannot initiate; Senate must propose; they only originate. Foreign ministers received by foreign secretary. No man can hold two appointments. East India Company lost 100 millions of florins by the American war; on making up their accounts, they lost in last war not less; no dividends for several years before its abolition, nor since.

All the old nobility, the patrician families, and those not noble, but who have long been in Government offices, the peasantry, and the proprietors, and especially the rich yeomanry, are for the Stadtholder. The merchants, the army of course, most of the functionaries, especially Amsterdam, from old jealousy, are against him. Towns often jealous of each other.

The schuyt set us down at Delft, and we landed to view the fine old spire, and monuments in the cathedral; a noble one on William the First's tomb, 200 years old; four bronzes of Justice, Religion, Prudence, and Liberty; a fifth of Fame, balanced on one toe, and movable, though 220 cwt.; the rest marble, white and grey. There is a modern one of Grotius. The chime the finest in the world.

Took a carriage, and the moon shining very bright, came through a most rich succession of seats, the best I have seen. In this delicious light, this most beautiful wood, buildings and streets in the scene, struck me much; and I believe, as to the country, a moonlight is best adapted to show its beauties by hiding its petty defects.

Aug. 21.—After breakfast went to the parade of about 170 foot, 50 horse (beautiful), and 60 artillery, all Dutch, with a good band. The French Government keeps no troops here.

Then to the French coffee-house with Van Yzen-doorn; then to the *Society* or Club, an institution where only members of the Government high in office, ambassadors, and strangers introduced by them, are admitted: was introduced to several eminent men—Van Keyser from Java, of the East India Company—Van Omphal, a legislator, and others. Complimented by all on my book, which they seemed to know as well as myself. Lionised to all the state rooms of the old palace, rich with the Spanish trophies—the chamber of the admiralty, &c.; chairs with the Orange arms, and curtains—the Stadtholder's rooms, now those of the Legislative Body, and library—the palace of the Senate, &c.; some of the rooms very superb, and all elegant. Gobelins tapestry beautiful.

Those public buildings are in one chateau, with gates, surrounded by a moat.

At the Senate palace, a fine public garden with all sorts of walks, arbours, and "lüst-huysen."

Saw the squares, which are noble, and the houses, hotels of embassies, palaces, &c., all scattered about in profusion. Bentinck House, with fourteen large windows in front. All the places of vast breadth, no canals, and trees very large.

Dined at the Deuxvilles *table d'hôte*, frequented only by the Club Society; had much instruction from Omphal about the policy, &c., of Holland.

Walked afterwards to see two fine villas beyond Ryswick; passed the villa on the site of the treaty chateau; drank tea, &c., at a lust-house, and returned with Van Yzendoorn to the Society.

The people in communes of 60,000 choose electors, who choose the legislators. These are now in an assembly extraordinary: having discussed the deficit of 60 millions, they imposed a capital tax of 2½. In public the debates not interesting, but much in committees. Saw them break up, and the soldiers in the square salute the President, who walked out in a plain hat cocked like the rest, and black knot.

#### SLAVE TRADE.

*Van Yzendoorn* said he believed if England abolished they would directly follow.

*Roquette*—same, though less strong.

*Gentleman in West Indian Department* said there is no fear whatever from insurrection in Dutch colonies.

*Crawford* and others all misapprehend abolition question, and talk of emancipation.

*Yzendoorn, &c.*, talk of dangers of mooting the point now.

*Omphal* talks of necessity of having supplies to make the colonies yield anything.

*French papers* full of attack on Pitt on the slave question; every word of the debate, and especially *Wilberforce's* speeches, with comments, all violent, in favour.

Notice of the Congos forming a white party.

See my ground clearly, and find it will probably do. Have prepared all, to-day.

Van *Yzendoorn* is to translate the pamphlet on the trade and the memorials; and give all manner of facilities. Luckily all have read my book, and it is in great favour.

*Aug. 22.*—All morning working at memorial. Dined at the *Deuxvilles*—thirty-five people. Tea with Van *Yzendoorn*. After seeing the rest of the palace—viz. Hall of Holland—a most splendid room indeed—walked and spent the evening with Van *Edelbat*, controller of colonial finance: two years in *Caraccas*—nine in *Cavasson*(?); well informed; has just views on slave trade and colonies.

*Suraga*

*Cavasson* very valuable; takes 16 millions of florins per annum chiefly from Spanish contraband; 18,000 negroes, 4000 mulattoes, and 3000 whites. Negroes well treated, but driven with overseer from 9 to 1 with whip; keep up and increase without importation, so that there is a constant exportation to Spanish Main and elsewhere; increase about 3 per cent per annum.

In 1798, just before capture of Surinam, &c., a great debate here in Legislative Body on slave trade. Many opposed its continuance, particularly De V., who proposed abolition and emancipation; carried by a narrow majority in favour of the present system, and for encouraging the trade. But no details of the plan to this effect were entered into till two years ago, when the new Council took it up. The plan is now organised, and only waits a peace for full execution. The duties formerly laid of 10 florins on importation of negroes taken off, and a bounty granted of 5 on males, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  on children and women. All goods for Africa go duty free, and if they paid a duty on original importation, it is drawn back. Thus, nails and muskets from Germany pay  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent *ad valorem*: this is drawn back if they are sent to Africa, and they are free from the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  on exportation which they would pay elsewhere.

Trade to West Indies free to all Dutch in Dutch vessels. Pay  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent *ad valorem* out, which must come back in produce there and 3 per cent at home. No abolitionist in Council and Senate. Vickers, leading man, is for the system, and so is Bexieu; Van Edelbert, not; and all limit their support to their own supply. He is to speak to Vickers. Van Yzendoorn was for long time on commission on Java's laws; says they tried to alter them, but he against. The law of settlement exists in great force. No one can be maintained under one year and six months' residence. Tax-paying not specified, because

every one must pay in excise. If he resides that time he can't be removed; before it, he may, until he proves his town, and that becomes bound to support him when poor; till then he may be turned out though in full health. This is very old law, and not much acted on, but it has its effect: Amsterdam alone has abolished it, and is eaten up with poor.

The Hague, *Aug. 23, 1804.*—After finishing and despatching the memorial, went to the *Maison du Bois*. The wood is enchanting, being large and irregular—in short, a fine forest in any country, and, after the Dutch-cut walks, truly refreshing. A coach and footway winds irregularly through it. On the right is a deer-paddock, with a few head of cattle, and at present some artillery equipages. In middle of the way found a tent with pipes and all sorts of liquors; refreshed with a glass of lemonade and continued.

*Aug. 24.*—Finished the French memorial, and sent it to Van Yzendoorn, who has a friend very confidential, having been a captain in navy, whom he sometimes uses to copy in very private business. He is to take a copy for himself, to be very prudently used.

Attended the sitting of the Legislative Body. A president and twenty-four present, and one was sworn in and took his seat. The room long and vaulted, with a good sombre light from twelve windows. The president knocked with an ivory hammer after each point was done. The secretary read the minutes and orders of the day. All the members in full dress,

plain black. They sat the whole time like jurors, with pen, ink, and paper before them ; a few spoke a little, in a plain, discussing manner, but sitting all the while. The session ends to-day. They have given the prince five million guilders for his privy purse, though this is secret ; and have imposed a tax of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent on capital.

Went with Van Yzendoorn to Count Hogendorp's to dinner. A pretty campagne two miles off ; a large and most select company, it being the Stadtholder's birthday. His health was enthusiastically drunk. These were his firmest friends. The most interesting of the company was M. Vander Hein, formerly secretary or minister of the department of the Maes, in the Admiralty, which was represented like the East India Company, though now he has retired in disgust. He is grandson of the pensionary Heinsius. I got much information from him. He informed me that in the years 1792 and 1793 a proposition to abolish the slave trade—or rather, first to discuss if it should be abolished, and then how, was made in the States-General, in imitation of England ; but being referred to the states, towns, and admiralties, as such, a thing required by the constitution, they began to examine the question ; then came the troubles, before any further progress was made.

Dutch law allows no execution but for theft in goods publicly exposed, housebreaking, and murder. Forgery, punished by the right hand cut off, is very rare. No man hanged without confession, and this is

extorted, but not till after conviction by other evidence, and not so as to hurt the health. If he still stands out, he is imprisoned for life : not applied once in fifty years, and never to burgesses, who are tried by civil process, and may be hanged.

Haarlem, *Aug. 25.*—Had much conversation at *table d'hôte* with M. Costeris of the West India Council. He belonged to the anti-*Stadtholder* party, and was a leading man. He arrested the princess in 1787, and fled for seven years.\* He is tolerably acute, but ignorant, and confounded abolition and emancipation ; very angry at surrender of the Cape, and, enraged at seeing Batterbury, who commanded the troops, sitting opposite to him at the *table d'hôte*, cut him. He is to be tried, and it will go hard with him. Gave him my views in general on the abolition, and he seemed influenced by them. I think the members of Council and Government are prejudiced against abolition, and that France would prevent it. The Council very mixed : one Rypel is in it, who has been in prison six years for trying to effect a counter-revolution, and if judged by military council would have been shot.

Haarlem, *Sept. 4.*—After the museum, went at one to the organ. It was truly superb, though I scarce believe, as I was told at Hope's, that if played full it would break the windows ! It was well played both

\* This refers to the rising against the house of Orange, which caused the Prussian invasion of 1787. The princess was Frederica Louisa, the daughter of Frederick the Great.

niece

for the soft and full. The swell was sublime beyond description. It should be heard from a distance. There were many notes of the *vox humana* execrable.

In the Place, near the cathedral, is a good statue of Laurence Coster, erected in 1722 in the Physicians' Garden, and in 1801 removed from thence. It has this inscription—

“Viro consulari Laurentio Costero Haarlemensi  
Artis imprimendi vero inventori.”

He holds a letter-block in his hand, and leans on the branch of a tree with the other.

On one side of the base, the above; on another, a printing-press, in form nearly resembling a modern one; on the third, a figure of Coster, cutting a letter out of a tree; and on the remaining side, a tolerably good Latin inscription, to the effect that he is crowned with laurel, not as a warrior for deeds of arms, but as the benefactor and civiliser of the human race by his immortal invention.

The representation of Coster cutting a letter on a tree refers to the tradition, commonly believed in Holland, that he amused himself by forming letters upon the bark of trees in a wood near Haarlem; that he followed this up by cutting single letters on separate blocks of wood, which he united in lines, and from them took impressions upon paper.

Although this story may not be perfectly credible, there can be no doubt that Coster was the first who cut letters on wood, and that he must be allowed to

share with Mentel of Strasburg, and Faust and Guttenberg of Mentz, the honour, if not of inventing, at least of suggesting what led to the art of printing. For if metal types were first cast at Mentz, their wooden origin had its birth at Haarlem. The Haarlemites contend that their townsman first printed in 1430 — that his workman, Guttenberg, stole the wooden blocks, carried them off to Mentz, and there, in partnership with Faust, printed first with wooden blocks, and afterwards with metal types. Coster died about 1442.

From Haarlem return to the Hague, and from thence went to Düsseldorf, where I arrived Sept. 14. Saw the remarkable *chef-d'œuvre* of Gerard Douw. It has all the beauties of a fine miniature, with the expression of a full-sized picture. Said to have cost 500,000 florins, of which he received 75,000 himself. There is also a masterpiece of Raphael, "St John in the Wilderness;" also a Correggio, "Jesus from the Scourging." Nothing can be more melancholy than the effect of this. The grief and pain in the face is devoid of every sour or angry feeling. A pity of others tempers His agony. But the masterpiece is Guido's "Assumption." I was told that £100,000 had been refused for this picture.\*

Proceeded up the Rhine to Cologne and Coblenz (Sept. 17). Passed many boats near Bonn, carrying trees of liberty, with tricolor flags. Took in many

\* The celebrated Düsseldorf Gallery was afterwards removed to Munich.

of Buonaparte's Guards, Italians. Visited Ehrenbreitstein, quite demolished by treaty, never taken; stands nobly over Coblenz, which is a remarkably neat town, with some large buildings. Vineyards constant, rich and beautiful. Scenery, if possible, finer; regulation of vineyards on both sides the same, which is, that there are fifteen days before the vintage (Oct. 16) when not even the *proprietor* can enter a vineyard on any account; that is the time when the grapes are quite ready for the press. On the 15th of October, drums give notice, and all rush in; then they can eat their fill.

Passed Mentz, but did not venture to go into it. After leaving the Rhine, I worked my way through Switzerland into Italy, arriving at Verona, where I slept on the 5th of October.

No need of being called—was roused by a horrid toothache, and rose before five. Cured it in two hours with tobacco-leaves. Road to Vicenza one rich vineyard; a few mulberries. The vines make garlands all the way between the elms, and each garland is weighed down with innumerable clusters of black grapes. Generally clover and grass between the rows; sometimes corn and maize. Peasants all gay, being Sunday and the Emperor's name-day. Road level, some part steep from high bridges. Three or four rivers, large, but utterly dried up; one had a good road along its course; but in a few weeks, perhaps days, they will overflow. One or two bits of road I can't conceive passable in the dark.

Regaled on grapes. Arrived at mid-day at Vicenza (Oct. 6), and agreed for room. Sent letter to Great-head, and dined excellently. Fine Braganz wine for six liris; never drank anything better. After dinner took *siesta*, and told it is gone out of use. Awoke by Colonel Roche, who got my card, &c., by mistake: very polite.

Oct. 13.—Got to Venice.

Venice, Oct. 14.—Went to the Galleries. "The Presentation of the Virgin," by Titian—thirty-two figures: chief is a most lovely woman, turned towards us, with red silk and satin robe, or rather gown; enchanting sweetness of face; and a peasant, with egg-basket — *i.e.*, old woman sitting below, looking half up—face and hands inimitable. Sky and trees cold and harsh, as usual, but grouping all fine.

Then to the Palazzo Pisani—Moretto (Bonvicino). On stairs, "Icarus and Dædalus," Canova's *coup d'essai*, and excellent for such. In one room, "Death of Darius," by [*illegible*], good and horrid; his body is dreadfully convulsed and discoloured. Noble Veronese in next room, "Alexander receiving the Family of Darius:" chief figures are Darius's queen, profile, in grief, and kneeling; and Alexander, in red under-dress, standing in an attitude of inimitable grace, ease, and dignity, beautiful and youthful. Darius's daughter is dressed in a straight gown, quite modern. On the whole, the piece is fine. It was painted in the house.

But in the Barbarigo Palace is the *chef-d'œuvre* of collections. In one room some excellent pieces by Titian's scholars; in next, twelve first-rate Titians, besides other small ones—viz., portrait of Barbarigo, very capital, dated 1492, painted when Titian was only sixteen years of age—all these done in the house. "St Sebastian," head alone finished: Titian died while doing it. "Christ crowned with Thorns," livid complexion, very striking. "Redeemer," with finger lifted up, and globe in hand; sublime face: mouth peeling off. "Madonna and Child," colouring fine, but expression vulgar, and face rather fat. "Christ bearing the Cross," dark. "Venus and Adonis," she turning her back, naked, and throwing arm round him to retain him; looks coarse at first, but examined, is very sweet; her face and his excellent; above all, *the Venus*, naked to middle. Near are two cupids—one holds glass, in which she is looking, turning slightly round, almost profile; colour exquisitely delicate, and full, and mellow; hand and body noble, and the greatest beauty I ever saw, which for elegance and softness is lovely indeed. An Apollo, by Giovanni Bellini, worthy of accompanying its neighbouring picture by Veronese.

Oct. 15.—Morning spent in study at St Mark's and shopping; in evening, at the usual hour of nine, got into my gondola and *drove* to theatre; very fine; staircase noble; company numerous and good; acting first-rate—Orestes, the character by Deblairis, one of the best I ever saw; his horror at discovering his parri-

cide was far superior to any *mole* acting I ever had seen. Rather effeminately dressed; arms and neck shown naked, and his part a little over-acted. Accent said to be foreignish. The action rather more than just, but a foreigner can't judge well in the country of gesture. Women, gods, and Ægisthus and Pylades excellent; latter's concealment of his friend first-rate. I never felt so animated as by the applause and bravos.

Oct. 16.—Day very bad. Spent it in St Mark's, and had a long spell from three to half-past twelve at night.

Oct. 17.—St Mark's. Learnt that Venturi is now ambassador from Italian Republic to Berne. Went to Sassi's collection now on sale; some fine sketches, some good pictures, especially two Schiavones advertised as Titians, and a noble Correggio.

At night, the weather being as usual divine and moon bright, went to Square of St Mark, and saw the resort which holds here nightly. All nations here meet; you have Jews, Poles, Turks, Grecks, all in their costumes; the Turks elegantly dressed, always smoking long pipes and sitting at doors and on low seats under piazzas. One coffee-house called Florian is the resort of all the fashion and English; they sit in the rooms and drink coffee, lemonade, &c.

Some have long collections of seats standing under an awning and extending to the Place. Busy scene.

Went on the water in an open gondola, and enjoyed

a delicious two hours, quite still; moon shone with a full glow on the cupolas and palaces. Ships look fine; coasted round the lagune to the outer or quarantine roads, then round the islands. The canal Giudecca, nearly half a mile broad and two long, in a sweep, with cupolas of San Giorgio Maggiore at one end and the Salute on other side; it is a noble view.

*Oct. 18.*—St Mark's. Shop of pictures; a good Veronese, smaller than usual.

At night to the theatre; Mareschini, a new tragedian; for the first time "Idomeneus' Return to Crete," founded on his vow to kill the first he met as a sacrifice to Neptune for his safety from the storm. Mareschini a very fine actor; same nudity; liked him better, because chaster, than Deblairis. He was so applauded as I never saw before; three times called, one after another; made neat speech: name of poet called, and he came forward and acknowledged it; others all called and applauded; very interesting. Had spell again at Review for Jeffrey, the subject being, "On the Military Character of the different European Armies." \*

*Oct. 19.*—St Mark's. Ducal palace; inside of square very rich architecture; two colossal statues of Neptune and Justice, brought from Athens. Golden stair whereby ambassadors ascended to the Hall of the Grand Council, which assembled every Sunday to the number of 800; long benches, plain, and in rows;

\* See 'Edinburgh Review,' January 1805, p. 451. Review of a French Pamphlet, 'Caractère des Armées Européennes,' &c.

grand Tintoret of Paradise, contains above 200 figures; largest I ever saw—occupies whole end of Hall; other end a Veronese; Palma's, Bassano's, and Tintoret's on side, chiefly battles and historical pieces connected with Venice; on ceiling a fine Veronese, "Venice crowned." Hall of Council of Ten plain; best Veroneses away at Paris. Hall of Inquisition, all the roof by Tintoret; best pictures were the Veroneses in the Grand Council Hall.

Saw hall in which were four doors, each with two marble pillars, brought from Greece in the best times of Venice. The whole by Palladio, rather loaded. Ponte dei Sospiri between Council of Ten and Prison.

In the church of the Salute are some good Giulio Romanos; an altar-piece of the Advent by Titian. Sacristy has four of his; three on ceiling superb.

Having finished my article for Jeffrey on the 20th, I took a gondola for two or three hours to enjoy the lagune. Returned, and at two went to the post-office; had coffee and refreshments served, and when all was ready to depart, the courier retired, while I went to *high mass*. There was something solemn in the thing. A small chapel and altar in the upper hall of office for the purpose. The priest of the parish officiated, with all the robes and ceremonials, but with a courier-like velocity.

Set off near three in a covered boat; night delicious; good mattresses and pillows; the noise of the oars did not prevent us from sleeping till eight in the morning; when I awoke, found we were alongside of

a wall, five or six miles from Chioggia, of huge stones, hewn, strongly cemented. It shelves up to the top by steps, and is above 12 or 14 feet high.

*Oct. 22.*—At Chioggia changed boat and had refreshments; then up the Adige, which is here a noble river: the sail was used, and it was delightful. From the Adige, by a canal and lock, to the place where we left boat (Savia). Commandant of the place (a French officer of Polacks) had me brought up for examination, not understanding my American passport; he was excessively civil, apologised, and gave me Rosolio, with many compliments, after signing my passport

At Pesaro, *Oct. 23.*—Arrived at Foligno (24) at six in the morning—never remember being so fatigued. Horrid toothache—no sleep. Went over very rough road, bones almost broken by the constant practice of galloping through towns, where the pavements exceed all others in hills and valleys. All the towns of the Campagna di Roma are on hills, steep on both sides, rising out of a noble plain full of vineyards. Quantity of villas with gates highly ornamented. Came to Spoleto—"Spoletum, Umbræ caput"—a most ugly town, but ancient, with striking wall of Gothic thickness. Went on without stopping by the Via Flaminia, arriving at Rome (*Oct. 25*) at eleven. Fatigued and jolted to shivers by the Via Flaminia—a causeway twenty miles long. Not so sore as yesterday. Last night the rain continued as before. Passed through Terni. From thence to Narni, which

stands in a striking situation on the brink of a precipice, which looks over a beautiful valley. Thence over hills of great height, with dreadful precipices on one side; and when in the midst of one descent there began the grandest thunderstorm I ever saw. It lasted an hour, and the lightning was the most vivid I ever witnessed. The flashes disclosed at each time a prodigious gulf on one side so clearly that I could have counted the trees and stones. The thunder echoed over the Apennines. Afterwards the lightning continued to flash at intervals, but distant.

Nothing very particular happened till, with scarce any sleep from the jolting, we came in sight of the Eternal City. The distant view is fine; but all Campagna di Roma (this district of Romagna) is absolutely a waste of waving ground in heath, lean grass, and scattered, stunted vegetation, with a cottage, church and chapel, and crucifix here and there. Met both yesterday and to-day vast flocks of sheep and lambs. The shepherds seem an odd race of peasants; covered with hairy skins: dogs all crossed with the wolf. View of Rome at a distance very fine, from the unevenness of its foundations and the number of cupolas. St Peter's looks like St Paul's, only on a gigantic scale. Passed the Tiber—red, rather than "flavus Tiberis"—by an old bridge. Passport civilly looked at at the Porta del Popolo—fine obelisk. Came through the Corso; passed Trajan's pillar and some fine buildings; arrived here in the Venetian

house of the minister and couriers—a very large good palace surrounded by others, some of which have eighty-four windows on a side.

After dining at the Café di Venezia and sleeping, which was necessary to remove a fever which was oppressing me, went to the opera; neat, but small. An opera buffa, and a comedy in one act. Music very pretty. Tiers of stage-boxes are called after the great composers. Actors very submissive, as usual—bow when applauded.

Rome, Oct. 26.—Went out to hunt for an English *compagnon de voyage* to Naples, having resolved to go thither at once. Agreed with courier. Went to see sights. Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle—noble—frescoes and architecture by Domenichino. Antoninus' pillar much inferior to Trajan's, which was excavated by a former pope. Grand fountain of Trevi—water comes as from the rock. Effect of Michael Angelo's architecture of the Campedoglio is superb. Colossal foot of Apollo wonderful.

Cardinal Borgia received me very graciously at dinner, made me come in, and invited me to stay, but I refused till my return. American consul very civil. Evening spent at the Colosseum, Circus, and Forum. Then set off after regaling on ices, which you have here *excellent* in every coffee-house.

Two guards well armed attended on horseback; being soldiers of the Pope I had no confidence in them. The courier of Naples was robbed a month ago here. The road sometimes fine, at one place

twenty miles in a line with rows of trees. Terracina and other towns finely placed on hills as usual.

After losing greatcoat and handkerchief from the horrible machine, arrived here and saw Vesuvius with dull solemn light; am told it was not visible last night, and obeys the wind.

*Oct. 29.*—Day delicious. View of mountain and smoke fine—with glass saw the lava as it flowed down, issuing from one small hole in side in fine white clouds.

*Oct. 30.*—Went to Pompeii.

Temple of Isis—plain,—communication for priests with the oracle's part, and a good room behind. Hence you cross to the main part, I think, of the whole, over vineyards planted on lava above the town. Here you are in the midst of the town. A broad street and two narrow leading off its end. Houses compact on each side, and shops. On each side of causeway are ruts of wheels just size and width of Christian carts and sedias. Thence over more vineyards to a villa—fine house, rooms, paintings, bath, &c.—magnificent, though not at all large. Fine terrace behind looking into garden, exactly use of this day. The depth of the shower of ashes is from six to eight palms, very heavy and close; fine soil above is from two to four, excellent for vines, but plains better for grain, &c.

Walked two miles off road to the main stream of lava. Fine sight of desolation. Twenty-four feet high, and more in some places; hot; frequent parts

of yellow, red, and brown sulphur; and as you ascend you come to hotter parts, and these are almost all sulphurous, and give out much hot sulphurous-acid gas. Many parts even near bottom very hot. Went up through the desolated villa, and visited houses overthrown. Many parts as I ascended burning hot. Walked over parts, and saw where a stick, &c., took fire. At night is quite red. Almost knocked down with fumes.

The views of Naples and bay most striking. The large even flat walls of the houses here are made for the spot, and the quantity of villas and islands in offing, with English men-of-war and three Neapolitan (fitted out against the Algerines), add much to the effect.

At Naples almost famished. The Neapolitans take the *siesta* regularly. They shut up shop at mid-day; then regularly undress and go to bed as at night till four, when they begin again. Six is at present Ave Maria, or night, and all hours reckon from it; but they know the hours of our computation.

They call them "di Spagna," sometimes "di Francia;" in some parts of Italy, the latter. The title Don is frequent here with all ranks, since the Spanish times. It is used with first name, second little used. Lazzaroni are very numerous; have all houses if they please, but prefer streets and porticoes.

Naples, Nov. 1, 1804.—Went in *calèche* to Avernus. Grotto on going out of Naples is astonishing; a mile long, a hundred feet high. Four carriages can go

abreast. Solid rock arched out. Continued in one line of road through vineyards, till came to Baiæ. A finer bay is not in Europe. Bridge of Caligula a quarter of a mile long; had fourteen arches—ruins visible; thence could go to Baiæ by bridge of boats. Capreae in offing. At Puzzoli took a cicerone; was pestered with offers of cameos, found on shore and in ground. First saw temple with three fine pillars—good deal cut away at top—vast square; tepid-water accommodation for the priests; rings for victim remain, and parts of cornice and capitals.

Went to Lake Agnano in *calèche*; found guide with party of English, including two or three of royal navy. Lake is a dull and very deep-looking water, a little like Avernus. Fowls abound on it. Grotto del Cane at one side, road between. The grotto is about 3 yards long, 8 feet high, and 5 broad—uneven floor; just a hole inside of hill and rock; an old wooden door at it for benefit of cicerone, who hires and rents the key. When our sailors were trying to force the door, came the cicerone with dogs, who seemed to know quite well the process, and not to relish it at all. One had fifteen times tried it, and could hardly be brought up; was laid on his side and held fast; gasped, and fell into convulsions. This was very unpleasant, from his being large. We had him brought into the air; he became quiet, and then he recovered and howled a little. He was not dipped into the lake; this is a vulgar error. Lighted torch extinguished suddenly and thoroughly, difficult to

light again ; I fancy this is from the humidity. I had brought a large bottle of pure water, and I emptied nine-tenths of it carefully at the deepest part of the air, which had not been much agitated ; then corked and agitated for a minute. Rapid absorption ; much more than with common carbonic-acid gas. Took from the grotto a full mouthful, and tasted nothing but heat.

Air of grotto not at all bad ; the heat great. If you look along the stratum you see a very singular appearance. At a certain height—very unequal, for the ground is unequal—you see a *level* of mist, one definite line between the good and bad air ; the latter being like steam, and hot. It lies like water in a cup, and the heat does not make any mixture.

Baths of St Girolamo in neighbourhood on banks of lake : modern building, with chimneys which steam like smoke. The vapour is very hot, and is sulphurous and hydrogenous. In one part, if a light is held, it smokes black, without flame. At other times, was told, it flamed. Suppose this depends on proportion of water and sulphur. In some places it is acid, and forms acidulous sulphates, which abound in great masses ; most frequently acid and sulphurous, and hydrogenous.

Returned to Naples. Mountain had a dull red light over it ; rather fine ; and the passage of the grotto was in a high degree picturesque. Torches were necessary.

*Nov. 2.* — After breakfast, went to the Monte ;

ascent gradual, among villas and views of the bay. One odd conceit—a large painting placed to represent a villa or box; not bad, for it actually passes in the crowd of real ones. Entered a locked villa, and wound along its slope. Came near grotto of Posilippo, but high up in air, on a tremendous precipice of wall. Over the entrance of the grotto, and, between this and that, hollow corridors deeper still; over that stands the tomb of Virgil; our picture \* like it, but not quite like the situation, from not taking in its chief features—the precipices on both sides. In the inside, inscription on stone opposite not much defaced, and only lost four words—date 1504.

A Russian gentleman and company dined in the tomb, which is a decent little room with a good flat floor, but the window overlooks the precipice of the grotto road. Climbed up and cut pieces of the laurel shrub, which has a delicious smell.

I went along the brow, and had a noble view of Vesuvius, the bay, and city; then wound up the hill about a mile to the gate of a high villa on the other side. Enjoyed a noble view of Mysenum, Baiæ, and flat between.

Nov. 3.—Took a *calèche* to Portici, with an order to the Musco Reale; very well worth the trouble.

\* By Buonaria, now at Brougham. This picture was brought, with several others, from Italy by my father's grandfather, who visited that country very early in the last century. He returned to England so imbued with Italian taste, that he rebuilt a large portion of High-head Castle in the Italian style, and brought workmen from Italy to decorate the interior. The household accounts at Brougham show that he spent £10,000 on this work—an enormous sum in those days.

Indeed all Pompeii and Herculaneum are thus surveyed in the very best manner. Every portable thing being brought away, every portion of the palace is devoted to this superb purpose. The floors are all made of ancient mosaic disposed exactly as found. You find it in every form: small bits, two, three, or four inches; large pieces, figures, and blocks. In one room are manuscripts unrolled, like burnt cylinders. All sorts of antiques. All the cameos are still at Palermo.

*Nov. 4.*—Set out from Naples on my way back to Rome.

*Nov. 5.*—Left Capua, passed Terracina, and arrived at Veletri on the 6th.

*Nov. 7.*—Set off from Veletri after chocolate, and arrived after dark at Albano, where breakfasted at a Trattoria. The best bread imaginable, made in half-pound rolls, each costing four bajocchi. On leaving this finely-situated town, had a splendid view—on one side the sea, in front the great plain of the Campagna, stretching before us all the way to Rome, which looked to be at no great distance. The town, domes, palaces, and ruins, backed by the distant Apennines, had the finest effect possible. The whole plain covered with endless remains of aqueducts—at every step a ruin. Along the road, tombs and temples of all forms, then a ridge of earth, beyond which, aqueducts as far as the eye can reach. Last of all, Rome itself, as the ruins thicken. We enter by St John Lateran, a beautiful piece of architecture, but

in parts too much ornamented; then the Colosseum, then the Forum; arches, Titus and Severus. On arriving at the Casa di Venezia, found the places already taken, and so sent adrift. The route to Florence blocked up by the plague, and a cordon round Tuscany. Same difficulty apparently in the way of Ancona. Doubtful what to do. Went to San Pietro in Montorio, as soon as I had dressed. View superb, commanding the whole plain from the platform at the foot of the church-stairs, which is very high, and commands all Rome. St Angelo, a noble object. Dome of St Peter's, rising above the ruins, has a fine effect.

The court of the church was a round temple built over the spot where St Peter suffered martyrdom. The church is nothing, except that it once held the "Transfiguration." Below is an excellent St Sebastian, a fine Flemish piece, and a number of marble figures, small and large, by Michael Angelo.

From thence to the Vatican.

The entry in front of the great circle is finer than can be conceived; the massive pillars, the church, the great centre object, then the noble fountains, have an effect not to be described. On entering the church one is struck dumb and almost blind. Nothing but grandeur; yet all is ornament—no littleness, but every inch well wrought. All marble and gold, the roof dazzling, and the dome, with the grand altar, are exquisite as well as sublime.

St Paul's differs as much from it as size does from size

combined with splendour, and elegance, and beauty of every sort. The paintings are all mosaic. The chief piece is certainly the "Transfiguration," and I fancy the original, now in Paris, is not *much* finer! The light on Christ's figure is radiant. His attitude is a little constrained. The hill is too petty; but Christ's head, the attitude of Moses and Elias, and the stupefaction of the dazzled apostles, are miraculous indeed. His hands and feet, and the feet and hands of the two former (Moses and Elias), are like bas-relief. One can't possibly think it flat mosaic. A number of other mosaics, both in the roof and altar. "Christ walking on the Sea," His baptism, and that of Constantine, are the most striking. The repairs of the outside of this great temple make it look new and small; but perhaps the former effect counterbalances the latter, as in point of size it has much to spare. The Vatican rather fell short of my expectations, chiefly from the frescoes having suffered much from damp and time. The four rooms (the stanze), with vaulted roofs, all designed by Raphael, and all but one painted by him, and that one by Giulio Romano, are indeed noble, in spite of slight defects. The most striking appeared to be the "Disputes of the Doctors," done when he was twenty-three, and had been only one year in Rome. This is full of his peculiar genius. All his drawing and imagination are there in full force. The School of Athens has suffered considerably. Socrates' countenance is taken from Christ in the "Transfiguration." "St Peter delivered by the

Angel"—said to have reference to the deliverance from captivity of Leo X., after he was taken prisoner at Ravenna. This fresco is remarkable for the singular lights, quite uncommon in this master—the angel outside the window throws his light through the bars; the effect prodigious. The armour of the sleeping soldiers is thus illuminated. One soldier awake has a torch in his hand, and the moon is shining behind. One part of the soldier's helmet reflects the torch-light, the other part the moon-light, which at the same time is illuminating the landscape behind. All this is very singular for Raphael, and most marvellous in its excellence.

In the corridors round the courts of the building are a profusion of the finest frescoes. Each arch has four. These are small, but most brilliant, though exposed to the air for three centuries, and are much better, in point of preservation, than the rooms. The frescoes in the Loggia are by different hands. Raphael designed one side, containing about fifty paintings; he finished one and his scholars the rest. Zuccherò did the other three sides. In Raphael's part, each subject has four pictures; the finest and  *freshest*  is the "Creation." He finished the first part, "Chaos, and the Deity making Light." He is soaring wildly with purple robes among fire-clouds, and sweeping His hand, which produces the light; it is a divine piece. Then the Land and Water; He is still flying and tracing with His finger. Then the Sun and Moon, less exact; and then the Beasts—fantastic, for

you see them making by bits—first a horse's head, and so on—which is not the idea. The figure of the Deity standing here is very fine. "Moscs striking the Rock," noble.

The stanze suffered much during the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon. The troops lighting fires in the rooms greatly injured the paintings, which were afterwards carefully cleaned by Carlo Maratti about the end of the seventeenth century.

Left Rome and arrived at Terni on the 11th of November; at Pesaro on the 13th. Fano and Sinigaglia, 16th and 17th, fortunately escaping the plague quarantine, which I expected would have detained me at Ancona. By sea to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. On the 8th of January, visited Presburg, returning to Vienna, which I left, and arrived at Prague on the 23d; and from thence to London.













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